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Praise

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CHURCH PRAISE

HYMNS

METRICAL PSALMS

CHANTS, SANCTUSES, ANTHEMS

LONDON
JAMES NISBET & CO., LIMITED
22 BERNERS STREET W
1912

REVISED EDITION

AUTHORIZED FOR USE IN THE CONGREGATIONS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF ENGLAND BY THE SYNOD OF 1907.

PREFACE.

THE previous edition of 'Church Praise' was authorized for use in the Presbyterian Church of England in 1882, and at the time was generally acknowledged to be one of the best hymn-books of its class. After the lapse of over twenty years a desire arose for its revision, and the Synod of 1903 appointed a Committee, under the Convenership of the Rev. W. Rigby Murray, who had presided over the production of the book, to consider the best method of adapting it to present-day needs. The recommendations of that Committee were approved by the Church, and have been constantly borne in mind by the Committee which, since the year 1905, has been at work in the preparation of this book. For much of the preliminary work the Rev. R. E. Welsh, D.D., now in Canada, was responsible, as Secretary and then as Convener of Committee. Suggestions and criticisms sent in from many quarters of the Church have also been of much service. The result has been a considerable addition to the bulk of the volume, with a very thorough revision and rearrangement of its contents.

The author's name, wherever known, is placed at the foot of every hymn. Care has been taken to verify the text and as far as possible to give the original. Where deviation from the original has been found advisable, this is indicated by the use of *alt.* after the name; and *sel.* is used in the numerous cases in which the original is too long for congregational use or where unsuitable verses have been omitted.

A selection of Prose Psalms and congregational Anthems has been included; but it was found impossible to give either a complete Prose Psalter or a very large and varied selection of Anthems without making the book too costly, and too bulky for convenient handling. It is believed that the selection of Scripture Sentences, with other new features introduced in Section XVI., will be welcomed by an increasing number of congregations. No subject-index has been given, but cross-references to suitable hymns will be found at the end of each section. Consecutive numberin has been adopted throughout the book in order to facilitate reference.

The Drafting Committee has had the invaluable help of two competent musical editors,—Dr. F. N. Abernethy (Mus.D. Oxon.), of St. John's, Forest Hill, and Dr. J. E. Borland (Mus.D. Oxon.), of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, formerly of Park Church, Highbury—to whose skill and thoroughness they are greatly indebted. On their advice the Committee has adopted for the Chant Sections in the musical editions the system of pointing by musical notes as used in the 'St. Mary Abbott's Psalter' and the 'Cathedral Paragraph Psalter.' In certain preliminary matters and in other ways the Committee has also had assistance from Mr. F. G. Edwards, formerly of St. John's Wood.

The list of acknowledgments will be found in the following pages. Special thanks are due to the Proprietors of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' for permission to use many of their tunes for a nominal fee, and for free permission to use again those which had appeared in the former edition. Every effort has been made to trace owners of copyright words and music, but in some cases the effort has failed. The Committee asks pardon for any oversight, which will gladly be rectified in a future edition. The General Editor desires to acknowledge the kind help of many friends in tracing ownership.

The Committee hopes that this revision will increase the value, as an aid to congregational worship, of a book which has long been used and loved by our Church; it cannot end its work better than with the words which closed the Preface to the first edition:—

'Praise ye the Lord: both young men and maidens; old men and children.'

In the name of the Committee,

J. OSWALD DYKES,
Convener,

J. M. E. ROSS,
General Editor.

NOTE BY MUSICAL EDITORS.

The musical editors desire to acknowledge their obligation to the exhaustive researches of Messrs. W. Cowan, F. G. Edwards, J. R. Griffiths, J. T. Lightwood, and J. Love into the sources of tunes. Of these they have fully availed themselves. Their thanks are also cordially given to Messrs. W. E. Bartlett, C. F. Carter, E. P. Goodman, and W. Jeater for help in correcting the music proofs. They likewise desire to express their gratification at being connected with a work the first edition of which has been so honourably identified with the name of Dr. E. J. Hopkins. The musical editors have marked some hymns for unison or antiphonal singing: these markings are to be regarded as suggestions only.

NOTES ON THE POINTING OF WORDS FOR CHANTING.

1. The small notes placed over the syllables which precede the first bar-line are of the aggregate value of one Semibreve, and are to be sung in approximately strict time. The first note takes the place of the accent, or heavy syllable, used in some books; the other notes are intended to guard against the hurrying of the syllables between that accent and the bar-line. When three minims, or three crotchets preceded by a minim, stand together, they are to be sung smoothly as a triplet. It has not been thought necessary to encumber the text with the figure 3 in such cases.

2. No pauses are to be made at commas. When the 'Recitation' is long enough to require it, or when special emphasis is called for, an asterisk (*) is used to indicate the break.

The copyright of the tune 'Irene' (436) has been acquired for the Presbyterian Church of England from the Executors of the late Rev. C. C. Scholefield.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

MUSIC.

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To Dr. F. N. Abernethy; Messrs. Boosey & Co.; Dr. J. E. Borland; the Proprietors of '*Congregational Church Music*' (per George Unwin, Esq.); the Rev. W. Garrett Horder; William Jeater, Esq.; W. A. Jefferson, Esq.; Messrs. Novello & Co., Ltd.; The Psalms and Hymns Trust; and the Wesleyan Methodist Conference—for those which bear their names in the body of the book.

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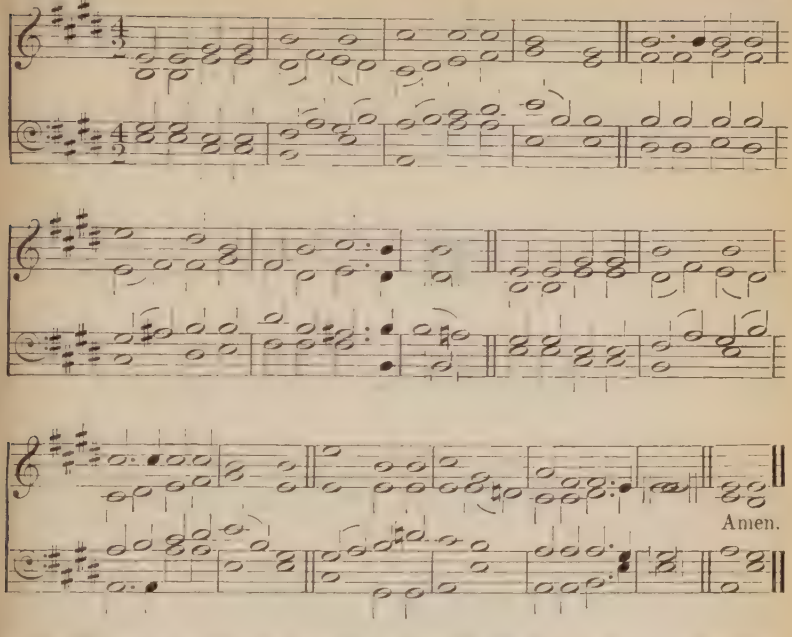
I.—The Holy Trinity.

Nicæa. **1** J. B. Dykes.



Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God, the Almighty, Which was and Which is and Which is to come.

p c HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
p c Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
f God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

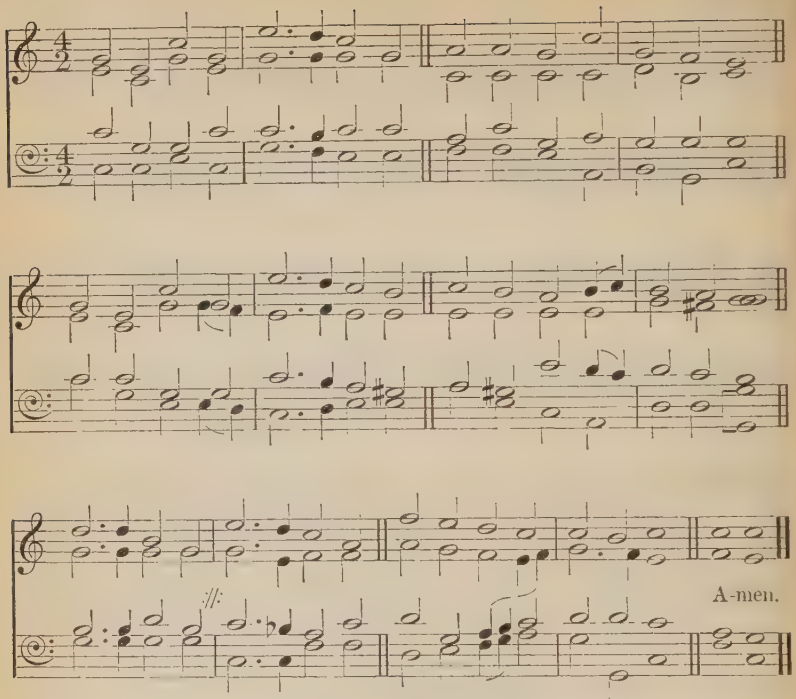
p c 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

p 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
mf Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

p c 4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
ff All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea;
p c Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
f God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity! Amen.

R. Heber.

Regent Square. **2** H. SMART.



In His temple every thing saith, Glory.

mf GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One!
f Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run!

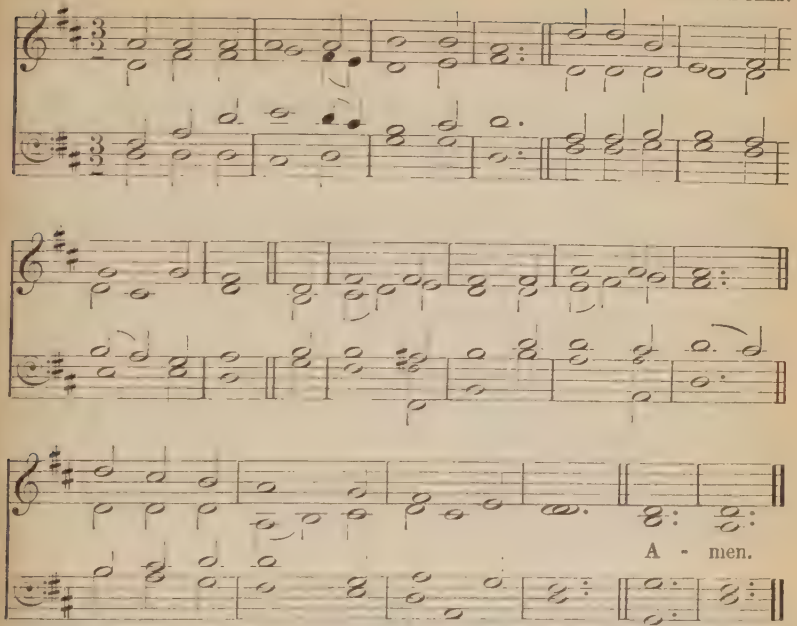
mf 2 Glory be to Him Who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain!
Glory be to Him Who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign!
f Glory, glory
To the Lamb That once was slain!

mf 3 Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations!
Heaven and earth, your praises bring;
f Glory, glory
To the King of Glory bring!

4 'Glory, blessing, praise eternal!'
Thus the choir of angels sings;
'Honour, riches, power, dominion!'
Thus its praise creation brings;
ff Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings! AMEN.

H. Bonar.

Rivaulx. **3** J. B. Dykes.



The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost.

mf FATHER of heaven, Whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
p c Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

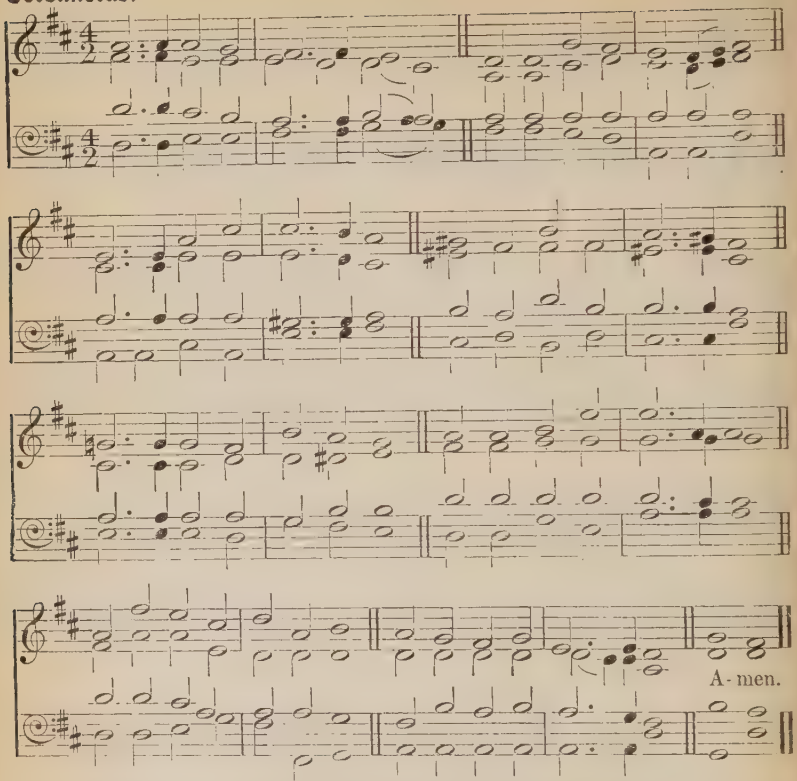
mf 2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
p c Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

mf 3 Eternal Spirit, by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
p c Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

mf 4 Jehovah—Father, Spirit, Son—
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
p c Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend. AMEN.

E. Cooper.

Tersanctus. 4 E. Silas.



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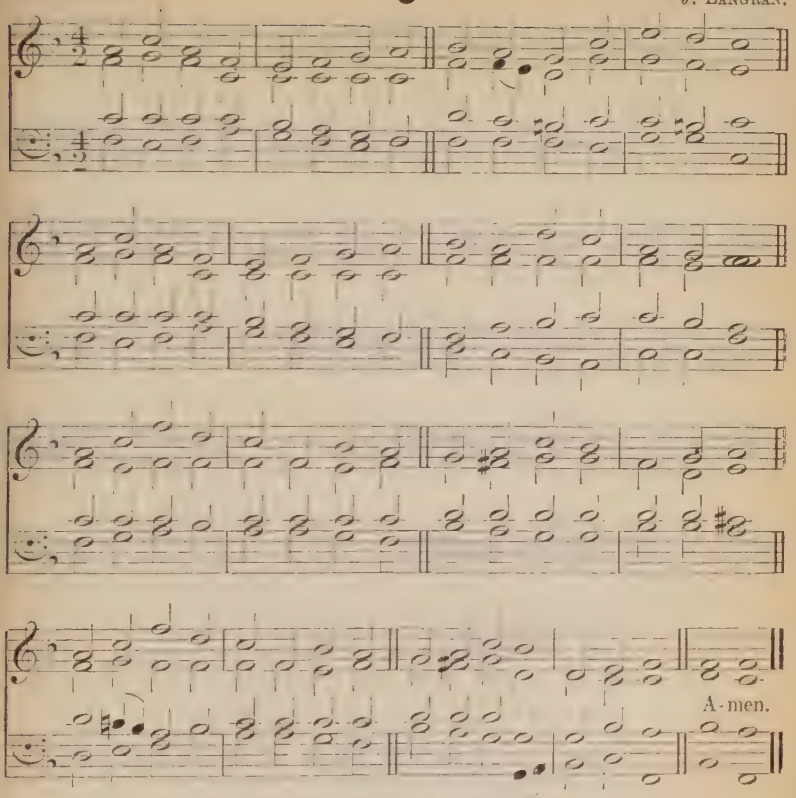
Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify Thy Name? for Thou only art holy: for all nations shall come and worship before Thee.

p HOLY, holy, holy Lord [earth
God of hosts! when heaven and
Out of darkness, at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,
c All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang with sweet accord,
d 'Holy, holy, holy Lord!'

mf 2 Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
p Dust and ashes, would adore;
Lightly by the world esteemed,
c From that world by Thee redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
'Holy, holy, holy Lord!'

mf 3 'Holy, holy, holy!' all
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King;
f Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn
Round the throne with full accord,
'Holy, holy, holy Lord!' Amen.

J. Montgomery.

Deerhurst. **5** J. LANGRAN.

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Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of His glory.

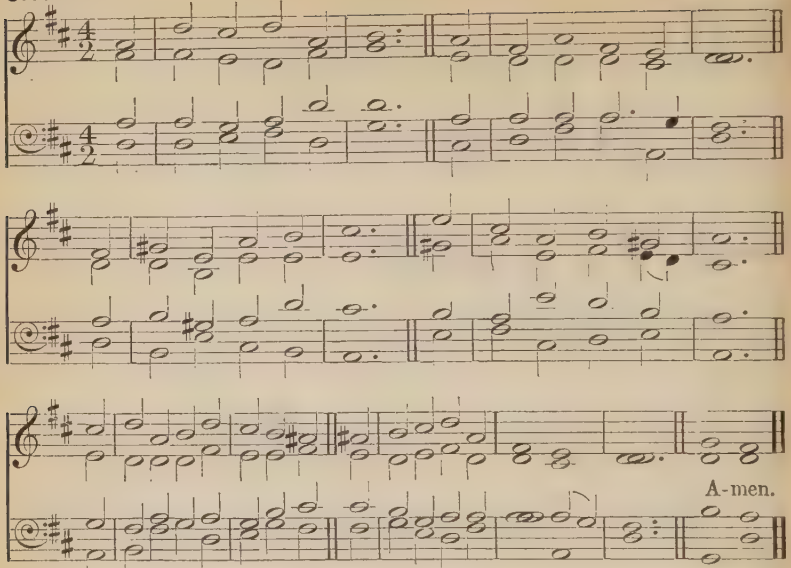
mf ROUND the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn:
f 'Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!'

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
mf Holy, holy, holy,' singing,
'Lord of hosts, the Lord most high!
f Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven:
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!'

mf 3 With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:
f 'Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
rall Holy, holy, holy Lord!' AMEN.

R. Mant, sel.

Croft's 148th. **6** W. Croft.



Of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things: to Whom be glory for ever. Amen.

mf WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above;
He sent His own Eternal Son,
p To die for sins that man had done.

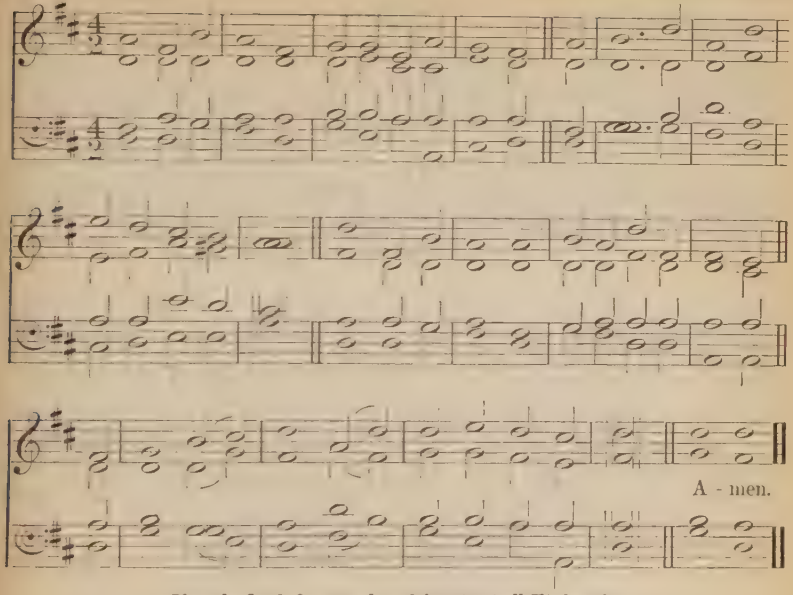
mf 2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
p Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe;
c And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

mf 3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live;
c His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

mf 4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three
And the mysterious One;
c Where reason fails with all her powers,
f There faith prevails and love adores. AMEN.

I. Watts.

Auchincairn. **7** J. K. Scott.



Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.

mf PRAISE ye Jehovah, praise the Lord most holy,
Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength the weak;
Praise Him Who will with glory crown the lowly,
And with salvation beautify the meek.

2 Praise ye Jehovah for His lovingkindness,
And all the tender mercy He hath shown;
p Praise Him Who pardons all our sin and blindness,
c And calls us sons, and takes us for His own.

mf 3 Praise ye Jehovah, Source of all our blessing;
Before His gifts earth's richest boons are dim;
Resting in Him, His peace and joy possessing,
All things are ours, for we have all in Him.

f 4 Praise ye the Father, God the Lord, Who gave us,
With full and perfect love, His only Son;
Praise ye the Son, Who died Himself to save us;
Praise ye the Spirit: praise the Three in One. Amen.

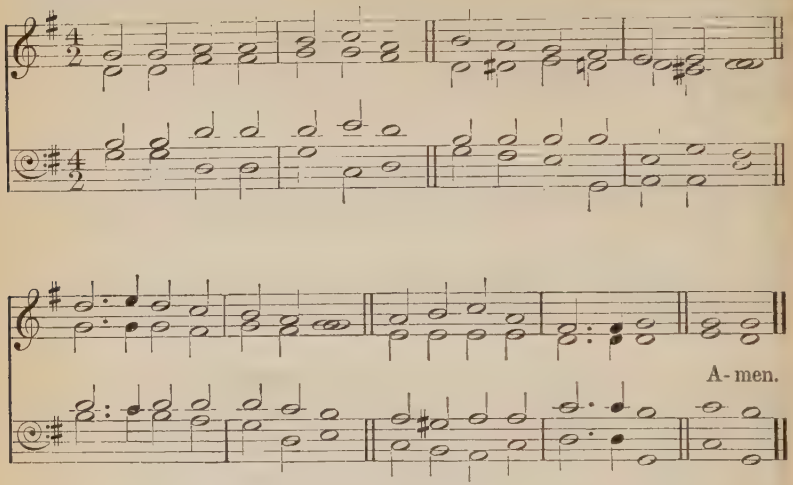
M. Cockburn-Campbell.

The following also are suitable:—

218 O Lord our God, arise.
223 Thou Whose almighty word.
245 Great the joy when Christians meet.
444 Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us.

Ever faithful, ever sure. 8

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



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[May be sung to 'Monkland,' No. 502.]

O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good: for His mercy endureth for ever.

mf LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

mf 2 Let us sound His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God:
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

mf 3 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

mf 4 All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

mf 5 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

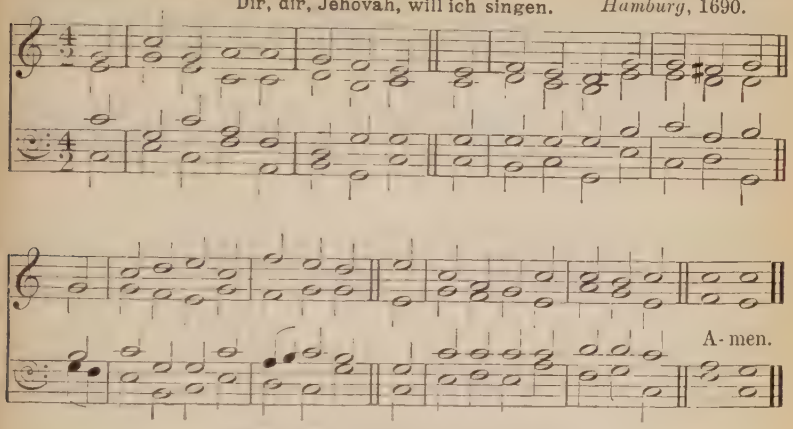
p 6 He hath with a piteous eye
Looked upon our misery:
mf For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

7 Let us then with gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure. AMEN.

J. Milton, sel. and alt.

Winchester New. **9** *Musikalisches Handbuch, Hamburg*, 1690.

Dir, dir, Jehovah, will ich singen.



[May be sung to 'Melcombe,' No. 252.]

Sing unto Him, sing praises unto Him: talk ye of all His marvellous works.

mf GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all His ways:
c Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song.

mf 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown;
The King of kings with glory crown:
c His mercies ever shall endure
When lords and kings are known no more.

mf 3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
c Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song.

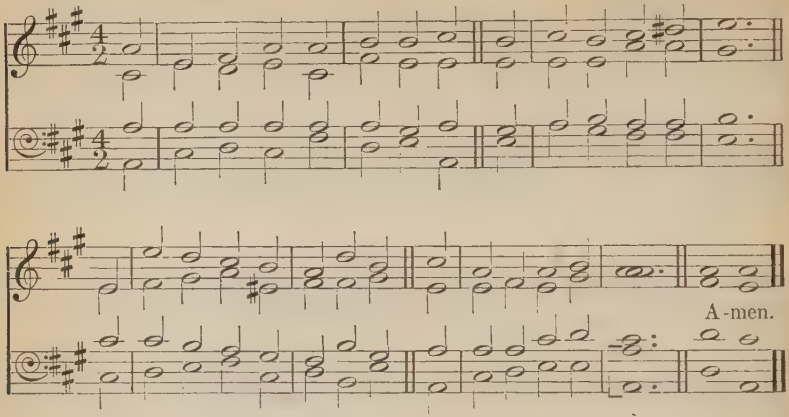
mf 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
c His mercies ever shall endure
When sun and moon shall shine no more.

p 5 He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness and the grave:
c Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song.

mf 6 Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat:
c His mercies ever shall endure
When this vain world shall be no more. AMEN.

I. Watts, sel.

St. Nathaniel. **10** ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt understand hereafter.

mp GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

c 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
mf Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

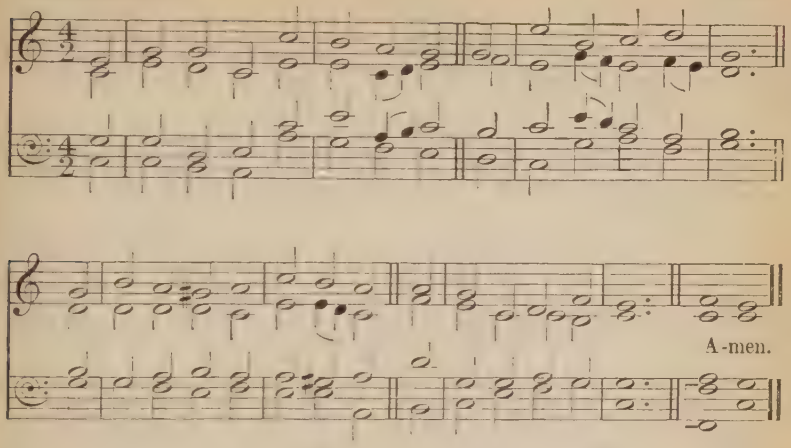
4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
p The bud may have a bitter taste,
c But sweet will be the flower.

mf 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
c God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain. AMEN.

W. Cowper.

Westminster. **11** J. TURLE.



Thus saith the high and lofty One That inhabiteth eternity, Whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.

mf MY God, how wonderful Thou art!
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

p 2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

3 O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears!

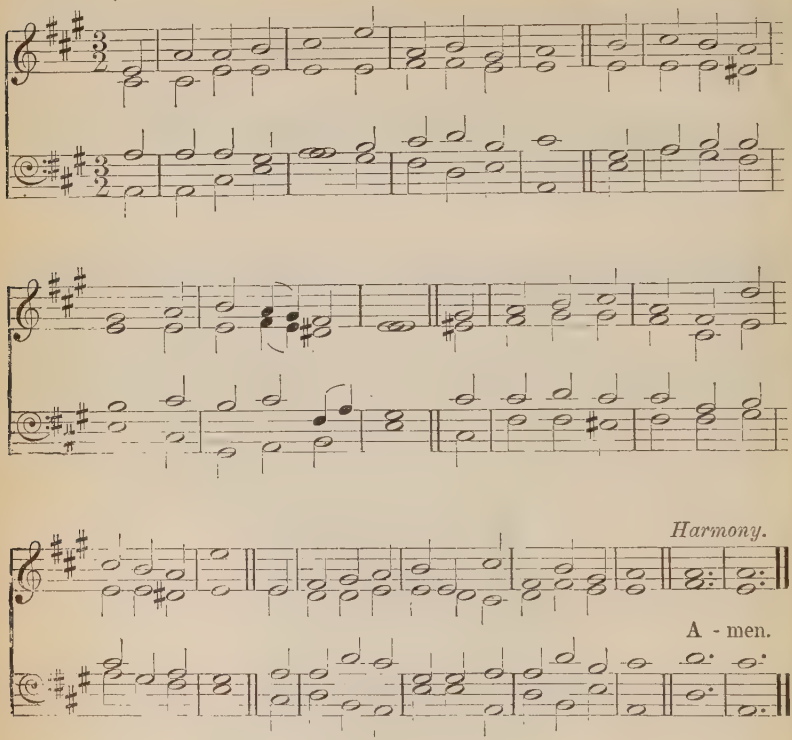
mf 4 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
d The love of my poor heart.

p 5 No earthly father loves like Thee;
No mother, half so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.

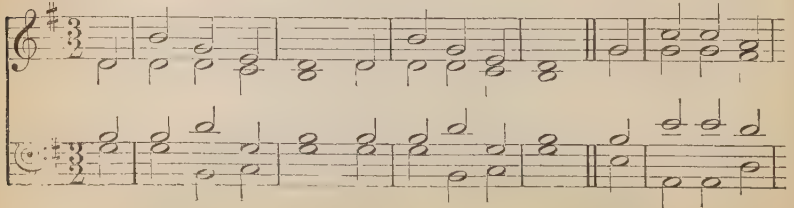
mf 6 Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be
p Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee! AMEN.

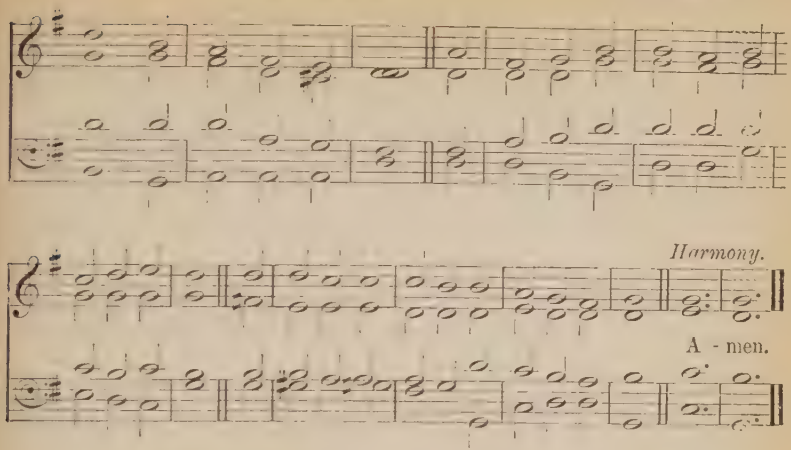
F. W. Faber.

Hanover (*1st Tune*). **12** Ascribed to W. CROFT.



Boughton (*2nd Tune*). H. J. GAUNTLETT.





O Lord my God, Thou art very great; Thou art clothed with honour and ·sty.

Unis. f O WORSHIP the King all-glorious above,
O gratefully sing His power and His love,
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour and girded with praise.

Har. 2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, Whose canopy space.
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

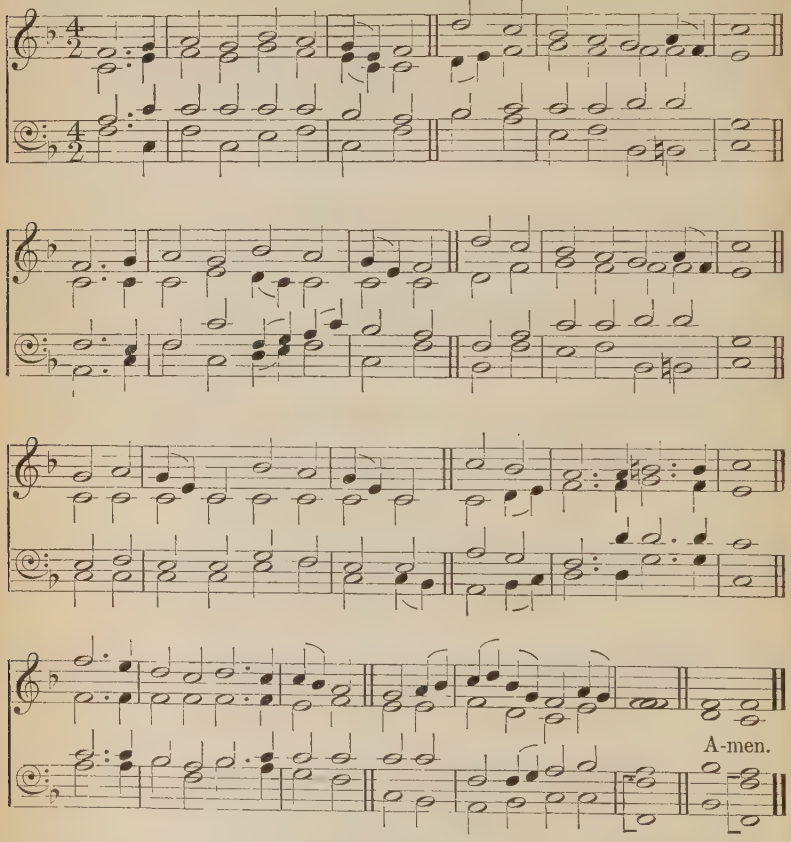
mf 3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air; it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills; it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

p 5 Frail children of dust and feeble as frail,
c In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
mf Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

Unis. f 6 O measureless Might, ineffable Love,
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise. AMEN.

R. Grant.

Austria. 13 F. J. Haydn.

Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise Him in the heights.

f PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.

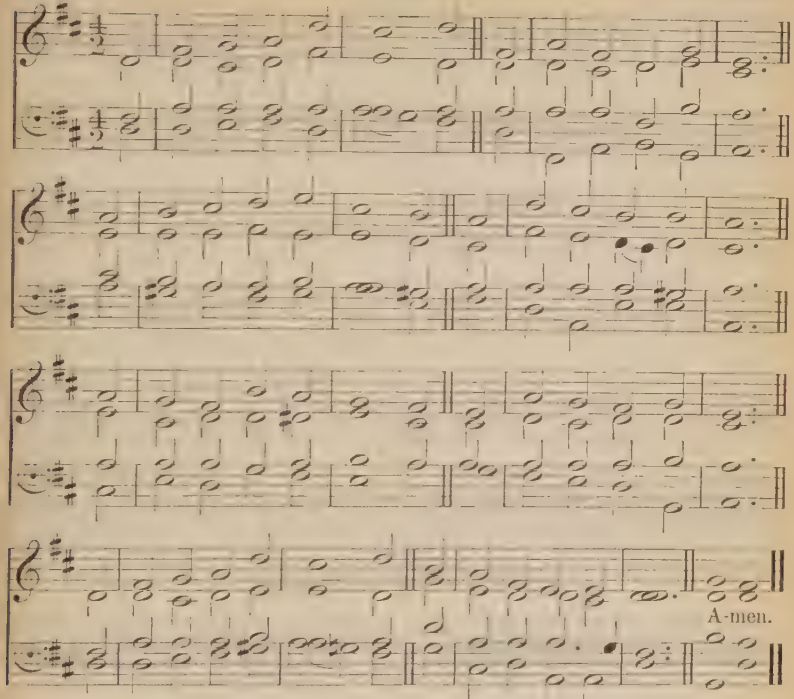
Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance hath He made.

2 Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the God of our salvation!
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
ff Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name. Amen.

Anon.

Ceylon. **14** S. Reay.



[May be sung to 'Lancashire,' No. 221.]

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

mf O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene,—
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The Everlasting Thou!

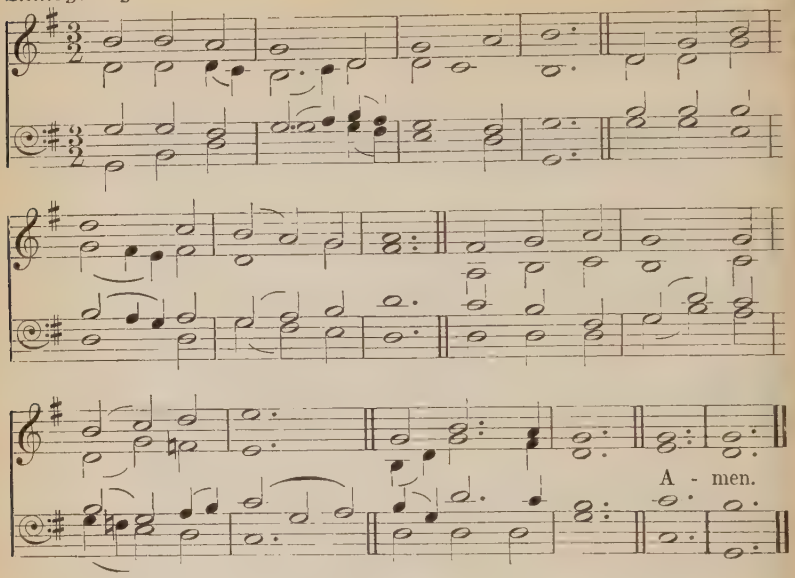
p 2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die,—
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

mf 3 O Thou Who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavour
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see Thee face to face,—
A joy no language measures,
A fountain brimming o'er,
An endless flow of pleasures,
An ocean without shore. AMEN.

E. H. Bickersteth.

Almsgiving. **15** J. B. Dykes.



Freely ye have received, freely give.

1

f O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?

2

mf The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits Thy love declare;
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

3

For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

4

p Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
c And freely with that blessèd One
Thou givest all.

5

p Thou giv'st the Spirit's blessèd dower,
Spirit of life and love and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6

mf For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

7

We lose what on ourselves we spend;
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

8

Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all,—

9

To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
p O may we ever with Thee live,
c Who givest all! Amen.

C. Wordsworth.

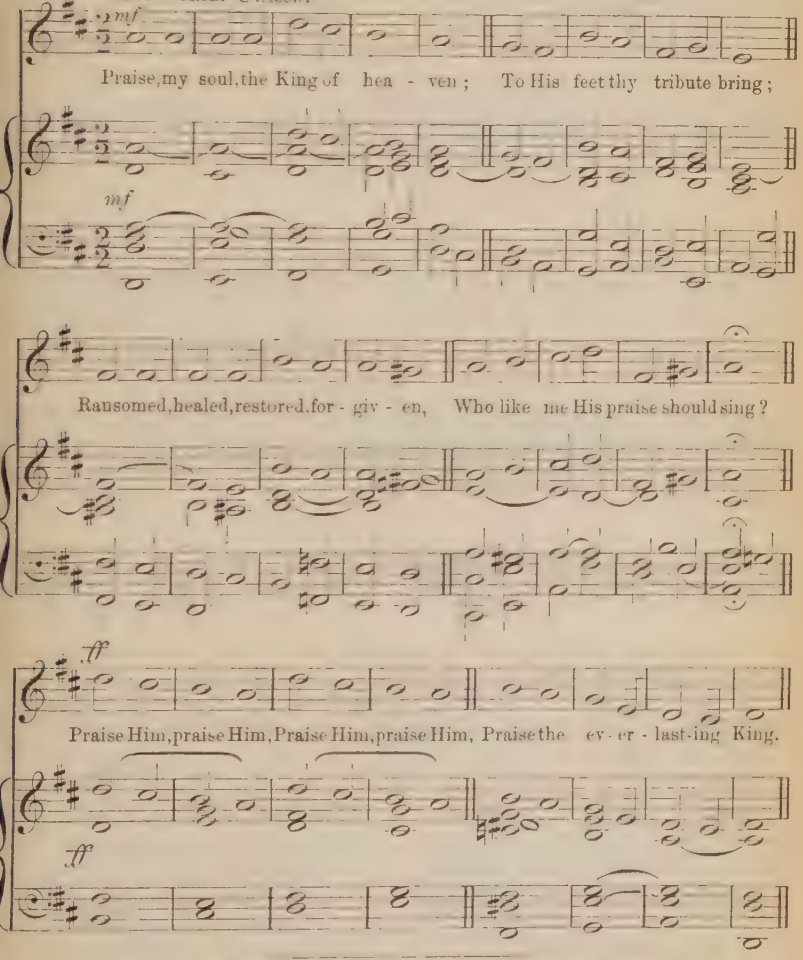
16

O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!

Praise, my soul.*

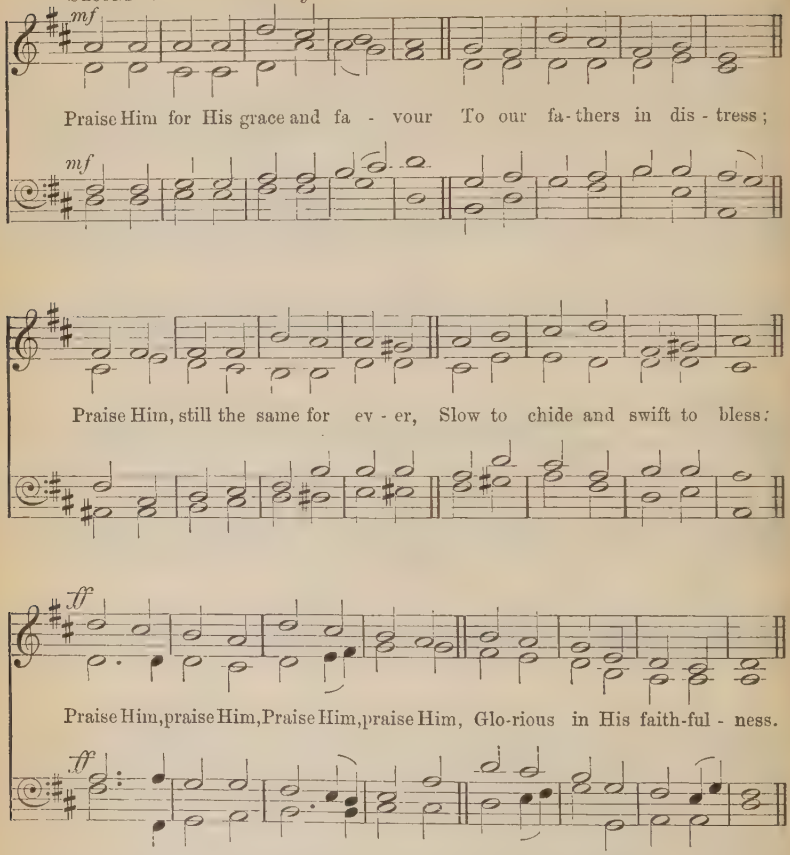
J. Goss.

First Verse. *Unison.*


mf
Praise, my soul, the King of hea - ven; To His feet thy tribute bring;
mf
Ransomed, healed, restored, for - giv - en, Who like me His praise should sing?
ff
Praise Him, praise Him, Praise Him, praise Him, Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.
ff

* This hymn may also be sung in harmony throughout (see verse 2); or to 'Regent Square,' No. 2.

SECOND VERSE. *Harmony.*


mf
Praise Him for His grace and fa - vour To our fa-thers in dis - tress;
mf
Praise Him, still the same for ev - er, Slow to chide and swift to bless:
ff
Praise Him, praise Him, Praise Him, praise Him, Glo-rious in His faith-ful - ness.
ff

mf * PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me His praise should sing?
ff Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise the everlasting King.

mf 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
ff Praise Him, praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness.

* For use with harmony throughout, or with "Regent Square."

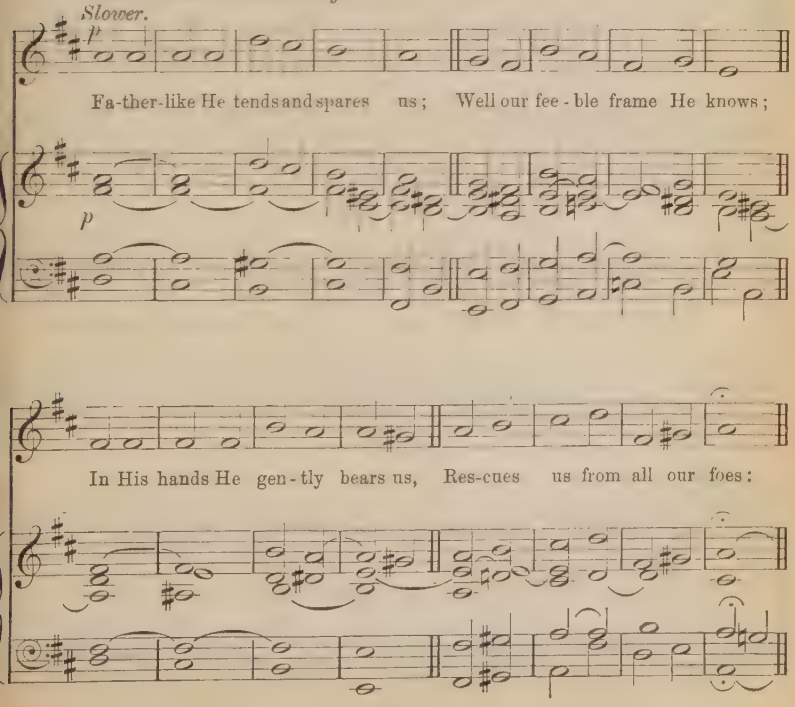
p 3 Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
ff Praise Him, praise Him,
Widely as His mercy flows.

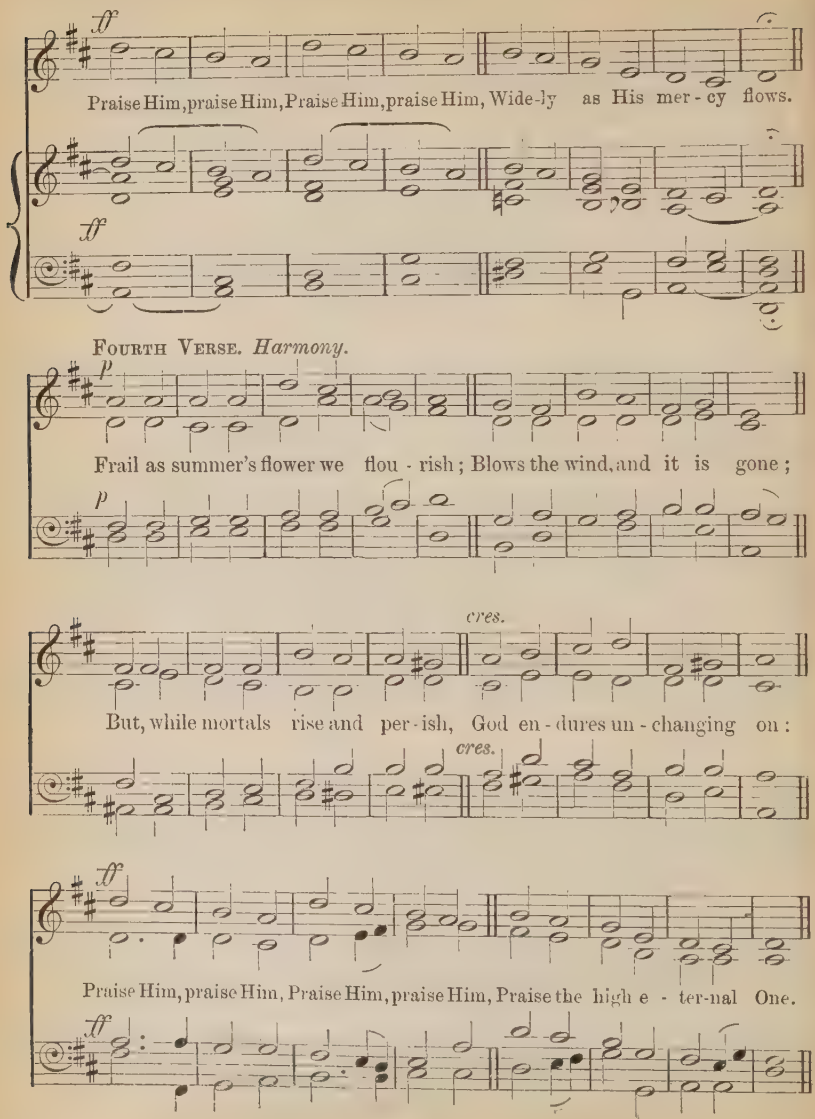
p 4 Frail as summer's flower we flourish;
Blows the wind, and it is gone;
But, while mortals rise and perish,
c God endures unchanging on:
ff Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise the high eternal One.

f 5 Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him;
Dwellers all in time and space,
ff Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise with us the God of grace. AMEN.

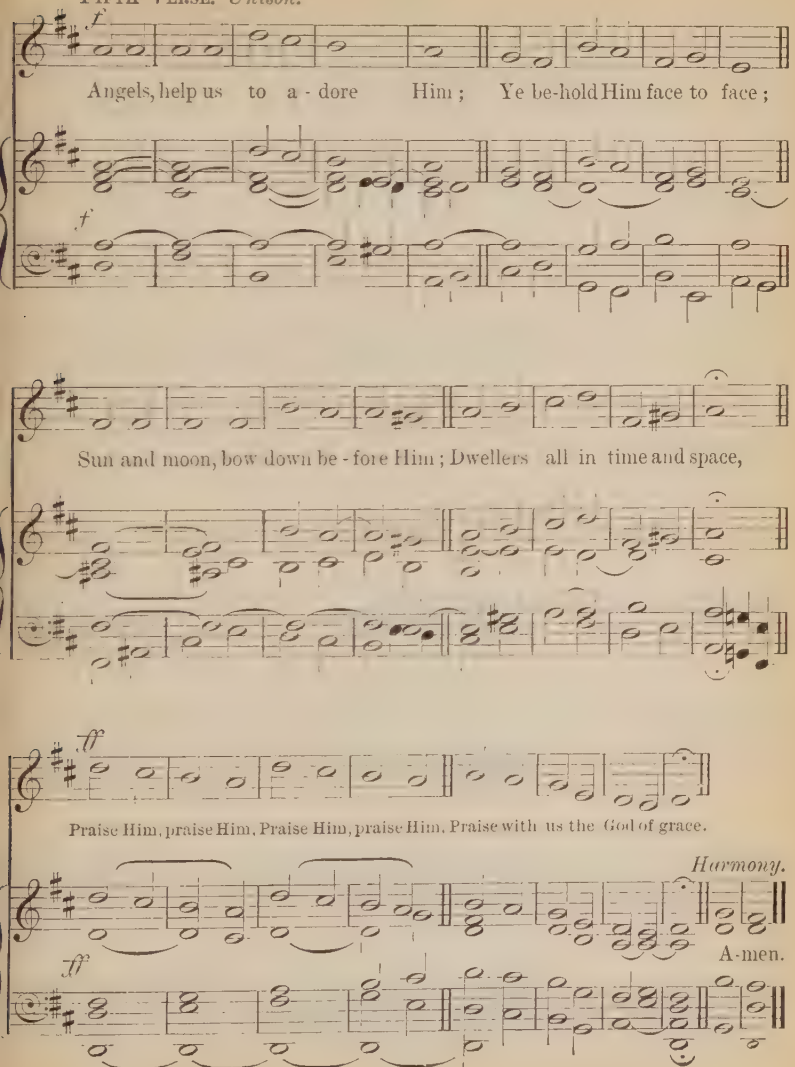
H. F. Lyte.

THIRD VERSE. *Trebles only.*

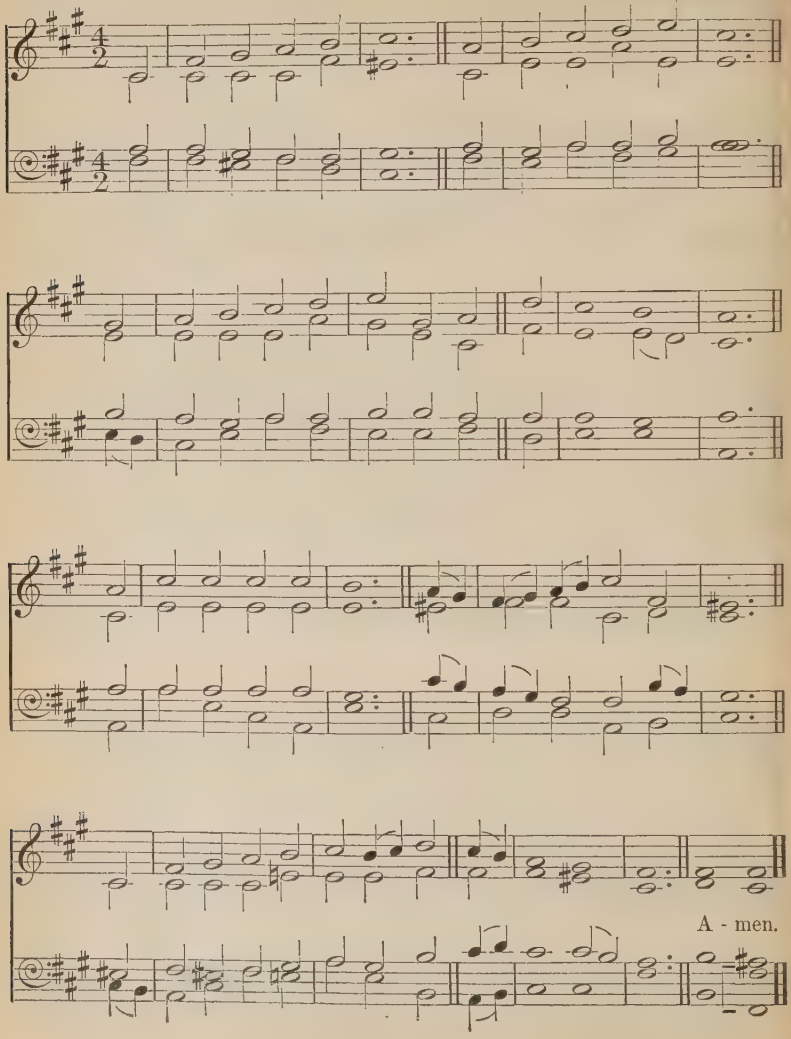

Slower.
p
Fa-ther-like He tends and spares us; Well our fee-ble frame He knows;
p
In His hands He gen-tly bears us, Res-cues us from all our foes:


ff
Praise Him, praise Him, Praise Him, praise Him, Wide-ly as His mer-cy flows.
ff
Fourth Verse. Harmony.
p
Frail as summer's flower we flou-rish; Blows the wind, and it is gone;
p
cres.
But, while mortals rise and per-ish, God en-dures un-changing on:
cres.
ff
Praise Him, praise Him, Praise Him, praise Him, Praise the high e-ter-nal One.
ff

FIFTH VERSE. *Unison.*


f
Angels, help us to a - dore Him; Ye be-hold Him face to face;
f
Sun and moon, bow down be - fore Him; Dwellers all in time and space,
ff
Praise Him, praise Him, Praise Him, praise Him, Praise with us the God of grace.
Harmony.
A-men.
ff

Leoni. **17** Old Hebrew Melody (?).



The God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob . . . . . This is My Name for ever, and this is My Memorial unto all generations.

mf THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love.
Jehovah! Great I AM,
By earth and heaven confessed!
p I bow and bless the sacred Name
For ever blest.

mf 2 The God of Abraham praise,
At Whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand.
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 He by Himself hath sworn;
I on His oath depend:
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

4 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness;
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace
On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And glorious with His saints in light
For ever reigns.

f 5 The God Who reigns on high
The great archangels sing,
p c And 'Holy, holy, holy,' cry,
'Almighty King!
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be,
f Jehovah! Father! Great I AM!
We worship Thee.'

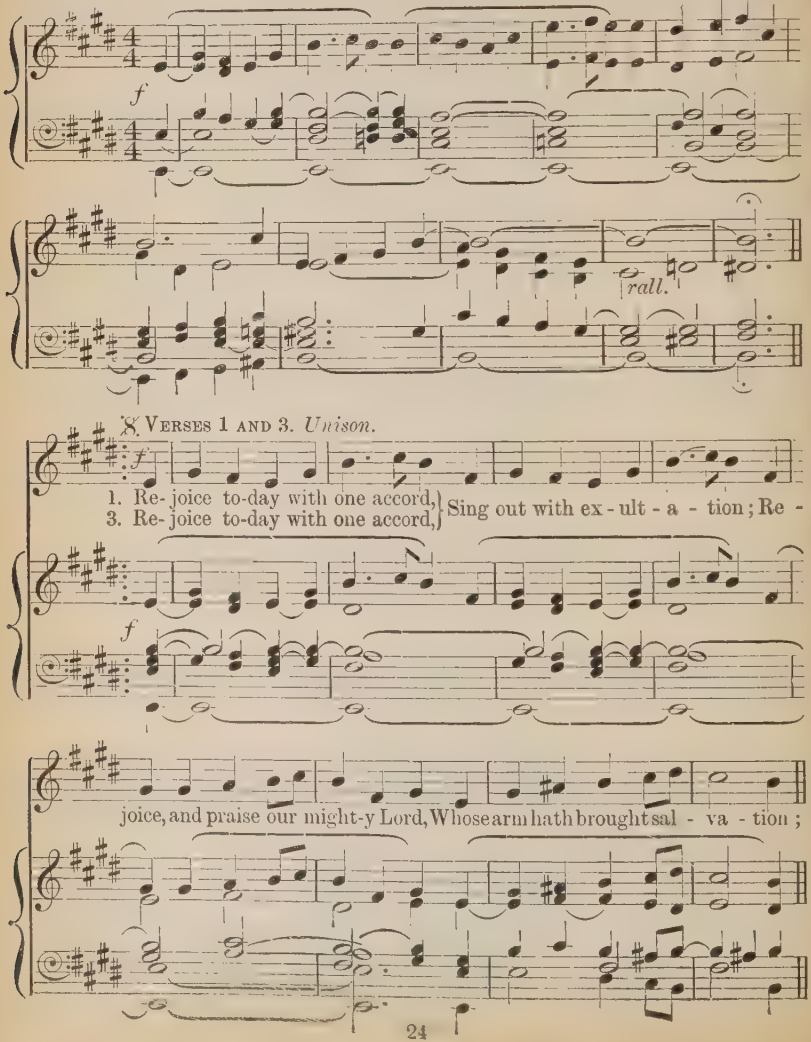
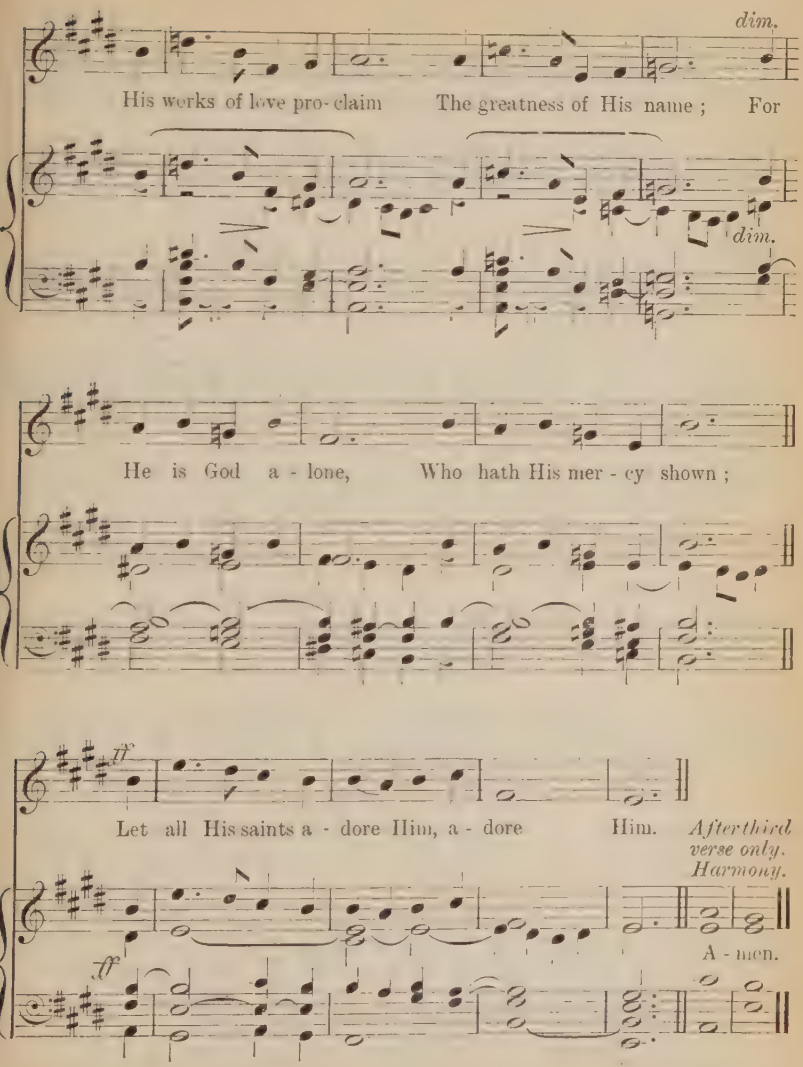
ff 6 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
'Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!'
They ever cry.
Hail, Abraham's God, and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise. AMEN.

T. Olivers, sel.

18

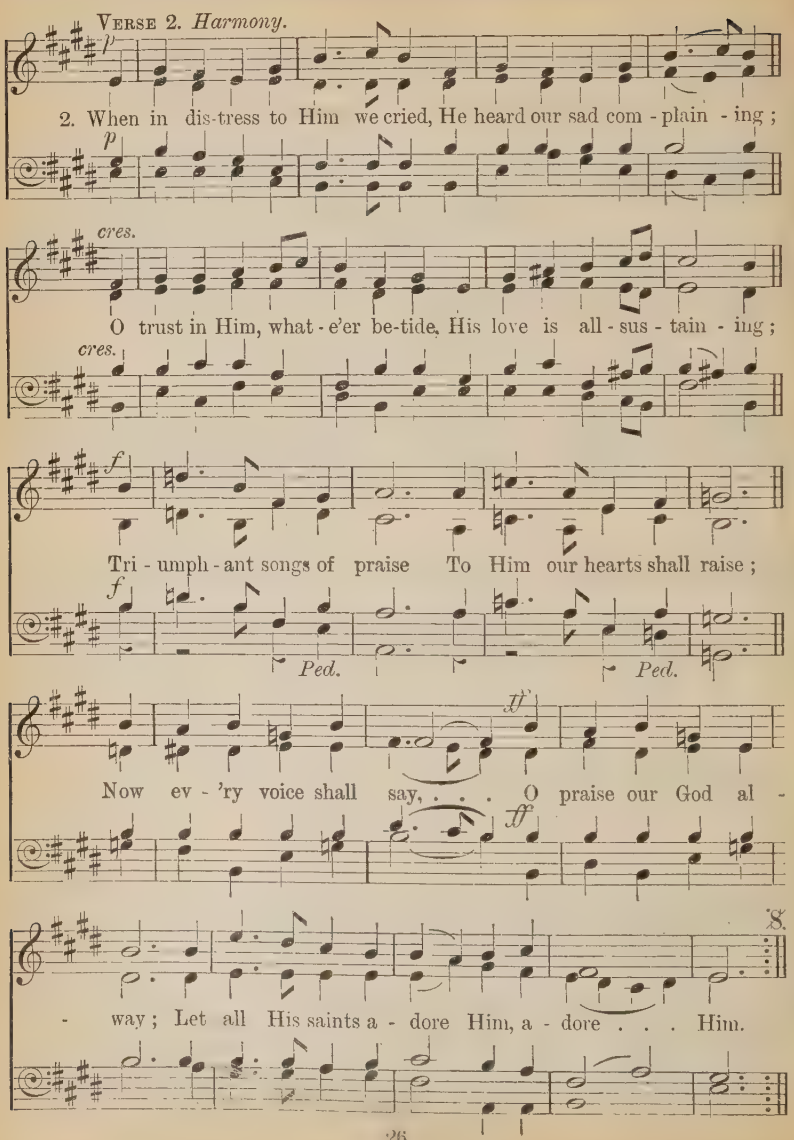
I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously.

Gloria in excelsis. J. W. Elliott.

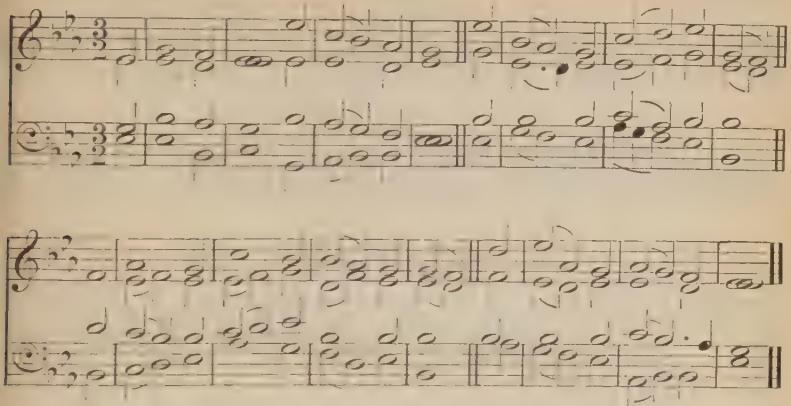

f
rall.
Verses 1 and 3. Unison.
1. Re- joice to-day with one accord,
3. Re- joice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with ex - ult - a - tion; Re -
joice, and praise our might-y Lord, Whose arm hath brought sal - va - tion;

dim.
His works of love pro-claim The greatness of His name; For
dim.
He is God a-lone, Who hath His mer-cy shown;
ff
Let all His saints a-dore Him, a-dore Him.
After third verse only. Harmony.
A-men.
ff

For verse 2, see next page.

H. W. Baker.


Verse 2. Harmony.
p
2. When in dis-tress to Him we cried, He heard our sad com - plain - ing;
p
cres.
O trust in Him, what - e'er be-tide, His love is all - sus - tain - ing;
cres.
f
Tri - umph - ant songs of praise To Him our hearts shall raise;
f
Ped.
Ped.
ff
Now ev - 'ry voice shall say, . . . O praise our God al -
ff
8.
- way; Let all His saints a - dore Him, a - dore . . . Him.

Manchester. **19** R. WAINWRIGHT.



Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee.

mf WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

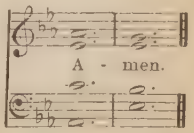
2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From Whom those comforts flowed.

p 3 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face,
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
c Revived my soul with grace.

mf 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

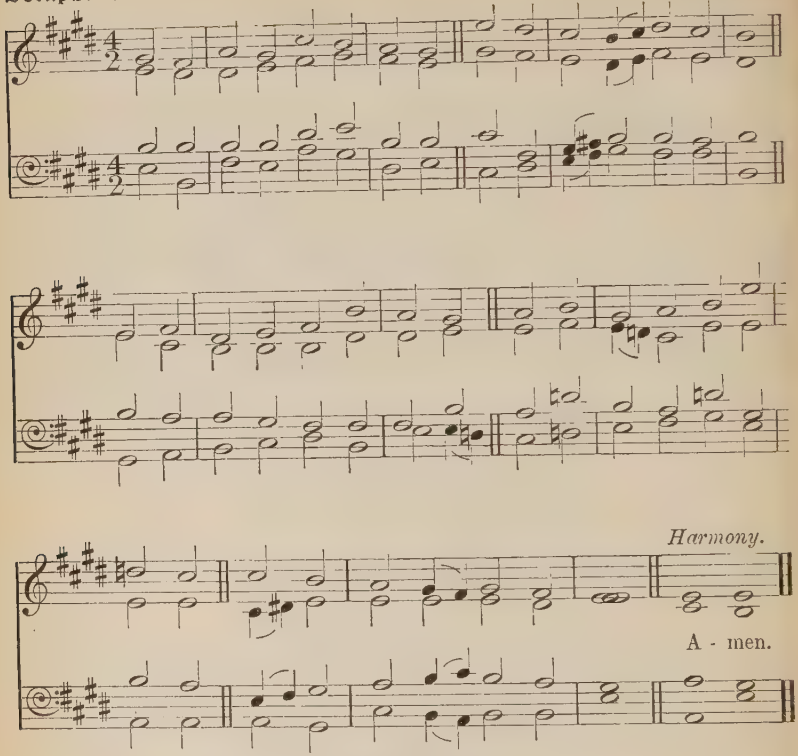
6 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.



J. Addison, sel.

20

Seraphim. H. Smart.



O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches.

Unison.

mf ANGELS holy,
High and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
f Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Harmony.

mf 2 Sun and moon bright,
Night and noonlight,
Starry temples azure-floored,
Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness,
c Sons of God that shout for gladness,
f Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Men's Voices.

mf 3 Ocean hoary,
Tell His glory;
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared,
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
f Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Treble Voices.

mf 4 Rock and high land,
Wood and island,
Crag, where eagle's pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
f Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Harmony.

mf 5 Rolling river,
Praise Him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein poured;
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
c Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
f Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

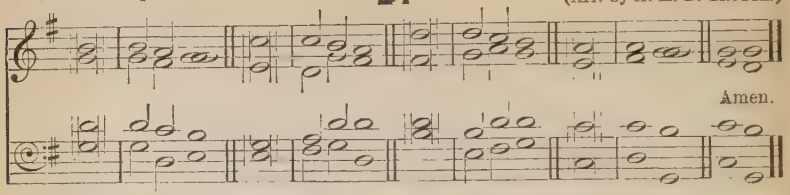
Unison.

6 Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver;
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each blithe voice its free song singing,
ff Praise the great and mighty Lord! AMEN.

J. S. Blackie, sel.

The strain upraise. 21

W. Hayes.
(Arr. by A. H. D. Troyte.)



All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord; and Thy saints shall bless Thee.

Cantemus cuncti melodum.

f 1 The strain upraise Of joy and praise, * **Halle-** | lujah! || To the glory of their King * Let the **ran**somed | people sing || **Halle-** | lujah! || **Halle-** | lujah!

2 And the **choirs** that | dwell on high || Shall re-**echo** | through the sky, || **Halle-** | lujah! || **Halle-** | lujah!

mf 3 Ye through the fields of **para-** | dise that roam. || Ye blessèd ones, * re**peat** through | that bright home || **Halle-** | lujah! || **Halle-** | lujah!
(*Unison.*)

4 Ye planets, * glittering **on** your | heavenly way, || Ye shining constell**a**tions, | join and say || *f* **Halle-** | lujah! || **Halle-** | lujah!
(*Harmony.*)

p 5 Ye clouds that onward sweep, * Ye **winds** on | pinions light, || *f* Ye thunders, * echoing loud and deep, * Ye **light**nings, | wildly bright, || *p* In **sweet** con- | sent unite || your **Halle-** | lujah!

mf 6 Ye floods and ocean billows, * Ye **storms** and | winter snow, || Ye days of cloudless beauty, * Hoar **frost** and | summer glow, || Ye groves that wave in spring, * And **glo**rious | forests, sing || *f* **Halle-** | lujah!
(*Trebles and Altos. Unison.*)

p 7 First let the birds, * with **painte**d | plumage gay, || Exalt their great Cre**a**tor's | praise, and say || *f* **Halle-** | lujah! || **Halle-** | lujah!
(*Tenors and Basses. Unison.*)

8 Then let the beasts of **earth**, with | varying strain, || Join in creation's **hymn**, and | cry again || **Halle-** | lujah! || **Halle-** | lujah!
(*Tenors and Basses. Unison.*)

f 9 Here let the mountains thunder **forth** so- | norous || **Halle-** | lujah! ||
(*Trebles and Altos. Unison.*)
p There let the valleys sing in **gent**ler | chorus || **Halle-** | lujah!
(*Tenors and Basses. Unison.*) (*Trebles and Altos. Unison.*)

mf 10 Thou jubilant **abyss** of | ocean, cry || **Halle-** | lujah! || Ye tracts of earth and **conti-** | nents, reply || **Halle-** | lujah!
(*Harmony.*)

11 To God, * Who **all** cre- | ation made, || The frequent **hymn** be | duly paid, || *f* **Halle-** | lujah! || **Halle-** | lujah!

12 This is the strain, * the eternal strain, * the **Lord** of | all things loves, || **Halle-** | lujah! || This is the song, * the heavenly song, * that **Christ** Him- | self approves, || **Halle-** | lujah!

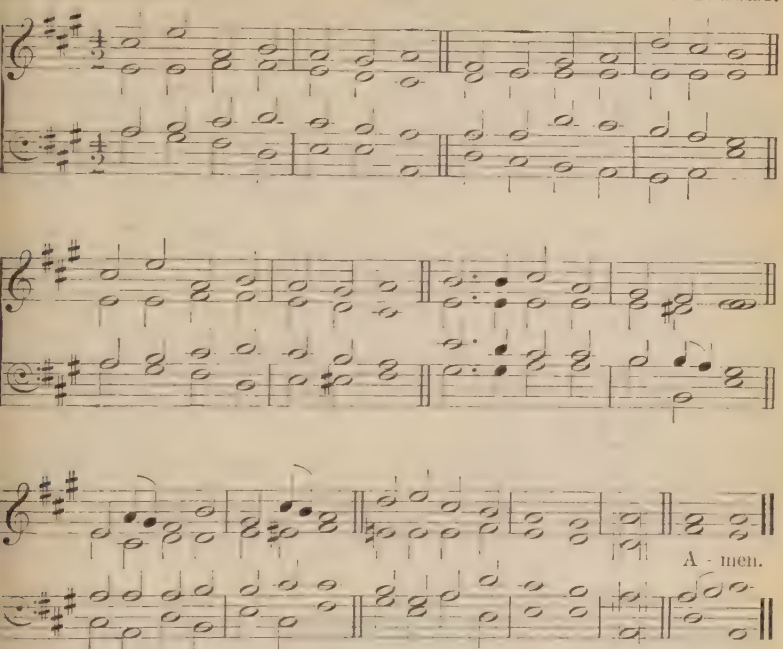
13 Wherefore we sing, * both heart and **voice** a- | waking, || **Halle-** | lujah! ||
(*Trebles and Altos. Unison.*)
p And children's voices echo, * **an**swer | making, || **Halle-** | lujah!
(*All voices. Unison.*)

f 14 Now from **all men** | be outpoured || Hallel**u**jah | to the Lord; || With Hallel**u**jah | evermore || The Son and **Spirit** | we adore.
(*Harmony.*)

ff 15 Praise be **done** to the | Three in One. || **Halle-** | lujah! || **Halle-** | lujah! || **Halle-** | lujah! || Amen.

Latin. Tr. J. M. Neale.

Te laudant omnia. **22** J. F. Swift.



Bless the Lord, all ye His works, in all places of His dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul.

1

f ALL things praise Thee, Lord Most High:
Heaven and earth and sea and sky,
All were for Thy glory made,
That Thy greatness thus displayed
Should all worship bring to Thee;
All things praise Thee: Lord, may we!

2

f All things praise Thee: night to night
Sings in silent hymns of light;
All things praise Thee: day to day
Chants Thy power in burning ray;
Time and space are praising Thee;
f All things praise Thee: Lord, may we!

3

mf All things praise Thee: heaven's high shrine
Rings with melody divine;
p Lowly bending at Thy feet,
Seraph and archangel meet,—
f This their highest bliss, to be
Ever praising: Lord, may we!

4

mf All things praise Thee, gracious Lord:
Great Creator, mighty Word,
Omnipresent Spirit, now
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
c Lift our hearts in praise to Thee;
f All things praise Thee: Lord, may we!

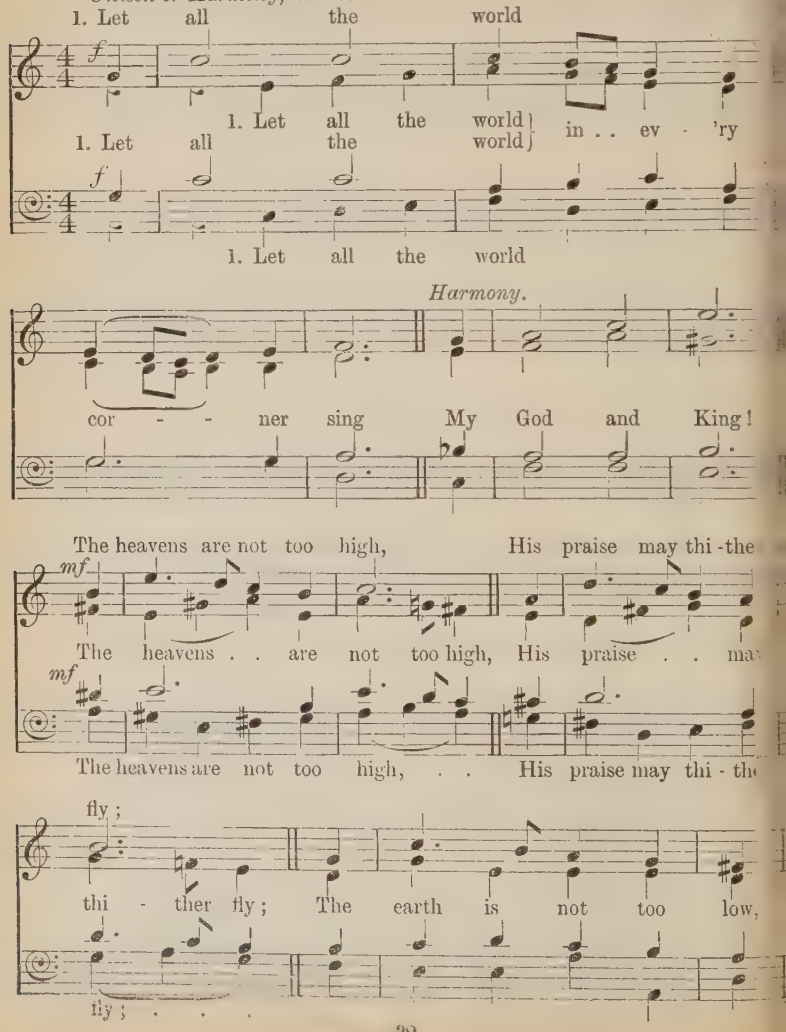
AMEN.

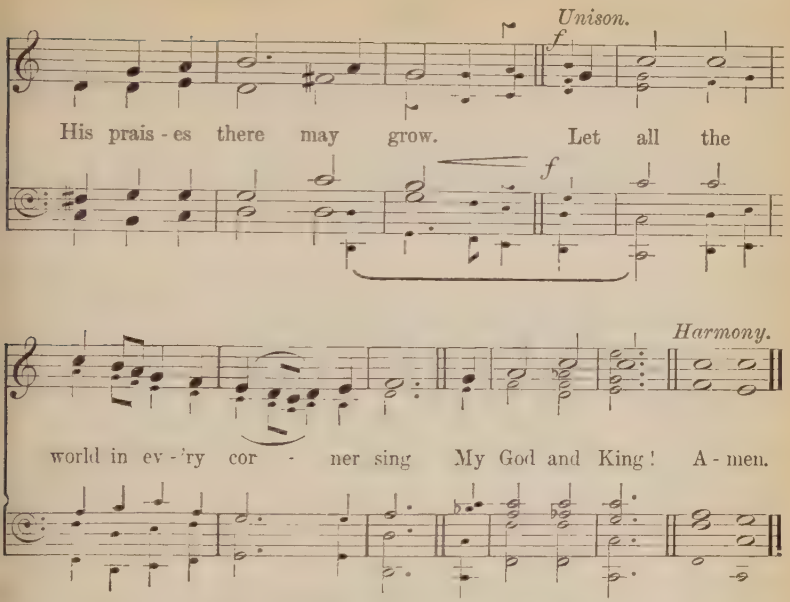
G. W. Conder.

23

Milton. *Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.*

Unison or Harmony, ad lib. H. Elliot Butt...


1. Let all the world
1. Let all the world in ev - 'ry
1. Let all the world
1. Let all the world
Harmony.
cor - - ner sing My God and King!
The heavens are not too high, His praise may thi - the
The heavens . . are not too high, His praise . . ma
The heavens are not too high, . . His praise may thi - the
fly;
thi - ther fly; The earth is not too low,
fly; . . . .



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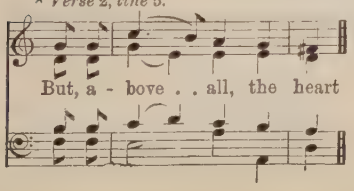
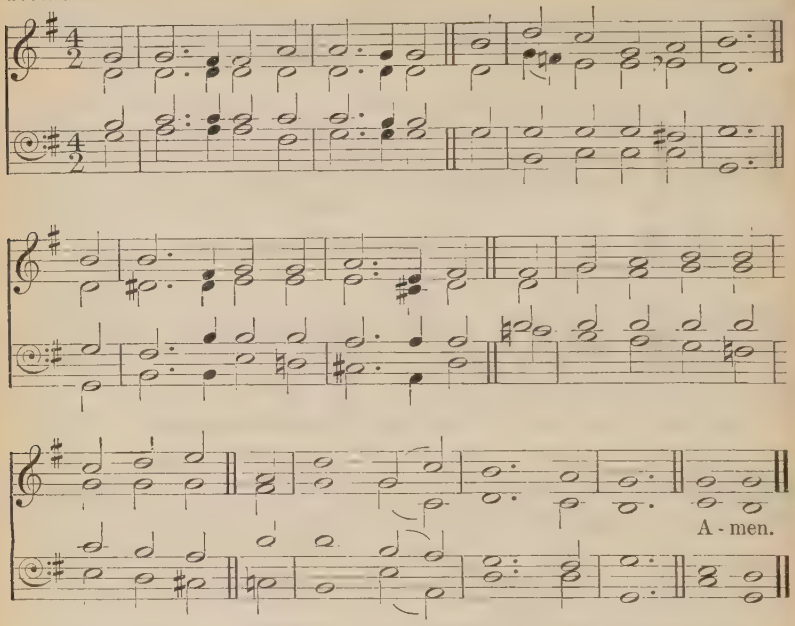
f 2 Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing
My God and King!
The Church with psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out;
mf * But, above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.
f Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing
My God and King! AMEN.

G. Herbert.

* *Verse 2, line 5.*



Newcastle. 24 H. L. Morley.



The King of kings, and Lord of lords; Who only hath immortality, dwelling in light unapproachable; Whom no man hath seen, nor can see.

1

mp ETERNAL Light! eternal Light!
How pure the soul must be
When, placed within Thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but with calm delight
Can live, and look on Thee!

2

mf The spirits that surround Thy throne
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
d Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

3

p O how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
That uncreated beam?

4

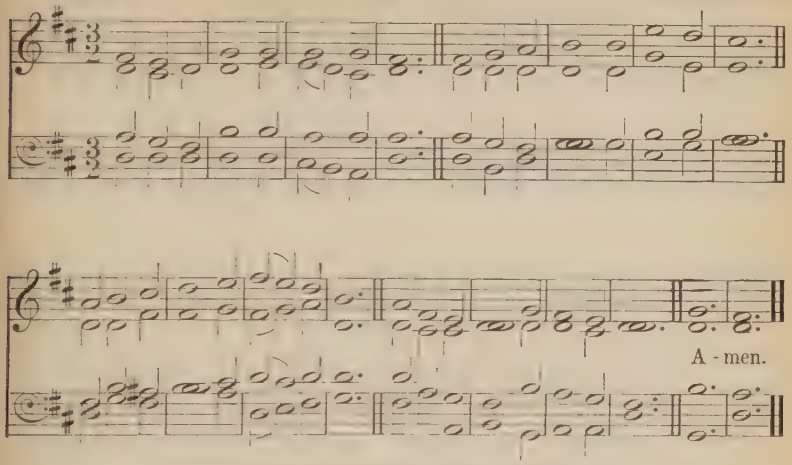
mf There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode,—
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God:

5

These, these prepare us for the sight
Of holiness above;
The sons of ignorance and night
c May dwell in the eternal light,
Through the eternal love. Amen.

T. Binney.

Ombersley. 25 W. H. Gladstone.



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With Thee is the fountain of life: in Thy light shall we see light.

mf LORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star,
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near.

2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

p 3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
c Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign:
mf All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, Whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

p 5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
c And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
f Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame. AMEN.

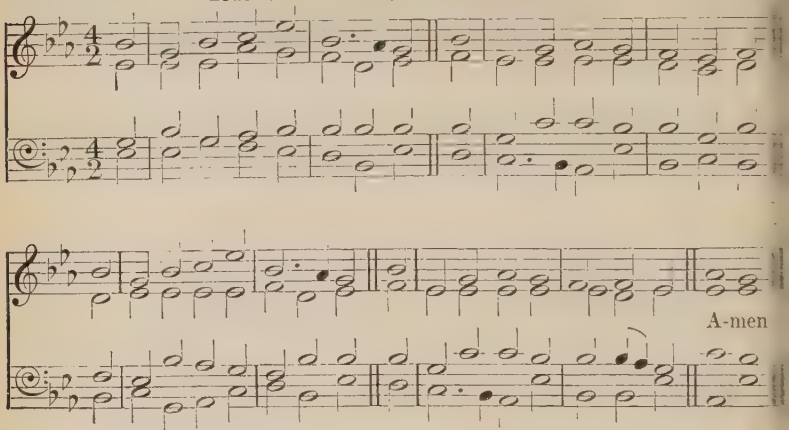
O. W. Holmes, sel.

26

Geistliche Sitten-Lieder, Nürnberg, 1684.

St. Gregory.

Zeuch meinen Geist, triff meine Sinnen.



Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us.

mf O LOVE of God, how strong and true,
Eternal and yet ever new,
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought!

mp 2 O heavenly love, how precious still,
In days of weariness and ill,
p In nights of pain and helplessness,
c To heal, to comfort, and to bless!

mf 3 O wide-embracing, wondrous love:
We read thee in the sky above;
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell and streams that flow.

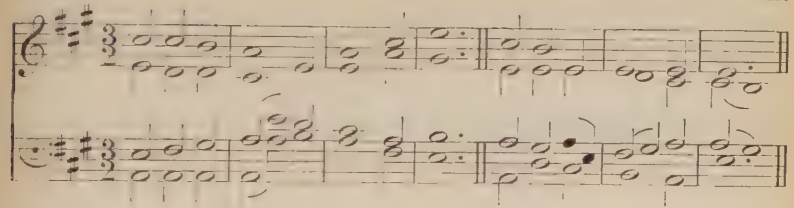
p 4 We read thee best in Him Who came
To bear for us the cross of shame,
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.

5 We read thy power to bless and save
Even in the darkness of the grave;
c Still more in resurrection light
f We read the fulness of thy might.

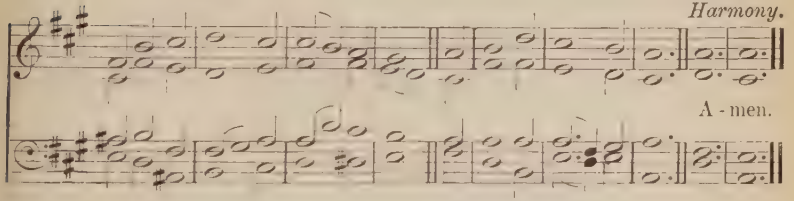
6 O love of God, our shield and stay
Through all the perils of our way;
Eternal love, in thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever blest. AMEN.

H. Bonar, alt

Gerontius. **27** J. B. Dykes.



Harmony.



A - men.

The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from heaven.

mf PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise,
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

mp 2 O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
c Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

mp 4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence, and His very self
And essence all-divine.

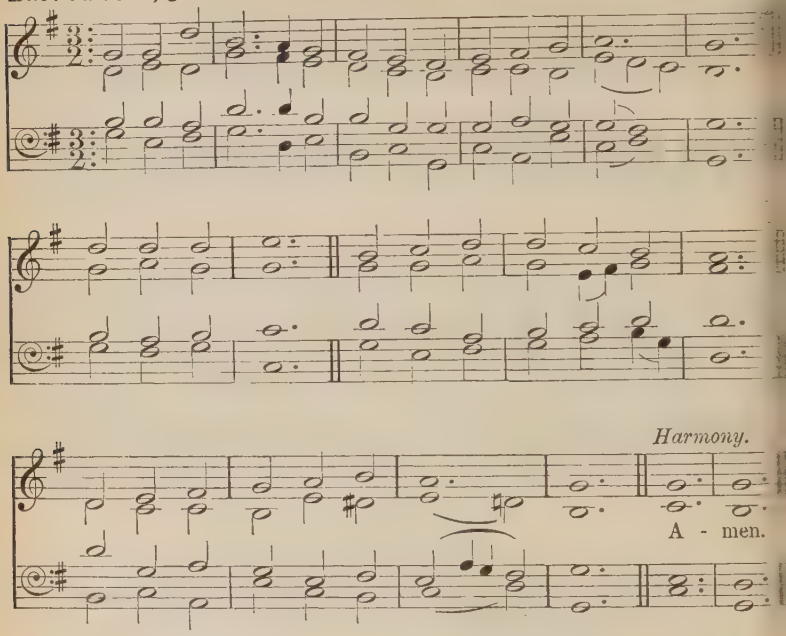
5 O generous love! that He Who smote
In Man for man the foe,
p The double agony in Man
For man should undergo;

6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
c Should teach His brethren, and inspire
d To suffer and to die.

Unis. f 7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise,
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways. AMEN.

J. H. Newman.

Hast du denn, Jesu. **28** *Praxis Pietatis Melica*, 16[illegible]



O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of His praise to be heard: Which holdeth our s[illegible] in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved.

Lobe den Herrn, den mächtigen König der Ehren.

f PRAISE to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation;
O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and salvation;
All ye who hear,
Now to His temple draw near,
Joining in glad adoration.

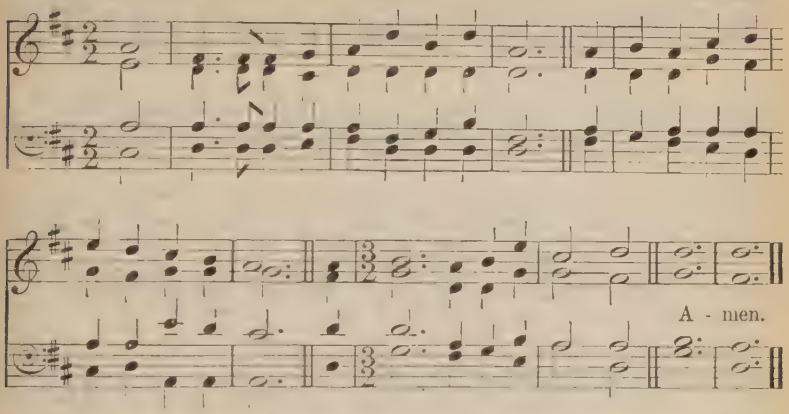
mf 2 Praise to the Lord, Who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
Shieldeth thee gently from harm, or when fainting sustaineth;
Hast thou not seen
How thy heart's wishes have been
Granted in what He ordaineth?

Unis. *f* 3 Praise to the Lord, Who doth prosper thy work and defend thee;
Surely His goodness and mercy shall daily attend thee;
Ponder anew
What the Almighty can do,
If with His love He befriend thee. AMEN.

Neander, tr. C. Winkworth, alt. & sel.

Alleluia Perenne. 29

W. H. Monk.



I heard as it were a great voice of a great multitude in heaven, saying, Hallelujah.

Alleluia piis edite laudibus.

mf SING Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
O citizens of heaven; in sweet notes raise
An endless Alleluia.

2 Ye powers who stand before the eternal light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.

3 The holy city shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.

4 In blissful answering strains ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.

f 5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Alleluia.

6 There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honour of your King,
An endless Alleluia.

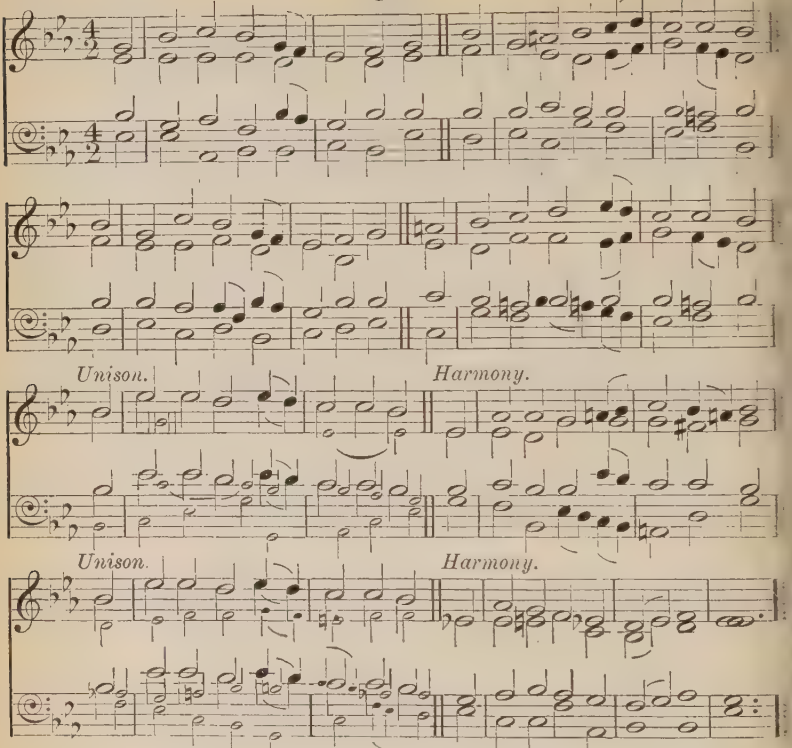
p 7 This is the rest for weary ones brought back,
c This is the food and drink which none shall lack,
mf An endless Alleluia;

c 8 While Thee, by Whom were all things made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
f An endless Alleluia.

9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
ff An endless Alleluia. Amen.

Latin, tr. J. Ellerton.

Cantate Domino. 30

J. Barnby

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Let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation. Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving.

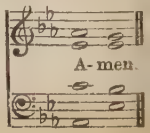
mf SING to the Lord a joyful song;
Lift up your hearts, your voices
To us His gracious gifts belong, [raise;
To Him our songs of love and praise.

f *For He is Lord of heaven and earth,*
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To Whom be praise for evermore.

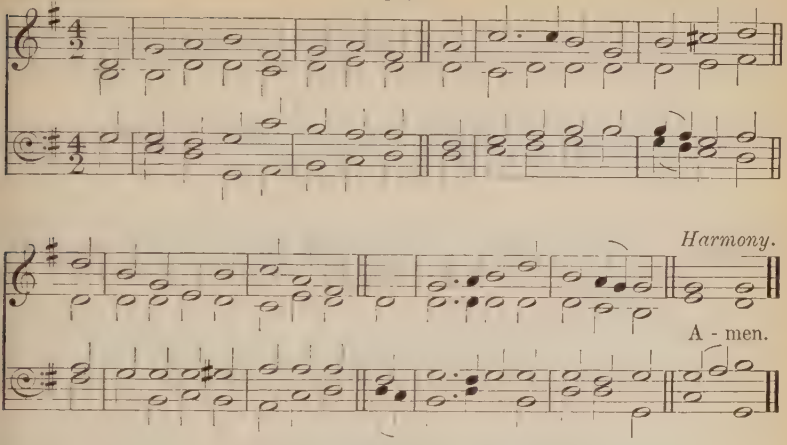
mf 2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His name, for it is fair.

3 For strength to those who on Him wait
His truth to prove, His will to do,
f Praise ye our God, for He is great,
Trust in His name, for it is true.

4 For joys untold, that from above
Cheer those who love His sweet employ,
Sing to our God, for He is love,
Exalt His name, for it is joy.

J. S. B. Monsell, sel.

[May be sung to 'Peterborough,' No. 32.]

Confidence. **31** J. CLARK.



The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice.

Unis. f THE Lord is King: lift up thy voice,
O earth, and, all ye heavens, rejoice;
From world to world the joy shall ring,
'The Lord Omnipotent is King.'

Har. 2 The Lord is King: who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

mp 3 The Lord is King: child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all His ways:
f Let every creature speak His praise.

4 He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains;
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of Love, the Crucified.

5 Come, make your wants, your burdens known;
He will present them at the throne;
And angel bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear.

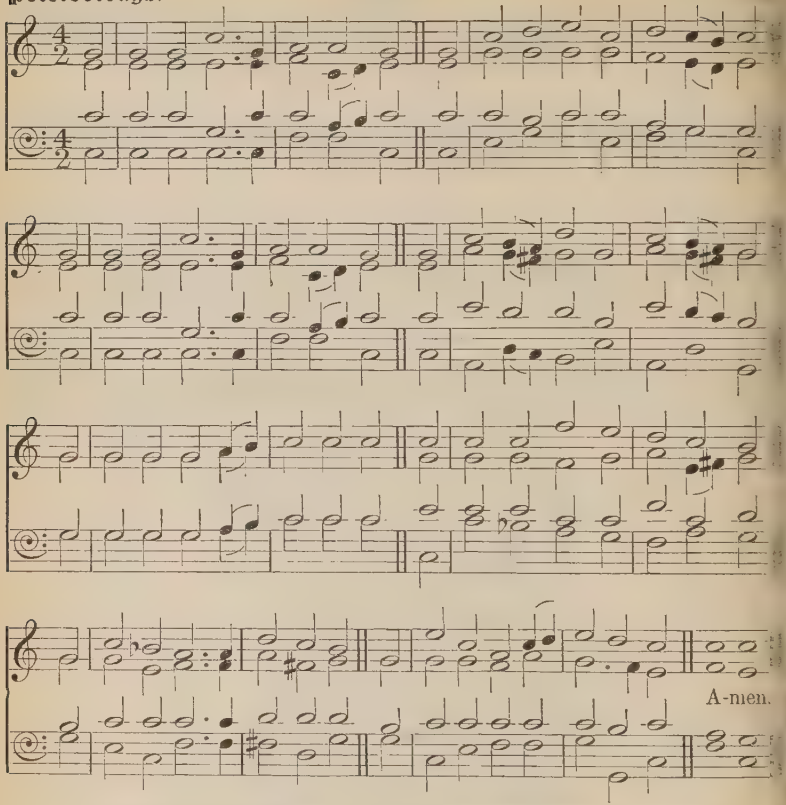
mf 6 O when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
'The Lord Omnipotent is King.'

Unis. f 7 One Lord, one empire, all secures:
He reigns, and life and death are yours.
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
'The Lord Omnipotent is King.' AMEN.

J. Conder, sel.

32

Peterborough. J. Gess



The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handywork.

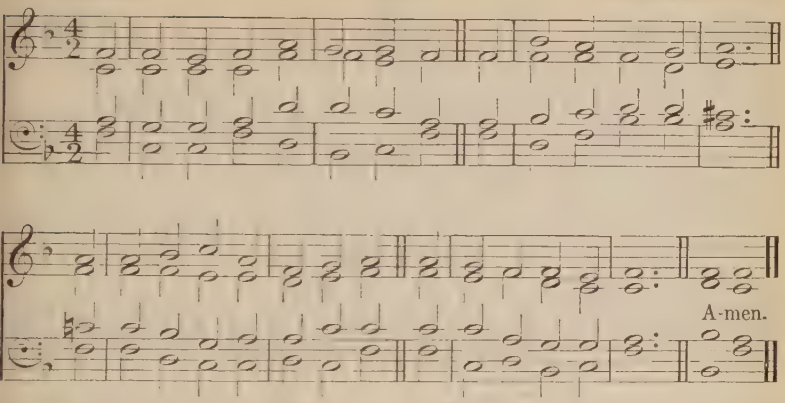
mf THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth,
While all the stars that round her burn
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

p 3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball,
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found;
c In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
f For ever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is Divine.' AMEN.

J. Addison.

St. Flavian. **33** DAY'S *Psalter*, 1562.



The invisible things of Him since the creation of the world are clearly seen, being perceived through the things that are made.

1

mf THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2

The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

3

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4

One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

5

mp Two worlds are ours; 't is only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

6

Thou Who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
c Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere. AMEN.

J. Keble, sel.

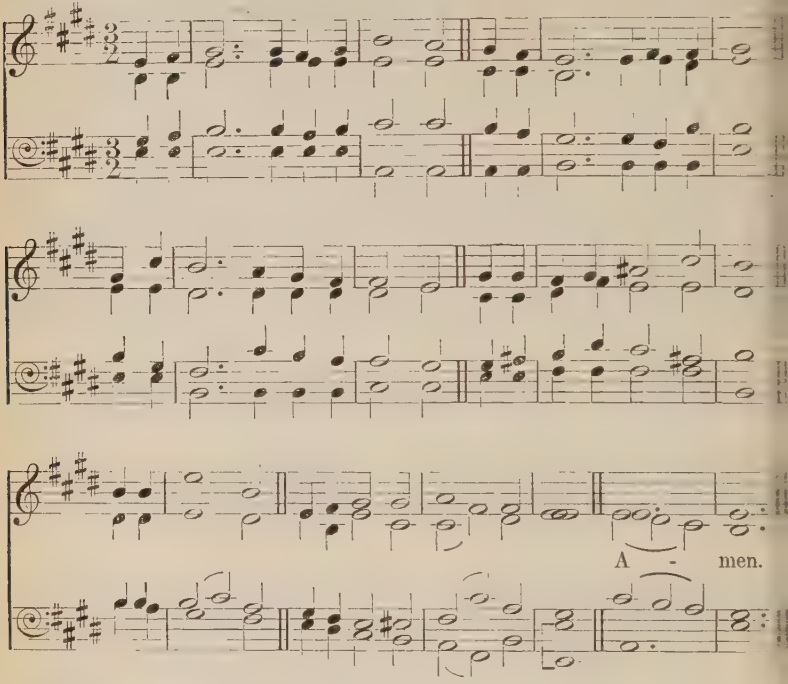
The following also are suitable:—

47 God and Father, we adore Thee.
125 For the beauty of the earth.
131 Mighty God, while angels bless Thee.
343 Now thank we all our God.
443 O God of Bethel.

III.—The Lord Jesus Christ.

1.—*HIS ADVENT AND NATIVITY.*

Wildersmouth. **34** E. J. Hopkins



They saw the young Child with Mary His mother, and fell down, and worshipped Him.

1

mf ANGELS from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
c Come and worship,
f Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2

mf Shepherds, in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flock by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant Light;
c Come and worship,
f Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3

mf Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen His natal star;
c Come and worship,
f Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4

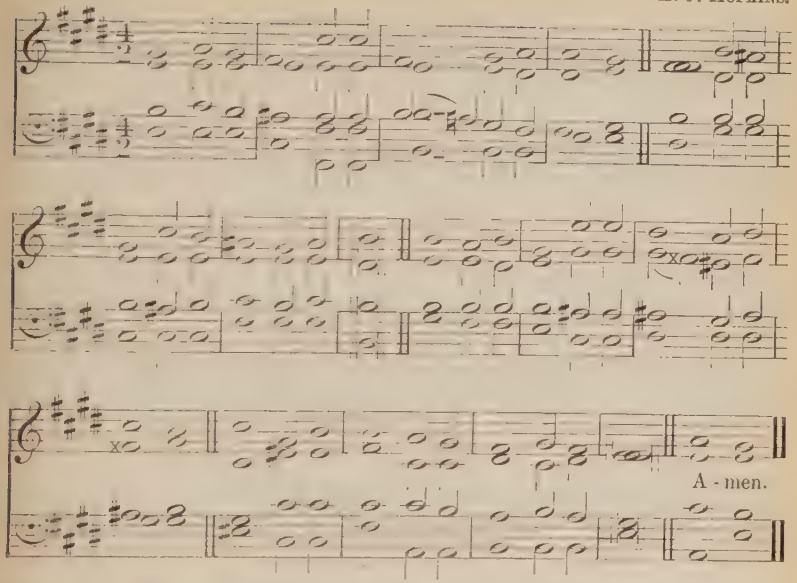
mf Saints, before the altar bending,
Waiting long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear;
c Come and worship,
f Worship Christ, the new-born King.

AMEN.

J. Montgomery, sel.

Epiphany. 35

E. J. Hopkins.



[May be sung to 'Springfield,' No. 207.]

We have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him.

mf BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

p 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
c Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
f Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

mf 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

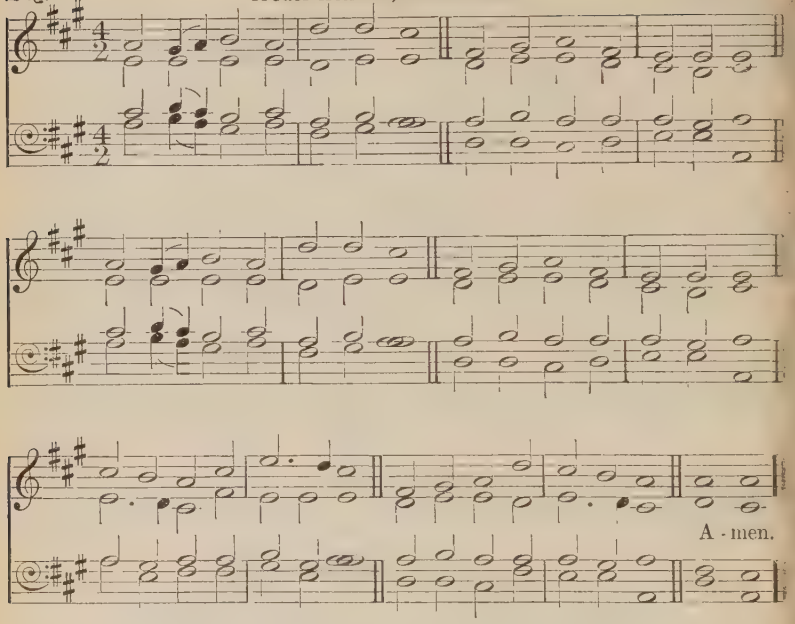
p 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
c Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

f 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid. AMEN.

R. Heber.

36

Dix. **Treuer Heiland, wir sind hier.** C. Kocher.



When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

mf AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

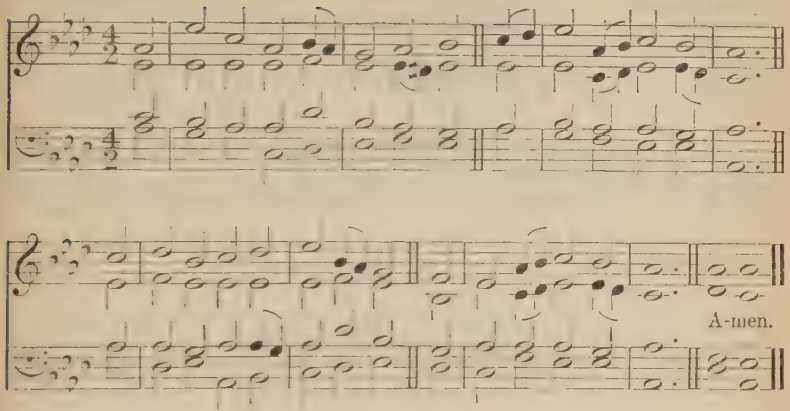
3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

p 4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way,
c And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

f 5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King. AMEN.

W. C. Dix.

St. Stephen. **37** W. Jones.



The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the gospel to the poor.

f HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart exult with joy,
And every voice be song.

mf 2 On Him the Spirit, largely shed,
Exerts His sacred fire;
Wisdom and might and zeal and love
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the prisoners to relieve
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst;
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from darkening scales of vice
To clear the inward sight,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial light.

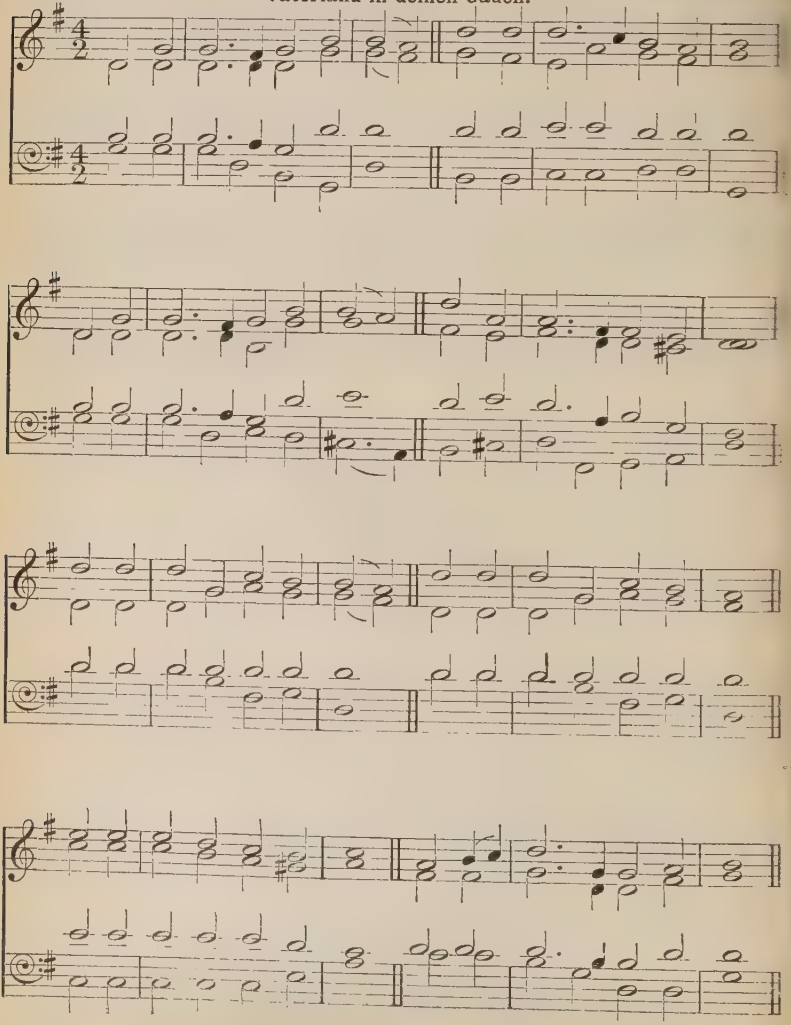
p 5 He comes, the broken hearts to bind,
The bleeding souls to cure,
c And with the treasures of His grace
Enrich the humble poor.

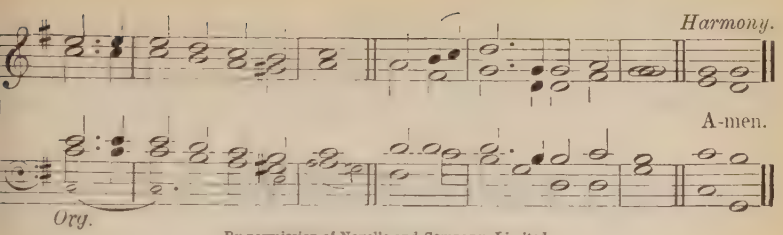
f 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's exalted arches ring
With Thy most honoured name. Amen.

P. Doddridge, alt.

Mendelssohn. **38** J. L. F. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.
(Arr. by W. H. CUMMINGS.)

Vaterland in deinen Gauen.





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Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.

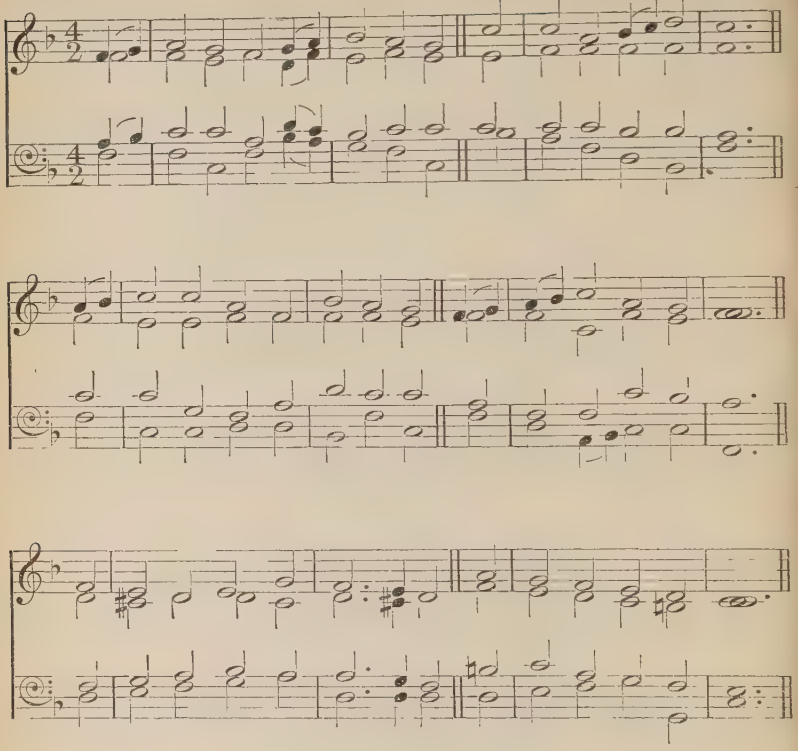
Unis. f HARK! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
p Peace on earth and mercy mild,
c God and sinners reconciled!
f Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
'Christ is born in Bethlehem.'
Har. ff Hark! the herald angels sing
Unis. Glory to the new-born King.

Har. f 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
d Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb;
p Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
c Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel!
ff Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Unis. f 3 Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings;
p Mild, He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
c Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Har. ff Hark! the herald angels sing
Unis. Glory to the new-born King. AMEN.

C. Wesley, alt.

Noel. **39** Arr. by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



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His Name shall be called . . . . Prince of Peace. Of the increase of His government and of peace there shall be no end.

f IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
mf 'Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!'
p The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

mf 2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
c And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

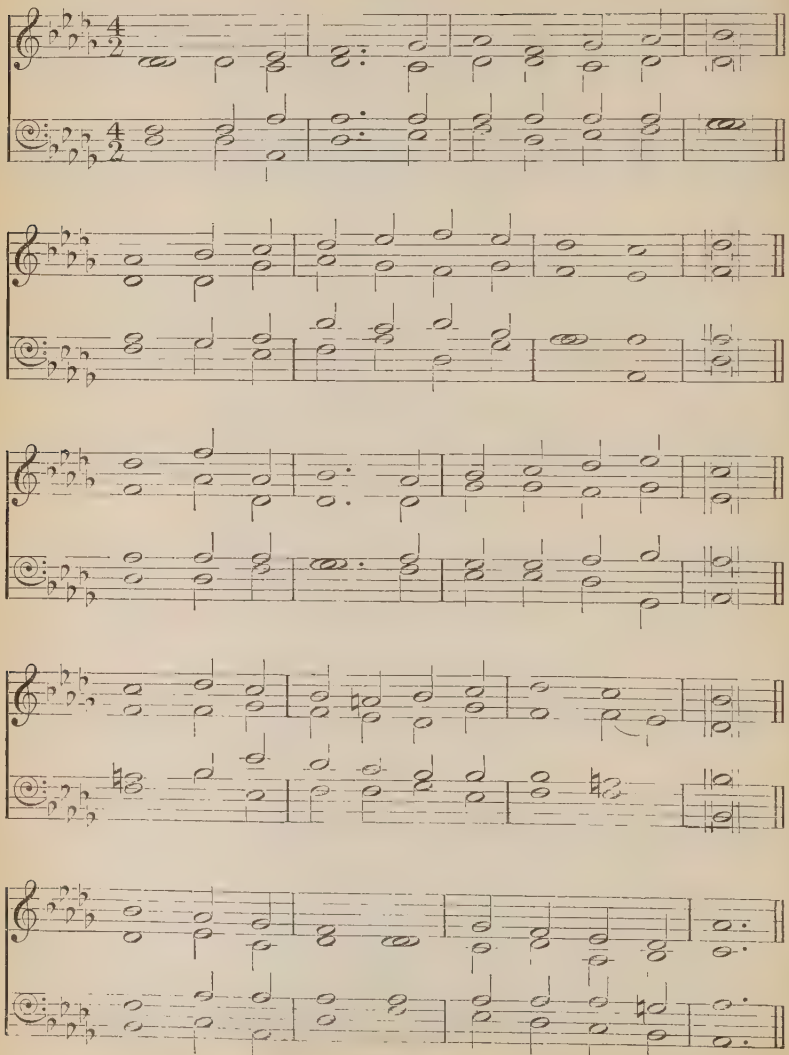
p 3 But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The song of love they bring;
pp O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

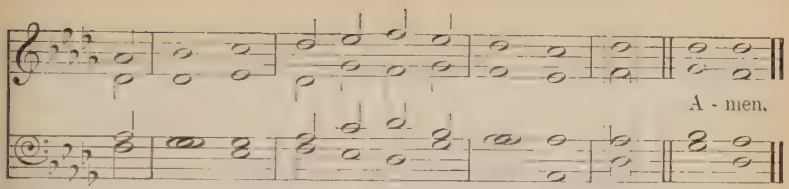
mf 4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
c Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
d O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

mf 5 For, lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold,
c When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
f And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing. AMEN.

E. H. Sears.

Yorkshire (or Stockport). **40** J. Wainwright.





Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, Which is Christ the Lord.

f CHRISTIANS, awake! salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice,—'Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth;
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.'

3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
d Peace upon earth, and unto men good will.

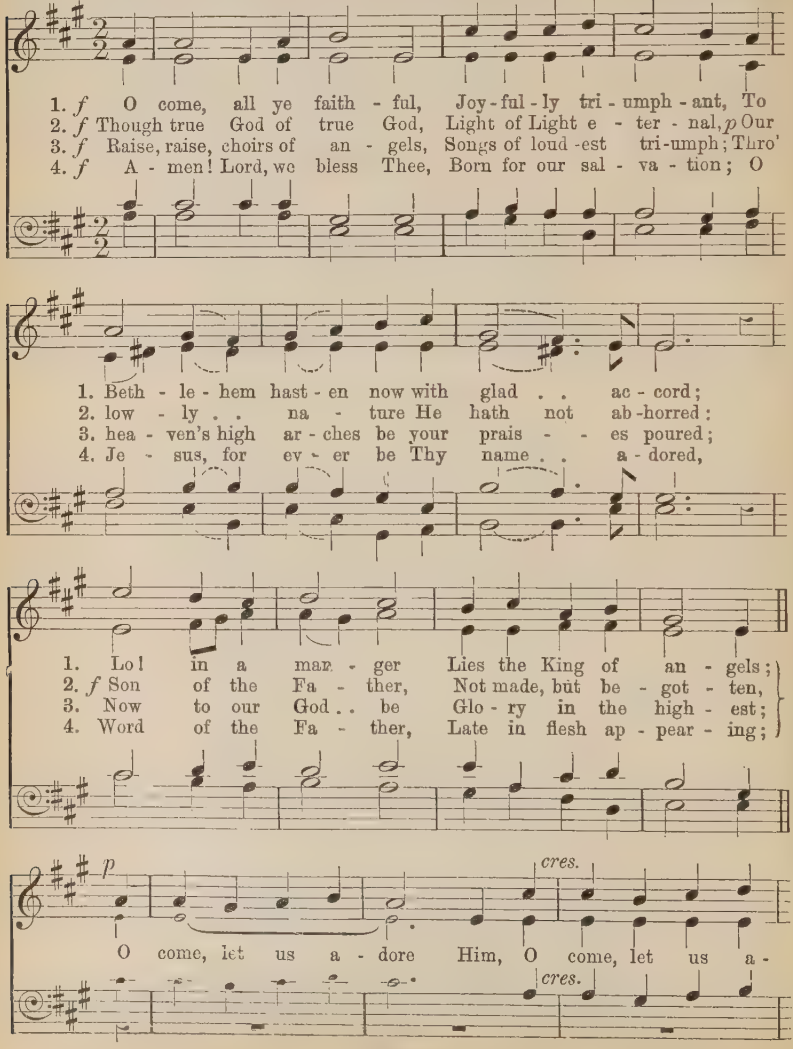
mf 4 O may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
p Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter cross,
c Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

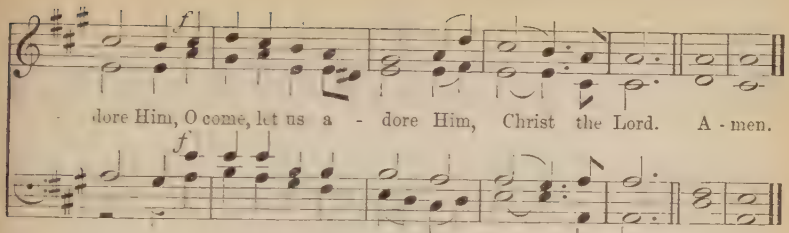
f 5 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
He That was born upon this joyful day
c Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King. AMEN.

J. Byrom.

41

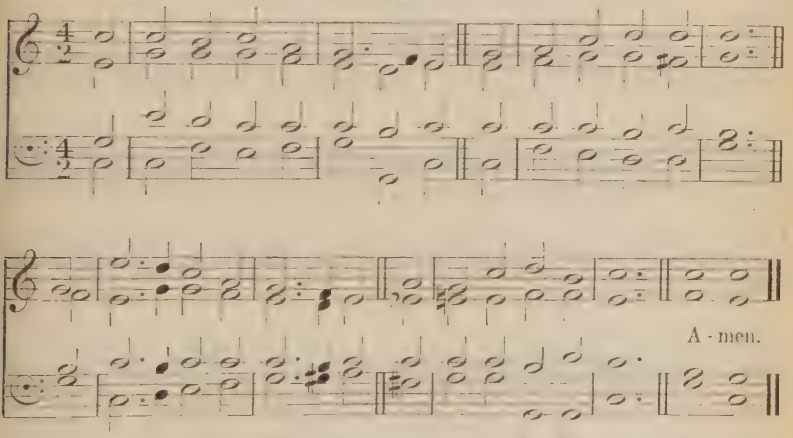
The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.

Adeste, fideles. Adeste, fideles, læti triumphantes. J. READING (?).

1. f O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful - ly tri - umph - ant, To
2. f Though true God of true God, Light of Light e - ter - nal, p Our
3. f Raise, raise, choirs of an - gels, Songs of loud - est tri-umph; Thro'
4. f A - men! Lord, we bless Thee, Born for our sal - va - tion; O
1. Beth - le - hem hast - en now with glad . . ac - cord;
2. low - ly . . na - ture He hath not ab-horred:
3. hea - ven's high ar - ches be your prais - - es poured;
4. Je - sus, for ev - er be Thy name . . a - dored,
1. Lo! in a man - ger Lies the King of an - gels;
2. f Son of the Fa - ther, Not made, but be - got - ten,
3. Now to our God . . be Glo - ry in the high - est;
4. Word of the Fa - ther, Late in flesh ap - pear - ing;
p
cres.
O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a -
cres.



Latin, tr. W. Mercer.

St. Saviour. **42** F. G. Baker.



The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light.

f THE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

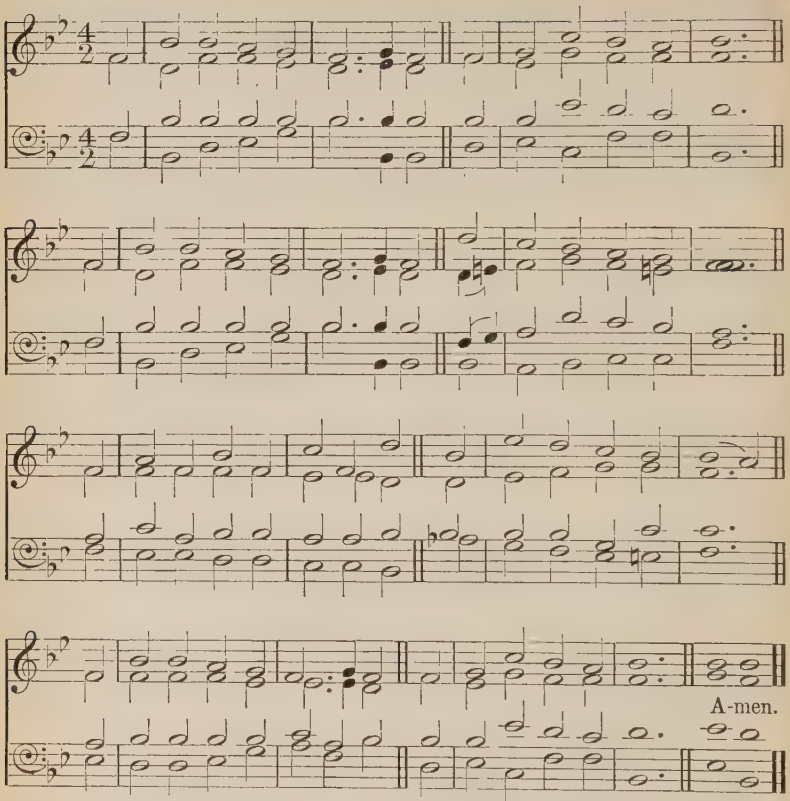
2 To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

3 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

mf 4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
c The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The Great and Mighty Lord.

f 5 His power increasing still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below. Amen.

J. Morison.

Bethlehem. 43 Old Carol.

[May be sung to 'Winchester Old,' No. 229.]

Lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

f WHILE humble shepherds watched their flocks
In Bethlehem's plains by night,
An angel sent from heaven appeared,
And filled the plains with light.
mp 'Fear not,' he said, *p* for sudden dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
c 'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

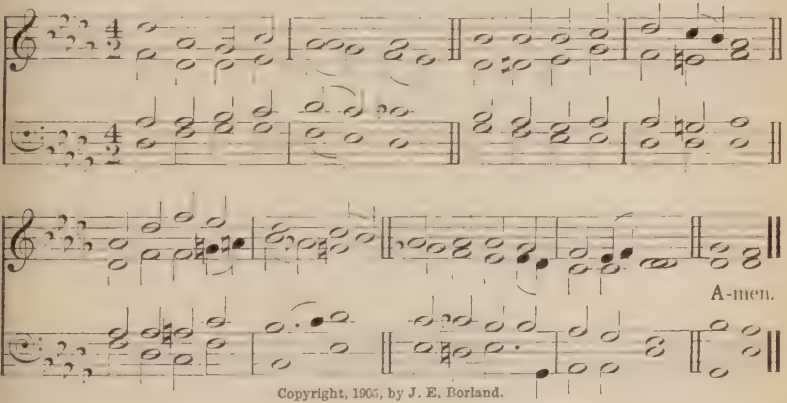
mf 2 'To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
The heavenly Babe you there shall find
d To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling-bands,
And in a manger laid.'

c 3 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:
f 'All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will is shown by heaven to men,
And never more shall cease.' AMEN.

N. Tate, alt.

Love came down at Christmas. 44

J. E. BORLAND.



Copyright, 1905, by J. E. Borland.

Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God.

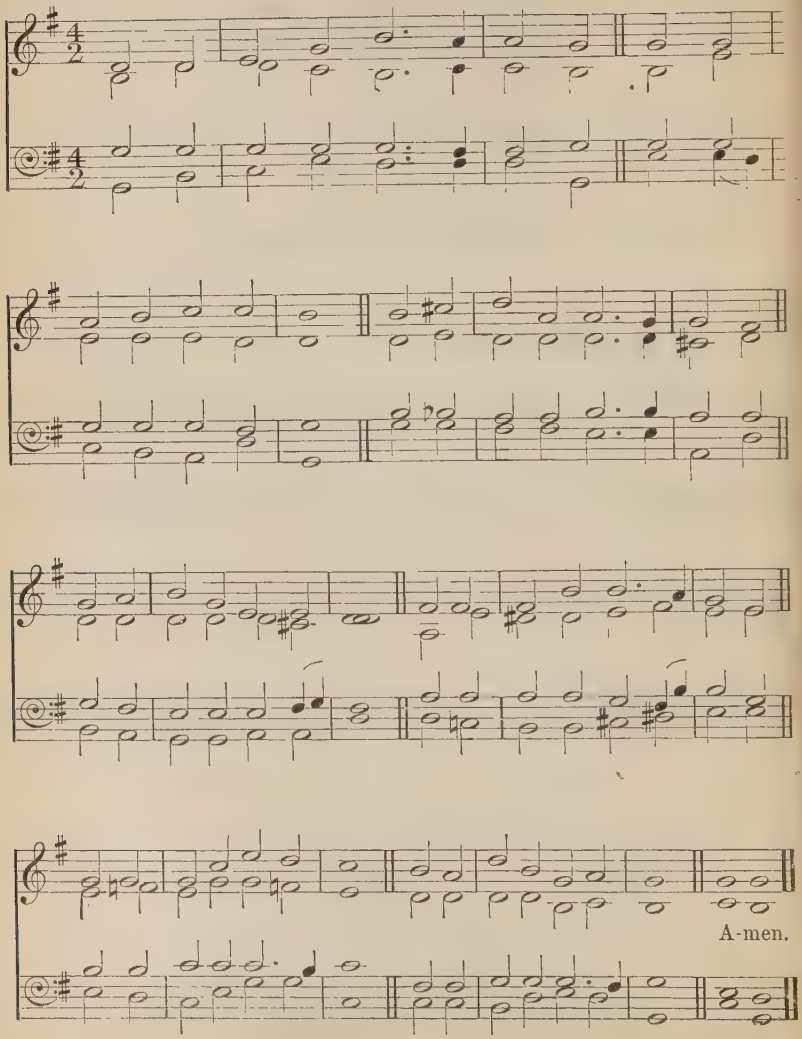
mp LOVE came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, Love Divine;
c Love was born at Christmas;
Star and angels gave the sign.

mf 2 Worship we the Godhead,
Love Incarnate, Love Divine;
Worship we our Jesus:
p But wherewith for sacred sign?

f 3 Love shall be our token;
Love be yours and love be mine,
Love to God and all men,
Love for plea and gift and sign. AMEN.

C. G. Rossetti.

Gulworthy. **45** J. Hurst.



We beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father.

Corde natus ex Parentis.

mf OF the Father's love begotten
Ere the worlds began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore.

2 O that birth for ever blessèd,
When the Virgin, full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bare the Saviour of our race,
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
First revealed His sacred face,
Evermore and evermore!

3 This is He Whom heaven-taught singers
Sang of old with one accord,
Whom the scriptures of the prophets
Promised in their faithful word;
c Now He shines, the long-expected;
Let creation praise its Lord,
Evermore and evermore.

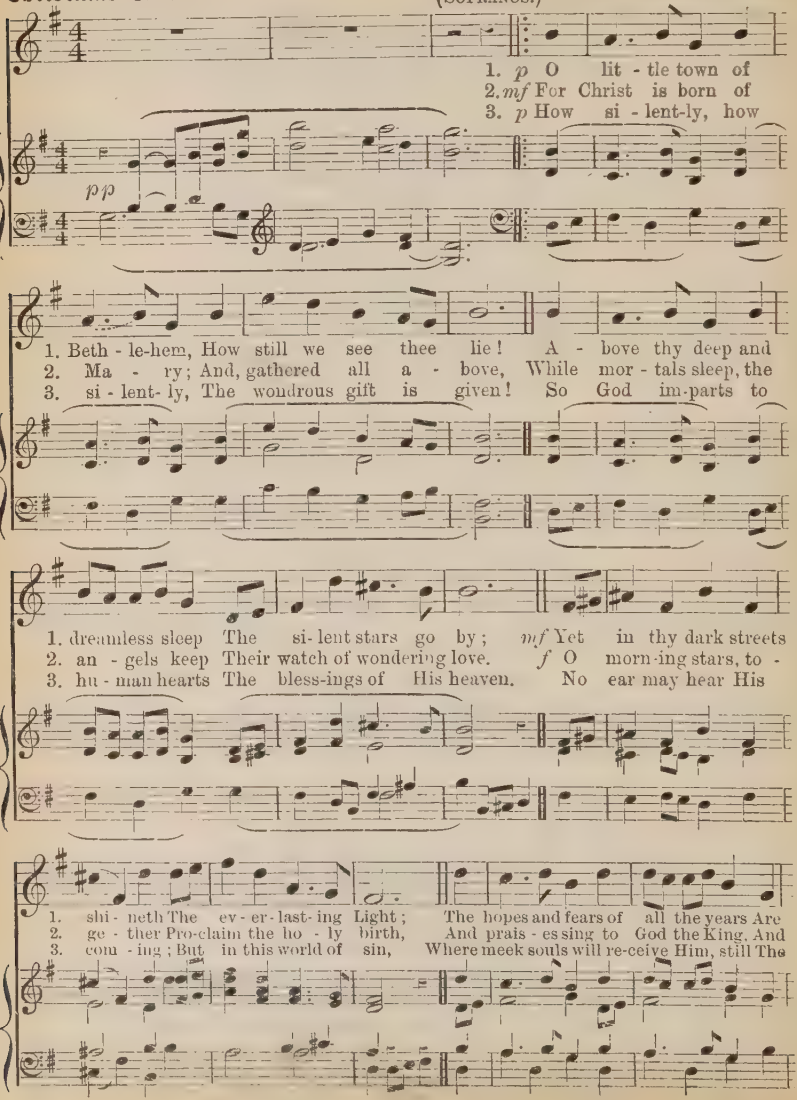
f 4 O ye heights of heaven, adore Him;
Angel hosts, His praises sing;
All dominions, bow before Him,
And extol our God and King;
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
Every voice in concert ring,
Evermore and evermore.

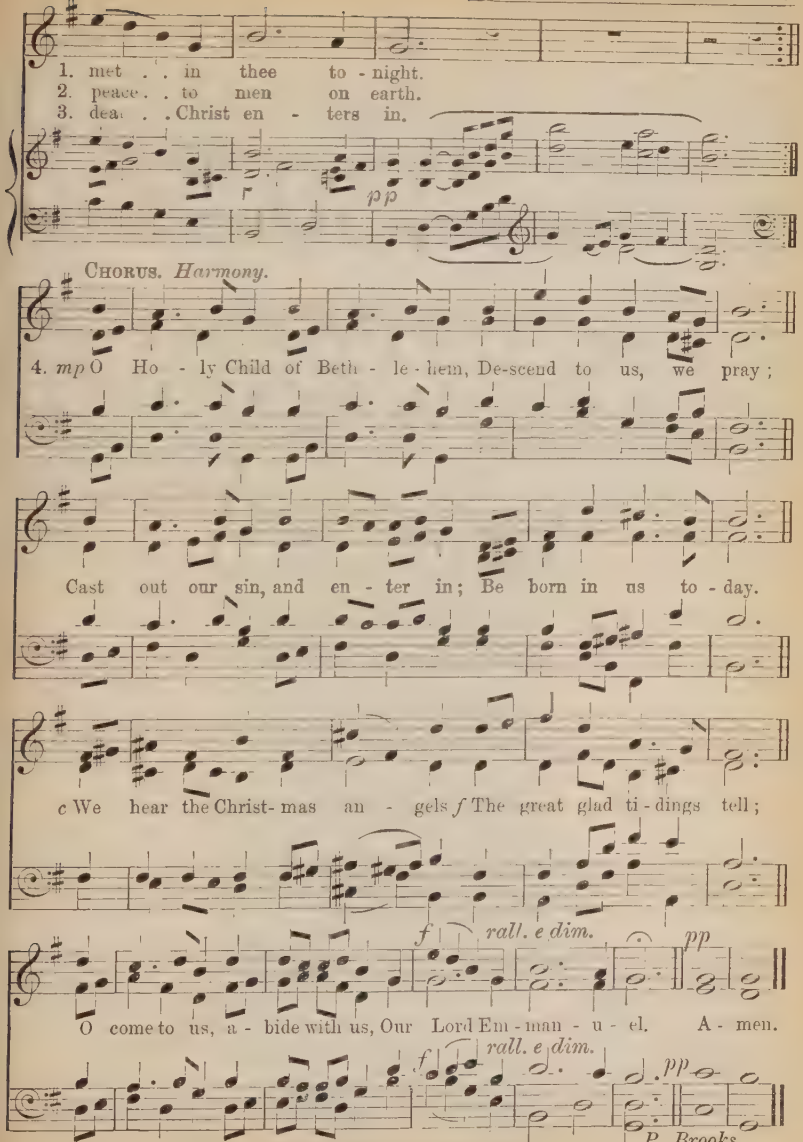
mf 5 Christ, to Thee, with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be,
f Honour, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore. AMEN.

Prudentius, tr. J. M. Neale, alt.

The shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem.

Christmas Carol.

(Sopranos.) H. Walford Davies.

1. p O lit - tle town of
2. mf For Christ is born of
3. p How si - lent-ly, how
pp
1. Beth - le-hem, How still we see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and
2. Ma - ry; And, gathered all a - bove, While mor - tals sleep, the
3. si - lent- ly, The wondrous gift is given! So God im-parts to
1. dreamless sleep The si- lent stars go by; mf Yet in thy dark streets
2. an - gels keep Their watch of wondering love. f O morn-ing stars, to -
3. hu - man hearts The bless-ings of His heaven. No ear may hear His
1. shi - neth The ev - er- last- ing Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are
2. ge - ther Pro-claim the ho - ly birth, And prais - es sing to God the King, And
3. com - ing; But in this world of sin, Where meek souls will re-ceive Him, still The


1. met . . in thee to - night.
2. peace . . to men on earth.
3. dea . . Christ en - ters in.
pp
CHORUS. Harmony.
4. mp O Ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, De-scend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and en - ter in; Be born in us to - day.
c We hear the Christ- mas an - gels f The great glad ti - dings tell;
f rall. e dim. pp
O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el. A - men.
f rall. e dim. pp

P. Brooks.

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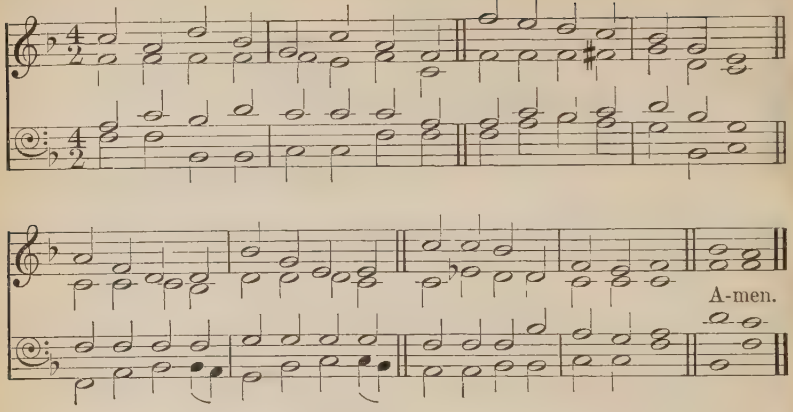
Newton Ferns. **47** S. Smith.



The brightness of His glory, and the express image of His Person.

mf GOD and Father, we adore Thee
For the Son, Thine image bright,
In Whom all Thy holy nature
Dawned on our once hopeless night.

p 2 Far from Thee our footsteps wandered
On dark paths of sin and shame,
c But our midnight turned to morning
When the Lord of Glory came.

mf 3 Word Incarnate, God revealing,
Longed-for while dim ages ran,
Love Divine, we bow before Thee,
Son of God and Son of Man.

4 Let our life be new created,
Ever-living Lord, in Thee,
Till we wake with Thy pure likeness,
When Thy face in heaven we see;

5 Where the saints of all the ages,
Where our fathers glorified,
Clouds and darkness far beneath them,
In unending day abide.

f 6 God and Father, now we bless Thee
For the Son, Thine image bright,
In Whom all Thy holy nature
Dawns on our adoring sight. AMEN.

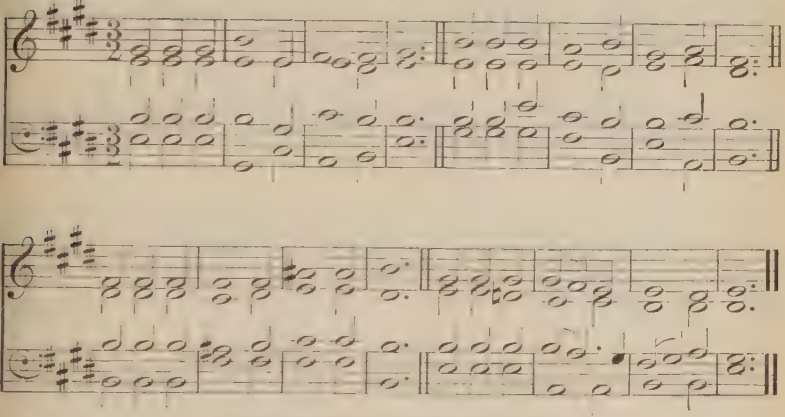
Anon.

The following also are suitable :—

53 Thou didst leave Thy throne.
227 From the eastern mountains.

2.—*HIS LIFE AND EXAMPLE.*

Hesperus. **48** H. Baker.



[May be sung to 'Brookfield,' No. 347.]

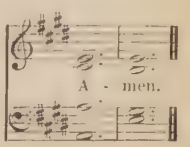
That I may know . . . the fellowship of His sufferings, becoming conformed unto His death.

mf HOW shall I follow Him I serve?
How shall I copy Him I love,
Nor from those blessèd footsteps swerve
Which lead me to His seat above?

p 2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn—
Are these the consecrated road?

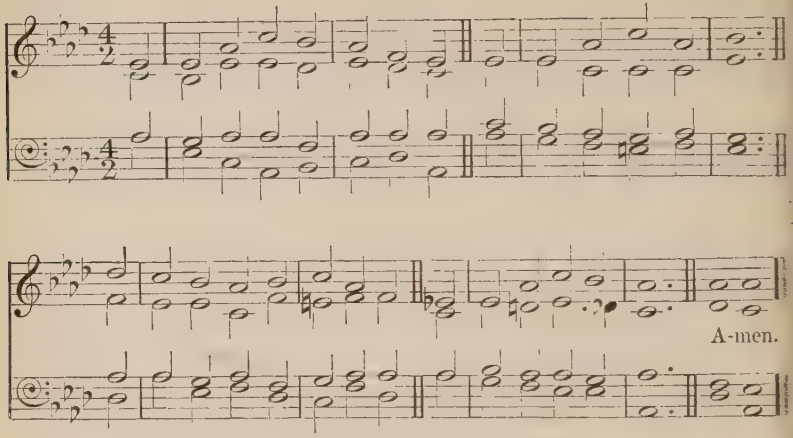
mf 3 'T was thus He suffered, though a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,
Until the perfect work was done,
d And drunk the cup of bitter gall.

p 4 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid that I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.

5 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou camest not Thyself to please;
c And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these?

mf 6 Yes, I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of Thine eye;
p Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
f But Thou canst give the victory.

J. Conder, sel.

Evan. **49** W. H. Havergal.



[May be sung to 'St. Hugh,' No. 362.]

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.

mf LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

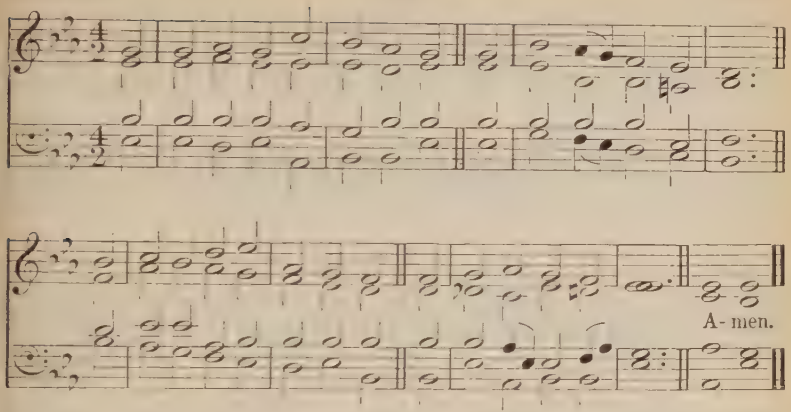
mp 4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
p 'Father, Thy will be done.'

mp 5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

mf 6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven. Amen.

J. H. Gurney.

Callcott. **50** J. W. Callcott.



Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same.

mp O MEAN may seem this house of clay,
Yet 'twas the Lord's abode;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Emmanuel trod.

2 This robe of flesh the Lord did wear;
This watch the Lord did keep;
d These burdens sore the Lord did bear;
These tears the Lord did weep.

mp 3 Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of heaven;
To every grief, to every tear,
Such glory strange is given.

mf 4 But not this robe of flesh alone
Shall link us, Lord, to Thee;
Not only in the tear and groan
Shall the dear kindred be:

5 We shall be reckoned for Thine own
Because Thy heaven we share,
Because we sing around Thy throne,
And Thy bright raiment wear.

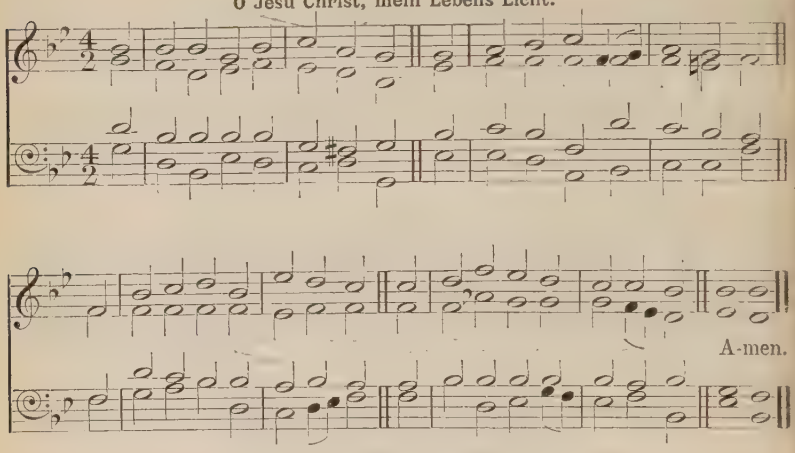
6 Thou Who wast clothèd in our clay,
And stricken in our stead,
c Wilt put on us Thy bright array,
Thy joy on us wilt shed.

f 7 O mighty grace, our life to live,
To make our earth divine;
O mighty grace, Thy heaven to give,
And lift our life to Thine. Amen.

T. H. Gill, sel

Breslau. **51** *Geistliche Gesänge, Leipsic,* 1625.

O Jesu Christ, mein Lebens Licht.



If any man would come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me.

mf 'TAKE up thy cross,' the Saviour said,
'If thou wouldst My disciple be;
Take up thy cross with willing heart,
And humbly follow after Me.'

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm;
c His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

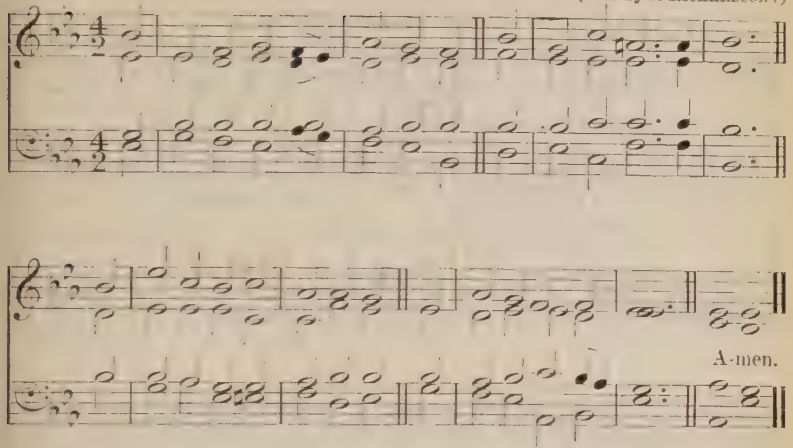
mf 3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
p Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

mf 4 Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
'T will guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

5 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
f May hope to wear the glorious crown. AMEN.

C. W. Everest, alt.

St. Bernard. **52** *Tochter Sion*, 1741.
(Arr. by J. RICHARDSON?)



Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not.

mf WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around Thy steps below!
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!

p 2 For ever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

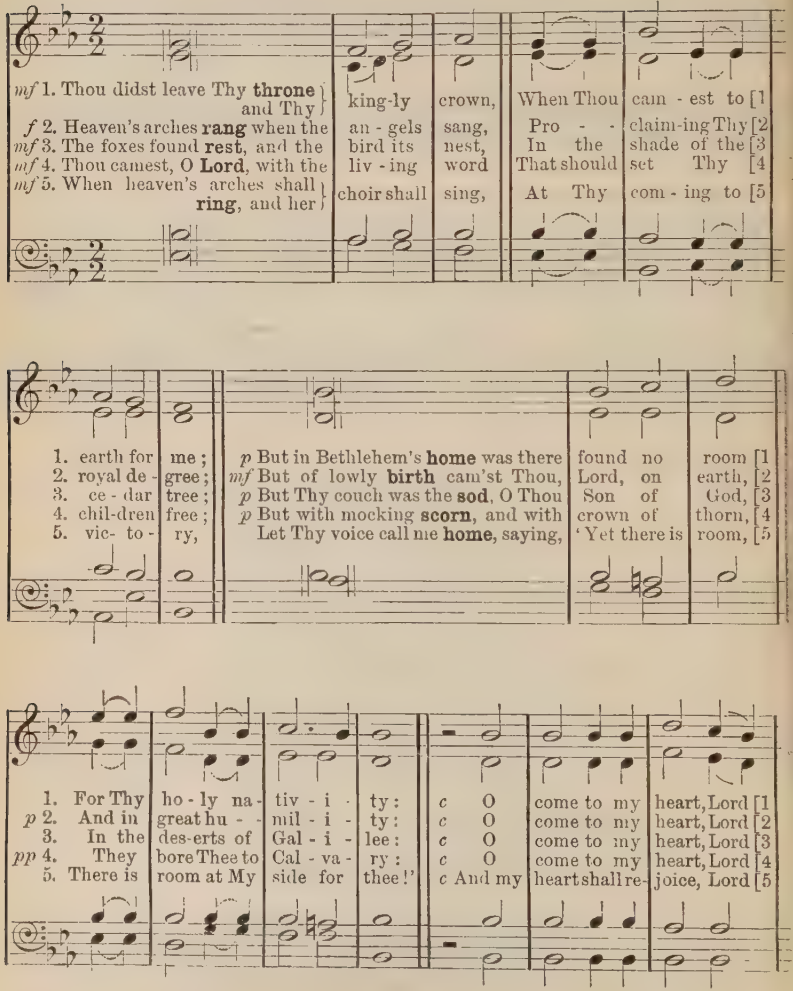
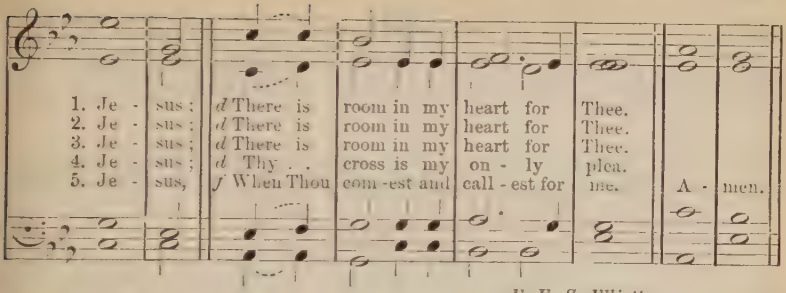
3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
e Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

mf 4 O give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye
In us, Thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace which spring
From union, Lord, with Thee. AMEN.

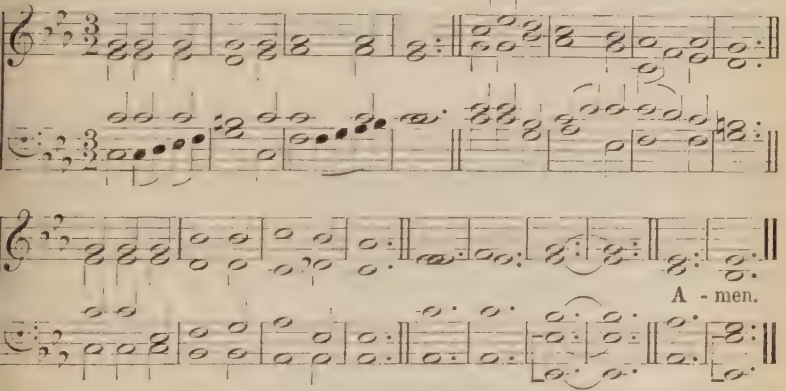
E. Denny.

Holy Nativity. 53 A. Croil Falconer.

There was no room for them in the inn.

mf 1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king-ly crown, When Thou cam - est to [1
f 2. Heaven's arches rang when the an - gels sang, Pro - - claim-ing Thy [2
mf 3. The foxes found rest, and the bird its nest, In the shade of the [3
mf 4. Thou camest, O Lord, with the liv - ing word That should set Thy [4
mf 5. When heaven's arches shall ring, and her choir shall sing, At Thy com - ing to [5
1. earth for me; p But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room [1
2. royal de - gree; mf But of lowly birth cam'st Thou, Lord, on earth, [2
3. ce - dar tree; p But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God, [3
4. chil-dren free; p But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn, [4
5. vic- to - ry, Let Thy voice call me home, saying, 'Yet there is room, [5
1. For Thy ho - ly na- tiv - i - ty: c O come to my heart, Lord [1
p 2. And in great hu - - mil - i - ty: c O come to my heart, Lord [2
3. In the des-erts of Gal - i - lee: c O come to my heart, Lord [3
pp 4. They bore Thee to Cal - va - ry: c O come to my heart, Lord [4
5. There is room at My side for thee!' c And my heart shall re- joice, Lord [5

1. Je - sus ; d There is room in my heart for Thee.
2. Je - sus ; d There is room in my heart for Thee.
3. Je - sus ; d There is room in my heart for Thee.
4. Je - sus ; d Thy . . cross is my on - ly plea.
5. Je - sus, f When Thou com - est and call - est for me. A - men.

E. E. S. Elliott.

St. Aëlred. **54** J. B. Dykes.



He arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still.

mf FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
p But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

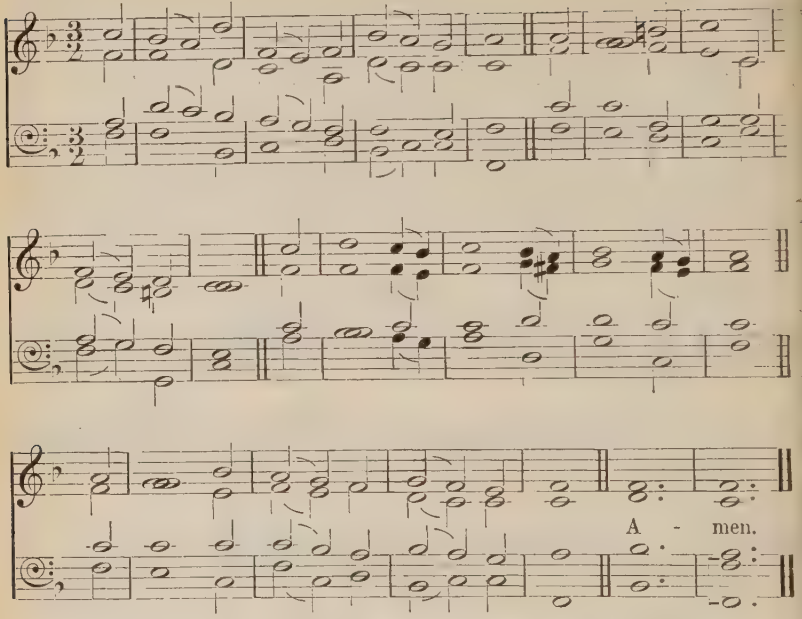
mf 2 'Save, Lord, we perish,' was their cry,
c 'O save us in our agony!'
mf Thy word above the storm rose high,
'Peace, be still!'

3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
d Sank like a little child to sleep;
mf The sullen billows ceased to leap
At Thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
c And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
p 'Peace, be still!' Amen.

G. Thring.

Carey. **55** H. Carey.



He that saith he abideth in Him ought himself also so to walk, even as He walked.

mf MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy Word;
But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

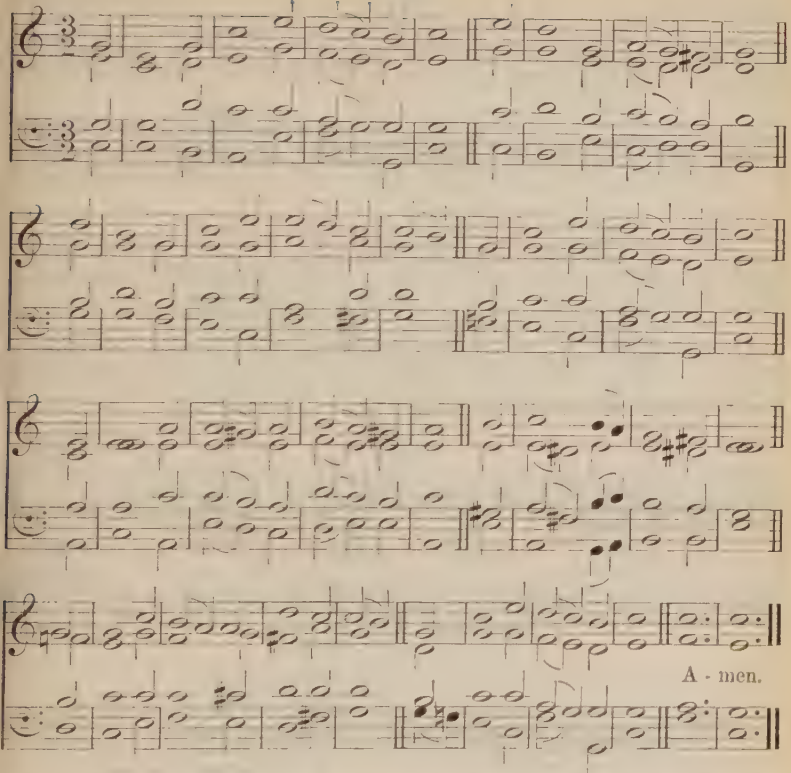
2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

p 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
c Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

mf 4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
c Then God the Judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb. Amen.

I. Watts.

St. Matthew. **56** W. Croft.



They . . . brought unto Him all that were diseased; and besought Him that they might only touch the hem of His garment: and as many as touched were made perfectly whole.

mf THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old,
Was strong to heal and save:
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied, and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

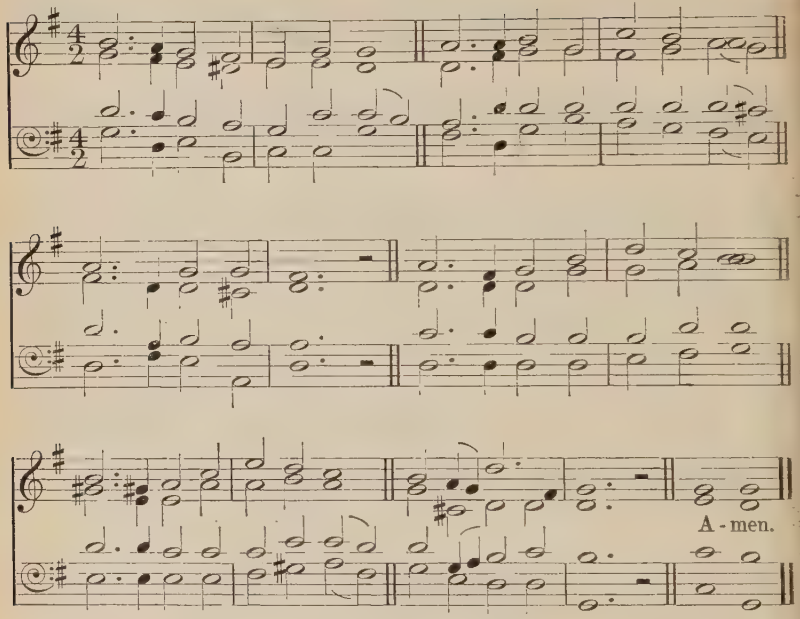
c 2 And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech and strength and sight:
f And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of light.

p And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

mf 3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death:
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
With Thine almighty breath;
To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
c That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
f May praise Thee evermore. Amen.

E. H. Plumptre.

Salvator. **57** MYLES B. FOSTER.



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Learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart.

mf WHEN the Lord of Love was here,
Happy hearts to Him were dear,
p Though His heart was sad;
Worn and lonely for our sake,
Yet He turned aside to make
c All the weary glad.

p 2 Meek and lowly were His ways;
From His loving grew His praise,
From His giving, prayer:
All the outcasts thronged to hear;
All the sorrowful drew near
To enjoy His care.

mf 3 When He walked the fields, He drew
From the flowers, and birds, and dew,
Parables of God;
For within His heart of love
All the soul of man did move,
God had His abode.

mp 4 Lord, be ours Thy power to keep
In the very heart of grief,
And in trial, love;
In our meekness to be wise,
And through sorrow to arise
To our God above.

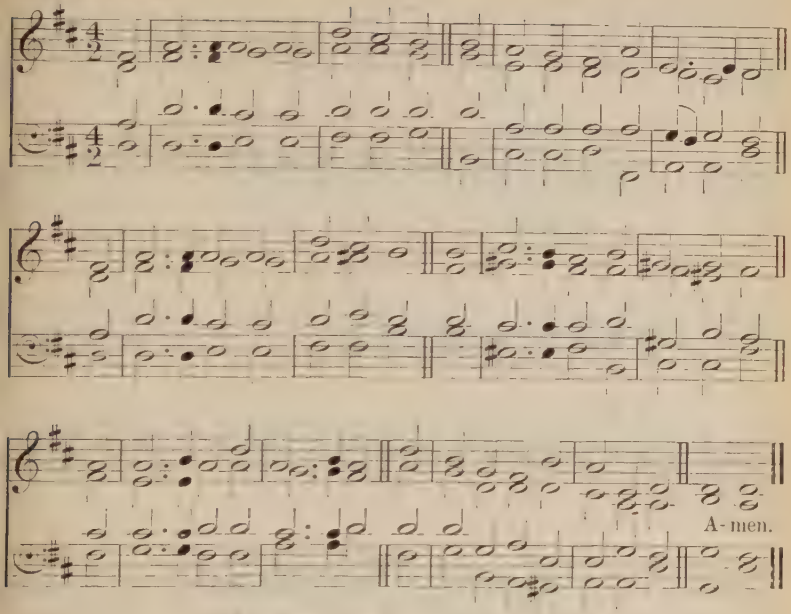
mf 5 Fill us with Thy deep desire
All the sinful to inspire
With the Father's life;
Free us from the cares that press
On the heart of worldliness,
From the fret and strife.

6 And, when in the fields and woods
We are filled with Nature's moods,
May the grace be given
With Thy faithful heart to say,
'All I see and feel to-day
Is my Father's heaven.' AMEN.

S. A. Brooke.

Saints of God. 58

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



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He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them.

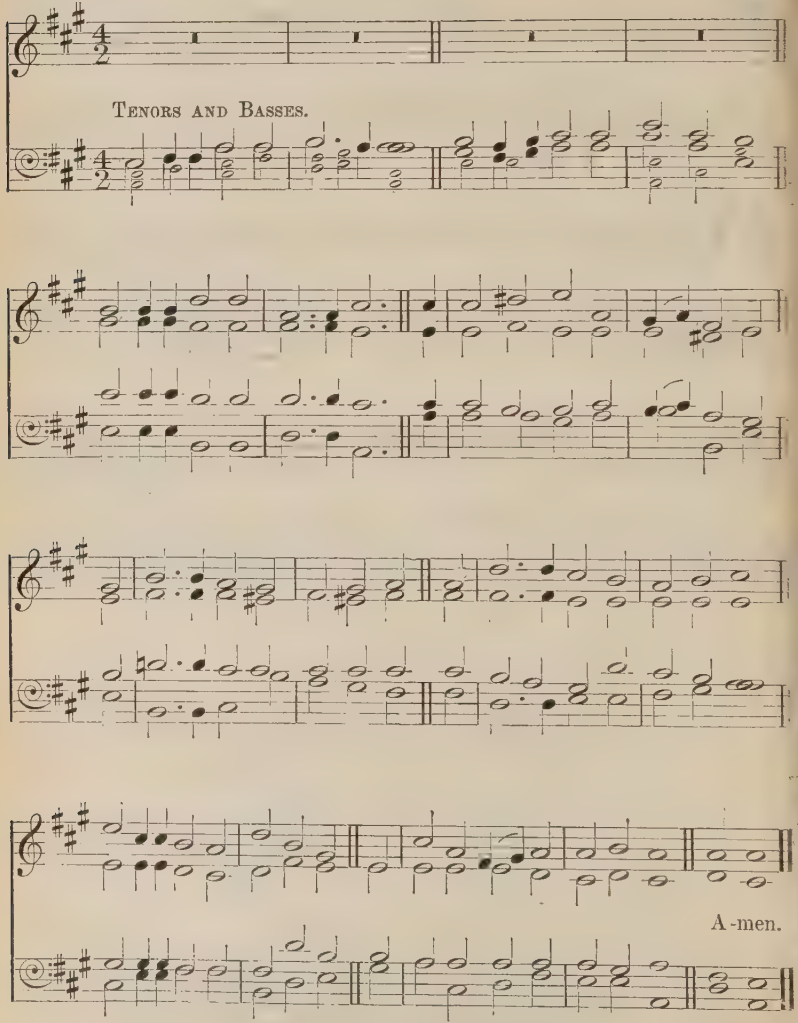
mf YE fair green hills of Galilee
That girdle quiet Nazareth,
What glorious vision did ye see,
When He Who conquered sin and death
Your flowery slopes and summits trod,
And grew in grace with man and God?

mp 2 'We saw no glory crown His head
As childhood ripened into youth;
No angels on His errands sped;
He wrought no sign; but meekness, truth,
c And duty marked each step He trod,
And love to man and love to God.'

mf 3 Jesus! my Saviour, Master, King,
Who didst for me the burden bear,
While saints in heaven Thy glory sing,
Let me on earth Thy likeness wear;
f Mine be the path Thy feet have trod,—
Duty and love to man and God. AMEN.

E. R. Conder.

Transfiguration. 59 J. Barnby.



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Peter answered and said to Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here.

mf LORD, it is good for us to be
High on the mountain here with Thee.
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
The great old saints of other days,
Who once received, on Horeb's height,
The eternal laws of truth and right,
p Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

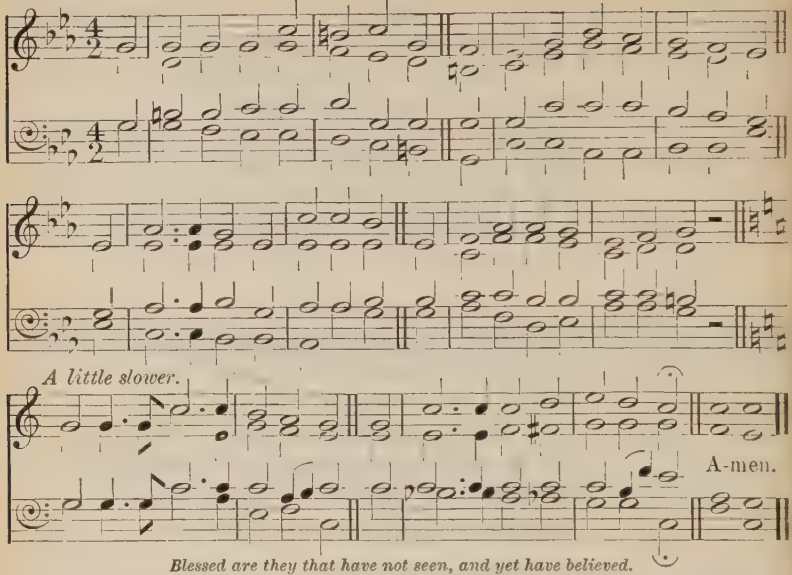
mf 2 Lord, it is good for us to be
With Thee and with Thy faithful three:
Here, where the apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock;
Here, where the son of thunder learns
The thought that breathes, the word that burns;
Here, where on eagles' wings we move
With him whose last, best creed is love.

mp 3 Lord, it is good for us to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee;
Watching the glistening raiment glow,
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine;
c Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

mf 4 Lord, it is good for us to be
Here on the holy mount with Thee,
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold and faith be dim,
f 'This is My Son! O hear ye Him!' AMEN.

A. P. Stanley, sel.

Credo. **60** J. Stainer.



Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.

mp WE saw Thee not when Thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home
In that despisèd Nazareth:
mf But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

p 2 We did not see Thee lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,
'Forgive, they know not what they do':
mp Yet we believe the deed was done
Which shook the earth, and veiled the sun.

3 We stood not by the empty tomb
Where late Thy sacred body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way:
mf But we believe that angels said,
'Why seek the living with the dead?'

4 We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend:
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

5 And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness:
f But we believe Thy faithful word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord. Amen.

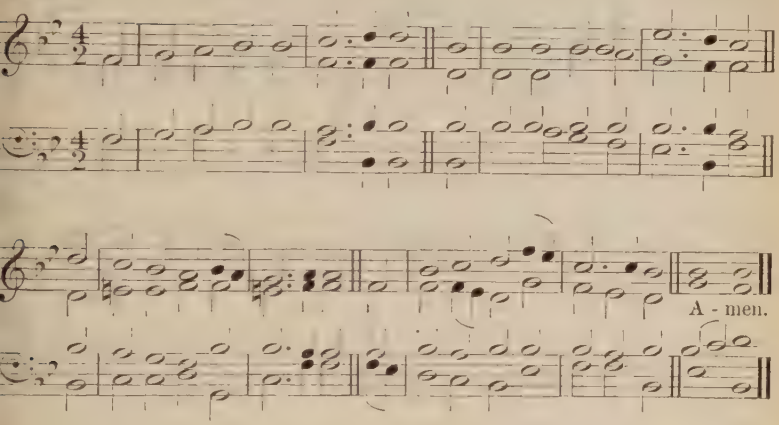
J. H. Gurney and others.

The following also are suitable:—

344 Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult.
433 Through good report and evil, Lord.

3.—*HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.*

Palmæ. **61** W. G. Cusins.



Behold, thy King cometh unto thee, meek, and riding upon an ass.

mf RIDE on, ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes 'Hosanna' cry;
p O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road,
With palms and scattered garments strewed.

mf 2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
p In lowly pomp ride on to die;
c O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

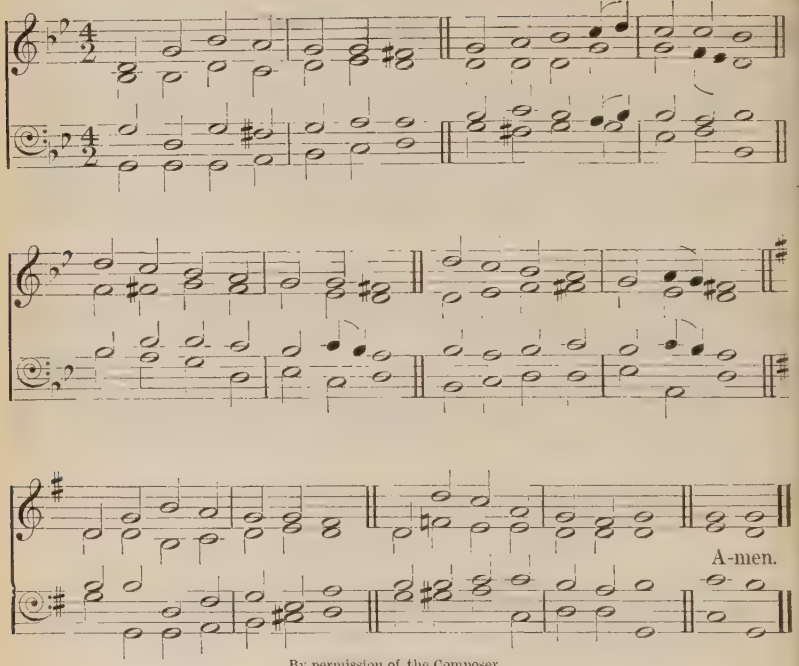
mf 3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
d Look down with sad and wondering eyes
p To see the approaching sacrifice.

mf 4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
p Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
c The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

mf 5 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
p In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
f Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign. Amen.

H. H. Milman, alt.

Orchard. **62** A. H. Mann.



By permission of the Composer.

Christ also suffered for you, leaving you an example, that ye should follow His steps.

mp GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
p Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away:
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

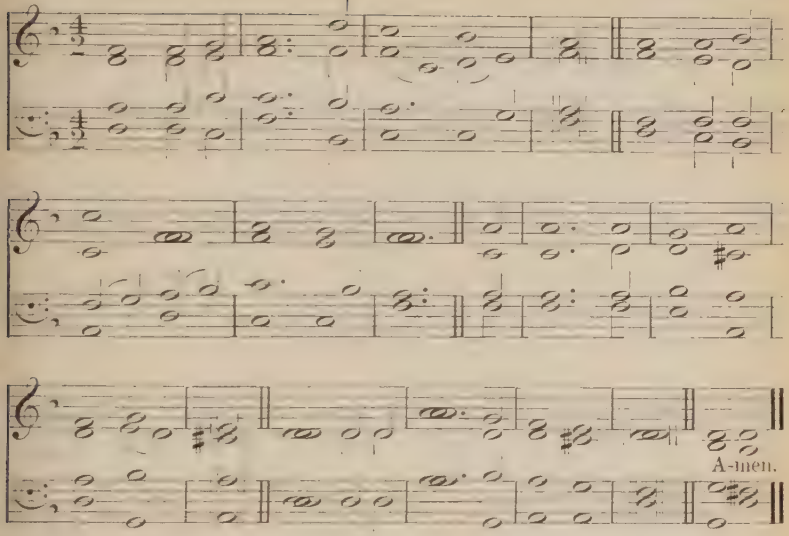
mp 2 Follow to the judgment hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned.
o O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss:
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

mp 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete.
pp 'It is finished!'—hear the cry:
p Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

mp 4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
mf Christ is risen! He seeks the skies:
Saviour, teach us so to rise. AMEN.

J. Montgomery.

St. Cross. **63** J. B. Dykes.



Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.

p O COME and mourn with me awhile!
O come ye to the Saviour's side;
O come, together let us mourn:
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

p 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs:
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

mp 3 Seven times He spoke, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

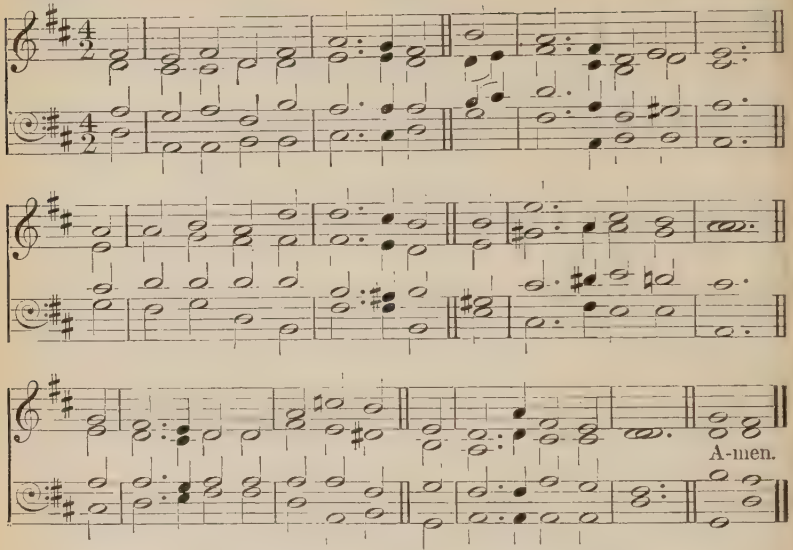
mp 4 O break, O break, hard heart of mine!
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and His Judas were:
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

p 5 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's cradle is:
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

mf 6 O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried,
c And victory remains with love:
d Jesus, our Lord, is crucified! Amen.

F. W. Faber, alt.

All Hallows. **64** A. H. Brown.



Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree.

p O CHRIST, what burdens bowed Thy head!
Our load was laid on Thee;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
Didst bear all ill for me:
A victim led, Thy blood was shed;
Now there's no load for me.

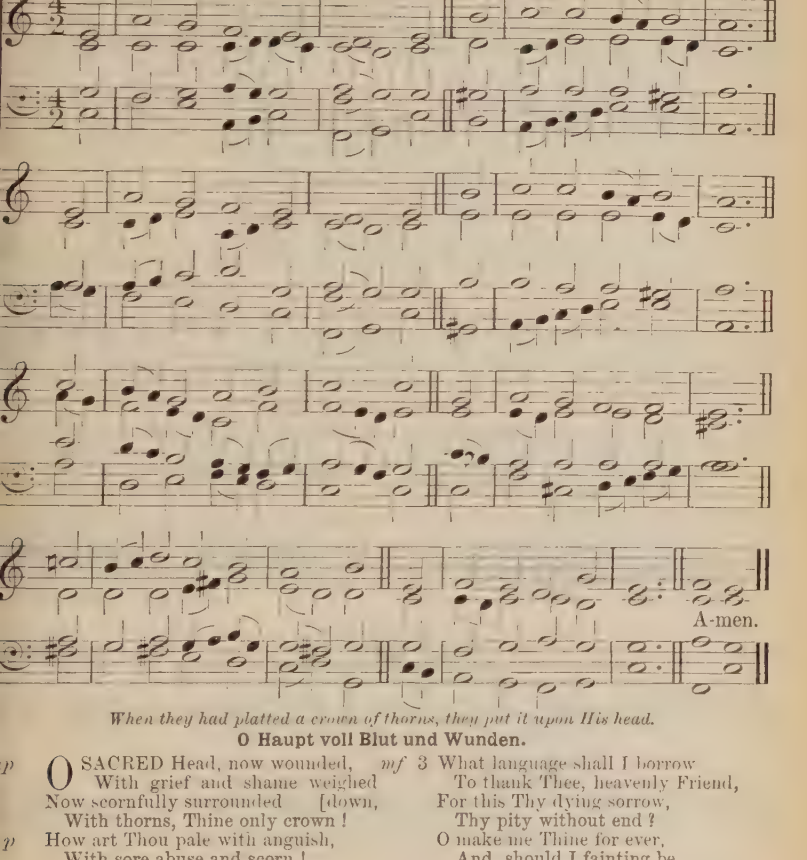
2 The tempest's awful voice was heard;
pp O Christ, it broke on Thee!
mp Thy open bosom was my ward;
It braved the storm for me:
p Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred;
c Now cloudless peace for me.

p 3 The Holy One did hide His face;
O Christ, 'twas hid from Thee!
Dumb darkness wrapped Thy soul a space,
The darkness due to me:
c But now that face of radiant grace
Shines forth in light on me.

mp 4 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee;
mf Thou 'rt risen; my bands are all untied,
And now Thou liv'st in me:
When purified, made white, and tried,
f Thy glory then for me! Amen.

A. R. Cousin, sel.

Passion Chorale. **65** H. L. Hassler.



When they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon His head.

O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden.

p O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed
Now scornfully surrounded [down,
With thorns, Thine only crown!

p How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!

f 2 O Lord of life and glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
I read the wondrous story;
I joy to call Thee mine.
What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
p Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.

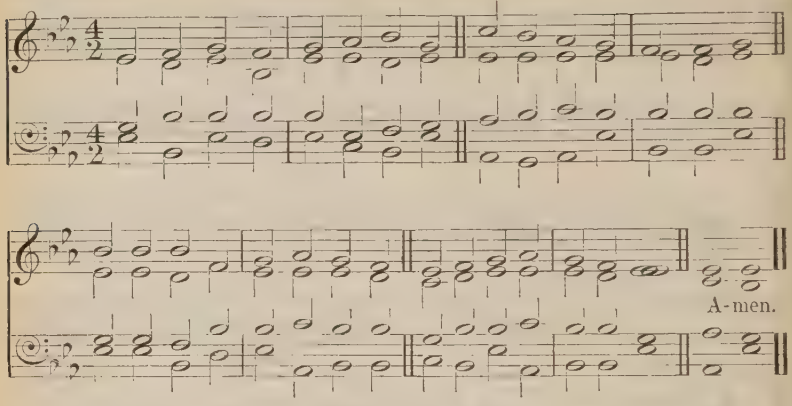
mf 3 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, heavenly Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine for ever,
And, should I fainting be,
c Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee!

mp 4 Be near me when I'm dying:
O show Thy cross to me;
And, for my succour flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free;
mf These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing
Dies safely through Thy love. Amen.

Gerhardt, tr. J. W. Alexander, alt.

66

Batty. **Ringe recht, wenn Gottes Gnade.** J. Thommen's *Choralbuch*, 1745.



Look unto Me, and be ye saved.

mf SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend,
Life and health and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

p 2 Here we rest, in wonder viewing
All our sins on Jesus laid;
c Here we see redemption flowing
From the sacrifice He made.

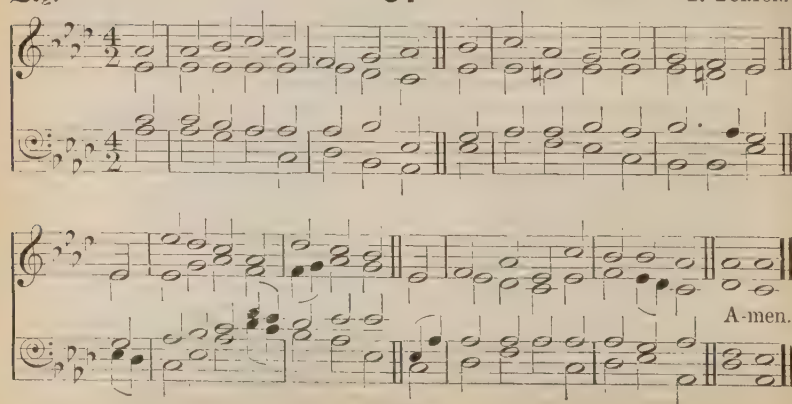
mf 3 Here we find the dawn of heaven,
While upon the cross we gaze,
See our trespasses forgiven,
And our songs of triumph raise.

4 O that, near the cross abiding,
We may to the Saviour cleave,
c Nought with Him our hearts dividing,
All for Him content to leave! Amen.

W. Shirley, alt.

67

Ely. T. Turton.



God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.

mf WE sing the praise of Him Who died,
Of Him Who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride.
For this we count the world but loss.

mp 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see.
In shining letters, 'God is love':
He bears our sins upon the tree:
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup;

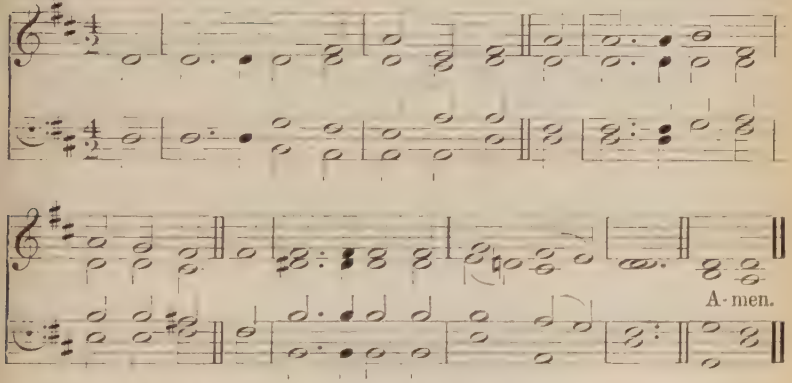
mf 4 It makes the coward spirit brave.
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light;

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
f The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heaven above. AMEN.

T. Kelly.

Holy Sepulchre. 68

E. H. THORNE.



There was Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary, sitting over against the sepulchre.

p BY Jesus' grave, on either hand,
While night is brooding o'er the land,
The sad and silent mourners stand.

2 At last the weary life is o'er,
The agony and conflict sore
pp Of Him Who all our suffering bore.

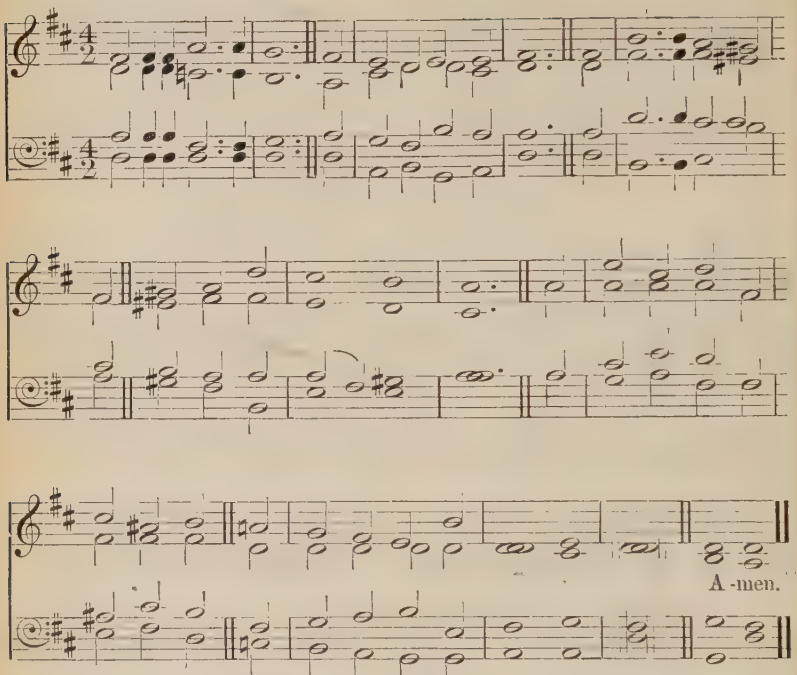
3 Deep in the rock's sepulchral shade
The Lord, by Whom the worlds were made,
The Saviour of mankind, is laid.

p 4 O hearts bereaved and sore distressed,
Here is for you a place of rest;
Here leave your griefs on Jesus' breast.

mf 5 So, when the dayspring from on high
Shall chase the night and fill the sky,
Then shall the Lord again draw nigh. AMEN.

I. G. Smith.

Via Pacis. **69** J. Barnby.



[May be sung to 'St. John,' No. 624.]

None of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him.

mf THY works, not mine, O Christ,
Speak gladness to this heart;
They tell me all is done;
They bid my fear depart.
c To whom, save Thee, Who can alone
For sin atone, Lord shall I flee?

p 2 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins, that none in heaven
Or earth could bear but God.
c To whom, save Thee, Who can alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

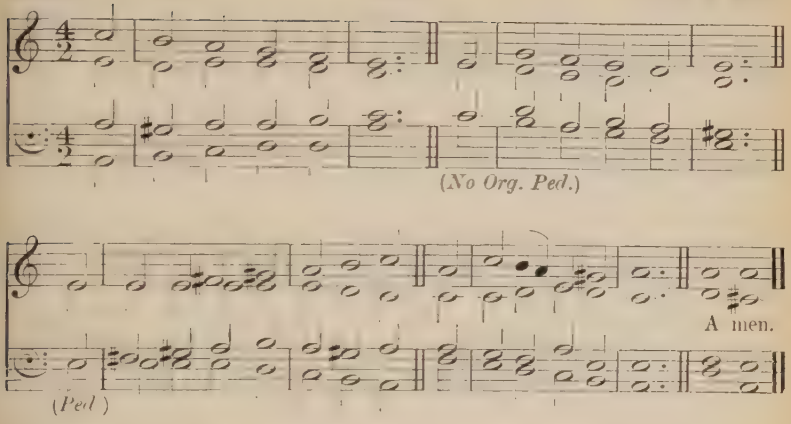
p 3 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few.
c To whom, save Thee, Who can alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

mf 4 Thy righteousness, O Christ,
Alone can cover me;
No righteousness avails
Save that which is of Thee.
c To whom, save Thee, Who can alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

Amen.

H. Bonar, sel.

Aber. **70** W. H. Monk.



I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do.

mf O PERFECT life of love!
All, all is finished now,
All that He left His throne above
To do for us below.

2 No work is left undone
Of all the Father willed;
His toil, His sorrows, one by one,
The Scripture have fulfilled.

3 No pain that we can share
But He has felt its smart;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced that tender heart.

p 4 And on His thorn-crowned head,
And on His sinless soul,
Our sins in all their guilt were laid,
That He might make us whole.

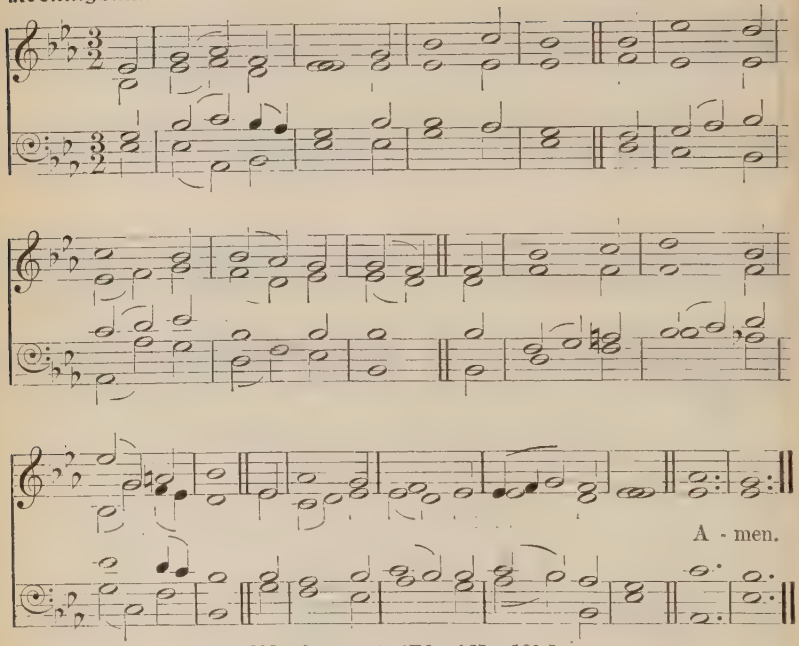
5 In perfect love He dies;
For me He dies, for me;
c O all-atoning Sacrifice,
I cling by faith to Thee.

mf 6 In every time of need,
Before the judgment throne,
c Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,
Thy merits, not my own.

mf 7 Yet work, O Lord, in me,
As Thou for me hast wrought;
c And let my love the answer be
To grace Thy love has brought. Amen.

H. W. Baker.

Rockingham. **71** Adapted by E. MILLER.



[May be sung to 'Eden,' No. 189.]

What things were gain to me, these have I counted loss for Christ.

mf WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

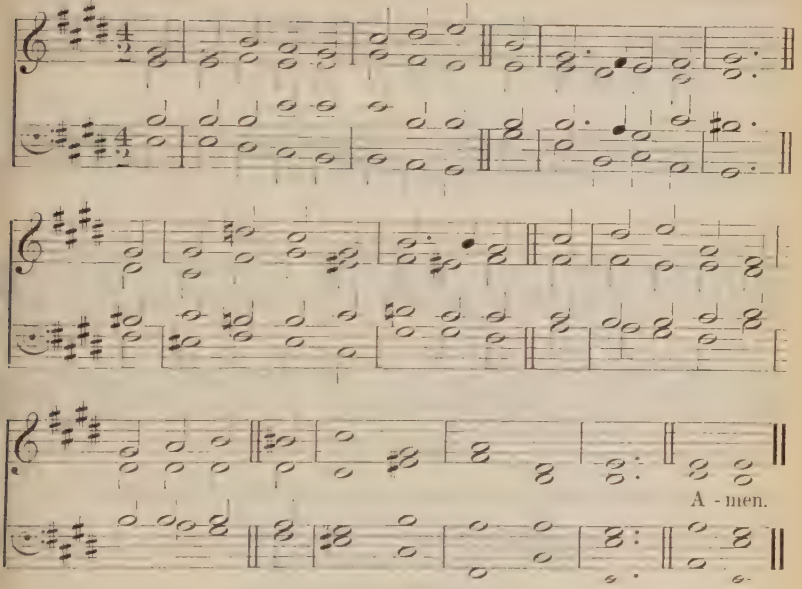
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

p 3 See! from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
c Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

mf 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
c Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all. AMEN.

I. Watts, sel.

St. Aloysius. **72** J. Booth.



[May be sung to 'Newcastle,' No. 24.]

If we died with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with Him

p O SAVIOUR, where shall guilty man
Find rest except in Thee?
Thine was the warfare with his foe,
The cross of pain, the cup of woe,
c And Thine the victory.

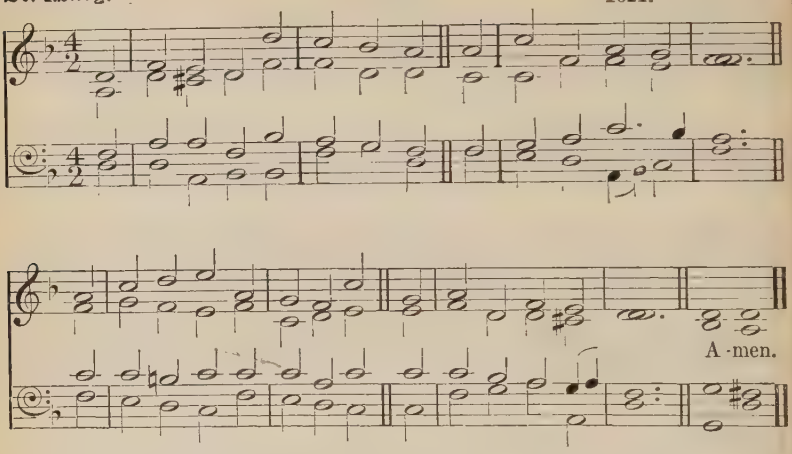
mp 2 How came the everlasting Son,
The Lord of Life, to die?
Why didst Thou meet the tempter's power,
p Why, Jesus, in Thy dying hour,
Endure such agony?

mf 3 To save us by Thy precious blood,
To make us one in Thee,
That ours might be Thy perfect life,
Thy thorny crown, Thy cross, Thy strife,
f And ours the victory.

mf 4 O make us worthy, gracious Lord,
Of all Thy love to be;
To Thy blest will our wills incline,
That unto death we may be Thine,
And ever live in Thee. Amen.

C. E. May, alt.

St. Mary. **73** Archdeacon Prys' *Welsh Psalter*, 1621.



He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities.

mf THE Saviour comes! no outward pomp
Bespeaks His presence nigh;
No earthly beauty shines in Him
To draw the carnal eye.

2 Fair as a beauteous tender flower
Amidst the desert grows,
So, slighted by a rebel race,
The heavenly Saviour rose.

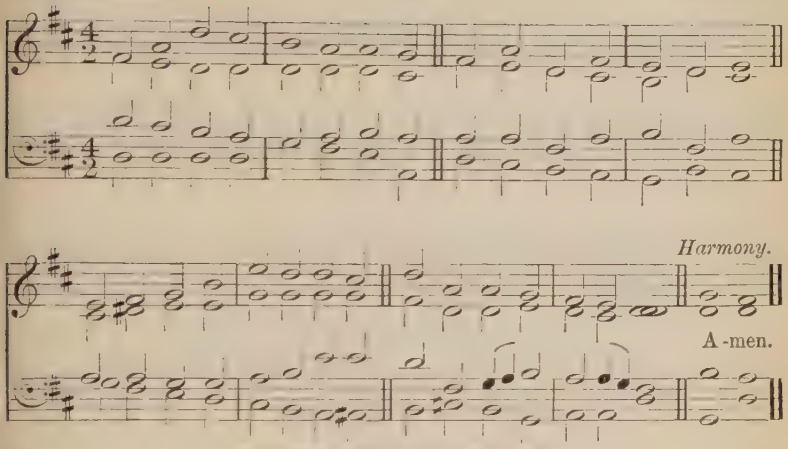
p 3 Rejected and despised of men,
Behold a Man of woe!
Grief was His close companion still
Through all His life below.

4 Yet all the griefs He felt were ours;
Ours were the woes He bore;
Pangs, not His own, His spotless soul
With bitter anguish tore.

mf 5 His sacred blood hath washed our souls
From sin's polluted stain;
c His stripes have healed us, and His death
Revived our souls again. AMEN.

W. Robertson, sel. and alt.

All for Jesus. **74** J STAINER.



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It was the good pleasure of the Father . . . through Him to reconcile all things unto Himself, having made peace through the blood of His cross.

f IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

mp 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
c Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

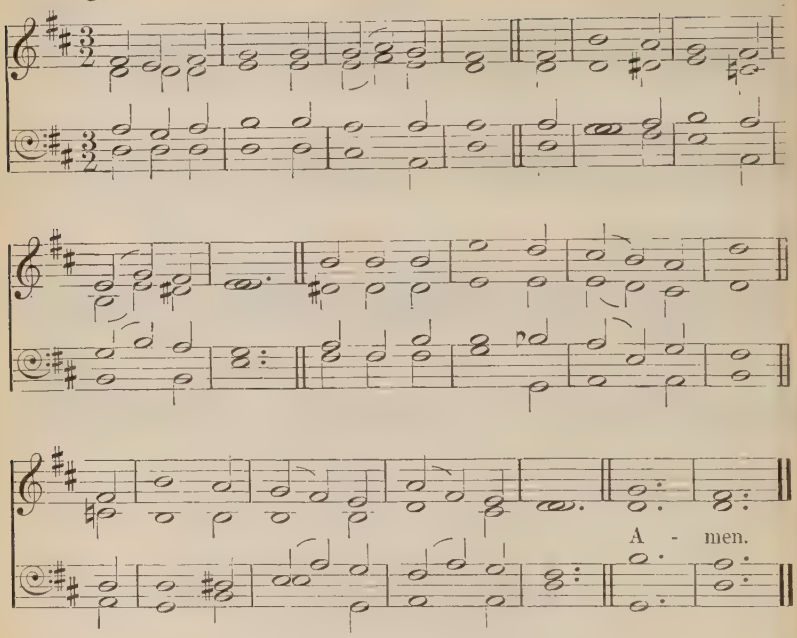
mf 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

Unis. f 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime. AMEN.

J. Bowring.

Kennington. **75** J. BARNBY.



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I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me.

mp LORD Jesus, when we stand afar
And gaze upon Thy holy cross,
In love of Thee and scorn of self,
O may we count the world as loss!

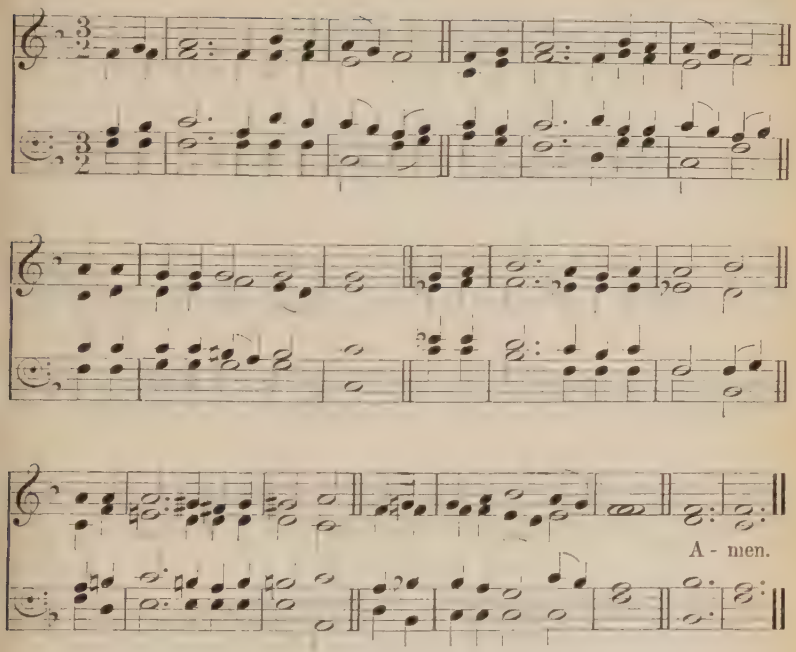
2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
p Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

mp 3 O holy Lord, uplifted high
With outstretched arms in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below,—

mf 4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see,
And in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee. AMEN.

W. W. How.

Stabat Mater. **76** J. B. DYKES.



There stood by the cross of Jesus His mother.

Stabat Mater dolorosa.

mp NEAR the cross was Mary weeping,
There her mournful station keeping,
Gazing on her dying Son,
p There with speechless grief oppressed,
Anguish-stricken, and distressed;
Through her soul the sword had gone.

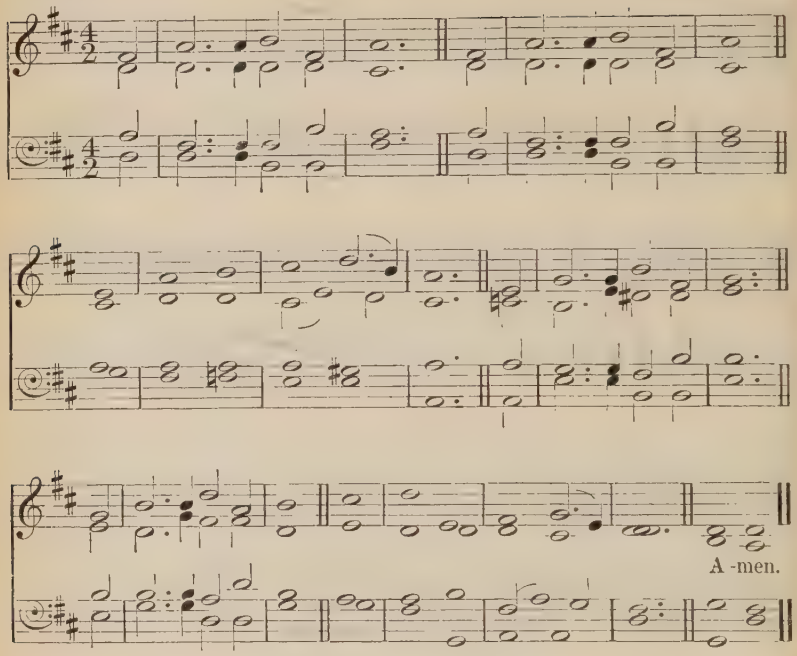
mp 2 Who upon that Sufferer gazing,
Bowed in sorrow so amazing,
Would not with His mother mourn!
p 'Twas our sins brought Him from heaven:
These the cruel nails had driven;
All His griefs for us were borne.

mp 3 When no eye its pity gave us,
When there was no arm to save us,
He His love and power displayed;
By His stripes He wrought our healing;
By His death, our life revealing,
He for us the ransom paid.

4 Jesus, may Thy love constrain us
That from sin we may refrain us,
In Thy griefs may deeply grieve;
c Thee our best affections giving,
To Thy glory ever living,
May we in Thy glory live. AMEN.

Latin, tr. H. Mills, alt.

Dies Tenebrosa. **77** J. B. Dykes.



The sun was darkened, and the veil of the temple was rent in the midst. And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, He said, Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit.

p O DARK and dreary day,
When Jesus died to pay
Sin's awful penalty!
The sun kept back its light,
To hide that mournful sight,
When Jesus died for me.

pp 2 O who can tell those pangs
As on that cross He hangs,
My dearest Lord, for me?
mp For me He dies that death,
For me He yields His breath,
My sinful soul to free.

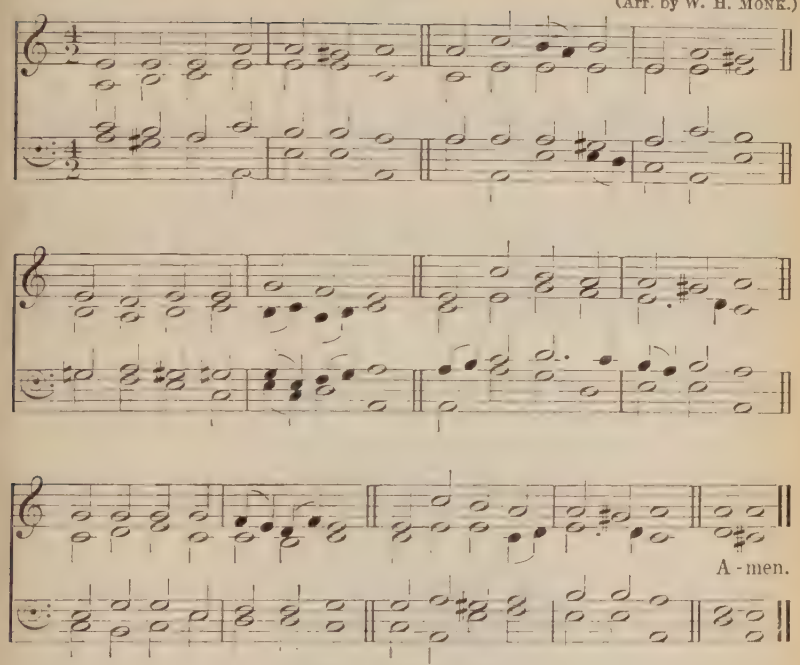
3 And, as He bows His head,
Have I no tears to shed,
When I look back and see
c Those loving arms spread wide
To draw me to His side,
My ransom thus to be?

mf 4 O Jesus, may Thy love
My strength and succour prove,
That I to Thee may live;
Thou gavest all for me,
May I devote to Thee
What little I can give. Amen.

S. C. Clarke.

Gethsemane. 78

C. Tye.
(Arr. by W. H. Monk.)



[May be sung to 'Petra,' No. 302.]

Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, . . . My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?

p THRONED upon the awful tree,
King of grief, I watch with Thee;
Darkness veils Thine anguished face;
None its lines of woe can trace;
None can tell what pangs unknown
Hold Thee silent and alone,—

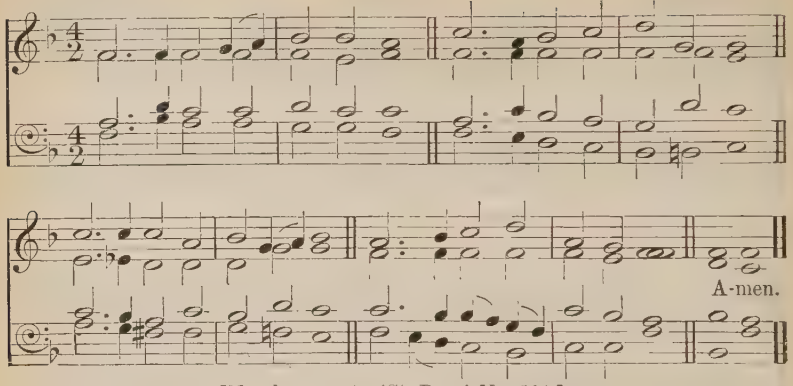
pp 2 Silent through those three dread hours,
Wrestling with the evil powers,
Left alone with human sin,
Gloom around Thee and within,
Till the appointed time is nigh,
Till the Lamb of God may die.

p 3 Hark that cry that peals aloud
Upward through the whelming cloud!
Thou, the Father's only Son,
Thou, His own Anointed One,
Thou dost ask Him—can it be?—
'Why hast Thou forsaken Me?'

4 Lord, should fear and anguish roll
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
Thou, Who once wast thus bereft
That Thine own might ne'er be left,
c Teach me, by that bitter cry,
In the gloom to know Thee nigh.
Amen.

J. Ellerton.

Glebe Field. **79** J. B. Dykes.



[May be sung to 'St. Bees,' No. 104.]

I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.

mf NEVER further than Thy cross;
Never higher than Thy feet;
Here earth's precious things seem dross;
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

p 2 Gazing thus, our sin we see,
Learn Thy love while gazing thus,—
Sin, which laid the cross on Thee,
Love, which bore the cross for us.

mf 3 Here we learn to serve and give,
And, obedient, self deny;
Here we gather love to live;
Here we gather faith to die.

4 Symbols of our liberty
And our service here unite;
Captives by Thy cross set free,
Soldiers of Thy cross we fight.

5 Pressing onward as we can,
Still to this our hearts shall tend,—
Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspirings end;

6 Till, amid the hosts of light,
We, in Thee redeemed, complete,
f Through Thy cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before Thy feet. AMEN.

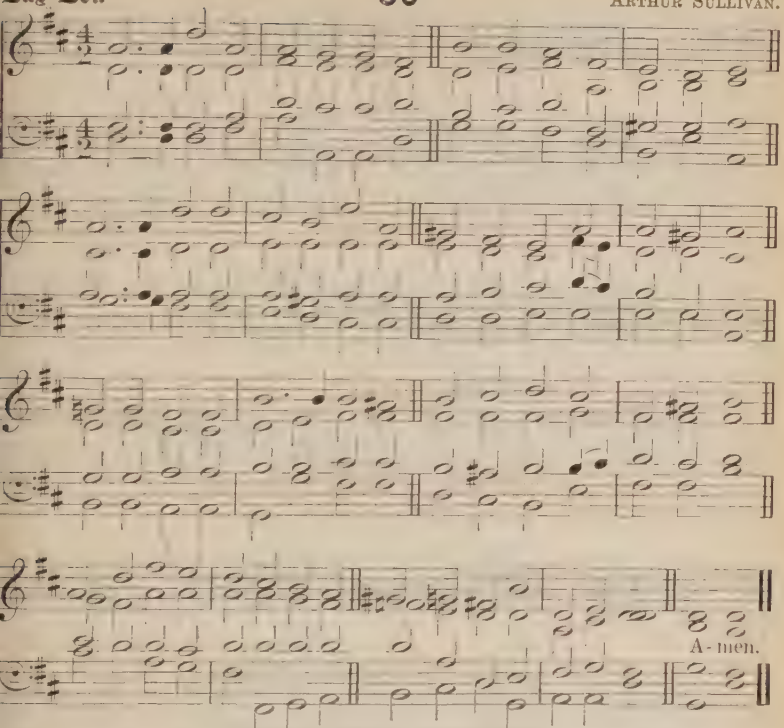
E. Charles.

The following also are suitable:—

27 Praise to the Holiest in the height.
208 Man of Sorrows.
278 Lamb of God, Whose bleeding love.

4.—*HIS RESURRECTION.*

Lux Eoi. **80** ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



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Now hath Christ been raised from the dead, the firstfruits of them that are asleep.

HALLELUJAH! hallelujah!
Hearts to heaven and voices raise; *mf*
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise;
He Who on the cross a victim
For the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of Glory,
Now is risen from the dead.

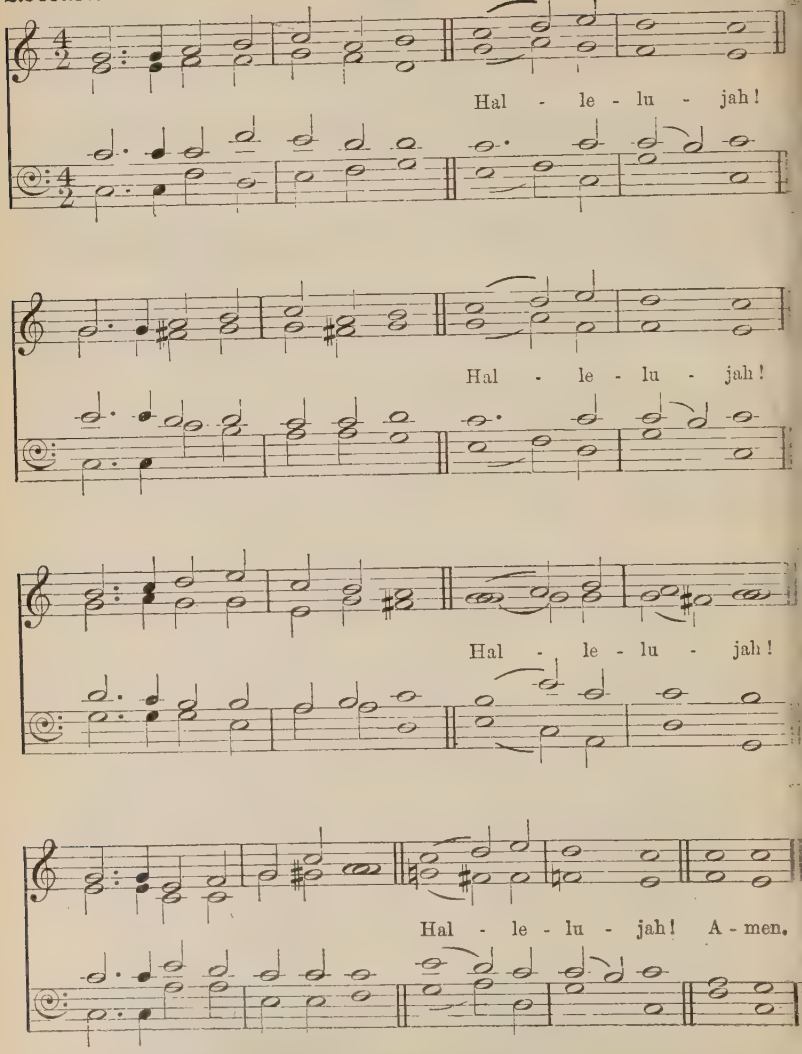
2 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest-field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His second coming yield;
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

3 Christ is risen; we are risen;
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew, and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face,
That we, Lord, with hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel hands be gathered,
And be ever safe with Thee.

f 4 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Glory be to God on high:
To the Father, and the Saviour,
Who has gained the victory;
Glory to the Holy Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity:
ff Hallelujah! Hallelujah
To the Triune Majesty! AMEN.

C. Wordsworth.

Ascension. **81** E. J. Hopkins



Jesus Christ, Who is the faithful Witness, the First-born of the dead, and the Ruler of the kings of the earth.

Christus ist erstanden.

f CHRIST the Lord is risen again ;
Hallelujah !
Christ hath broken every chain ;
Hallelujah !
Hark ! angelic voices cry,
Hallelujah !
Singing evermore on high,
'Hallelujah !'

mf 2 He Who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day :
We too sing for joy, and say,
f 'Hallelujah !'

p 3 He Who bore all pain and loss,
Comfortless, upon the cross,
mf Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry,
f 'Hallelujah !'

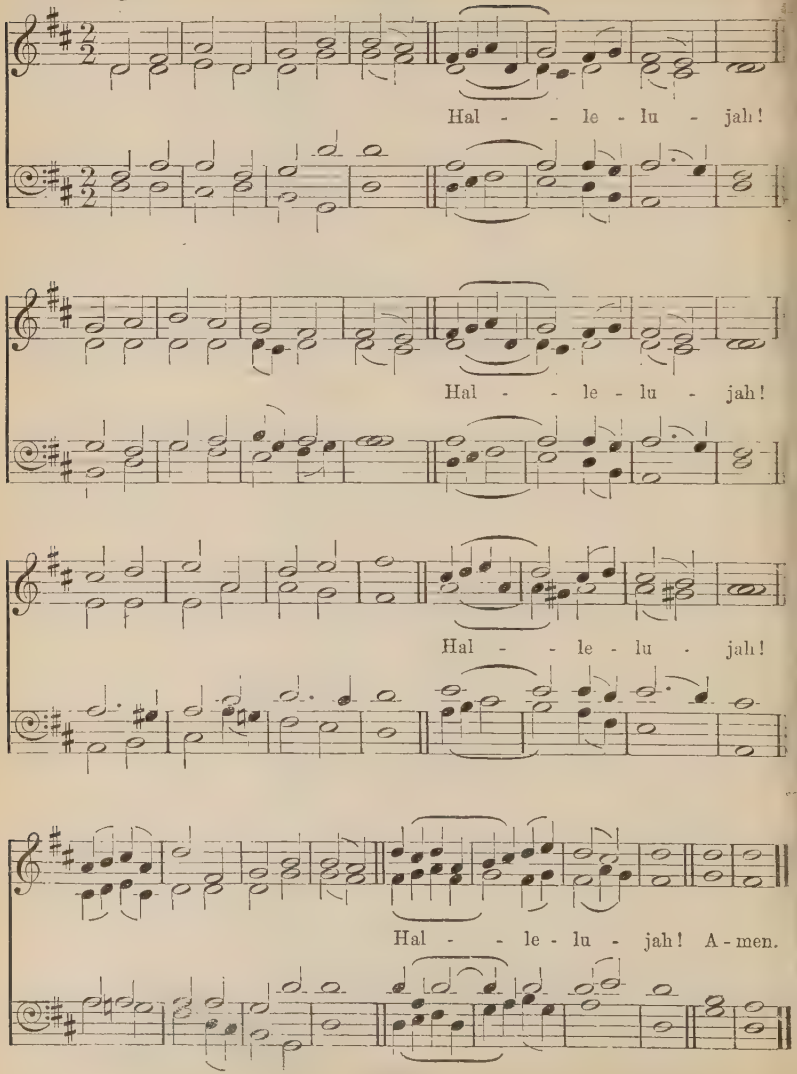
p 4 He Who slumbered in the grave
mf Is exalted now to save ;
f Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.
Hallelujah !

mf 5 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven.
f Hallelujah !

6 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, to-day Thy people feed ;
Take our sins and guilt away,
c That we all may sing for aye,
ff 'Hallelujah !' AMEN.

Weisse, tr. C. Winkworth, se

Easter Hymn. **82** *Lyra Davidica*, 1708.



Jesus our Lord, ... Who was delivered up for our trespasses, and was raised for our justification.

Surrexit Christus hodie.

f JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy day,
Hallelujah!
mf Who did once, upon the cross,
Hallelujah!
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Hallelujah!

f 2 Hymns of praise, then, let us sing
Unto Christ our heavenly King,
p Who endured the cross and grave,
c Sinners to redeem and save.

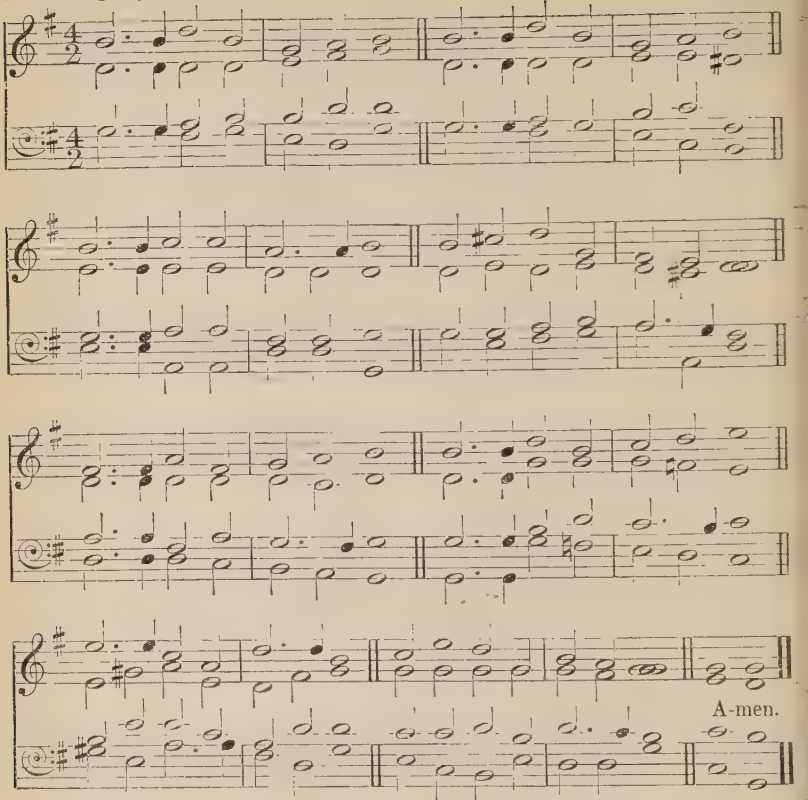
mf 3 But the pains which He endured
c Our salvation have procured;
f Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing.

ff 4 Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

AMEN.

Lyra Davidica (1708), *alt.*

St. George's, Windsor. **83** G. J. Elvey.



Death is swallowed up in victory.

f 'CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,'
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens; and, earth, reply.
Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

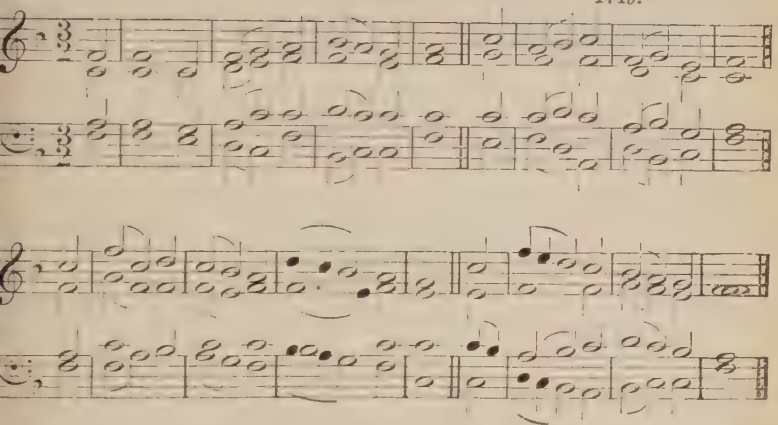
2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ has opened paradise.

Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save;
Where thy victory, O grave?

mf 3 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
c Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
ff Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail, the Resurrection Thou! Amen.

C. Wesley, sel.

Irish. **84** *Hymns and Sacred Poems, Dublin,* 1749.



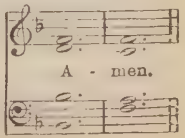
Whom God raised up, having loosed the pangs of death: because it was not possible that He should be holden of it.

f BLEST morning, whose first dawning rays
Beheld the Son of God
Arise triumphant from the grave,
And leave His dark abode!

p 2 Wrapped in the silence of the tomb
The great Redeemer lay,
c Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, the appointed day.

mf 3 Hell and the grave combined their force
To hold our Lord in vain;
f Sudden the Conqueror arose
And burst their feeble chain.

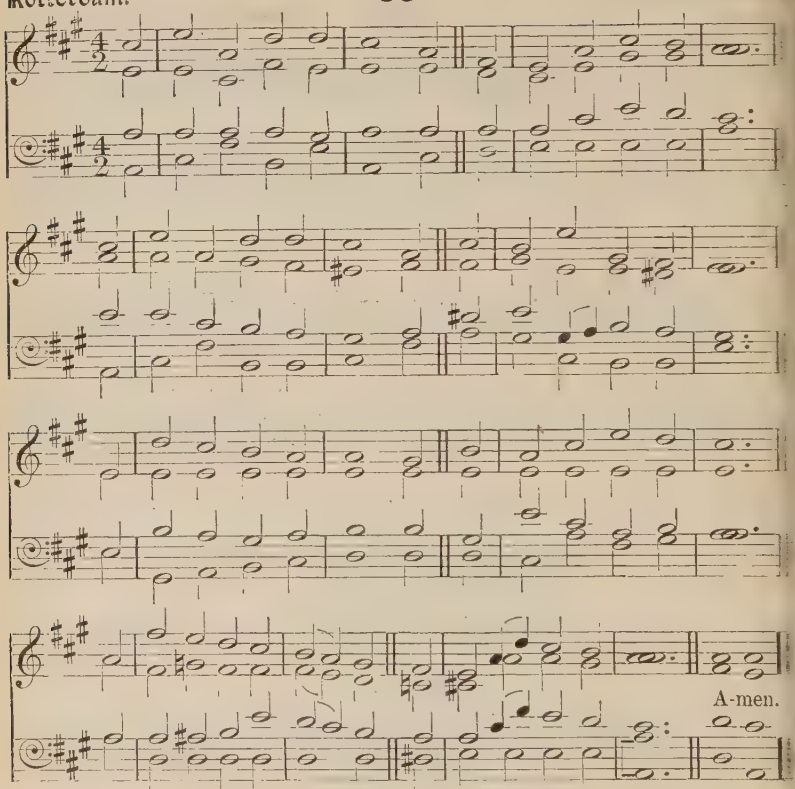
4 To Thy great name, Almighty Lord,
We sacred honours pay;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumphs of the day.



ff 5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King!
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

I. Watts, alt.

Rotterdam. **85** Berthold Tours.



Behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail!

'Αναστάσεως ἡμέρα.

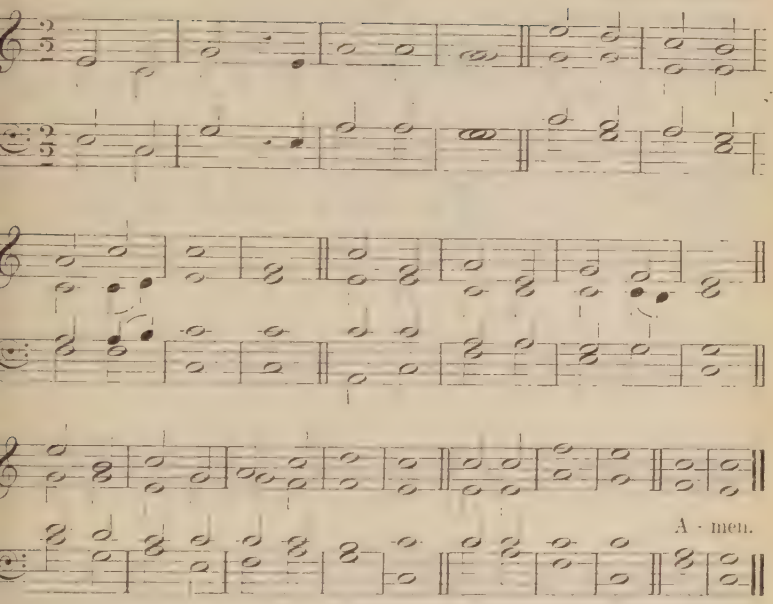
f THE day of resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The passover of gladness,
The passover of God!
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.

mf 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light.
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
c His own 'All hail!' and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

f 3 Now let the heavens be joyful;
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end. Amen.

John of Damascus, tr. J. M. Neale.

St. Albinus. 86 H. J. Gauntlett.



[FIRST FORM.]

Because I live, ye shall live also.

Jesus lebt, mit ihm auch ich.

f JESUS lives! thy terrors now
Can, O death, no more appal us:
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthral us.
Hallelujah!

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
dl This shall calm our trembling breath
p When we pass its gloomy portal.

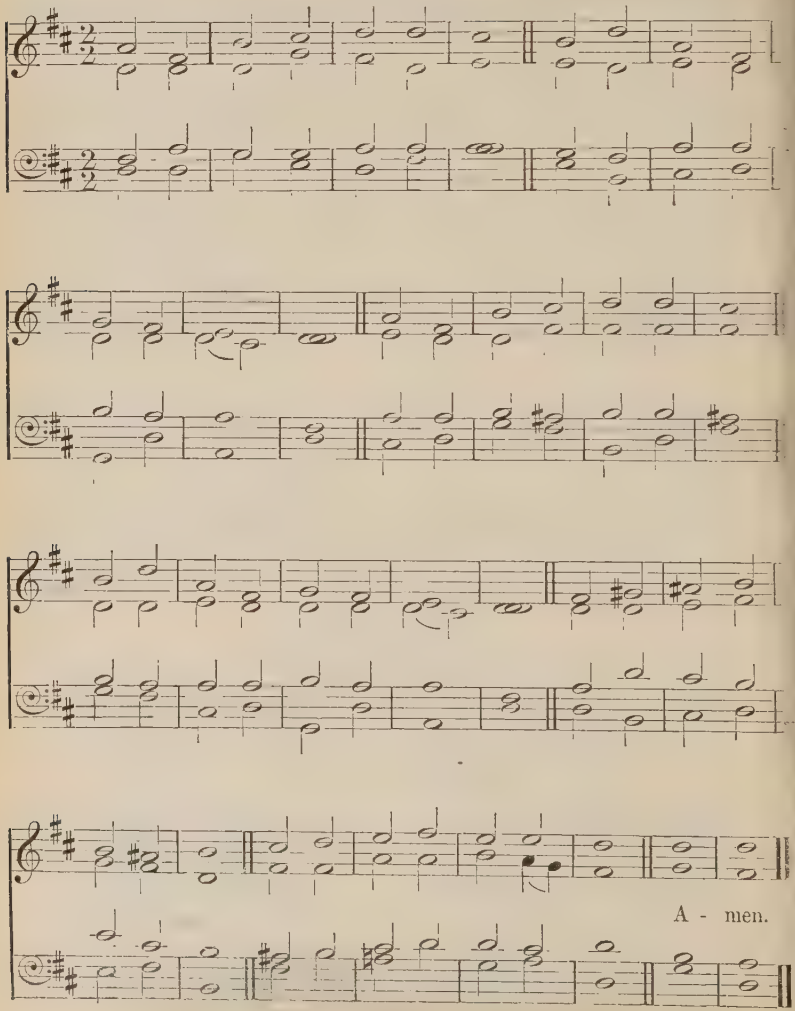
mf 3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Part us from His keeping ever.

f 5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
High o'er heaven and earth is given;
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
AMEN.

 Gellert, tr. F. E. Cox, sel.

Jesus, meine Zuversicht. 87 *Praxis Pietatis Melica* (1668?)



[SECOND FORM.]

Because I live, ye shall live also.

Jesus lebt, mit ihm auch ich.

mf JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, death, appal me;
Jesus lives! by this I know
From the grave He will recall me:
Brighter scenes at death commence;
This shall be my confidence.

2 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
High o'er heaven and earth is given;
I may go where He is gone,
Live and reign with Him in heaven:
God through Christ forgives offence;
This shall be my confidence.

3 Jesus lives! who now despairs
Spurns the word which God hath spoken;
Grace to all that word declares,
Grace whereby sin's yoke is broken:
Christ rejects not penitence;
This shall be my confidence.

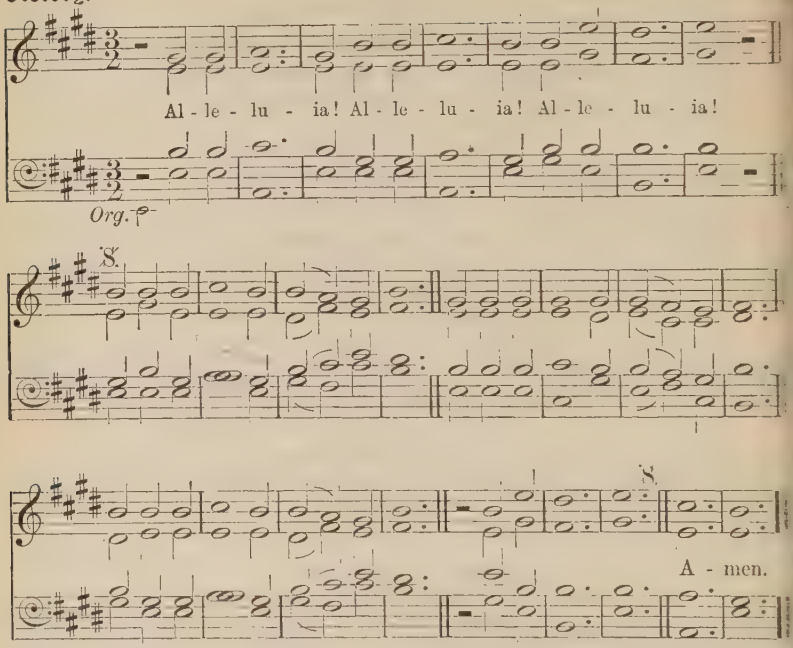
4 Jesus lives! for me He died;
Hence will I, to Jesus living,
Pure in heart and act abide,
Praise to Him and glory giving:
Freely God doth aid dispense;
This shall be my confidence.

mp 5 Jesus lives! my heart knows well
Nought from me His love can sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Part me now from Christ for ever:
c God will be a sure defence,
mf This shall be my confidence.

6 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
Entrance-gate of life immortal;
d This shall calm my trembling breath
When I pass its gloomy portal:
c Faith shall cry, as fails each sense,
f Lord, Thou art my confidence. AMEN.

Gellert, tr. F. E. Cox.

Victory. 88 Adapted from PALESTRINA.



O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

Finita jam sunt prælia.

1

f ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!
THE strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun,—
'Alleluia!'

2

mp The powers of death have done their worst,
mf But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shouts of holy joy outburst,—
'Alleluia!'

3

The three sad days have quickly sped;
c He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia.

4

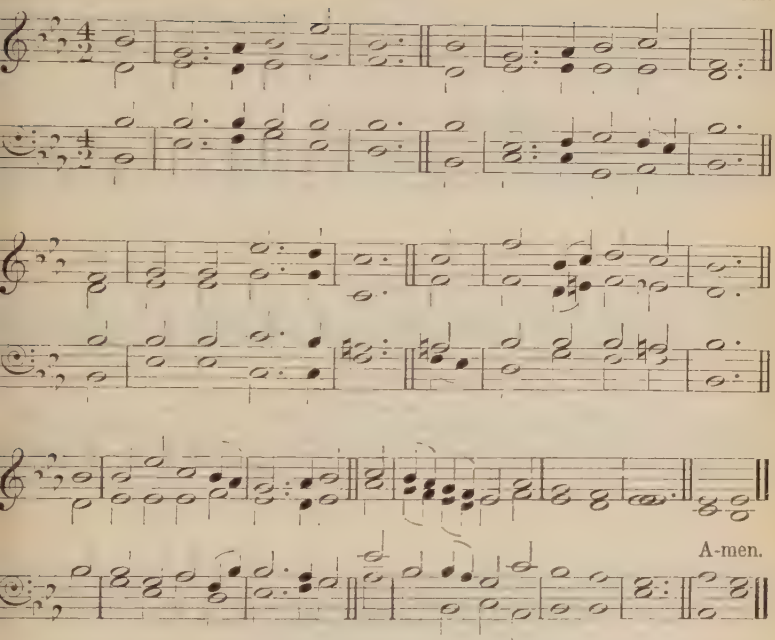
f He brake the fast-bound chains of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell:
Let hymns of praise His triumph tell.
Alleluia!

5

mp Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
f That we may live, and sing to Thee,
'Alleluia!' AMEN.

Latin, tr. F. Pott.

Waterstock. **89** J. Goss.



As it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, . . . an angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled away the stone.

mf ON wings of living light,
At earliest dawn of day,
Came down the angel bright,
And rolled the stone away.

f *Your voices raise*
With one accord
To bless and praise
Your risen Lord.

mp 2 The keepers watching near,
At that dread sight and sound,
Fell down with sudden fear,
Like dead men, to the ground.

mf 3 Then rose from death's dark gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye,
f Triumphant o'er the tomb,
The Lord of earth and sky.

mf 4 Ye children of the light,
Arise with Him, arise;
See how the Daystar bright
Is burning in the skies!

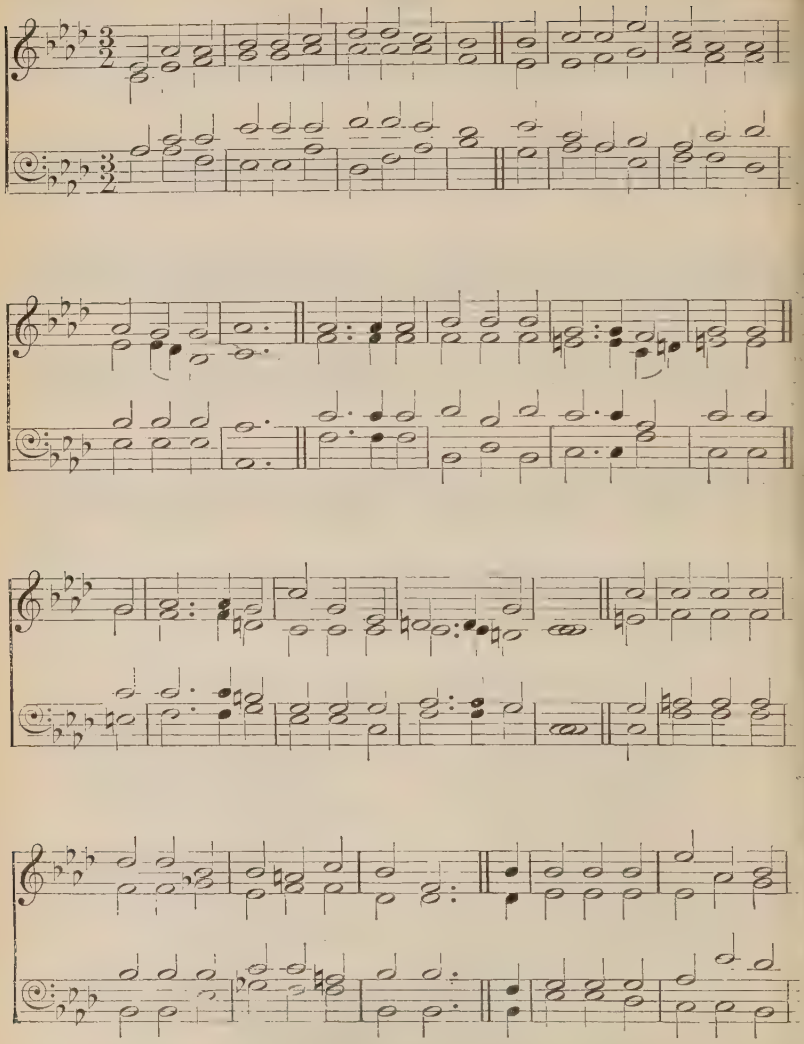
5 Leave in the grave beneath
The old things passed away;
Buried with Him in death,
O live with Him to-day.

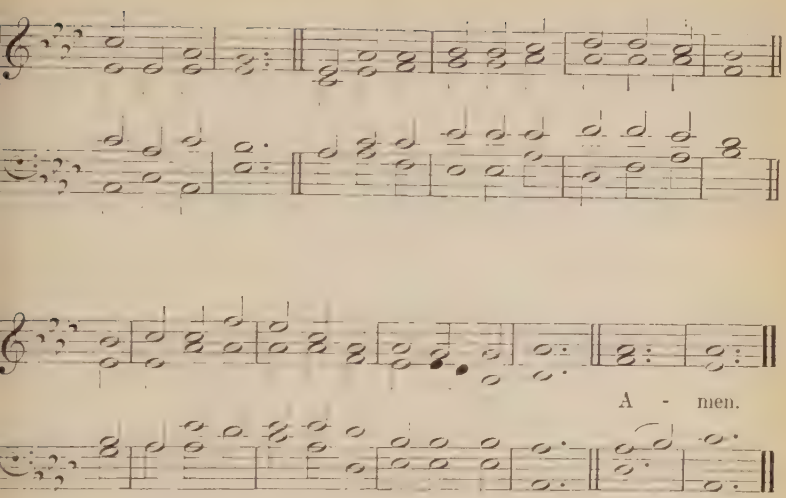
f 6 We sing Thee, Lord Divine,
With all our hearts and powers;
For we are ever Thine,
And Thou art ever ours.

AMEN.

107 *W. W. How.*

Gonville. **90** C. Wood.





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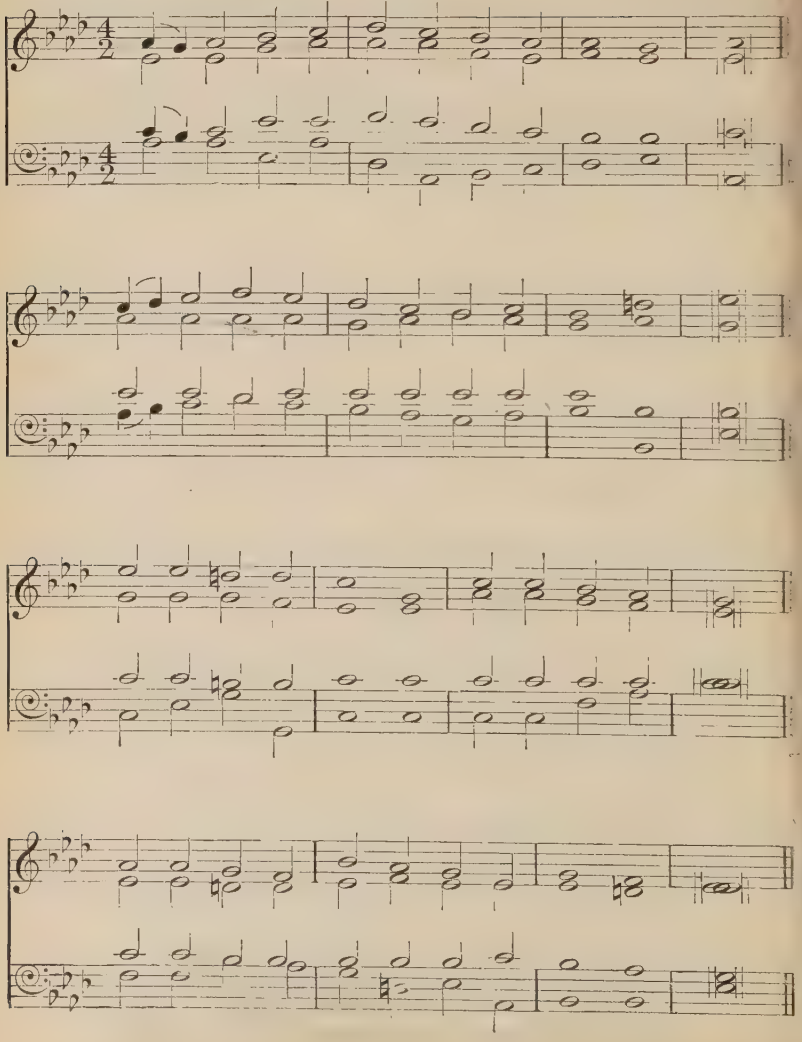
Our Saviour Christ Jesus, Who abolished death, and brought life and incorruption to light.

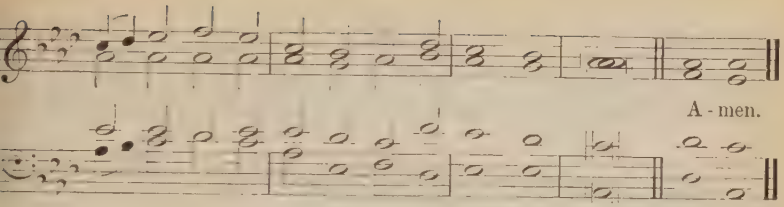
mf LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die.
Vain were the terrors that gathered around Him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
c He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound Him,
Resplendent in glory to live and to save.
f Loud was the chorus of angels on high:
The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die.

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy!
The being He gave us death cannot destroy.
mp Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright and death were our end;
c But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
f Lift then your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die. AMEN.

H. Ware.

Fortunatus. **91** ARTHUR SULLIVAN.





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I am He That liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen.

Salve, festa dies.

mf 'WELCOME, happy morning!' age to age shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day;
f Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Him, their true Creator, all His works adore:
'Welcome, happy morning!' age to age shall say.

mf 2 Earth with joy confessing, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts return with her returning King;
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now:
Hell to-day is vanquished! heaven is won to-day!

3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky, and fields, and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee:
'Welcome, happy morning!' age to age shall say.

4 Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the eternal Father true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on:
Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day!

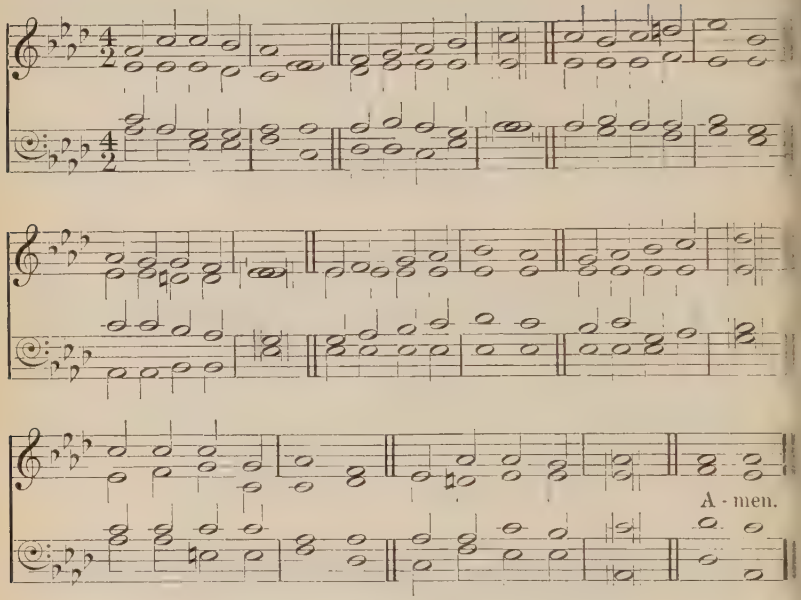
mp 5 Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
c Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning; rise, O buried Lord:
f 'Welcome, happy morning!' age to age shall say.

6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee:
ff Hell to-day is vanquished! heaven is won to-day! AMEN.

Latin, tr. J. Ellerton.

92

Urswicke. G. J. Elvey



Peace be unto you.

mf JESUS, Lord, Redeemer,
Once for sinners slain,
Crucified in weakness,
c Raised in power—to reign,
Dwelling with the Father,
Endless in Thy days,
f Unto Thee be glory,
Honour, blessing, praise.

mp 2 Faithful ones, communing,
Towards the close of day,
Desolate and weary,
Met Thee in the way.

c So, when sun is setting,
Come to us, and show
All the truth ; and in us
Make our hearts to glow.

mp 3 In the upper chamber,
Where the ten in fear
Gathered sad and troubled,
c There Thou didst appear.
So, O Lord, this evening,
Bid our sorrows cease ;
d Breathing on us, Saviour,
rall Say, 'I give you peace.' AMEN.

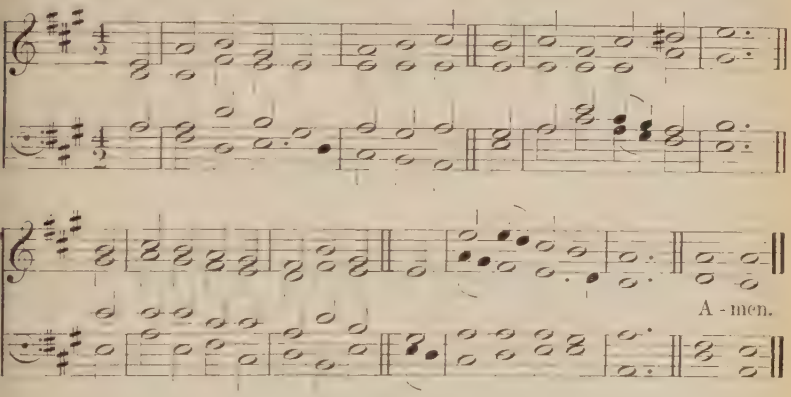
P. M. Kirkland.

The following also are suitable :—

243 Thou glorious Sun of righteousness.
304 Let Christian faith and hope dispel.
318 Blest be the everlasting God.
375 Father of peace and God of love.
607 Now may He Who from the dead.

5.—*HIS ASCENSION, INTERCESSION, AND REIGN.*

St. Magnus. **93** J. CLARK.



We see Jesus . . . crowned with glory and honour.

mf THE Head that once was crowned with thorns
c Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
f The mighty Victor's brow.

mf 2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
c The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light;

f 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

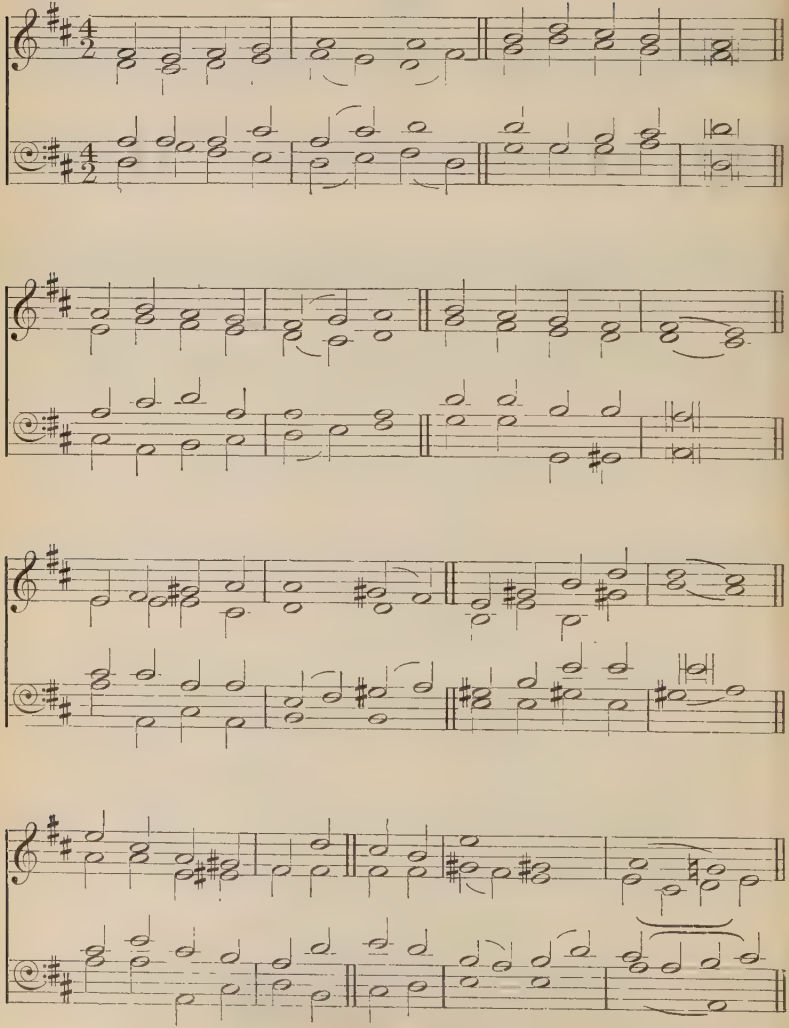
p 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given,—
c Their name an everlasting name,
f Their joy the joy of heaven.

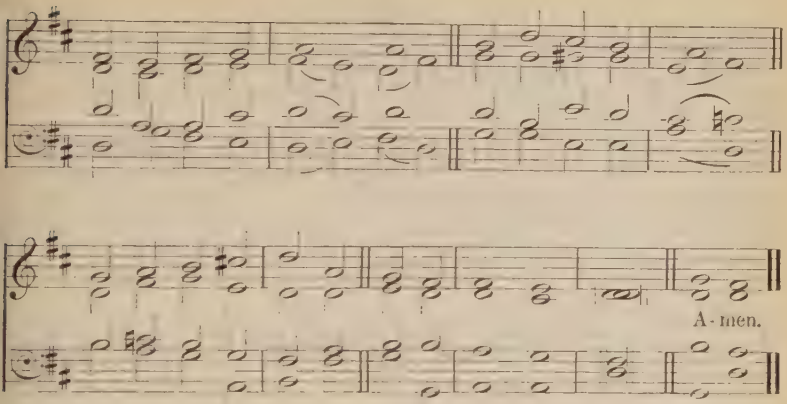
p 5 They suffer with their Lord below,
c They reign with Him above,—
mf Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
mp Though shame and death to Him,
c His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme. AMEN.

T. Kelly.

Deva. **94** E. J. Hopkins.





The Lord Jesus, after He had spoken unto them, was received up into heaven, and sat down at the right hand of God.

mf GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King.
c Christ, the King of Glory,
Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.
f *'All His work is ended,'*
Joyfully we sing;
'Jesus hath ascended;
Glory to our King!'

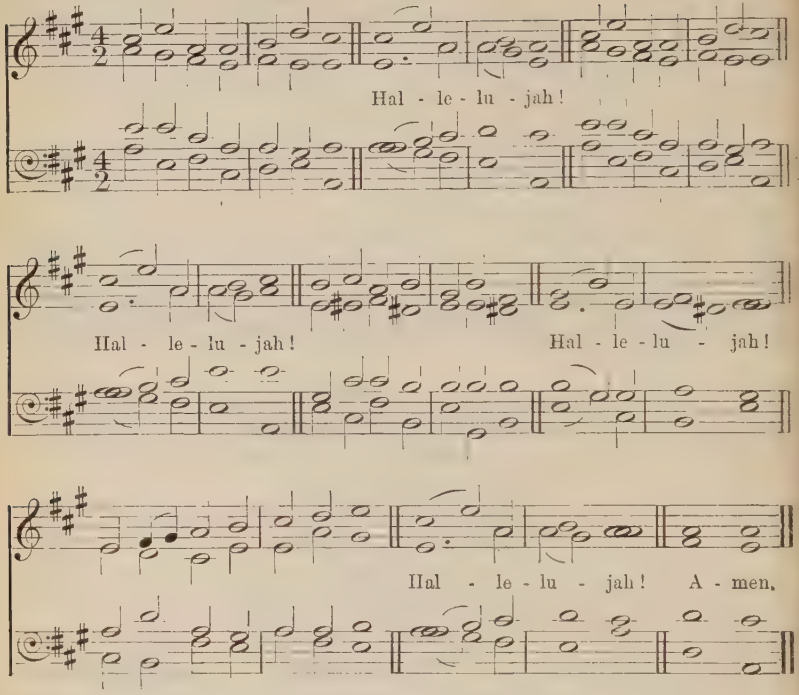
p 2 He Who came to save us,
He Who bled and died,
c Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die,
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.

p 3 Praying for His children
In that blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace,
c His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you,
f Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.

AMEN.

F. R. Havergal.

Ascension. **95** W. H. Monk.



It is Christ Jesus That died, yea rather, That was raised from the dead, Who is at the right hand of God, Who also maketh intercession for us.

f HAIL the day that sees Him rise
Hallelujah!
To His throne above the skies;
Hallelujah!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Hallelujah!
Re-ascends His native heaven.
Hallelujah!

2 There for Him high triumph waits:
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Conqueror over death and sin,
Take the King of Glory in!

3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves:
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

mp 4 See, He lifts His hands above!
See, He shows the prints of love!
Still for us His death He pleads;
Prevalent He intercedes.

5 Lord, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
c Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

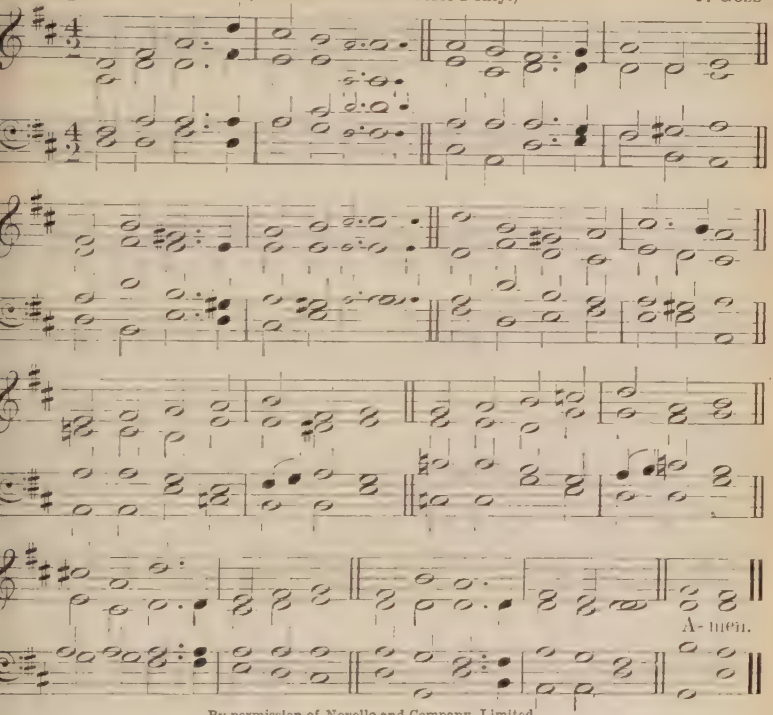
f 6 There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thine endless reign;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

AMEN.

C. Wesley, sel. and alt.

96

Stanley. (The small notes for verse 1 only.) J. Goss



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As they were looking, He was taken up; and a cloud received Him out of their sight.

f HE is gone—beyond the skies;
A cloud receives Him from our eyes;
Gone beyond the highest height
Of mortal gaze or angel's flight,
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place,—
c All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

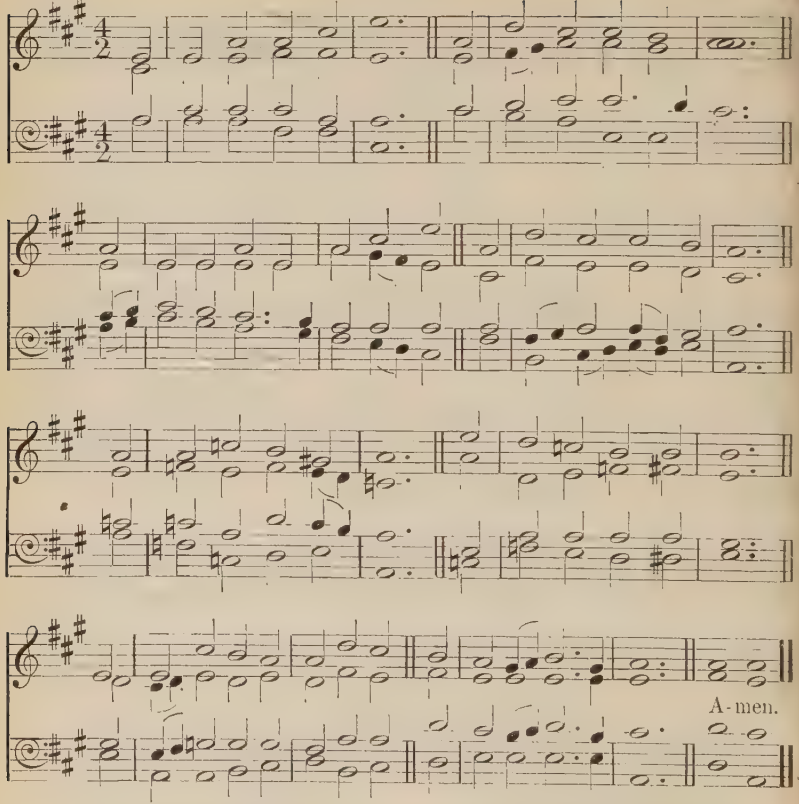
f 2 He is gone: towards their goal
World and Church must onward roll;
Far behind we leave the past;
Forward are our glances cast:
Still His words before us range
Through the ages, as they change;
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

mf 3 He is gone: but we once more
Shall behold Him as before,
In the heaven of heavens the same
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us He will prepare:
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

f 4 He is gone: but not in vain;
Wait until He comes again:
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere;
Evermore in heart and mind
There our peace in Him we find;
To our own eternal Friend
Thitherward let us ascend. AMEN.

A. P. Stanley, sel.

Olivet. **97** J. B. Dykes.



If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself.

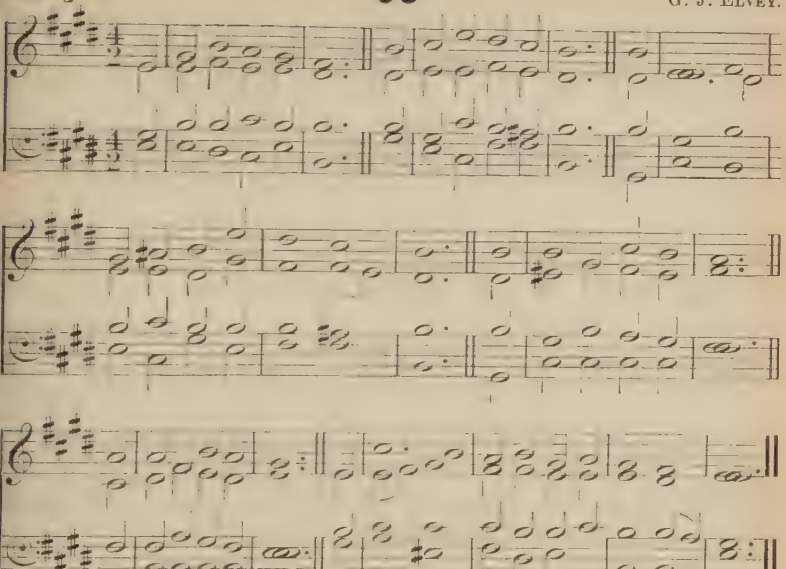
f THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise:
mp But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed;
c O let the Comforter be near,
To lead us to our rest.

mf 2 Thou art gone up on high;
p But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony
To pass unto Thy crown:
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
c But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

mf 3 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train:
mp O by Thy saving power
So make us live and die
c That we may stand, in that dread hour,
At Thy right hand on high. AMEN.

E. Tokc.

Elvey. **98** G. J. Elvey.



Forasmuch then as Christ suffered in the flesh, arm ye yourselves also with the same mind.

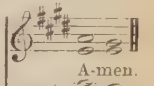
mf THOU Who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe.
Wearing the form of frail mortality,
c Thy blessèd labours done,
Thy crown of victory won,
f Hast passed from earth, passed to Thy home on high.

mp 2 It was no path of flowers
Which through this world of ours,
Belovèd of the Father, Thou didst tread;
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

3 O Thou Who art our life,
Be with us through the strife:
p Thy holy head by rudest storms was bowed;
c Raise Thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

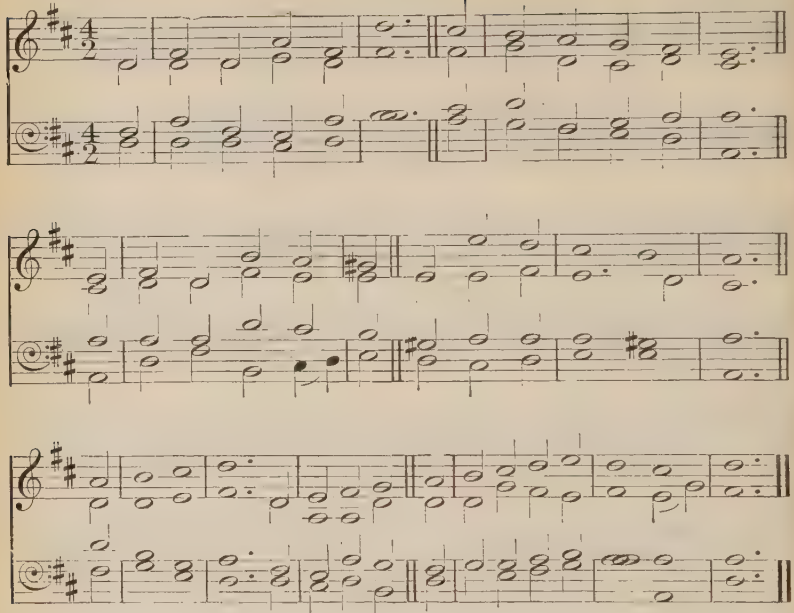
p 4 Even through the awful gloom
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
c That light of love our guiding star shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
f Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to Thee.

mf 5 Our eyes behold Thee not,
Yet hast Thou not forgot
Those who have placed their hope, their trust in Thee;
c Before Thy Father's face
Thou hast prepared a place,
f That where Thou art there they may also be.



S. E. Miles.

Darwall. **99** J. Darwall.



Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour.

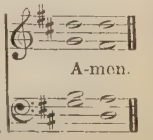
mf REJOICE, the Lord is King :
Your Lord and King adore ;
Mortals, give thanks and sing
And triumph evermore :
f Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice ; again I say, 'Rejoice.'

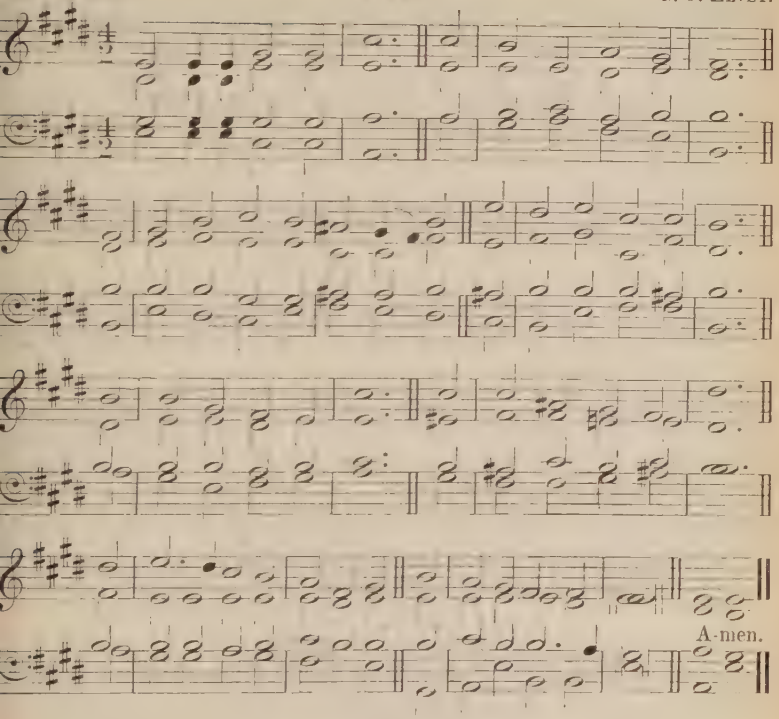
mf 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love ;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above :
f Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice ; again I say, 'Rejoice.'

mf 3 His kingdom cannot fail ;
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given :
f Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice ; again I say, 'Rejoice.'

mf 4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet :
f Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice ; again I say, 'Rejoice.'

mf 5 Rejoice in glorious hope ;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home ;
f We soon shall hear the archangel's voice ;
The trump of God shall sound—'Rejoice.'

C. Wesley.

Diademata. **100** G. J. Elvey.



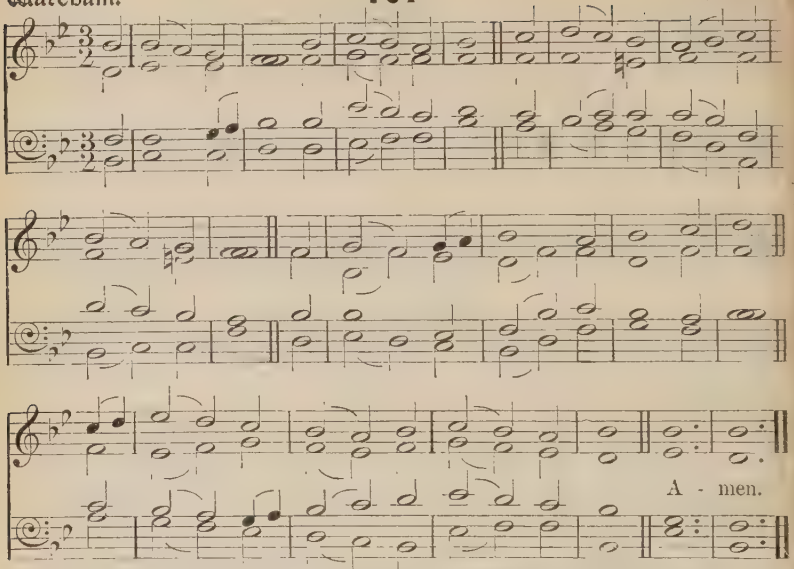
On His head were many crowns.

CROWN Him with many crowns, *mf* 3 Crown Him the Lord of peace,
The Lamb upon His throne: Whose power a sceptre sways
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
All music but its own! And all be love and praise.
Awake, my soul, and sing His reign shall know no end;
Of Him Who died for thee, And round His pierced feet
And hail Him as thy matchless King Fair flowers of paradise extend
Through all eternity. Their fragrance ever sweet.

2 Crown Him the Lord of life, *f* 4 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
Who triumphed o'er the grave, Enthroned in worlds above,
And rose victorious in the strife The King to Whom alone is given
For those He came to save. The wondrous name of Love.
His glories now we sing All hail, Redeemer, hail!
Who died and rose on high, For Thou hast died for me;
Who died eternal life to bring *ff* Thy praise shall never, never fail
And lives that death may die. Throughout eternity. AMEN.

M. Bridges and G. Thring.

Marebam. **101** W. KNAPP.



We have not an High Priest Which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.

mf WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.

p 2 He Who for men their surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
c Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

mf 3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

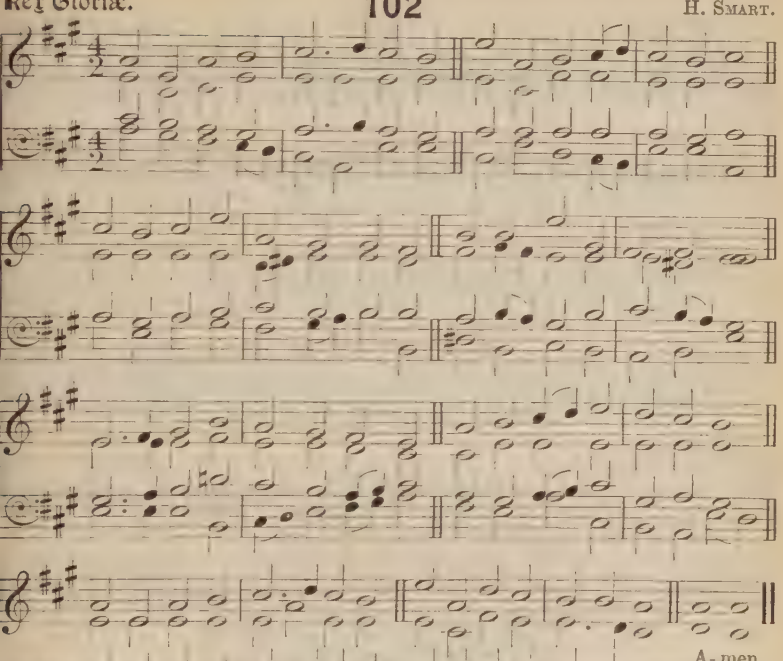
p 4 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains,
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, His agonies, and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
c He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

mf 6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour. AMEN.

M. Bruce, alt.

Rex Gloriæ. **102** H. Smart.



Thou hast ascended on high, Thou hast led captivity captive: Thou hast received gifts for men.

1

f SEE! the Conqueror mounts in triumph;
See the King in royal state
Riding on the clouds, His chariot,
To His heavenly palace gate:
Hark! the choirs of angel voices
Joyful hallelujahs sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heavenly King.

2

sf Who is this That comes in glory
With the trump of jubilee?
f Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;
p He Who on the cross did suffer,
c He Who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled His foes.

3

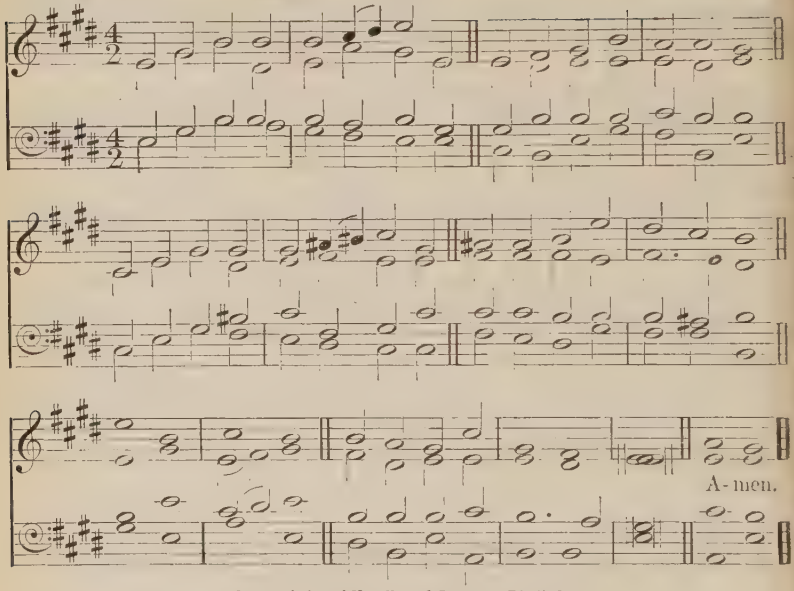
mf Thou hast raised our human nature
On the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Thee in glory stand:
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension
We by faith behold our own.

4

Lift us up from earth to heaven;
Give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations
Wafting us to realms above, –
c That, with hearts and minds uplifted,
We with Christ our Lord may dwell
f Where He sits enthroned in glory
In His heavenly citadel. Amen.

C. Wordsworth, sel.

Corfe Mullen. **103** T. R. Matthews



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[May be sung to 'Regent Square,' No. 2.]

He hath on His vesture and on His thigh a name written, King of kings, and Lord of lords.

f LOOK, ye saints! the sight is glorious;
See the Man of Sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow:
ff Crown Him! crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

f 2 Crown the Saviour! angels, crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
ff Crown Him! crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings!

p 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
c Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name:
ff Crown Him! crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

mf 4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
f Jesus takes the highest station:
O what joy the sight affords!
ff Crown Him! crown Him
King of kings and Lord of lords!

AMEN.

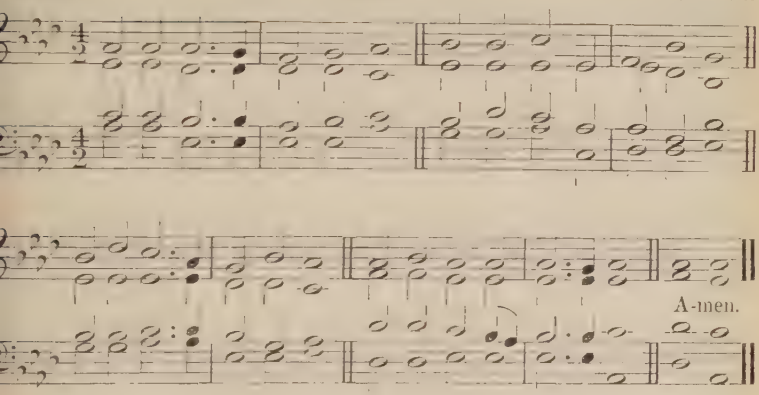
T. Kelly

The following also are suitable:—

120 Hail, Thou once despisèd Jesus.
134 All hail, the power of Jesus' name.
135 O Christ, our hope, our hearts' desire.
634 Ye gates, lift up your heads on high (Ps. 24).
657 Thou hast, O Lord, most glorious (Ps. 68).

6.—*HIS LOVE AND SYMPATHY.*

t. Bees. **104** J. B. Dykes.



Lovest thou Me?

mf HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'T is thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
p 'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

mp 2 'I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
c Sought thee wandering, set thee right;
Turned thy darkness into light.

mp 3 'Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
c Yet will I remember thee.

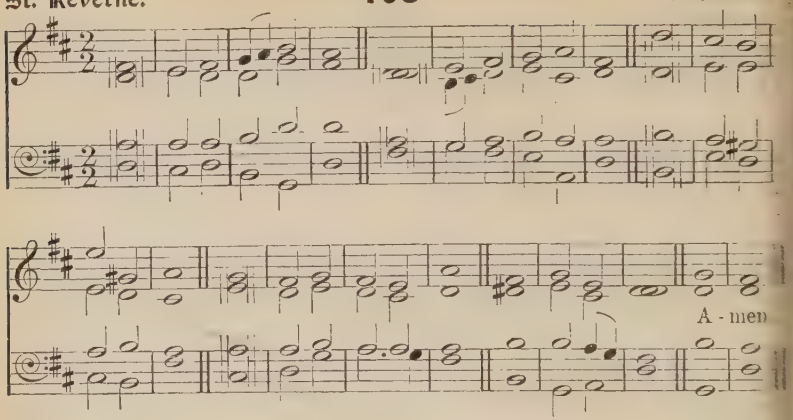
mf 4 'Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
c Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 'Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be;
p Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?'

mp 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
c Yet I love Thee, and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more! AMEN.

W. Cowper.

St. Keverne. **105** A. H. Brown.



The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.

mf IT passeth **know**ledge, | that dear love of Thine,
My Saviour, **Je**sus! | yet this soul of mine
Would of Thy **love,** in | all its breadth and length,
Its height and **depth,** its | everlasting strength,
Know more and more.

2 It passeth **telling,** | that dear love of Thine,
My Saviour, **Je**sus! | yet these lips of mine
Would fain pro**claim** to | sinners, far and near,
A love which **can** re-|-move all guilty fear
And love beget.

3 It passeth **praises,** | that dear love of Thine,
My Saviour, **Je**sus! | yet this heart of mine
c Would sing that **love,** so | full, so rich, so free,
Which brings a **re**bel | sinner, such as me,
Nigh unto God.

mf 4 But, though I **can**not | sing, or tell, or know
The fulness **of** Thy | love, while here below,
My empty **ves**sel | I may freely bring:
mp O Thou Who **art** of | love the living spring,
My vessel fill.

5 O fill me, **Je**sus, | Saviour, with Thy love!
Lead, lead me **to** the | living fount above;
Thither may **I,** in | simple faith, draw nigh,
And never **to** an-|-other fountain fly,
But unto Thee.

mf 6 And when my **Je**sus | face to face I see,
When at His **lof**ty | throne I bow the knee,
c Then of His **love,** in | all its breadth and length,
Its height and **depth,** its | everlasting strength,
My soul shall sing. AMEN.

M. Shekleton, sel.

Valete. **106** ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

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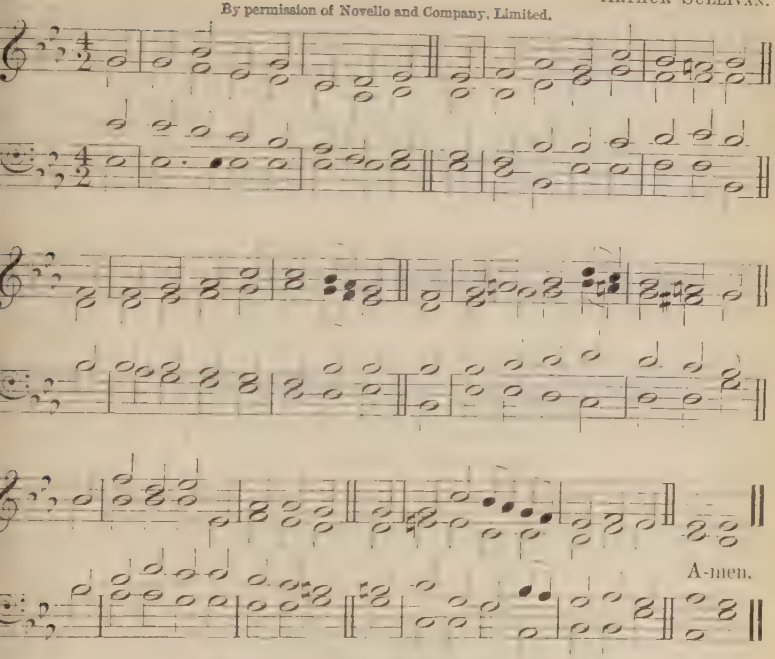


[May be sung to 'St. Matthias,' No. 479.]

The love of Christ constraineth us.

O Jesu Christ, mein schönstes Licht.

1

f JESUS, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine, wholly Thine, alone I 'd live,
Myself to Thee entirely give.

2

f O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell but Thy pure love alone;
O may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown;
All coldness from my heart remove:
My every act, word, thought, be love!

3

O Love, how cheering is Thy ray!
All pain before Thy presence flies:
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away
Where'er Thy healing beams arise;
p O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

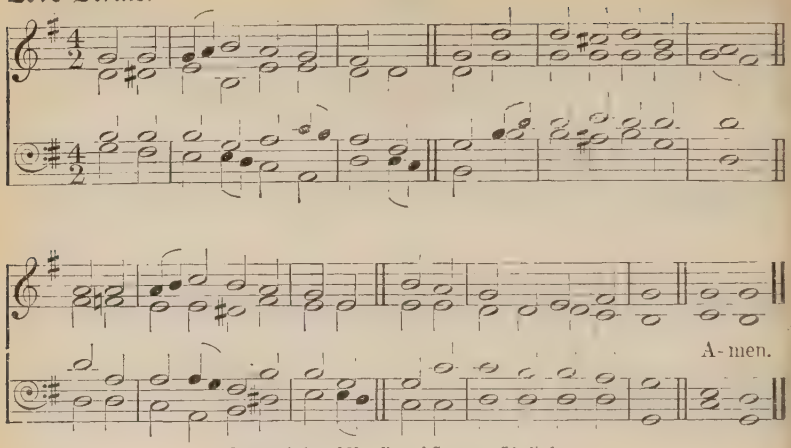
4

mf In suffering, be Thy love my peace;
In weakness, be Thine arm my strength;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
p And Thou from heaven shalt come at length,
Lord Jesus, then this heart shall be
For ever satisfied with Thee. AMEN.

Gerhardt, tr. J. Wesley, sel. and alt.

107

Love Divine. J. STAINER.



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[May be sung to 'Bethany,' No. 353.]

God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.

mf LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.

p 2 Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art;
c Visit us with Thy salvation,
d Enter every trembling heart.

mf 3 Come, almighty to deliver;
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

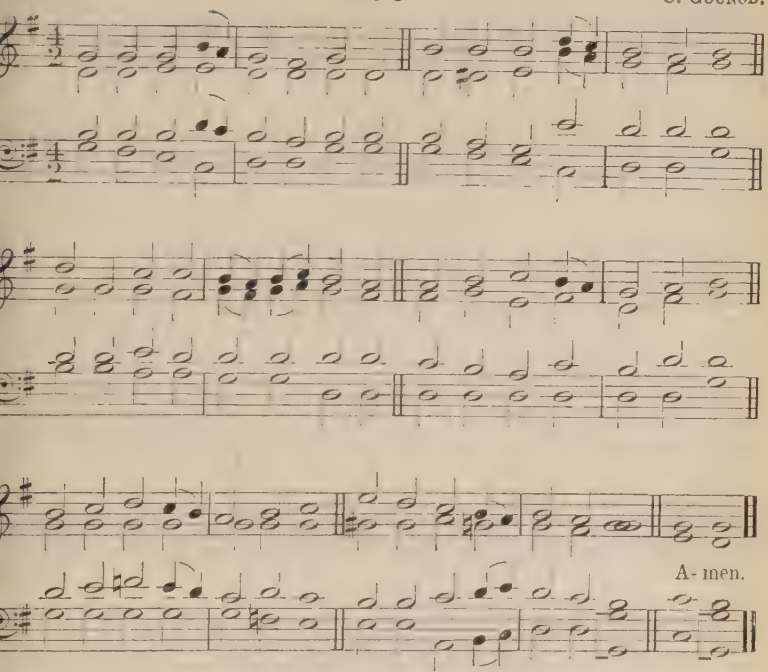
f 4 Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

5 Finish then Thy new creation:
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee,

6 Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise. AMEN.

C. Wesley, sel.

Gounod. **108** C. Gounod.



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A friend loveth at all times.

1

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end;
They who once His kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.

2

Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a Friend in need.

3

mf Could we bear from one another
What He daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us, though we treat Him thus;
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

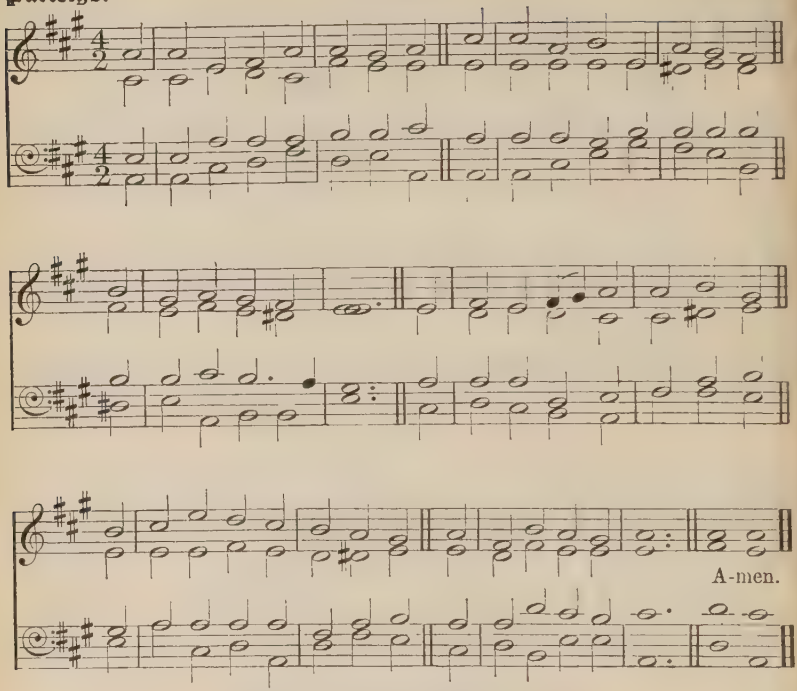
4

p O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length, to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
c But, when home our souls are brought,
f We will love Thee as we ought.

AMEN.

J. Newton, sel.

Purleigh. **109** A. H. Brown.



[May be sung to 'Innsbruck,' No. 620.]

That ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ.

1

mf O LOVE Divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2

Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height.

3

God only knows the love of God:
p O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
c For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

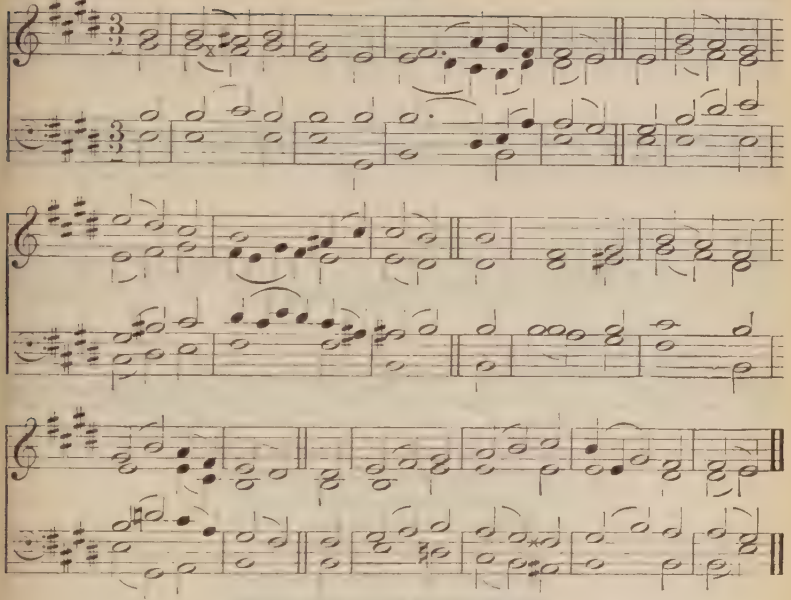
4

mf O that I could for ever sit
Like Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
c My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

AMEN.

C. Wesley, sel.

St. Vincent. **110** J. Üglow.



[May be sung to 'Maryton,' No. 374.]

He satisfieth the longing soul, and the hungry soul He filleth with good.

Jesu, Dulcedo cordium.

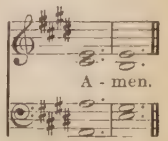
mf JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men:
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
c To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, all in all.

mf 3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

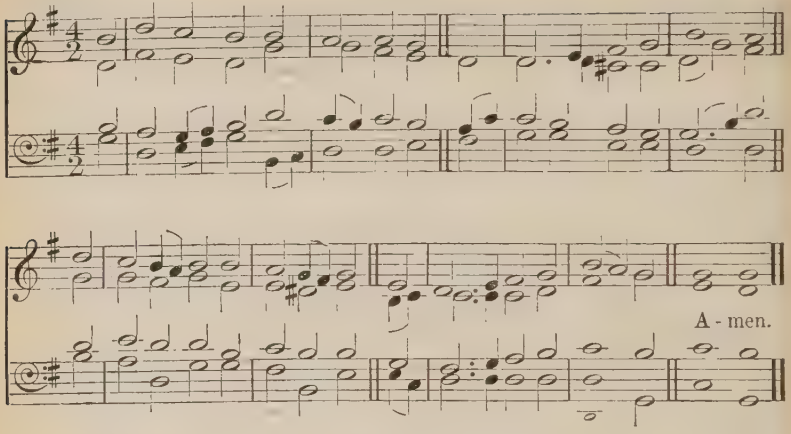
p 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast,—
c Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

p 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
c Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light!



131 *Bernard of Clairvaux, tr. R. Palmer.*

Dominus regit me. **111** J. B. Dykes.



The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

mf THE King of Love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

p 3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed;
c But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home rejoicing brought me.

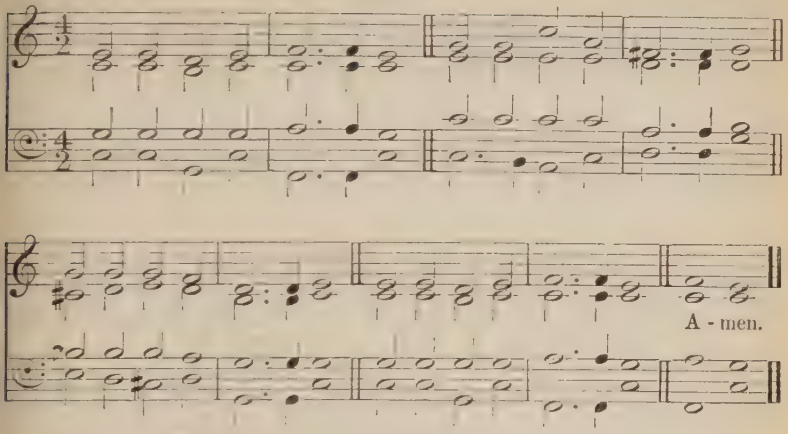
mf 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me,
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
f And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

mf 6 And so, through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
f Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever. AMEN.

H. W. Baker.

St. Dunstan (Redhead, 47). **112** R. Redhead.



Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows.

p WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

pp 3 When the hour of death is nigh,
When we breathe our parting sigh,
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

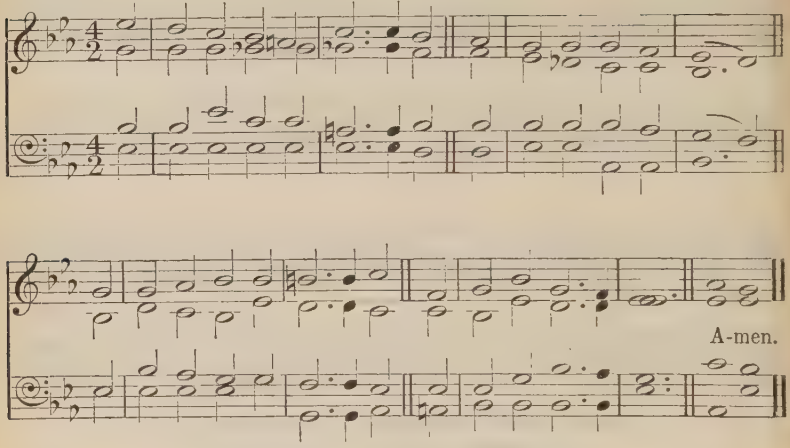
p 4 Thou hast bowed the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

6 Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear! Amen.

H. H. Milman, alt.

Holy Trinity. **113** J. BARNBY.



Casting all your anxiety upon Him, because He careth for you.

mp THERE'S not a grief, however light,
Too light for sympathy;
There's not a care, however slight,
Too slight to bring to Thee.

2

Thou, Who hast trod the thorny road,
Wilt share each small distress;
For He Who bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

3

There's not a secret sigh we breathe
But meets Thine ear Divine;
d And every cross grows light beneath
p The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

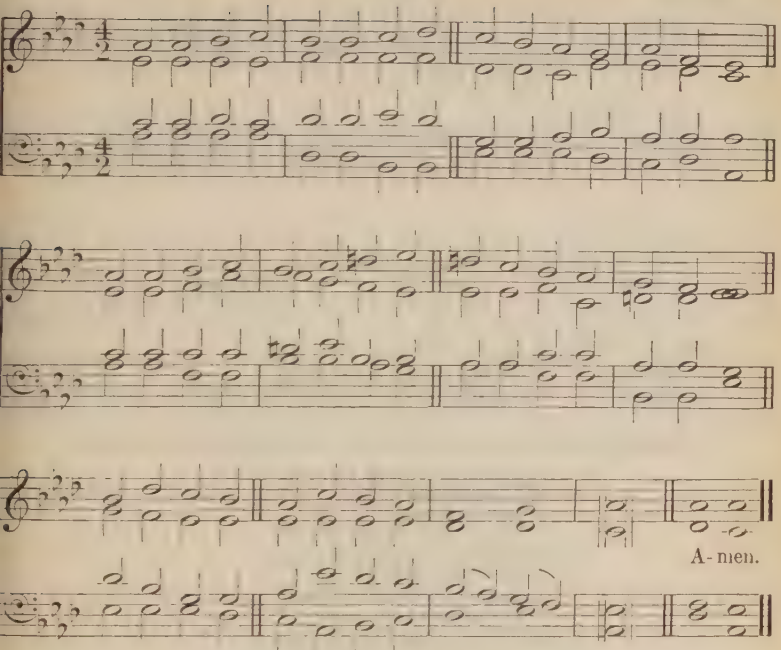
4

mp Life's woes without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
c But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe. AMEN.

J. Crewdson.

Hebet. 114

E. J. Hopkins.



[May be sung to 'Mannheim,' No. 196.]

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?

1

mf SOVEREIGN grace o'er sin abounding!
Ransomed souls, the tidings swell!
'Tis a deep that knows no sounding;
Who its breadth or length can tell?
c On its glories
Let my soul for ever dwell.

2

mf What from Christ that soul shall sever
Bound by everlasting bands?
Once in Him, in Him for ever—
Thus the eternal covenant stands;
c None shall pluck thee
From the Strength of Israel's hands.

3

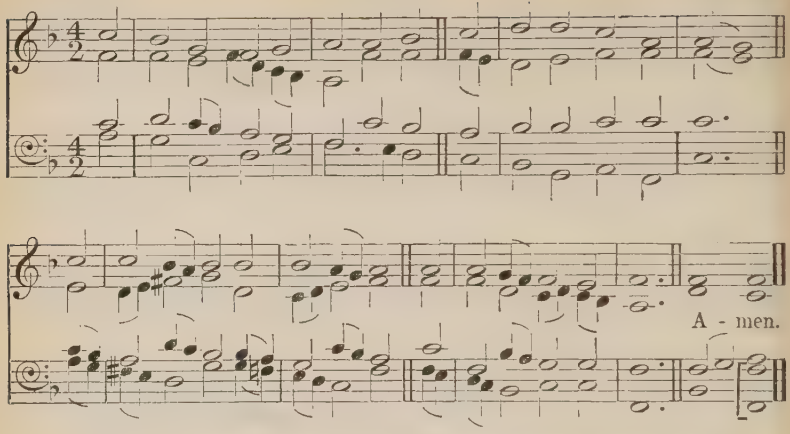
mf Heirs of God, joint heirs with Jesus,
Long ere time its race begun;
c To His name eternal praises!
O what wonders love hath done!
One with Jesus,
By eternal union one.

4

mf On such love, my soul, still ponder,
Love so great, so rich, so free;
Say, while lost in holy wonder,
'Why, O Lord, such love to me?'
f Hallelujah!
Grace shall reign eternally. Amen.

J. Kent.

Burton Agnes. **115** J. B. Dykes.



Thou shalt call His name Jesus: for He shall save His people from their sins.

mf THERE is a name I love to hear;
I love to speak its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And, though I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

mp 4 It tells of One Whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in my sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.

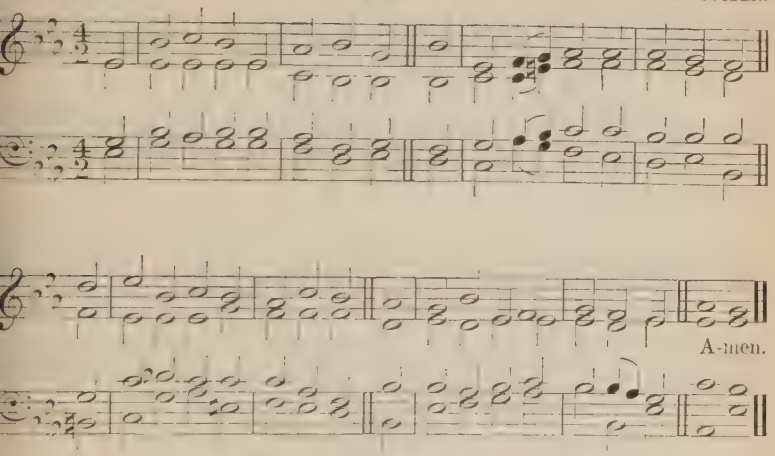
mf 5 Jesus! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear;
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

6 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

f 7 And there, with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me. AMEN.

F. Whitfield.

St. Sepulchre. **116** G. Cooper.



Jesus went forth, and saw a great multitude, and was moved with compassion toward them, and He healed their sick.

mp O THOU through suffering perfect made,
On Whom the bitter cross was laid,
In hours of sickness, grief, and pain
No sufferer turns to Thee in vain.

mf 2 The halt, the maimed, the sick, the blind
Sought not in vain Thy tendance kind;
Now in Thy poor Thyself we see,
And minister through them to Thee.

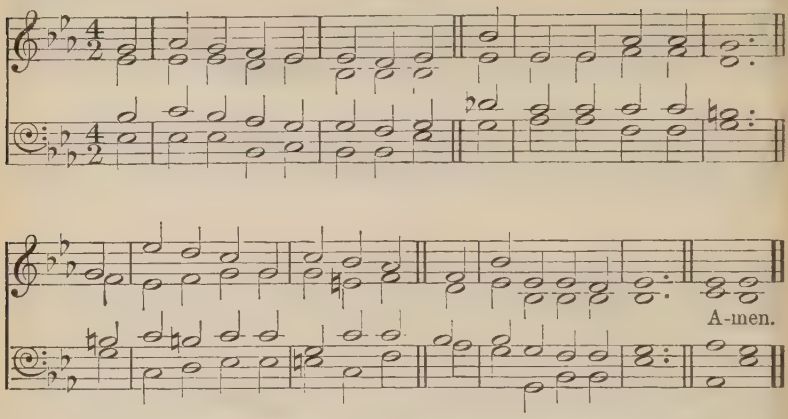
3 O loving Saviour, Thou canst cure
The pains and woes Thou didst endure:
c For all who need, Physician great,
Thy healing balm we supplicate.

p 4 But O, far more, let each keen pain
And hour of woe be heavenly gain,
Each stroke of Thy chastising rod
Bring back the wanderer nearer God.

c 5 O heal the bruisèd heart within;
O save our souls all sick with sin;
Give life and health in bounteous store,
f That we may praise Thee evermore. Amen.

W. W. How.

Fingal. **117** J. S. Anderson.



He was their Saviour. In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them.

mf IMMORTAL love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!

2 Our outward lips confess the Name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

3 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

mp 4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

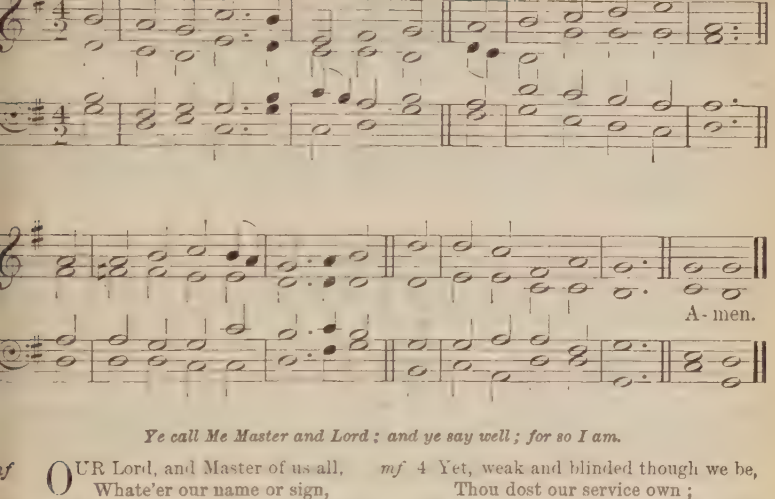
5 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press
And we are whole again.

6 Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
d The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

mf 7 Our Lord, and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine. Amen.

J. G. Whittier, sel.

faith. **118** J. B. Dykes.



Ye call Me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am.

f OUR Lord, and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

p 2 Thou judgest us: Thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn;
The love that draws us nearer Thee
Is hot with wrath to them.

3 Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight;
And, naked to Thy glance,
Our secret sins are in the light
Of Thy pure countenance.

mf 4 Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own;
We bring our varying gifts to Thee,
And Thou rejectest none.

5 Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labour vainly done;
The solemn shadow of Thy cross
Is better than the sun.

6 Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

mp 7 We faintly hear; we dimly see;
In differing phrase we pray;
mf But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way. Amen.

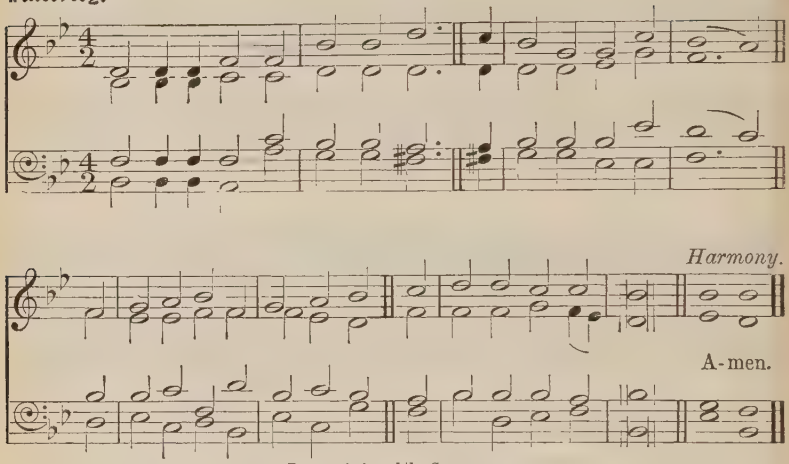
J. G. Whittier, sel.

The following also are suitable:—

72 O Saviour, where shall guilty man.
91 Where high the heavenly temple stands.
93 Souls of men, why will ye scatter.
0 One there is Who loves thee.
5 When, wounded sore, the stricken soul.
287 Saviour, when in dust to Thee.
370 Thou knowest, Lord.
372 What a Friend we have in Jesus.
536 Thou to Whom the sick and dying.

7.—*HIS GLORY AND PRAISE.*

Nativity. **119** H. Lahee.



By permission of the Composer.

Worthy is the Lamb That was slain.

f COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 'Worthy the Lamb That died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus!'
p 'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
c 'For He was slain for us!'

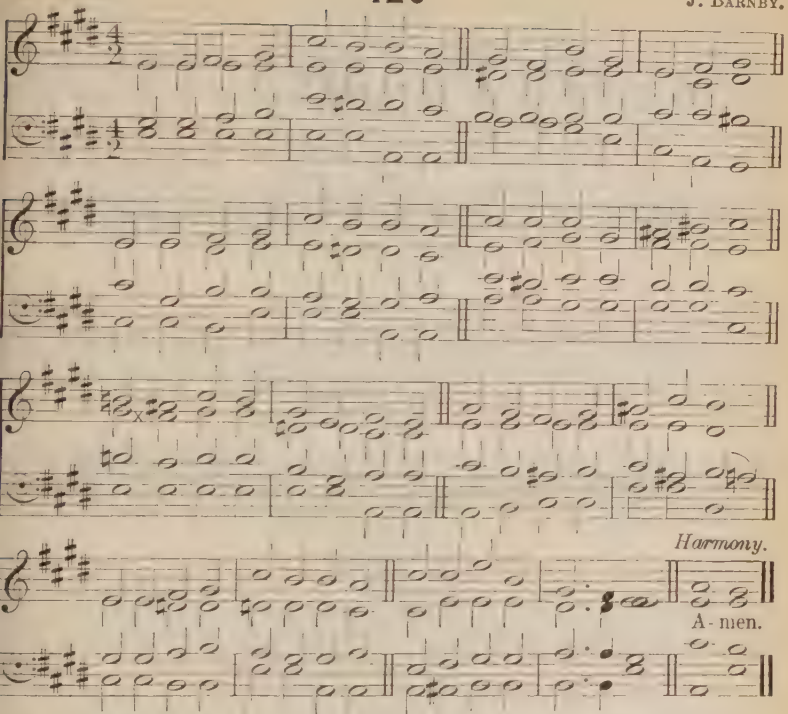
mf 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
c And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

f 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas
Conspire to lift Thy glories high
And speak Thine endless praise;

Unis. 5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him That sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb. AMEN.

I. Watts.

St. Hilda. **120** J. Barnby.



It is Christ Jesus That died, yea rather, That was raised from the dead, Who is at the right hand of God, Who also maketh intercession for us.

mf HAIL, Thou once despised Jesus! Hail, Thou Galilæan King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, Thou universal Saviour! *mp*
Thou hast borne our sin and shame;
By Thy merits we find favour; *c*
Life is given through Thy name.

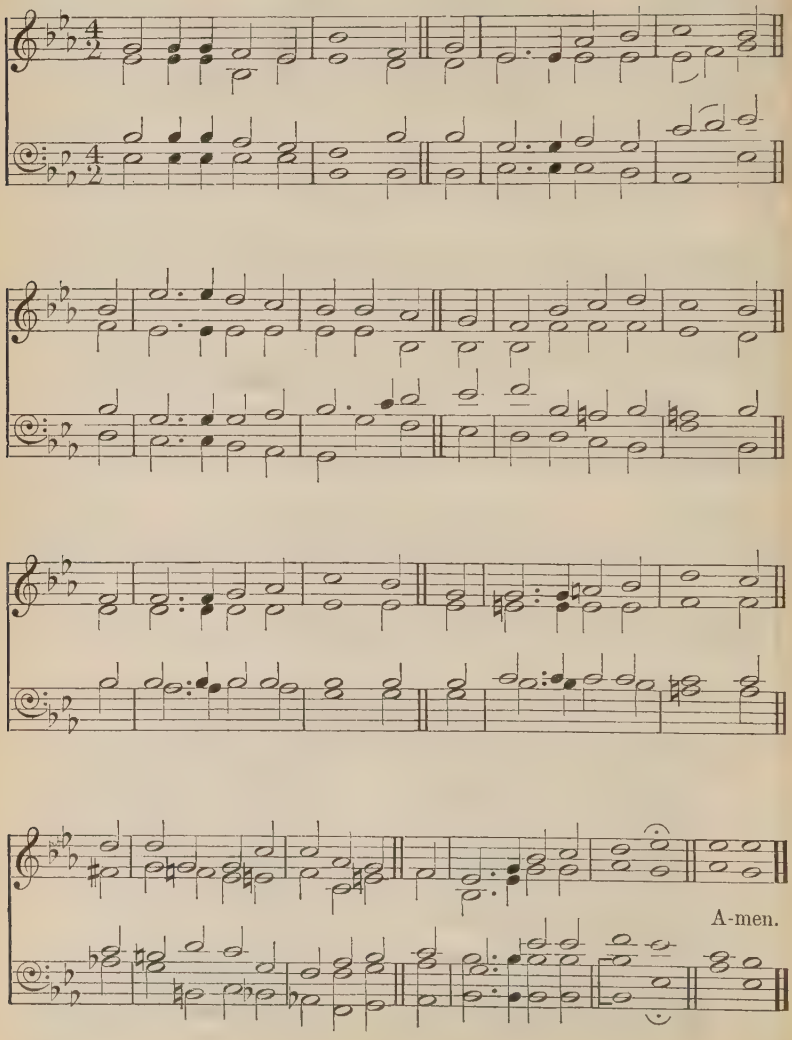
mp 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed, *Unis. f*
All our sins were on Thee laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
Every sin may be forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
c Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

mf 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
'Spare them yet another year';
Thou for saints art interceding
Till in glory they appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing
Christ is worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!
Amen.

J. Bakewell, alt.

Esdaile. **121** E. J. Hopkins.



We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God.

f HEAD of Thy Church triumphant,
We joyfully adore Thee;
Till Thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

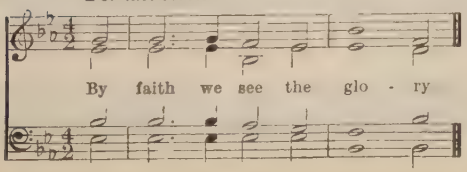
mp 2 While in affliction's furnace
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise
Which knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher.
c We clap our hands exulting
In Thine almighty favour;
The love Divine
Which made us Thine
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

mf 3 Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear,
While Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By Thee we shall
Break through them all
Ere death our conflict closes.

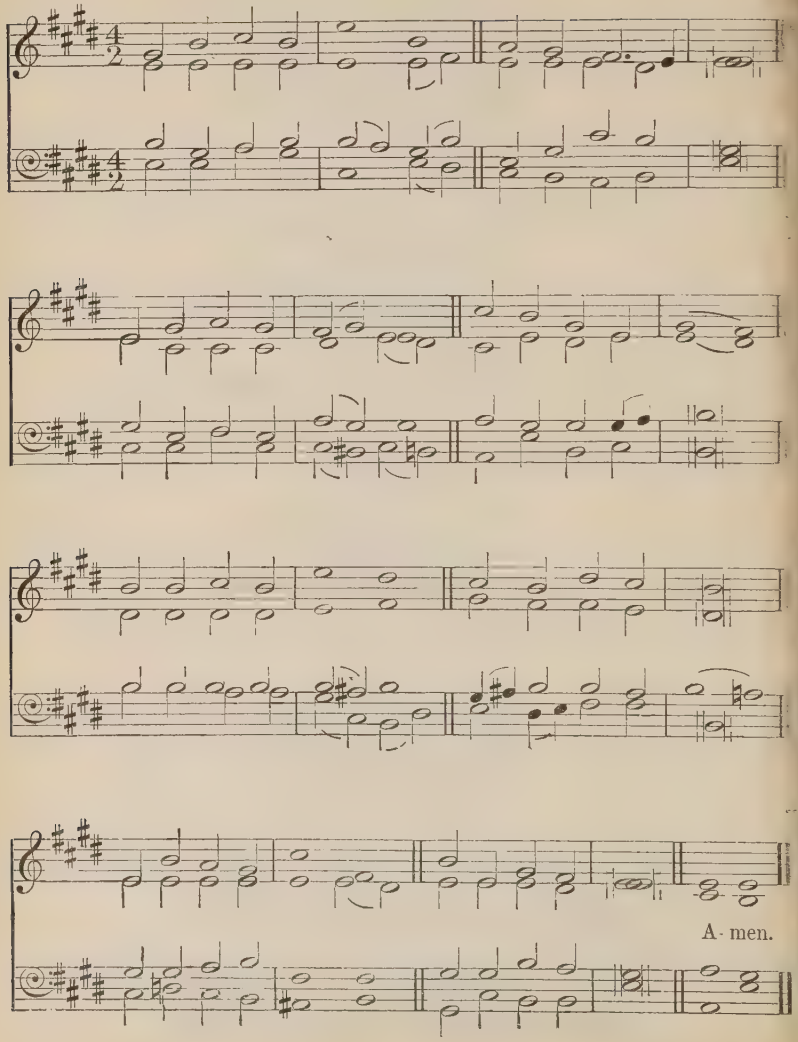
f 4* By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us,
The cross despise
For that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us;
mp And, if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
c Shall see Thee stand
At God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven. AMEN.

C. Wesley.

* *For last verse.*



Evelyns. **122** W. H. Monk.



That in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, ... and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord.

mf IN the name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess Him
King of Glory now ;
'T is the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.

2 At His voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders
In their great array.

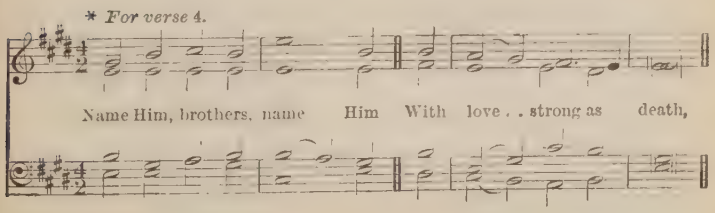
p 3 Humbled for a season
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last ;
c Brought it back victorious
When from death He passed.

mf 4* Name Him, brothers, name Him
With love strong as death,
d But with awe and wonder
p And with bated breath ;
He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the Lord,
c Ever to be worshipped,
Trusted, and adored.

mf 5 In your hearts enthrone Him ;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true :
c Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour ;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

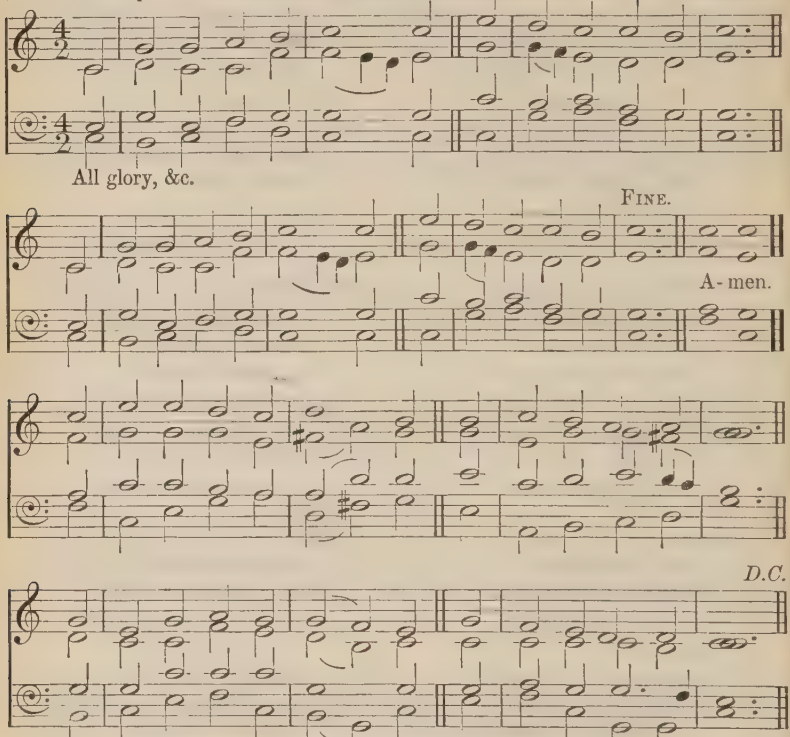
f 6 Brothers this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train ;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of Glory now. AMEN.

C. M. Noel, sel.



123

St. Theodulph. Valet will ich dir geben, du arge falsche Welt. M. TESCHNER.



Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.

Gloria, laus, et honor.

f *ALL glory, laud, and honour*
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring!

mf 1 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and Blessèd One.
f *All glory, &c.*

mf 2 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.

mf 3 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.

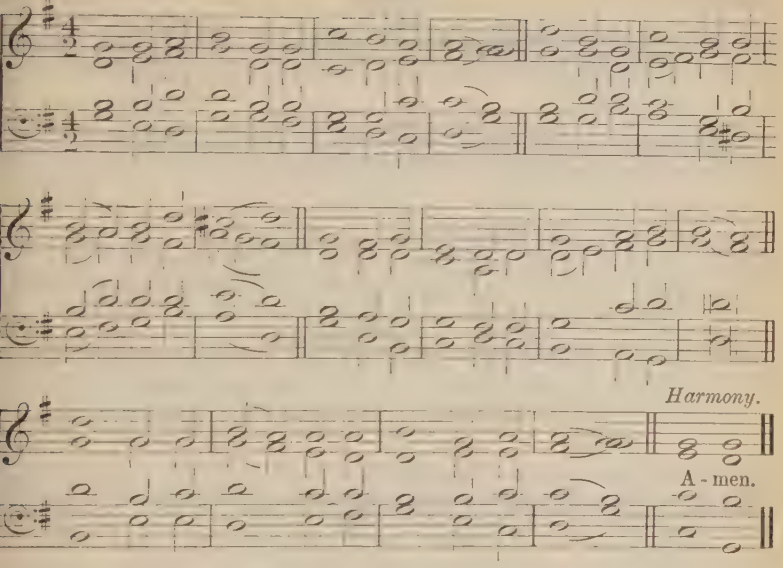
mf 4 To Thee before Thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
c To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.

mf 5 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
AMEN.

Theodulph, tr. J. M. Neale, alt.

O Quanta Qualia. 124

F. DE LA FEILLÉE.



Worthy is the Lamb That hath been slain to receive the power, and riches, and wisdom, and might, and honour, and glory, and blessing.

f BLESSING and honour and glory and power,
Wisdom and riches and strength evermore
Give ye to Him Who our battle hath won,
Whose are the kingdom, the crown, and the throne.

2 Into the heaven of the heavens hath He gone;
Sitteth He now in the joy of the throne;
Weareth He now of the kingdom the crown;
Singeth He now the new song with His own.

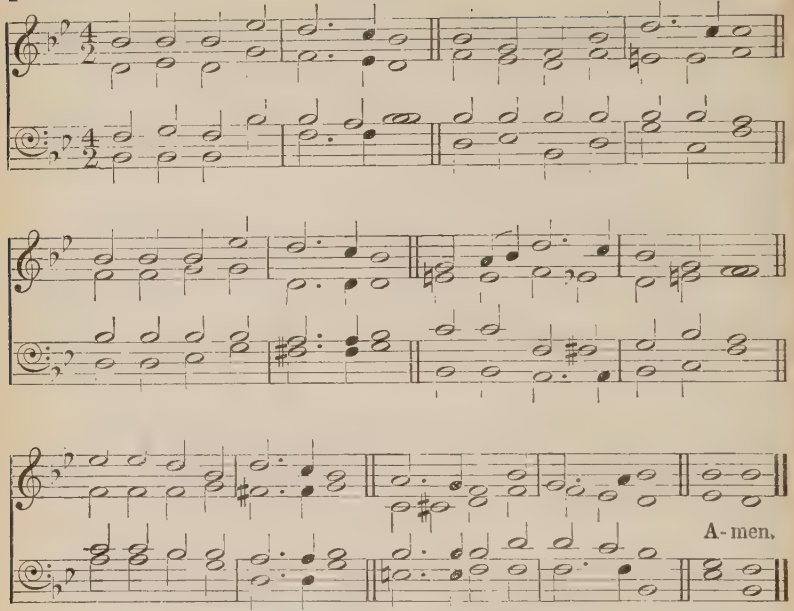
Unis. ff 3 Soundeth the heaven of the heavens with His name;
Ringeth the earth with His glory and fame;
Ocean and mountain, stream, forest, and flower
Echo His praises and tell of His power.

Har. f 4 Ever ascendeth the song and the joy;
Ever descendeth the love from on high;
Blessing and honour and glory and praise,—
This is the theme of the hymns that we raise.

Unis. 5 Give we the glory and praise to the Lamb;
Take we the robe and the harp and the palm;
Sing we the song of the Lamb That was slain,
Dying in weakness, but rising to reign. AMEN.

H. Bonar, sel.

Praise. **125** E. J. HOPKINS.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

By Him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually.

mf FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
f Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

mf 2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
f Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

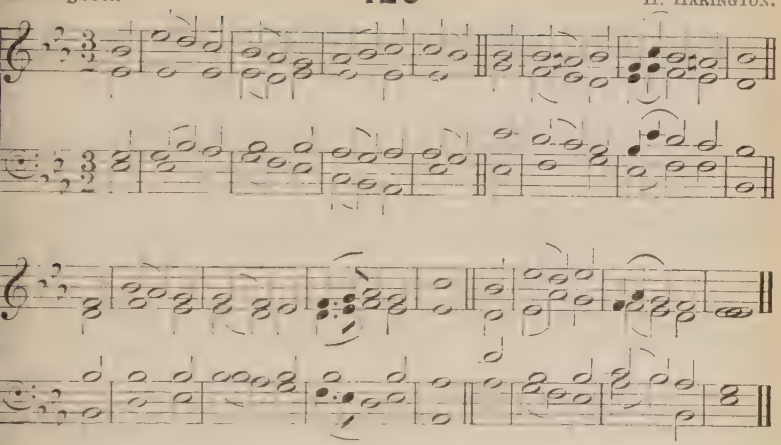
mf 3 For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart's and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight,
f Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

mf 4 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild,
f Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

5 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven,
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise. AMEN.

F. S. Pierpoint, sel.

Harington. **126** H. Harington.



There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.

f O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

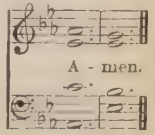
mf 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
c To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy name.

p 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health and peace.

mf 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

f 6 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

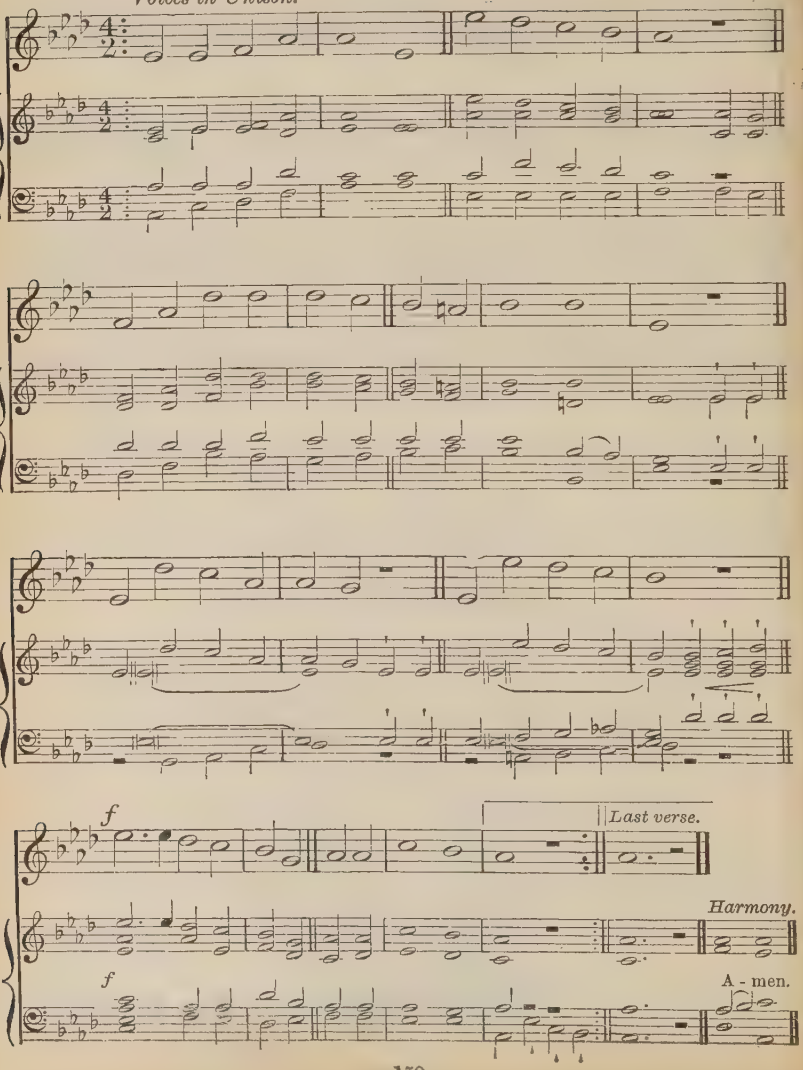


7 Look unto Him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone;
Be justified by grace.

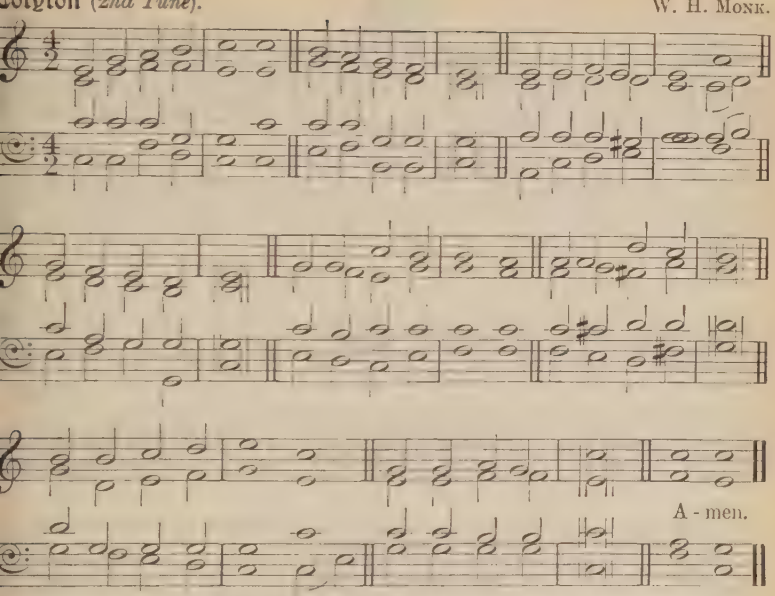
C. Wesley, sel.

St. Paul's (1st *Tune*). **127** J. B. Calkin.

Voices in Unison.



Colyton (*2nd Tune*). W. H. Monk.



I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

mf SAVIOUR, blessèd Saviour,
Listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

mp 2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee.
p Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die ;
c Thou, that we might follow,
f Hast gone up on high.

mf 3 Great, and ever greater,
Are Thy mercies here ;
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain or sorrow,
Toil or care, is known,
Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne.

4 Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven :
f Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within ;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

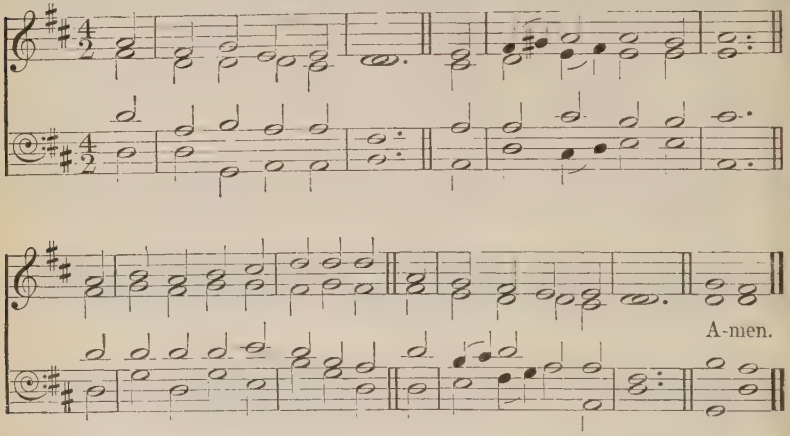
mf 5 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God,
c Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

f 6 Higher then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal,
Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King. Amen.

G. Thring, sel. and alt.

128

Swabia. Ach wachet! wachet auf! SPIESS'S *Gesangbuch*, 1745. (ARR. by W. H. HAVERGAL.)



To the only wise God our Saviour be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.

f TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

mf 2 'Tis His almighty love,
His counsel, and His care
Preserve us safe from sin and death
And every hurtful snare.

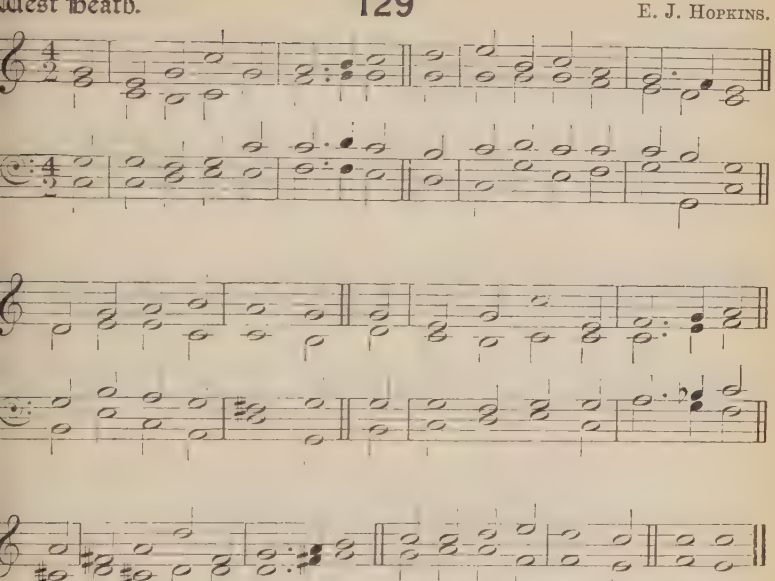
3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
c Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.

mf 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.

f 5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting song. AMEN.

I. Watts.

West Heath. **129** E. J. Hopkins.



[May be sung to 'Leipsic,' No. 162]

Unto Him That loveth us, and loosed us from our sins by His blood, ... to Him be the glory and the dominion for ever and ever.

f TO Him Who for our sins was slain,
To Him, for all His dying pain,
c Sing we Hallelujah !
p To Him, the Lamb our sacrifice,
Who gave His soul our ransom price,
c Sing we Hallelujah !

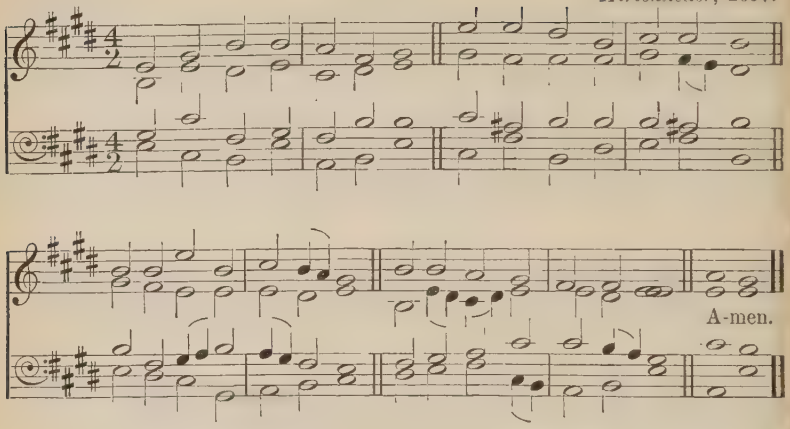
p 2 To Him Who died that we might die
To sin, and live with Him on high,
c Sing we Hallelujah !
f To Him Who rose that we might rise,
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
Sing we Hallelujah ! *ff*

mp 3 To Him Who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
c Sing we Hallelujah !
mf To Him Who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality
c Sing we Hallelujah !

f 4 To Him be glory evermore !
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore :
Sing we Hallelujah !
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our God most high, our joy and boast,
Sing we Hallelujah !
Amen.

A. T. Russell.

Culbach. **130** Scheffler's *Geistliche Hirtenlieder*, 1657.



The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

f SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

mf 3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
c Songs of praise shall crown that day:
f God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

p 4 And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
c No! the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

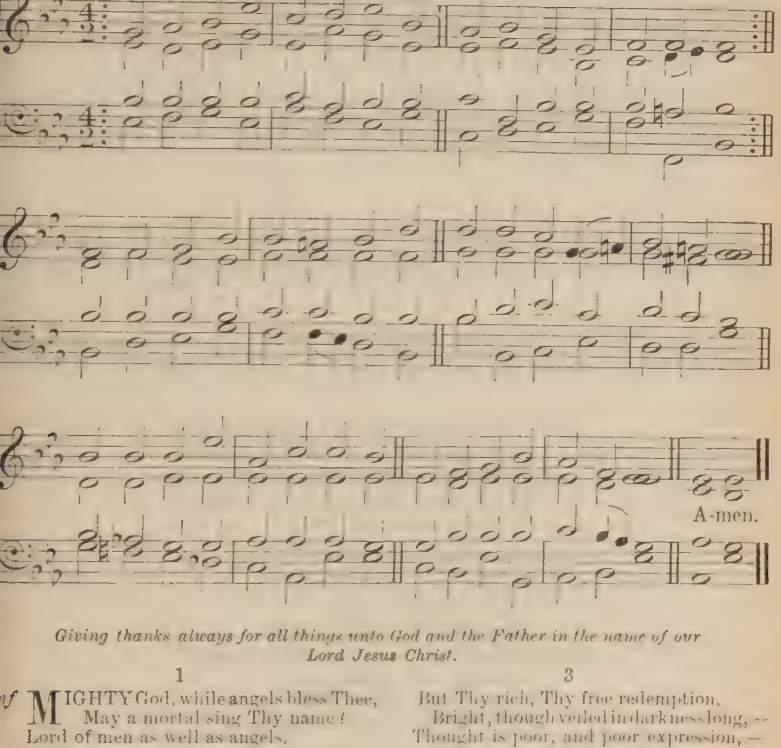
mf 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death,
f Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ. Amen.

J. Montgomery.

Everton. 131

H. Smart.



Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

1

mf MIGHTY God, while angels bless Thee,
May a mortal sing Thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.
Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
c Sounded through the wide creation
f Be Thy just and endless praise.

2

mf For the grandeur of Thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For Thy providence, that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,—
Blessèd be Thy gentle reign!

3

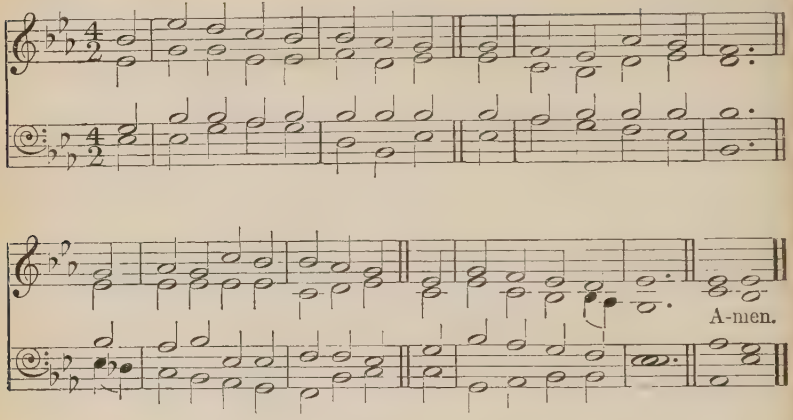
But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Bright, though veiled in darkness long,—
Thought is poor, and poor expression,—
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
c Break, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord Who came to die.

4

mf From the highest throne of glory
p To the cross of deepest woe
Thou didst stoop to ransom captives;
c Flow my praise, for ever flow.
Re ascend, immortal Saviour!
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne:
f Thence return, and reign for ever;
Be the kingdom all Thine own. Amen.

R. Robinson.

St. Peter. **132** A. R. Reinagle.



Let them also that love Thy name be joyful in Thee.

mf HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

p 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

mf 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

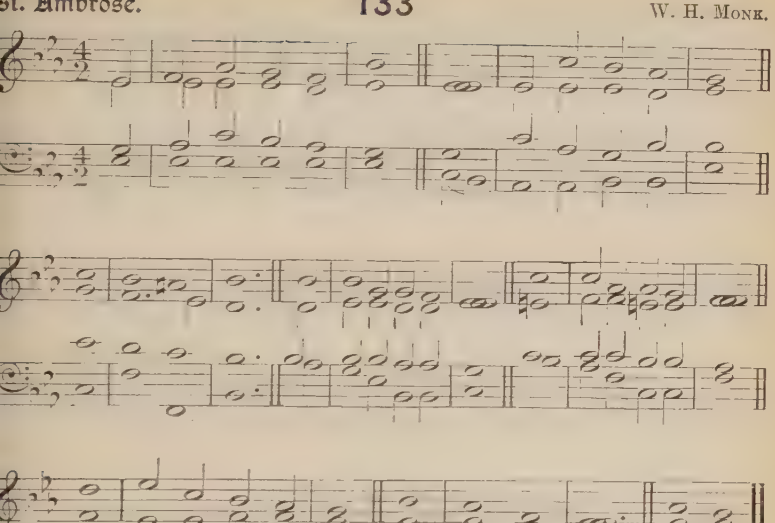
f 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

mf 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
c But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

mf 6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death. Amen.

J. Newton, sel

St. Ambrose. **133** W. H. Monk.



[May be sung to 'Moscow,' No. 223.]

He That hath mercy on thee shall lead thee.

Στομίον πώλων ἁδαῶν.

f SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways,
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come Thy name to sing,
And here our children bring,
To shout Thy praise.

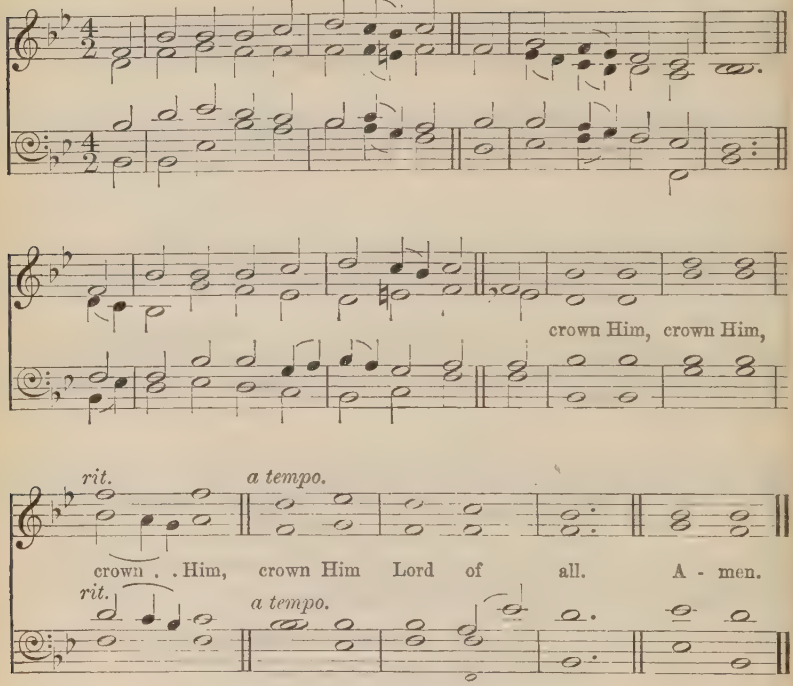
p 2 Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife;
p Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
c Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

mf 3 Be ever near our side,
Our Shepherd and our Guide,
Our staff and song:
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
The way Thyself hast trod,
Lead us to Thine abode;
Make our faith strong.

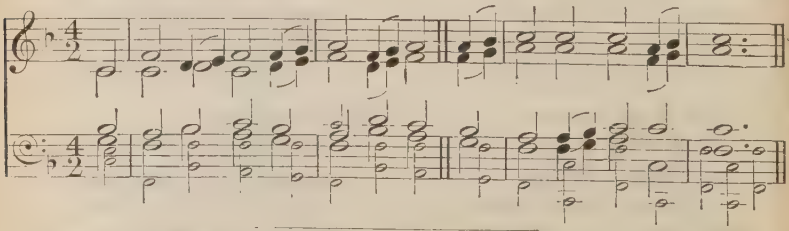
f 4 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing.
Infants, and the glad throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite to swell the song
To Christ our King. Amen.

Clement of Alexandria, tr. H. M. Dexter, sel.

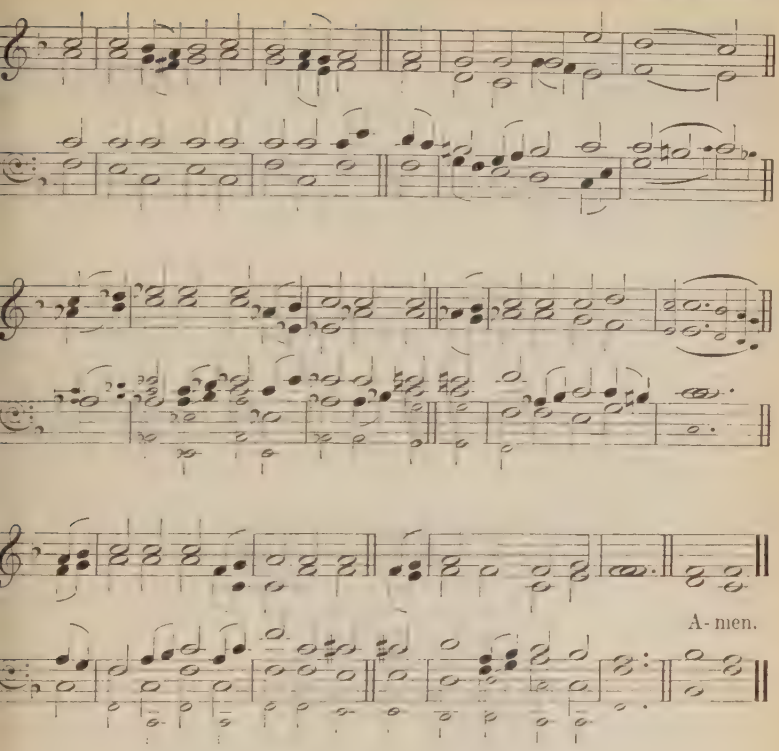
Miles Lane (*1st Tune*). **134** W. SHRUBSOLE.



Laus Tibi, Christe (*2nd Tune*). G. F. COBB.*



* Note by the Composer:—To be sung, not smoothly, but with rhythm well marked, in the manner of a March. The small notes are for the Organ only.



He is Lord of all.

1

f ALL hail, the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
To crown Him Lord of all.

2

Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem-of-Jesse's Rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4

mp Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
c Go, spread your trophies at His feet
And crown Him Lord of all.

5

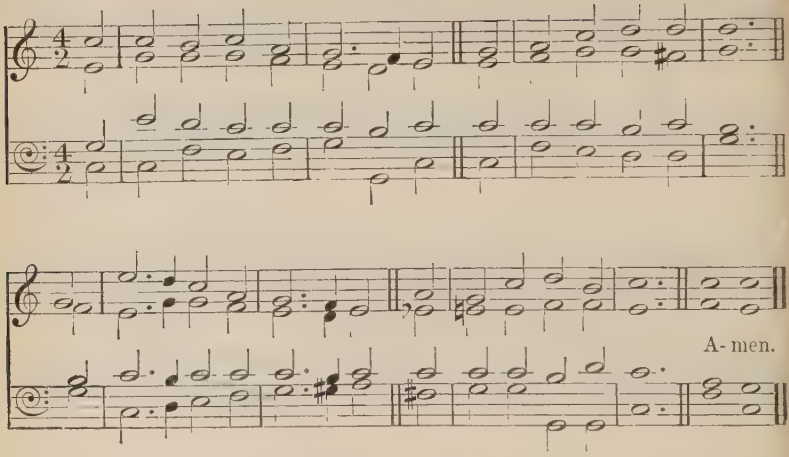
f Let every tongue and every tribe,
Responsive to the call,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6

mf O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall,
c Join in the everlasting song,
f And crown Him Lord of all! AMEN.

E. Perronet, sel. and alt.
v. 6, J. Rippon.

St. Saviour. **135** F. G. Baker.



He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.

Jesu, nostra redemptio, amor, et desiderium.

f O CHRIST, our hope, our hearts' desire,
Redemption's only spring,
Creator of the world art Thou,
Its Saviour and its King.

mf 2 How vast the mercy and the love
Which laid our sins on Thee,
p And led Thee to a cruel death,
c To set Thy people free!

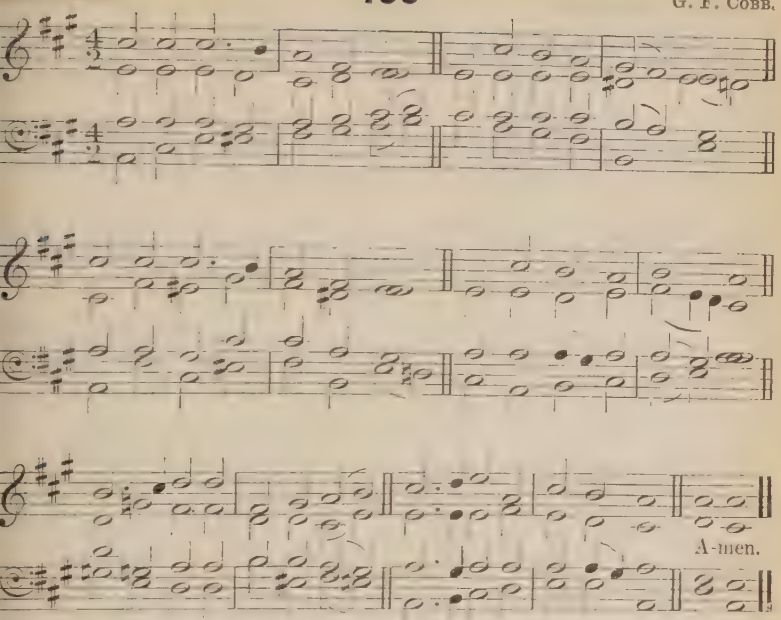
f 3 But now the bonds of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid,
And Thou art on Thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.

mf 4 O may Thy mighty love prevail
Our sinful souls to spare;
O may we come before Thy throne,
And find acceptance there.

f 5 O Christ, be Thou our present joy,
Our future great reward;
Our only glory may it be
To glory in the Lord. Amen.

Latin, tr. J. Chandler.

Buildwas. **136** G. F. Cobb.



By permission of W. A. Jefferson, from the National Book of Hymn Tunes, Chants, etc.

Christ is all, and in all.

mf JESUS, Sun and Shield art Thou,
Sun and shield for ever:
Never canst Thou cease to shine,
Cease to guard us never.
Cheer our steps as on we go;
Come between us and the foe.

2 Jesus, Bread and Wine art Thou,
Wine and bread for ever:
Never canst Thou cease to feed,
Or refresh us never.
Feed we still on bread divine;
Drink we still this heavenly wine.

3 Jesus, Love and Life art Thou,
Life and love for ever:
Never to quicken shalt Thou cease,
Or to love us never.
All of life and love we need
Is in Thee, in Thee indeed.

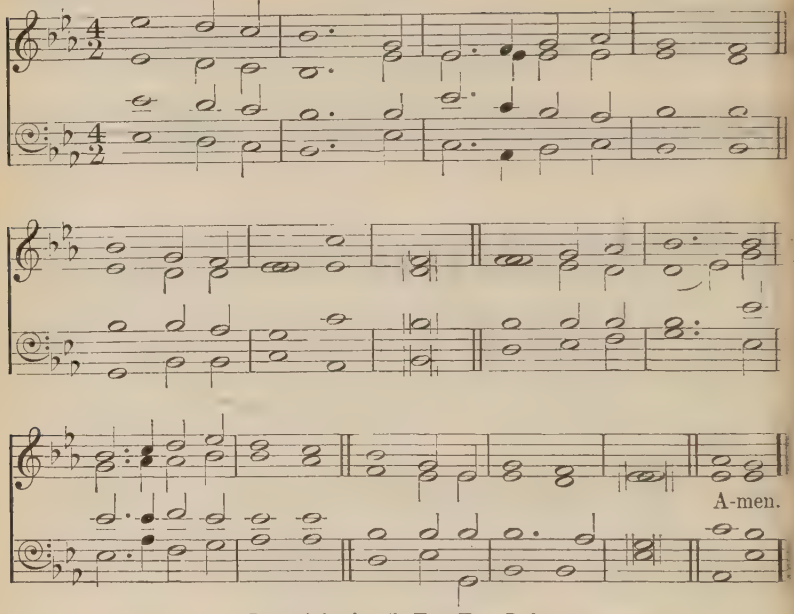
mp 4 Jesus, Peace and Joy art Thou,
Joy and peace for ever:
Joy that fades not, changes not,
Peace that leaves us never.
Joy and peace we have in Thee,
Now and through eternity.

f 5 Jesus, Song and Strength art Thou,
Strength and song for ever:
Strength that never can decay,
Song that ceaseth never.
Still to us this strength and song
Through eternal days prolong. AMEN.

H. Bonar.

Light of the World. 137

G. A. Macfarren.



By permission, from the Home Hymn Book.

The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light.

mf LIGHT of the world! for ever, ever shining,
There is no change in Thee;
True Light of life, all joy and health enshrining,
Thou canst not fade nor flee.

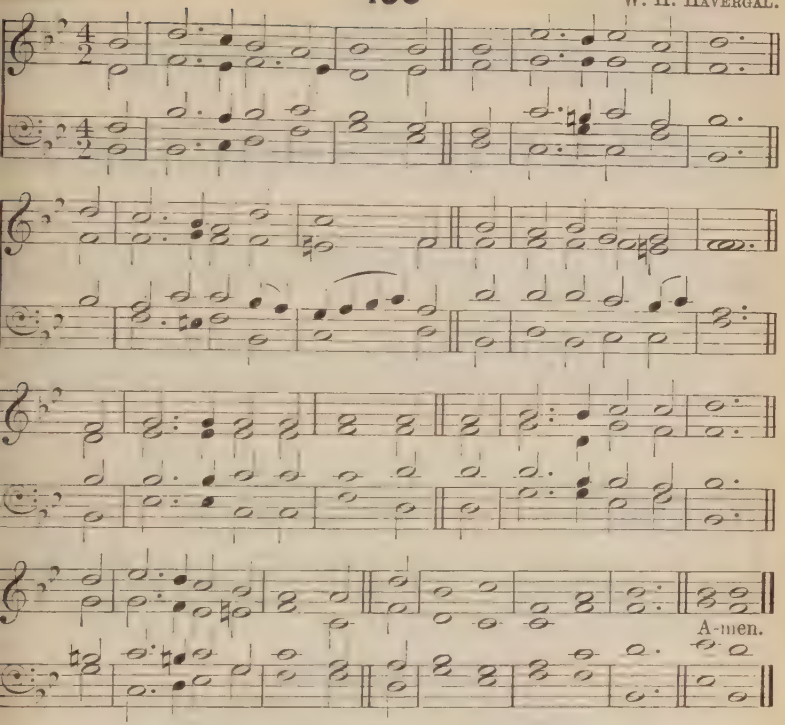
2 Thou hast arisen, but Thou descendest never;
To-day shines as the past;
All that Thou wast Thou art and shalt be ever,
Brightness from first to last.

3 Night visits not Thy sky, nor storm, nor sadness;
Day fills up all its blue,—
Unfailing beauty, and unfaltering gladness,
And love for ever new.

f 4 Light of the world! undimming and unsetting,
O shine each mist away;
Banish the fear, the falsehood, and the fretting;
Be our unchanging Day. Amen.

H. Bonar, sel.

Zoan. **138** W. H. Havergal.



With the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

mf O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love;
O Name of might and favour,
All other names above; [Thee,
p We worship Thee, (*e*) we bless
To Thee alone we sing;
f We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our holy Lord and King.

mf 2 O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought; [Thee,
p We worship Thee, (*e*) we bless
To Thee alone we sing;
f We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King.

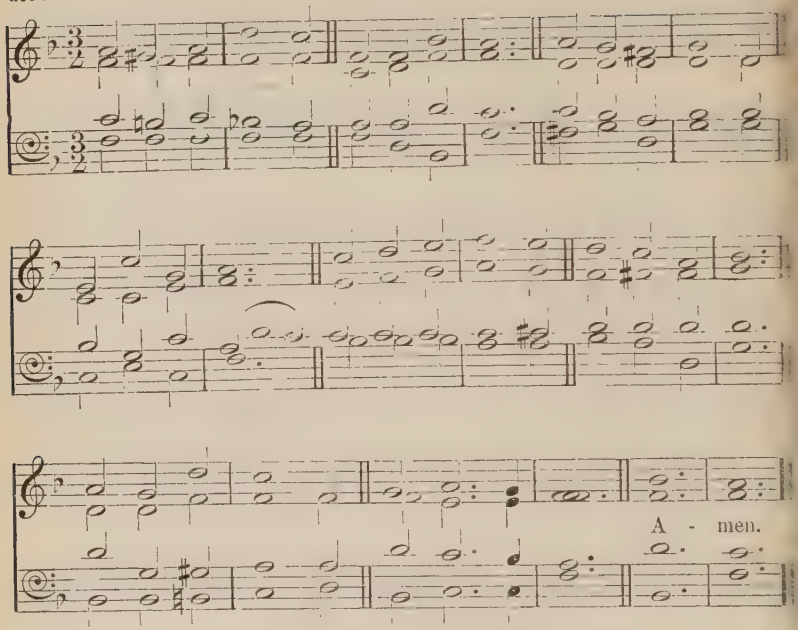
mf 3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine. [Thee,
p We worship Thee, (*e*) we bless
To Thee alone we sing;
f We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King.

mf 4 O grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration
And everlasting love;
f Then shall we praise and bless Thee
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King.

Amen.

F. R. Havergal.

Rest of the Weary. 139 HENRY PARKER



Ye are complete in Him.

mf REST of the weary,
Joy of the sad,
Hope of the dreary,
Light of the glad,
Home of the stranger,
Strength to the end,
Refuge from danger,
Saviour and Friend!

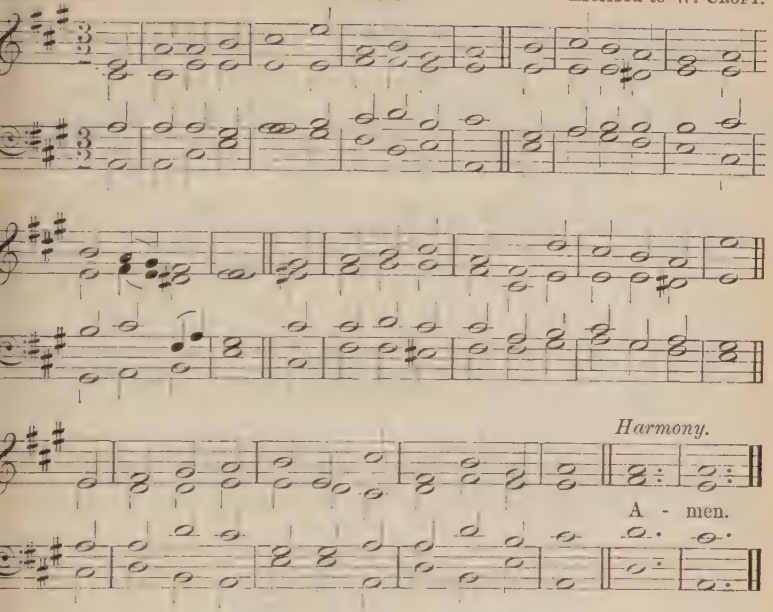
mp 2 Pillow where, lying,
Love rests its head,
Peace of the dying,
Life of the dead,
Path of the lowly,
Prize at the end,
Breath of the holy,
Saviour and Friend!

mf 3 When my feet stumble,
I'll to Thee cry,
Crown of the humble,
Cross of the high;
When my steps wander,
Over me bend,
c Truer and fonder,
Saviour and Friend.

f 4 Ever confessing
Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing,
Glory, and praise,—
All my endeavour,
World without end,
Thine to be ever,
Saviour and Friend. AMEN.

J. S. B. Monsell.

Hanover. **140** Ascribed to W. CROFT.



Salvation to our God Which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

f YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh, His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

Unis. 3 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,—
All glory and power, all wisdom and might,
c All honour and blessing, with angels above;
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love. AMEN.

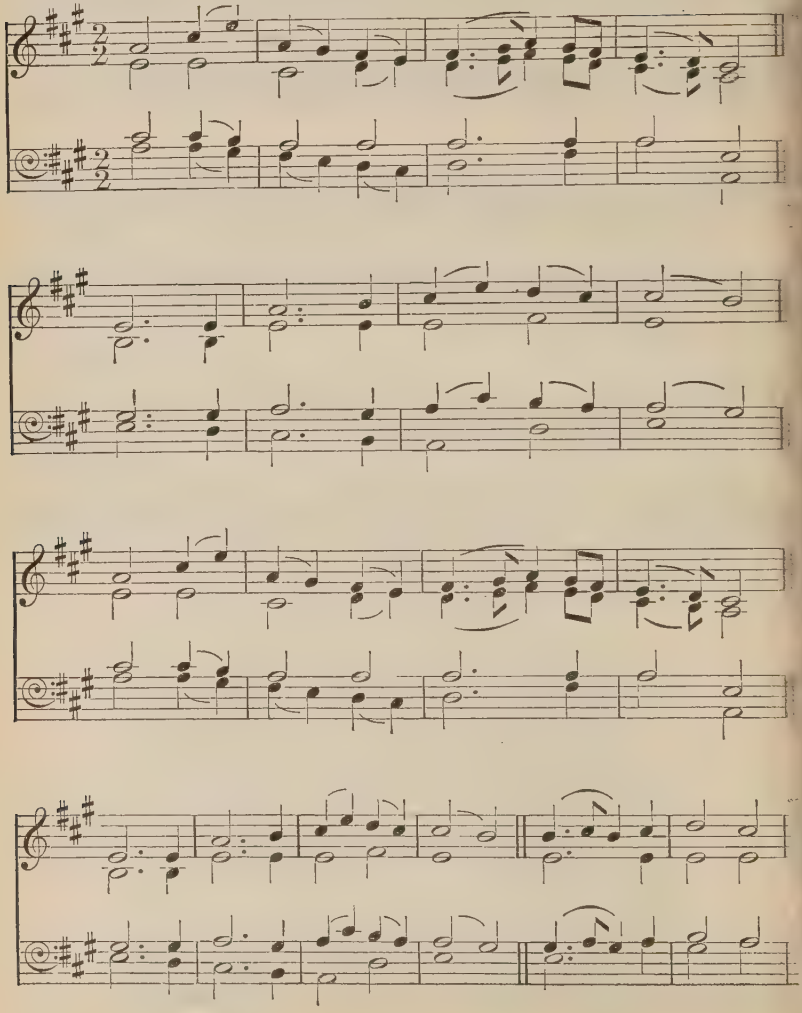
C. Wesley, sel.

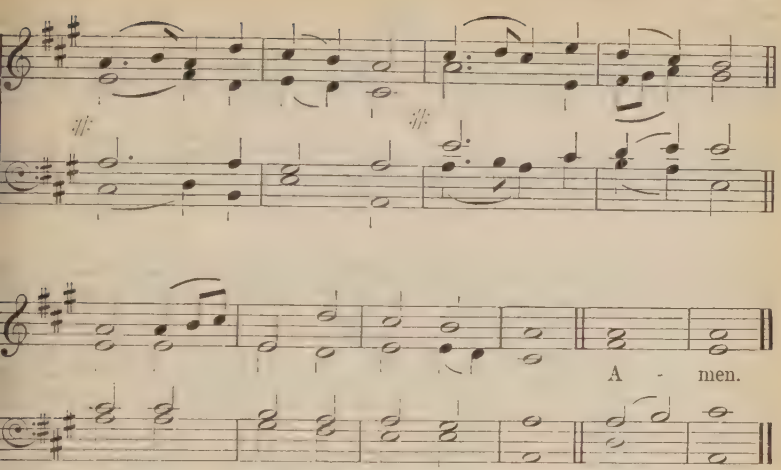
The following also are suitable:—

0 Crown Him with many crowns.
Look, ye saints! the sight is glorious.
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.
224 Hail to the Lord's Anointed.
470 When morning gilds the skies.
659 His name for ever shall endure (Ps. 72).

8.—*HIS SECOND COMING.*

Helmsley. **141** T. Olivers.





[May be sung to 'St. Thomas,' No. 605.]

Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him.

f LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

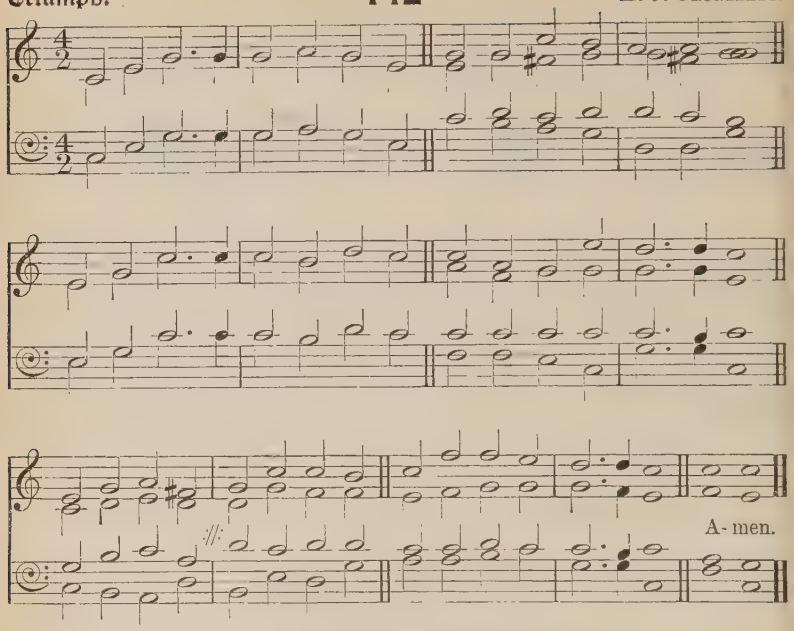
mf 2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
d Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
pp Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

mf 3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
f Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

4 Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
c Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
O come quickly!
ff Hallelujah! come, Lord, come! AMEN.

C. Wesley and J. Cennick, sel. and alt.

Triumph. **142** H. J. Gauntlett.



The night is far spent, the day is at hand.

1

mf O'ER the distant mountains breaking,
Comes the reddening dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise and sing, and watch and pray:
c 'Tis thy Saviour
On His bright, returning way.

2

mf O Thou long-expected! weary
Waits mine anxious soul for Thee;
p Life is dark and earth is dreary
Where Thy light I do not see:
c O my Saviour,
When wilt Thou return to me?

3

mf Long, too long, in sin and sadness,
Far away from Thee I pine;
When, O when, shall I the gladness
Of Thy Spirit feel in mine?
c O my Saviour,
When shall I be wholly Thine?

4

mf Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In Thy bright and promised land;

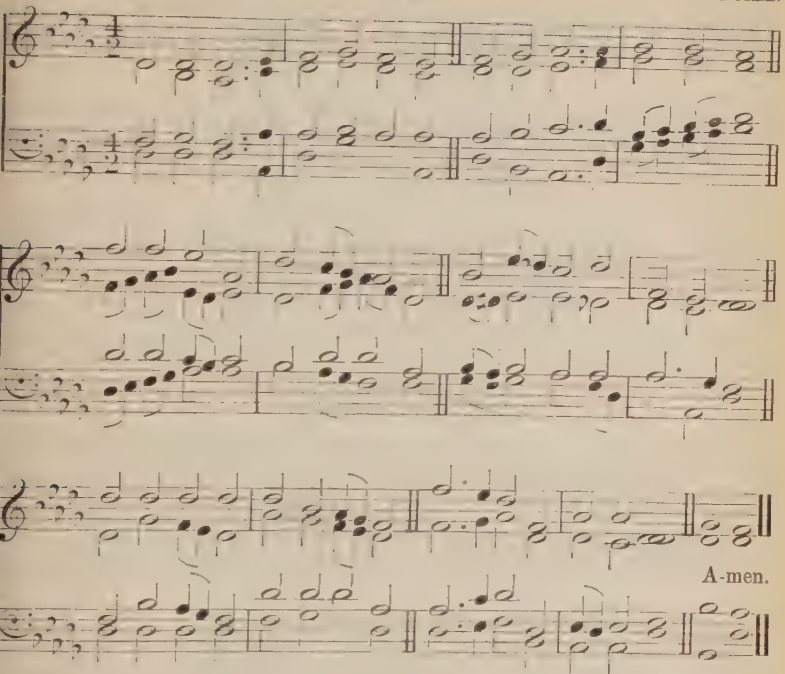
5

With my lamp well-trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning
To restore me to my home:
c Come, my Saviour!
O my Saviour, quickly come! Amen.

J. S. B. Monsell.

St. Peter's, Westminster. 143

J. TURLE.



We made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

1

f JESUS came, the heavens adoring,
Came with peace from realms on high:
Jesus came for man's redemption,
p Lowly came on earth to die,
c Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
d Came in deep humility.

2

p Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care;
c Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest, heartfelt prayer,
f Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Comes to save us from despair.

3

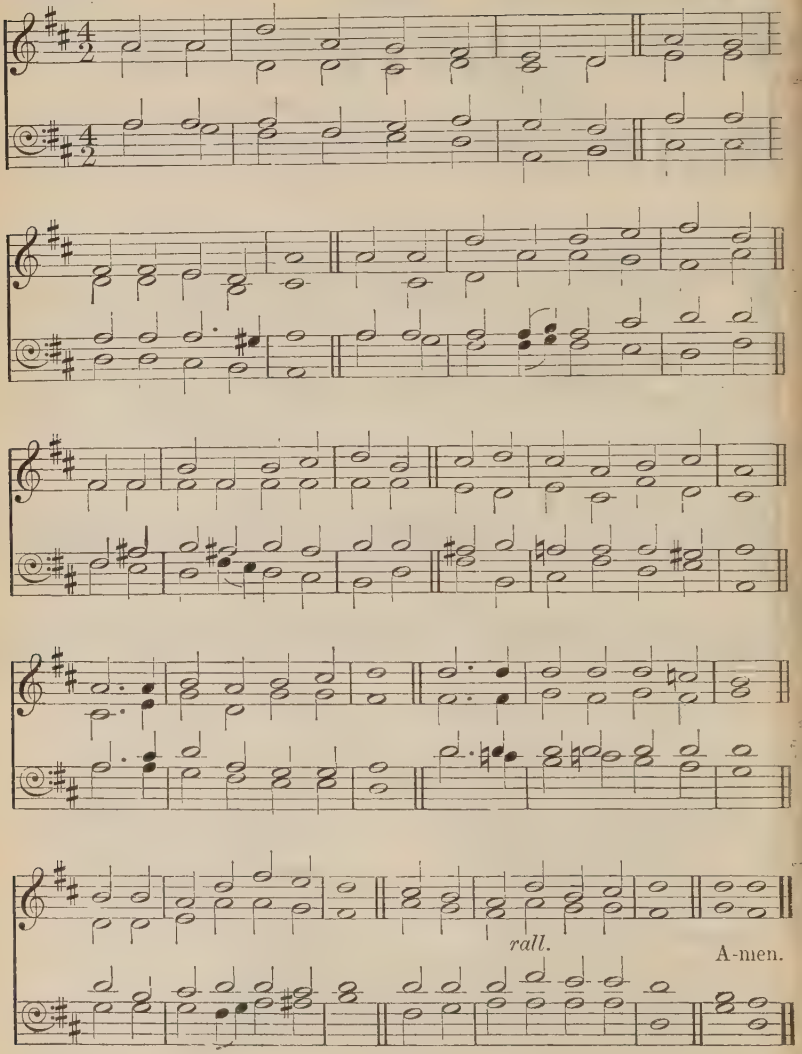
mf Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven:
f Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Now the gate of death is riven.

4

Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away:
Jesus comes again in glory;
Let us then our homage pay.
ff 'Hallelujah!' ever singing,
Till the dawn of endless day. AMEN.

G. Thring, sel.

Beverley. **144** W. H. Monk.



Looking for the blessed hope and appearing of the glory of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ.

mf THOU art coming, O my Saviour,
Thou art coming, O my King,
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glory all-transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing.
Coming! in the opening east
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
We shall meet Thee on Thy way;
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say.
f What an anthem that will be,
Ringing out our love to Thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet,
c At Thine own all-glorious feet!

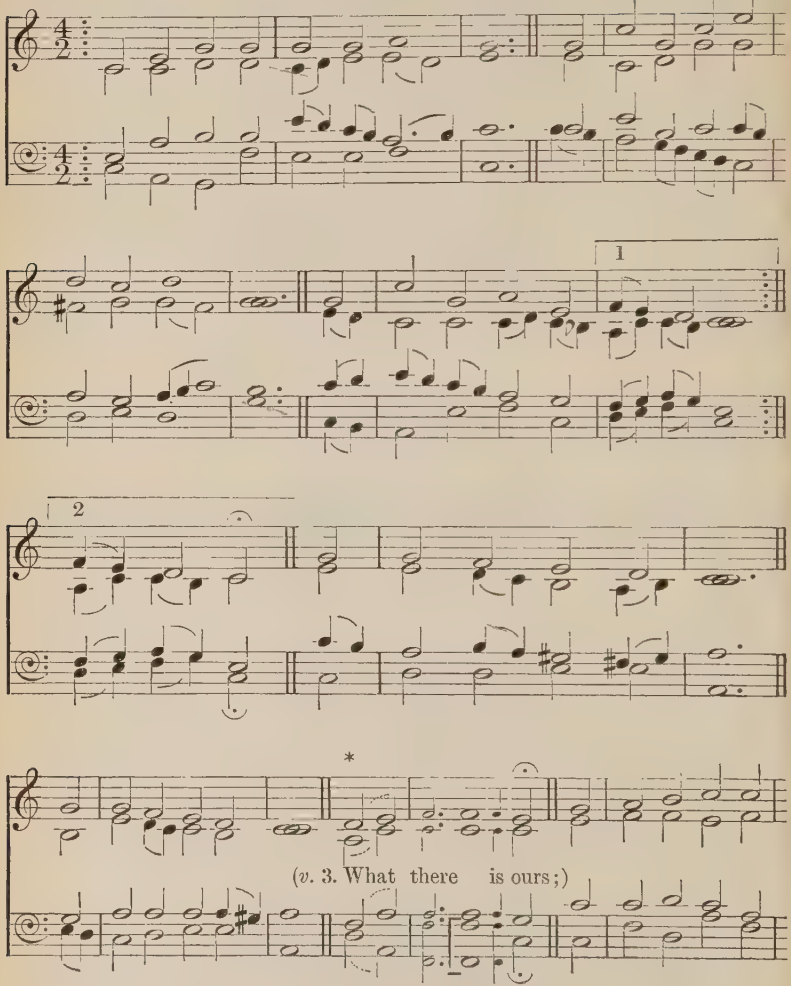
mf 3 Thou art coming; at Thy table
We are witnesses for this,
mp While remembering hearts Thou meetest,
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss,—
c Showing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great,
mf But Thy coming and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

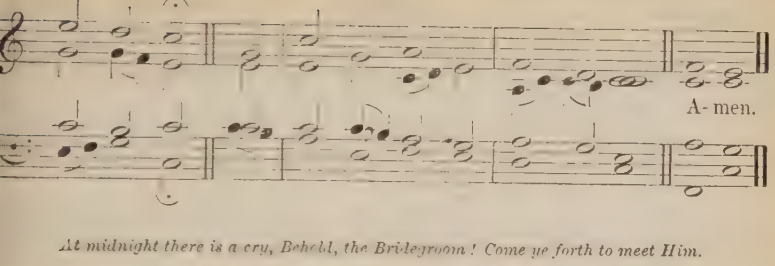
4 Thou art coming; we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail,
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong;
Joyful patience can endure.

f 5 O the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, my own beloved Lord,
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
Brought to Thee with glad accord,—
Thee, my Master and my Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned,
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned! AMEN.

F. R. Havergal, sel.

145

Sleepers, Wake. Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme. P. Nicolai.

* The slurs and small notes for verse 3 only.



At midnight there is a cry, Behold, the Bridegroom! Come ye forth to meet Him.

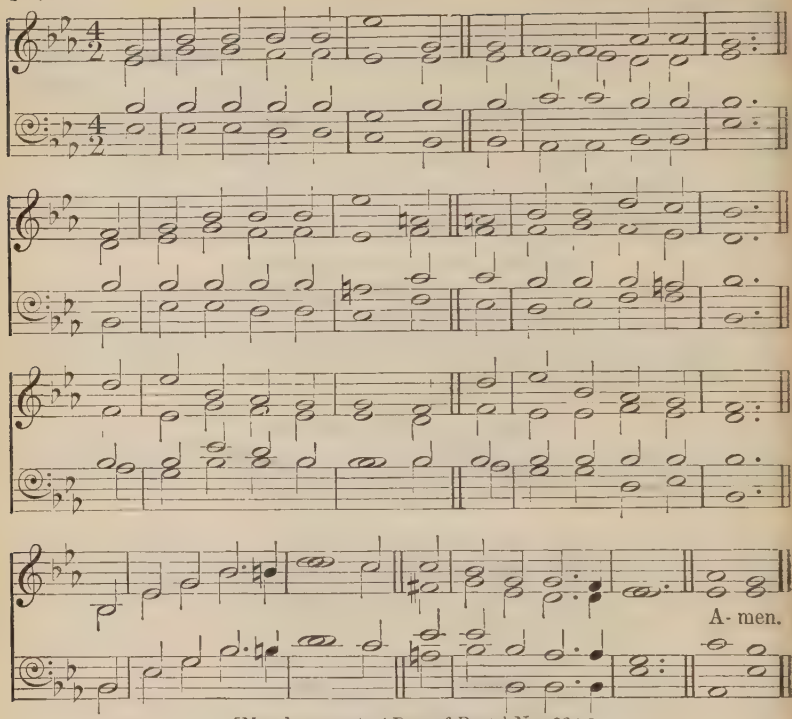
f 'WAKE, awake! for night is flying,'
The watchmen on the heights are crying,
'Awake, Jerusalem, at last!'
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices:
'Come forth, ye virgins, night is past!
The Bridegroom comes; awake,
Your lamps with gladness take;
Hallelujah!
And for His marriage-feast prepare,
For ye must go to meet Him there.'

mf 2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing;
She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
For her Lord comes down all-glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious;
Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
mp Ah! come, Thou blessèd One,
c God's own belovèd Son;
f Hallelujah!
mf We follow till the halls we see
Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

f 3 Now let all the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round Thy dazzling throne:
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attained to hear
What there is ours;
ff But we rejoice, and sing to Thee
Our hymn of joy eternally. AMEN.

Nicolai, tr. C. Winkworth.

Greenland. **146** Adapted from J. M. Haydn.



[May be sung to 'Day of Rest,' No. 234.]

The wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps.

Ermuntert euch, ihr Frommen.

mf REJOICE, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear;
mp The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon He draweth nigh:
c Up! pray and watch and wrestle;
At midnight comes the cry.

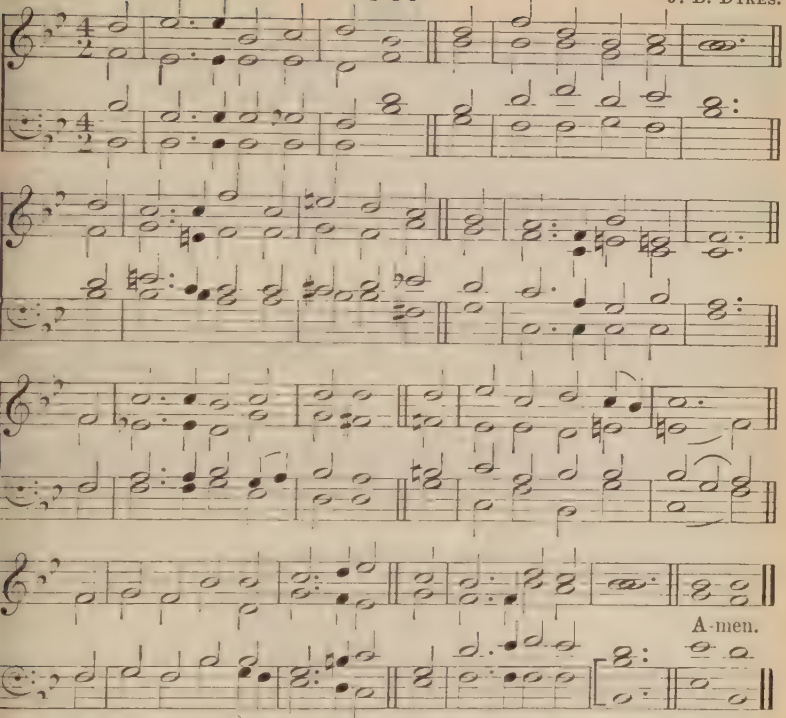
mf 2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil;
And wait for your salvation,
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near:
f Go, meet Him, as He cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

mf 3 Ye wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Till, in glad songs of jubilee,
They meet the angel choir.
The marriage-feast is waiting;
The gates wide open stand:
f Up! up! ye heirs of glory,
The Bridegroom is at hand.

mf 4 Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
c Arise, Thou Sun, so longed-for,
O'er this benighted sphere.
f With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption
That brings us unto Thee. Amen.

Laurenti, tr. S. L. Findlater, sel.

Alford. **147** J. B. Dykes.



He shall come to be glorified in His saints.

f TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
mf 'T is finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
f Fling open wide the golden gates
And let the victors in.

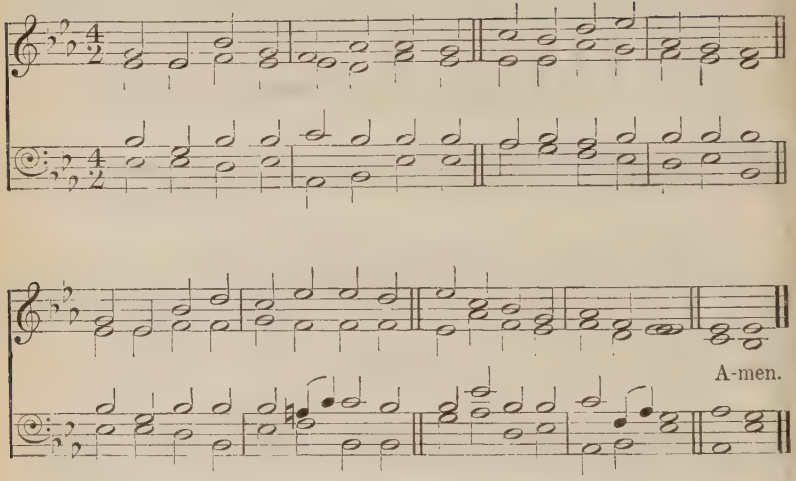
2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousandfold repaid!

mf 3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
p That brimmed with tears of late:
c Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

mf 4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power, and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,—
Thine exiles long for home;
f Show in the heavens Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!
AMEN.

H. Alford.

Sharon. **148** W. Boyce.



The desire of all nations shall come.

mf COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
p From our fears and sins release us;
Let us find our rest in Thee.

2

mf Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3

Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a Child and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4

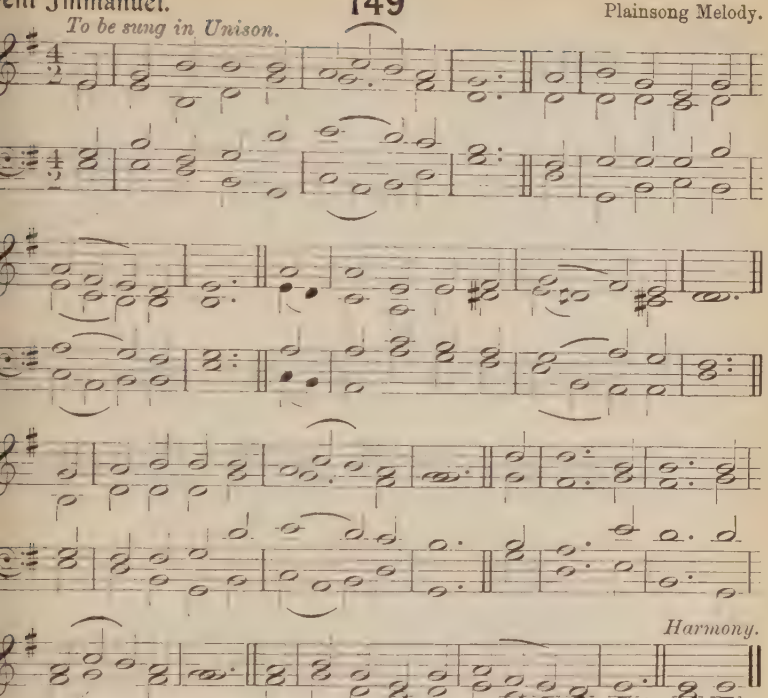
By Thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone:
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne. AMEN.

C. Wesley.

eni Immanuel. 149

Plainsong Melody.

To be sung in Unison.



Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Zion: for it is time to have pity upon her.

Veni, veni, Immanuel.

p O COME, O come, Immanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.

f *Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel*
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

f 2 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law
In cloud and majesty and awe.

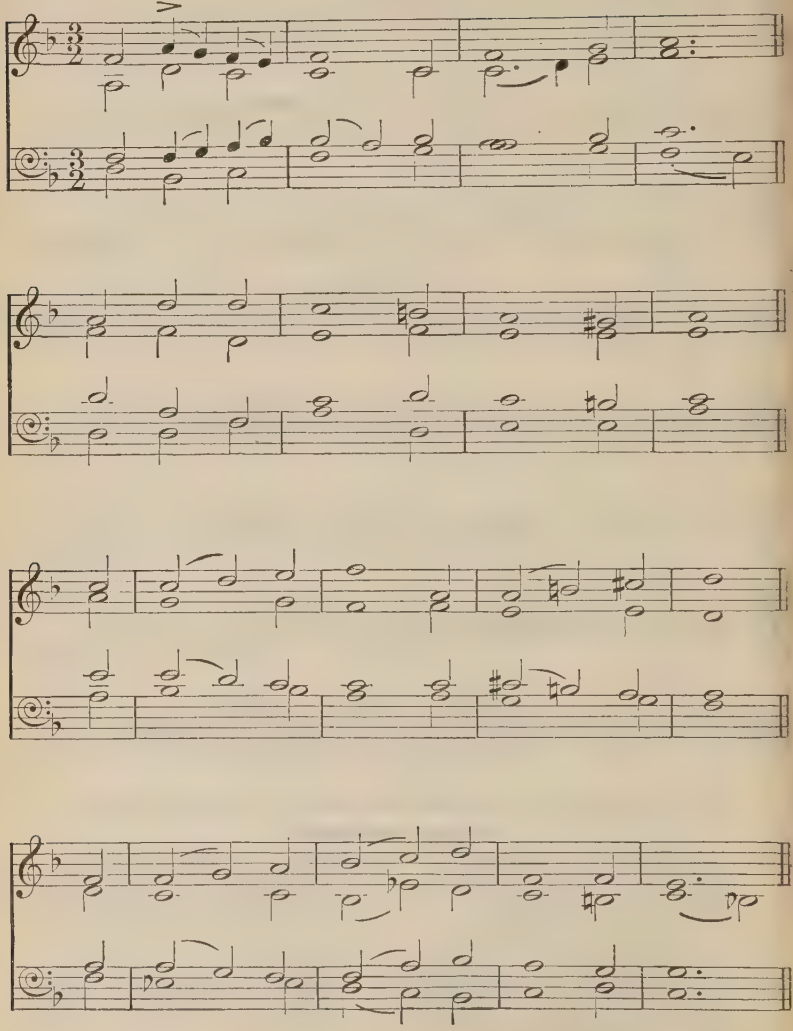
mp 3 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.

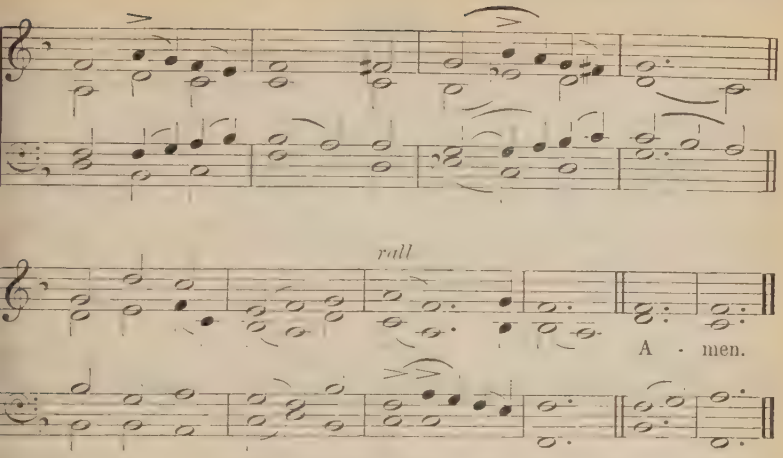
mf 4 O come, Thou Dayspring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.

AMEN.

Latin, tr. J. M. Neale, sel. and alt.

Veni Cito. **150** J. B. Dykes.





[May be sung to 'St. Matthias,' No. 479.]

Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

mp O QUICKLY come, dread Judge of all:
For, awful though Thine advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of Thee:
c O quickly come; for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

mf 2 O quickly come, great King of all:
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthral,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
O quickly come; for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

3 O quickly come, true Life of all:
p For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found:
c O quickly come; for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

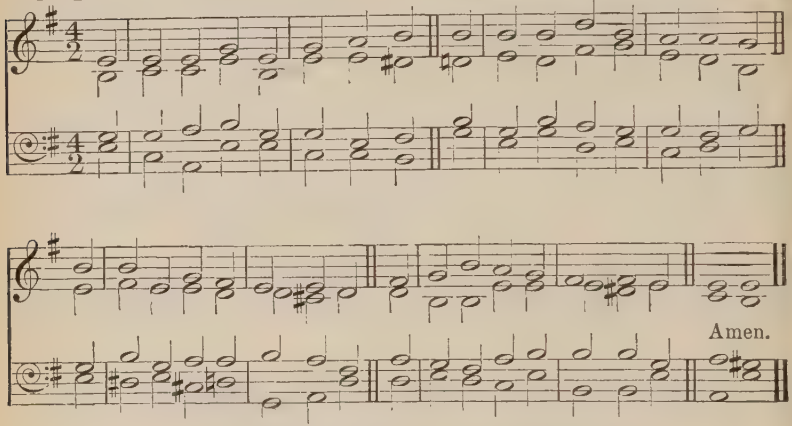
mp 4 O quickly come, sure Light of all:
For gloomy night broods o'er our way,
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day:
mf O quickly come; for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known. AMEN.

L. Tuttiett.

151

Christ, der du bist der helle Tag.

Saxony. SPANGENBERG'S *Gesangbuch*, 1568.



The day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God.

Dies Iræ.

Unis. pp THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2

When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
c The flaming heavens together roll;
f When, louder yet and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead,—

3

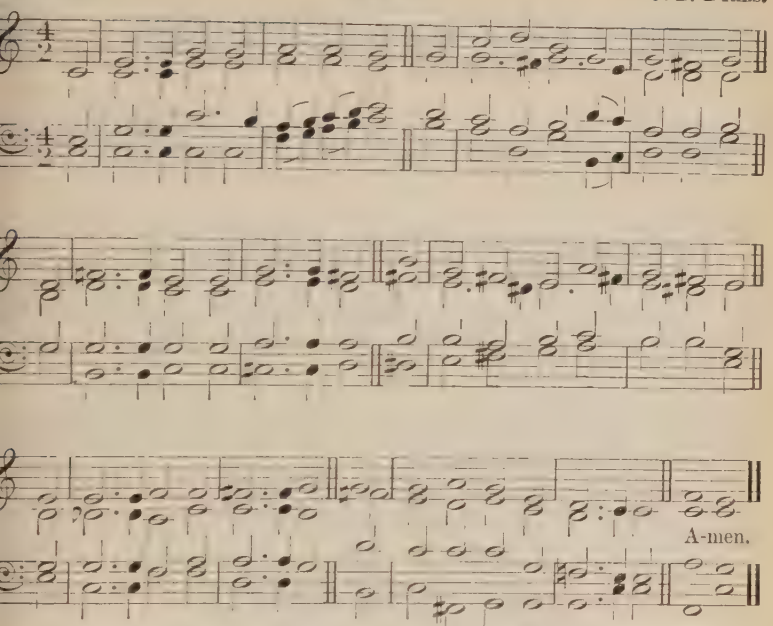
Har. p O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away! AMEN.

W. Scott

The following also are suitable:—

230 Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart.
398 Hark! 'tis the watchman's cry.
407 Ye servants of the Lord.
446 Take comfort, Christians, when your friends.

Melita. **152** J. B. Dykes.



[May be sung to 'All Saints,' No. 460.]

The Comforter, . . . Whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, Which proceedeth from the Father.

Veni, Creator Spiritus.

1

f CREATOR Spirit, by Whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind; [mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
p From sin and sorrow set us free,
c And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

2

f O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
c Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

3

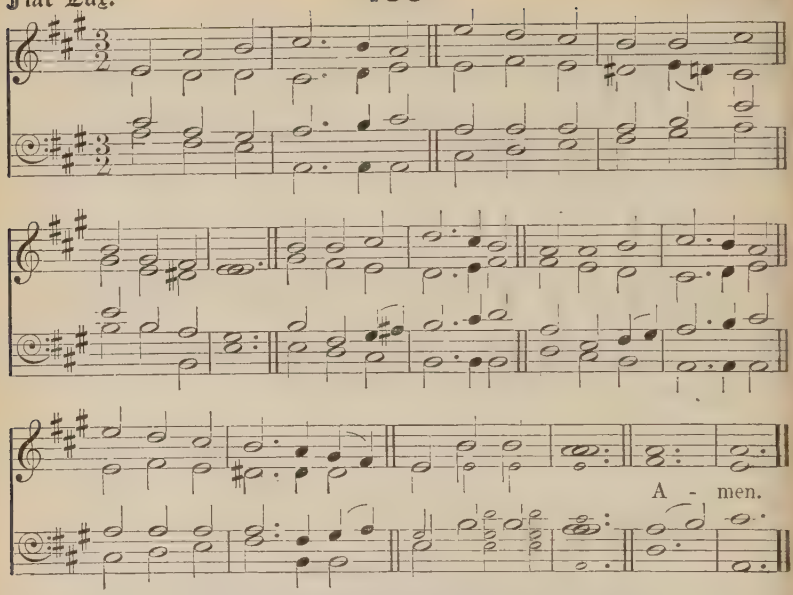
mf Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

4

f Immortal honour, endless fame
Attend the Almighty Father's name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee! AMEN.

Latin, tr. J. Dryden.

Fiat Lux. **153** J. B. Dykes.



I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever.

Veni, Sancte Spiritus.

mf COME, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray.
Divinely good Thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
O come to-day!

mp 2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,—
Cheer us this hour.

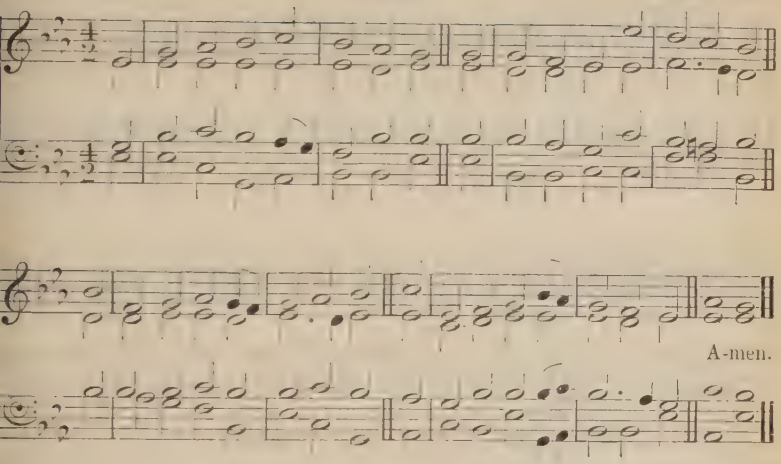
mf 3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but Thine;
Send forth Thy beams divine,
In our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4 Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
p Heal every wound:
Our stubborn spirits bend;
Our icy coldness end;
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

f 5 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy. AMEN.

Latin, tr. R. Palmer.

Ludborough. 154 T. R. Matthews.



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The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities.

mp COME, Holy Spirit, calm our minds,
And fit us to approach our God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead us to Thy blest abode.

2

Hast Thou imparted to our souls
A living spark of heavenly fire?
c O kindle now the sacred flame,
And make us burn with pure desire.

3

mf Impress upon our wandering hearts
The love that Christ to sinners bore;
p Help us to look on Him we pierced,
c And our redeeming God adore.

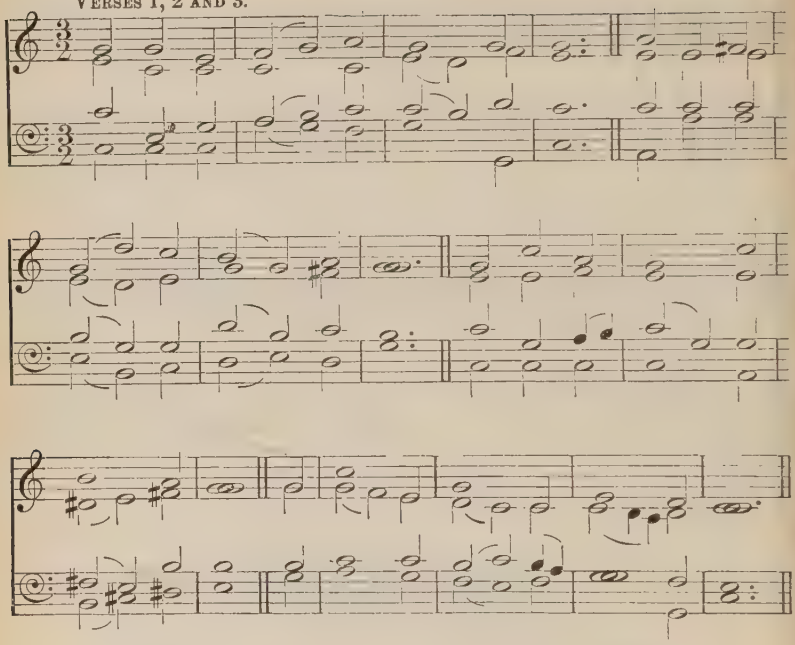
4

mf A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let us now Thy glory see:
O soothe and cheer each burdened heart,
And bid our spirits rest in Thee. AMEN.

J. Stewart (?).

Veni Creator. 155 J. B. Dykes.

Verses 1, 2 and 3.



Ye have an anointing from the Holy One, and ye know all things.

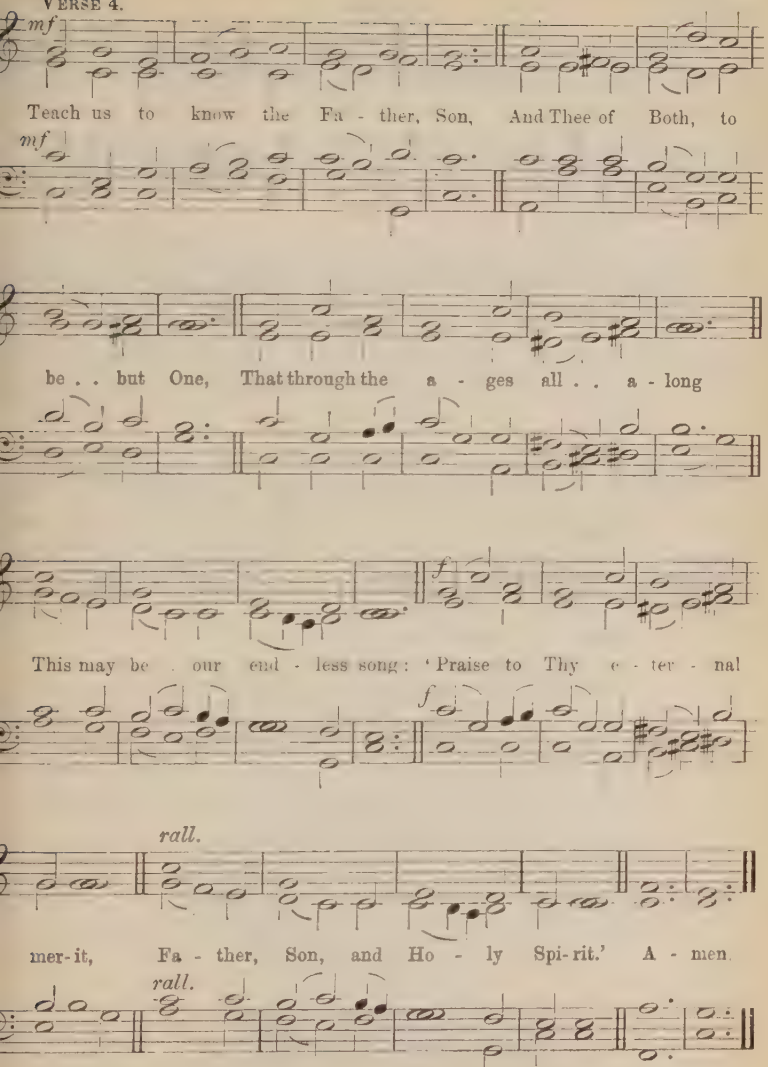
Veni, Creator Spiritus.

mf COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

2 Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight;

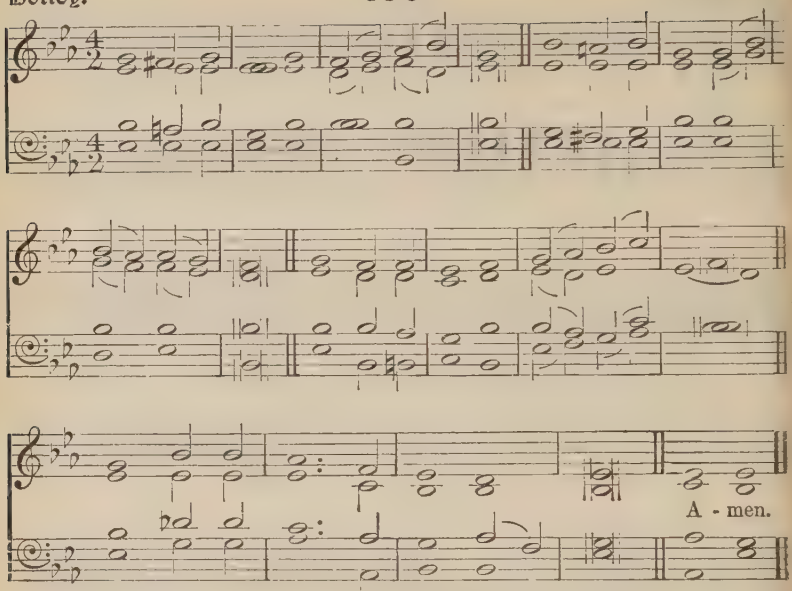
3 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace;
Keep far our foes; give peace at home:
Where Thou art Guide no ill can come.

VERSE 4.


mf
Teach us to know the Fa - ther, Son, And Thee of Both, to
mf
be . . but One, That through the a - ges all . . a - long
f
This may be our end - less song: 'Praise to Thy e - ter - nal
f
rall.
mer-it, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spi-rit.' A - men.
rall.

Latin, tr. J. Cosin.

Holley. **156** G. Hews.



As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.

mf COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

2

The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and love Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3

Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living Way;
Nor let us from His pastures stray.

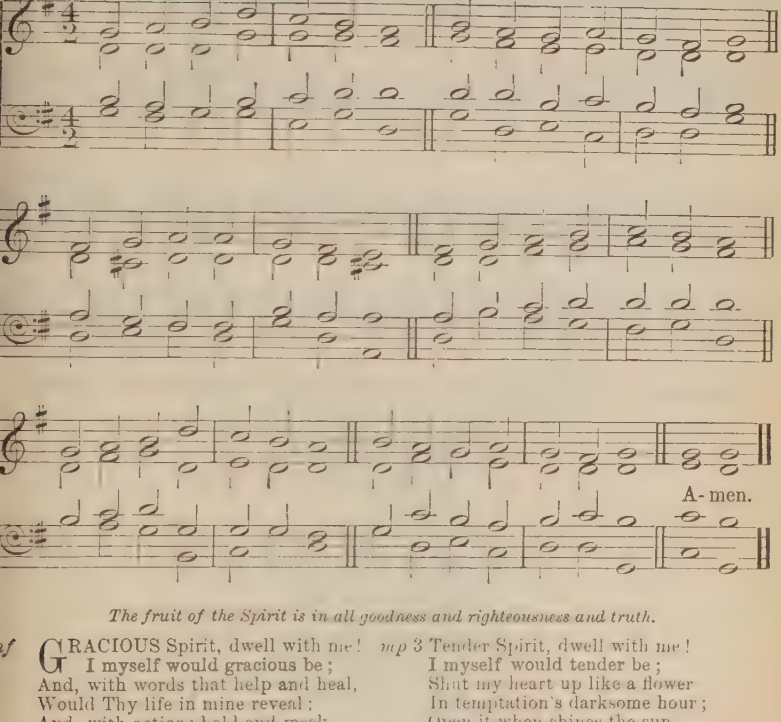
4

c Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is:
Lead us to God, our final rest,
f To be with Him for ever blest. AMEN.

S. Browne, sel. and alt.

157

Cassel. **O du Liebe meiner Liebe.** J. THOMMEN'S *Choralbuch*, 1745.



The fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness and righteousness and truth.

sf GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would gracious be;
And, with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal:
And, with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would truthful be;
And, with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy life in mine appear;
And, with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

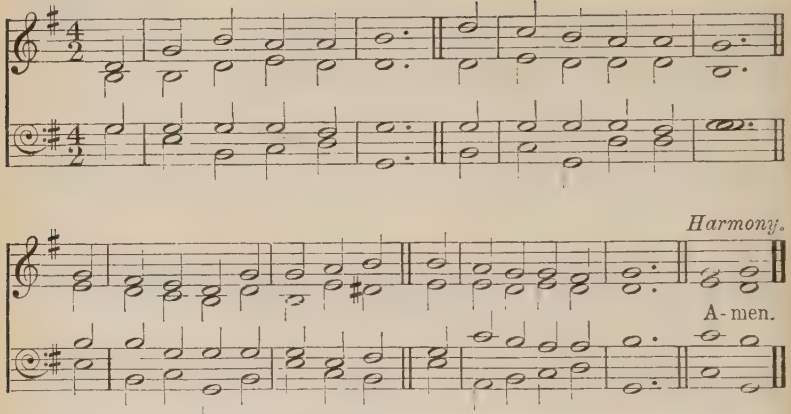
mp 3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower
In temptation's darksome hour;
Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

mf 4 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would mighty be;
Mighty, so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail;
Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

p 5 Holy Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would holy be;
c Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good,
mf And whatever I can be
Give to Him Who gave me Thee. AMEN.

T. T. Lynch, sel.

St. Michael. **158** *Genevan Psalter*, 1543.



That the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him.

mf COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

2 Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete;
Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.

p 3 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
c And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

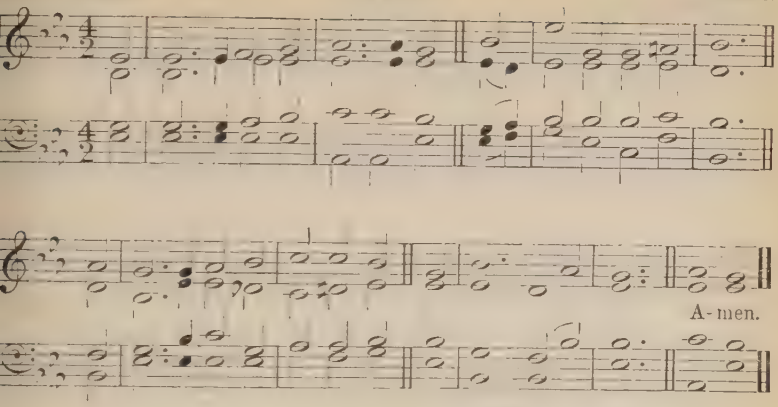
mf 4 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

5 'T is Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

Unis. f 6 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee. AMEN.

J. Hart, sel.

St. Cuthbert. **159** J. B. Dykes.



If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you.

mp OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.

mf 2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind He came,
As viewless too.

mp 3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
p Wherein to rest.

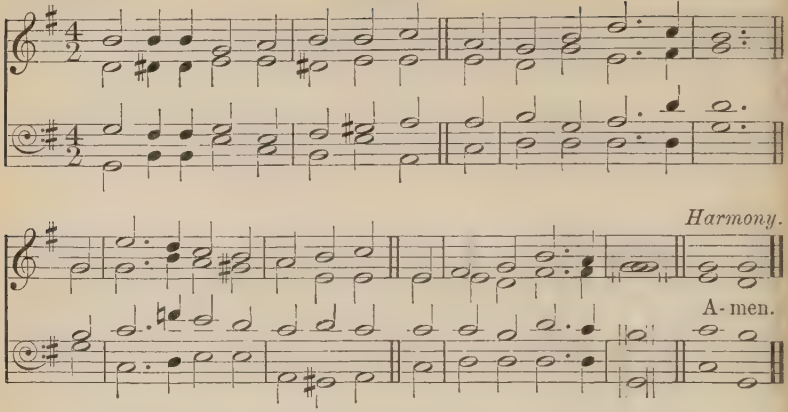
4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

c 5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
mf Are His alone.

p 6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
c O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
d And worthier Thee. AMEN.

H. Auber, sel.

Mox Præcessit. **160** J. B. Calkin.



Wait for the promise of the Father, which . . . ye have heard of Me.

mf SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayer,
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers:
O come, great Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire: and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

mp 4 Come as the dew: and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

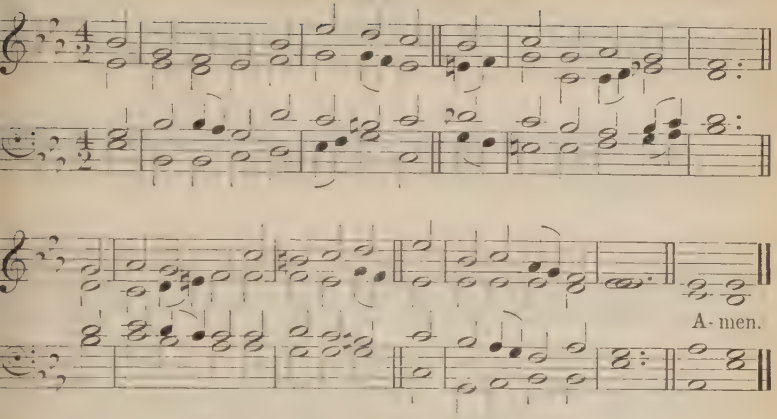
5 Come as the dove: and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
c And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

mf 6 Come as the wind: with rushing sound
And Pentecostal grace,
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

Unis. 7 Spirit Divine, attend our prayer;
Make a lost world Thy home;
f Descend with all Thy gracious powers:
O come, great Spirit, come! AMEN.

A. Reed.

Sudeley. **161** J. Stainer.



[May be sung to 'Winchester Old,' No. 229.]

God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.

mf WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came:
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

p 2 But, when He came the second time
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His holy Dove.

mf 3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

4 And, as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud,

5 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
c A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind.

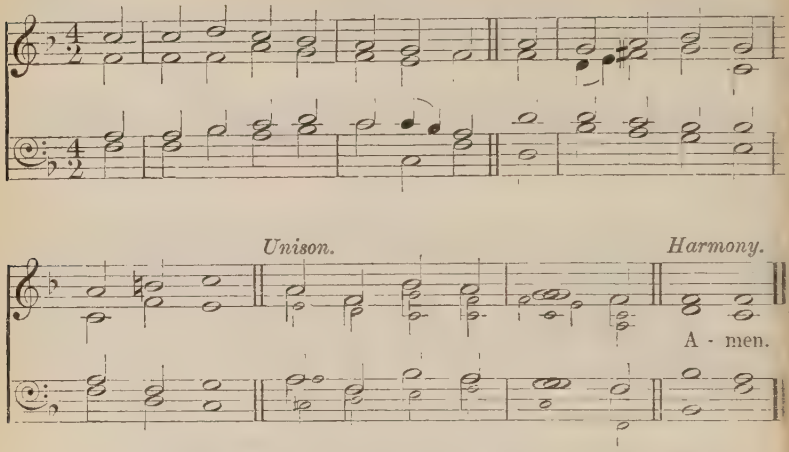
f 6 It fills the Church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
p Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

mf 7 Come, Lord; come, Wisdom, Love, and Power;
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear. Amen.

J. Keble, sel.

162

Leipsic. **Der Tag vertreibt die finstre Nacht.** C. GREGOR. (Har. by J. STAINER.)



When He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He shall guide you into all the truth.

mf TO Thee, O Comforter Divine,
For all Thy grace and power benign,
Sing we Alleluia!

2 To Thee, Whose faithful love had place
In God's great covenant of grace,
Sing we Alleluia!

mp 3 To Thee, Whose faithful voice doth win
The wandering from the ways of sin,
c Sing we Alleluia!

mf 4 To Thee, Whose faithful power doth heal,
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,
Sing we Alleluia!

5 To Thee, Whose faithful truth is shown
By every promise made our own,
Sing we Alleluia!

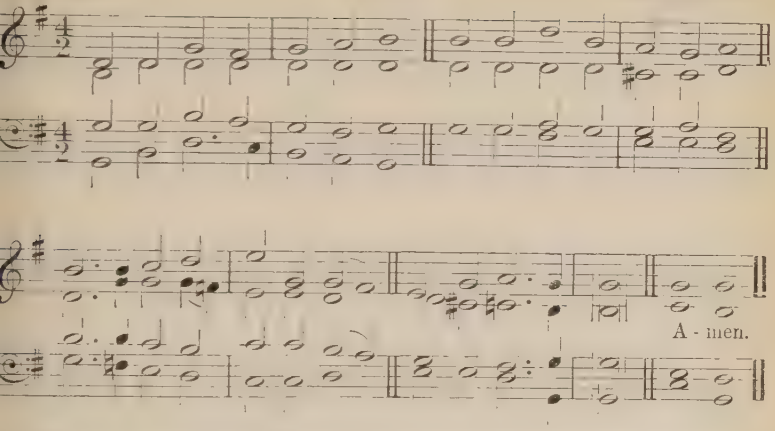
6 To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,
Our faithful Leader to the end,
Sing we Alleluia!

f 7 To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
Of all His gifts the sum and crown,
Sing we Alleluia!

8 To Thee, Who art with God the Son
And God the Father ever One,
Sing we Alleluia! AMEN.

F. R. Havergal.

Consolator. **163** A. Croil Falconer.



The Spirit Himself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.

mf COME to our poor nature's night
With Thy blessèd inward light,
Holy Ghost, the Infinite,
Comforter Divine.

2 Orphans are our souls, and poor;
Give us, from Thy heavenly store,
Faith, love, joy, for evermore,
Comforter Divine.

mp 3 Like the dew, Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.

p 4 Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast;
There Thy presence be confessed,
Comforter Divine.

5 With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine.

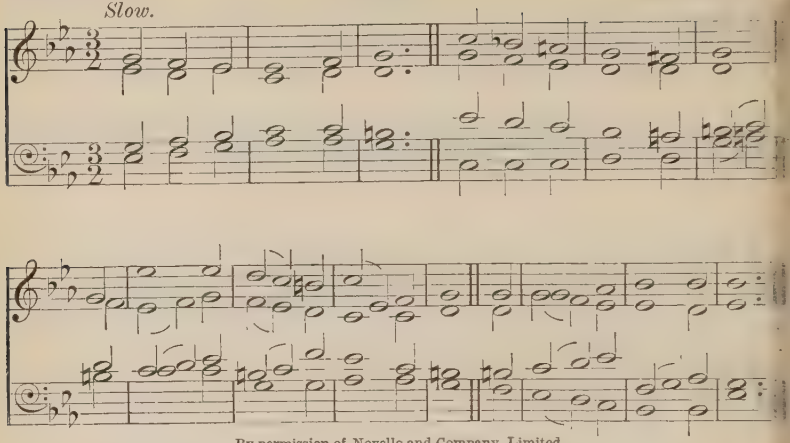
mp 6 In us 'Abba, Father!' cry;
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine.

mf 7 Search for us the depths of God;
Upwards, by the starry road,
Bear us to Thy high abode,
Comforter Divine. Amen.

G. Rawson, sel

Veni Spiritus. 164 J. STAINER.

Slow.



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He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost.

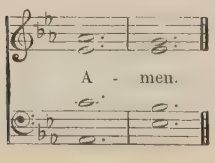
mp BREATHE on me, Breath of God;
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do and to endure.

3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Until this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire Divine.

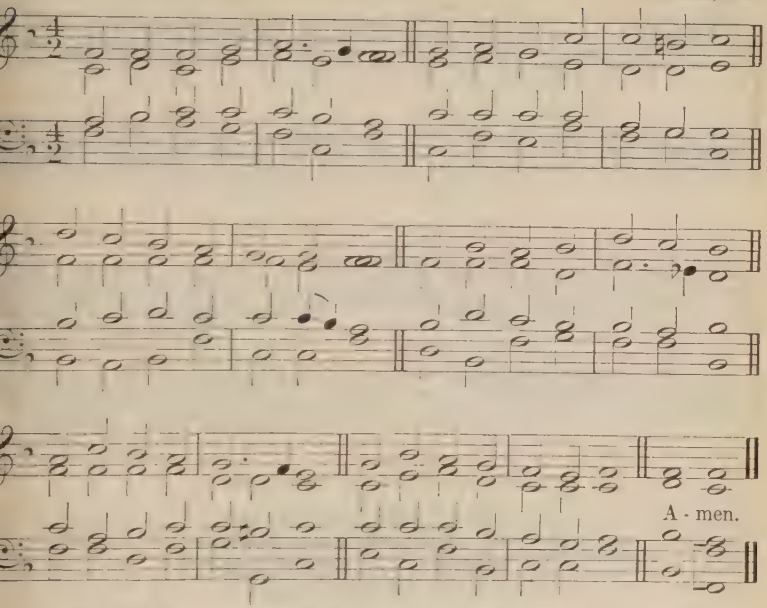
mf 4 Breathe on me, Breath of God;
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

E. Hatch, alt.



Veni, Sancte Spiritus. 165

S. Webbe, Sen.



The love of God hath been shed abroad in our hearts through the Holy Ghost
Which was given unto us.

Veni, Sancte Spiritus.

f HOLY Spirit, Lord of Light,
From Thy clear celestial height
Thy pure beaming radiance give:
Come, Thou Father of the poor;
Come, with treasures which endure;
Come, Thou Light of all that live.

2 Thou, of all consolers best,
Thou, the soul's delightsome Guest,
Dost refreshing peace bestow:
Thou in toil art comfort sweet,
Pleasant coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

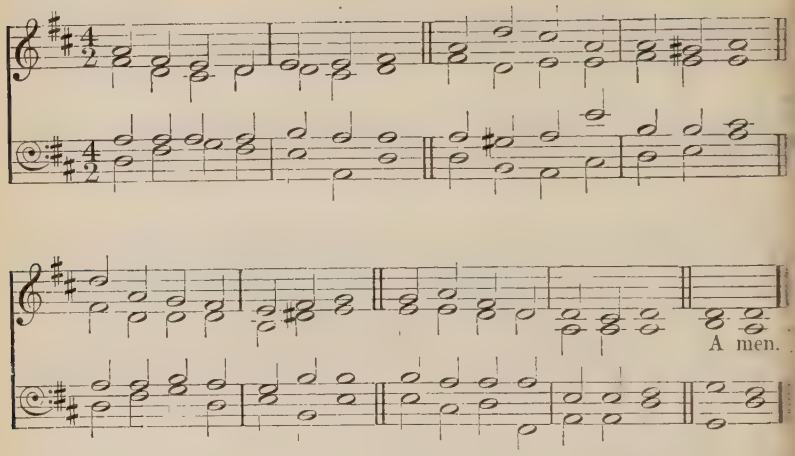
3 Light immortal, Light Divine,
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill:
p If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay;
All his good is turned to ill.

mp 4 Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away;
Bend the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

mf 5 Thou, on those who evermore
Thee confess and Thee adore,
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend:
Give them comfort when they die;
Give them life with Thee on high;
Give them joys that never end. Amen.

Latin, tr. E. Caswall.

Buckland. **166** L. G. Hayne.



The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace.

mf HOLY Spirit, Truth Divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

2 Holy Spirit, Love Divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire.

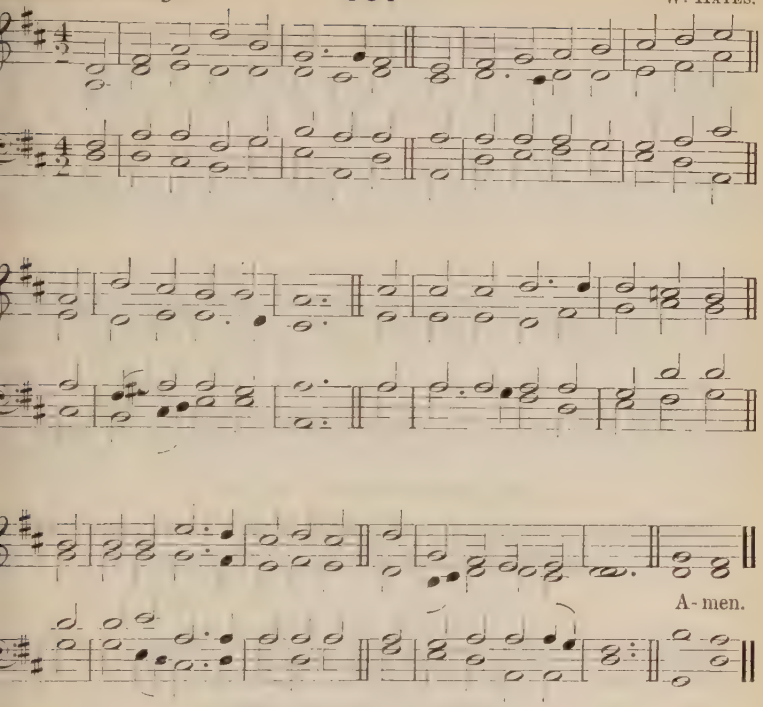
f 3 Holy Spirit, Power Divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

p 4 Holy Spirit, Peace Divine,
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

f 5 Holy Spirit, Joy Divine,
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing,
'Spring, O Well, for ever spring!' Amen.

S. Longfellow.

Magdalen College. **167** W. Hayes.



The Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon Him, the Spirit of wisdom and understanding, the Spirit of counsel and might, the Spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord.

SPIRIT of wisdom, turn our eyes
From earth and earthly vanities
To heavenly truth and love;
Spirit of understanding true,
Our souls with heavenly light endue
To seek the things above.

2 Spirit of counsel, be our Guide;
Teach us, by earthly struggles tried,
Our heavenly crown to win;
Spirit of fortitude, Thy power
Be with us in temptation's hour,
To keep us pure from sin.

p 3 Through all our life be ever near,
Spirit of God's most holy fear,
In our heart's inmost shrine;
Our souls with awful reverence fill,
To worship His most holy will,
All-righteous and divine.

mf 4 So lead us, Lord, through peace or strife,
Onward to everlasting life,
To win our high reward;
So may we fight our lifelong fight,
Strong in Thine own unearthly might,
And reign with Christ our Lord.
AMEN.

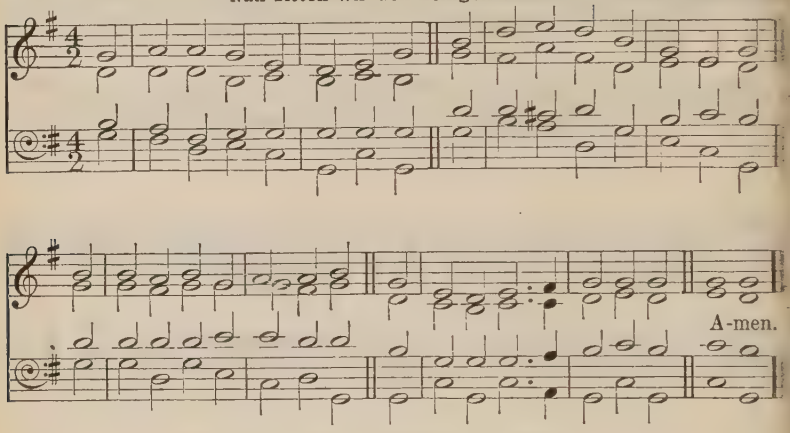
F. W. Faber.

168

Soldau.

Nun bitten wir den heiligen Geist.

WALTHER'S *Gesangbuch*, 1524. (Arr. by H. E. DIBDIN



[May be sung to 'Pentecost,' No. 429.]

Know ye not that ye are a temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?

mp SPIRIT of God, That moved of old
Upon the waters' darkened face,
Come, when our faithless hearts are cold,
And stir them with an inward grace.

mf 2 Thou That art power and peace combined,
All highest strength, all purest love,
The rushing of the mighty wind,
The brooding of the gentle dove,

3 Come, give us still Thy powerful aid,
And urge us on, and make us Thine;
Nor leave the hearts that once were made
Fit temples for Thy grace Divine;

mp 4 Nor let us quench Thy sevenfold light;
But still with softest breathings stir
Our wayward souls, and lead us right,
O Holy Ghost, the Comforter. AMEN.

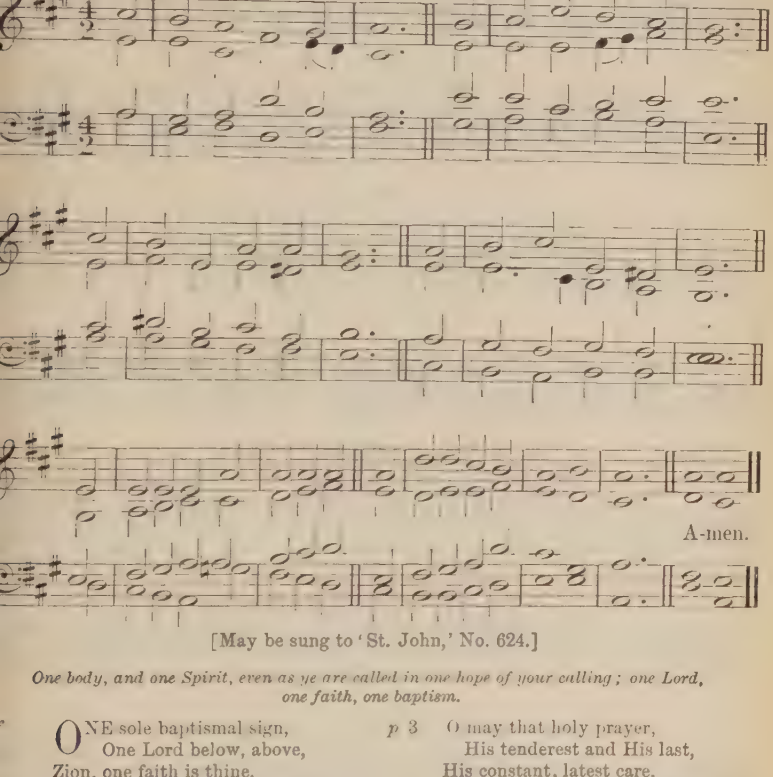
C. F. Alexander.

The following also are suitable:—

212 O Spirit of the living God.
335 Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost.

1.—*THE CHURCH.*

St. Godric. **169** J. B. Dykes.



[May be sung to 'St. John,' No. 624.]

One body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism.

ONE sole baptismal sign,
One Lord below, above,
Zion, one faith is thine,
One only watchword—love;
c From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

2 Our sacrifice is one,
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone; [spring
And sighs from contrite hearts that
Our chief, our choicest offering.

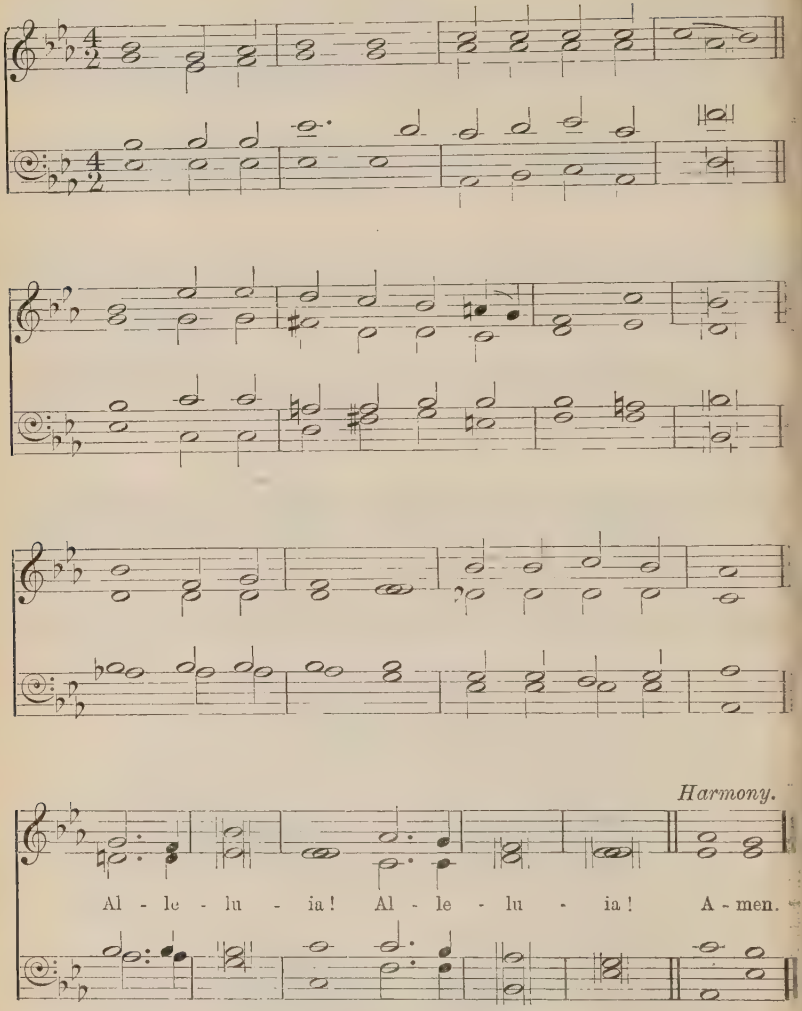
p 3 O may that holy prayer,
His tenderest and His last,
His constant, latest care,
Ere to His throne He passed,
c No longer unfulfilled remain,
The world's offence, His people's stain.

mf 4 Head of Thy Church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew;
c Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.

AMEN.

G. Robinson, sel.

St. Philip. **170** J. Barney.



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We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.

Full. Unison.

f FOR all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blest.
Alleluia!

Full. Harmony.

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.
Alleluia!

Tenors and Basses. Unison.

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia!

Full. Harmony.

mf 4 O blest communion! fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
c Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia!

Tenors and Basses. Unison.

p 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
c Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
mf And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia!

Sopranos and Altos. Unison.

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia!

Full. Harmony.

f 7 But, lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day:
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way.
Alleluia!

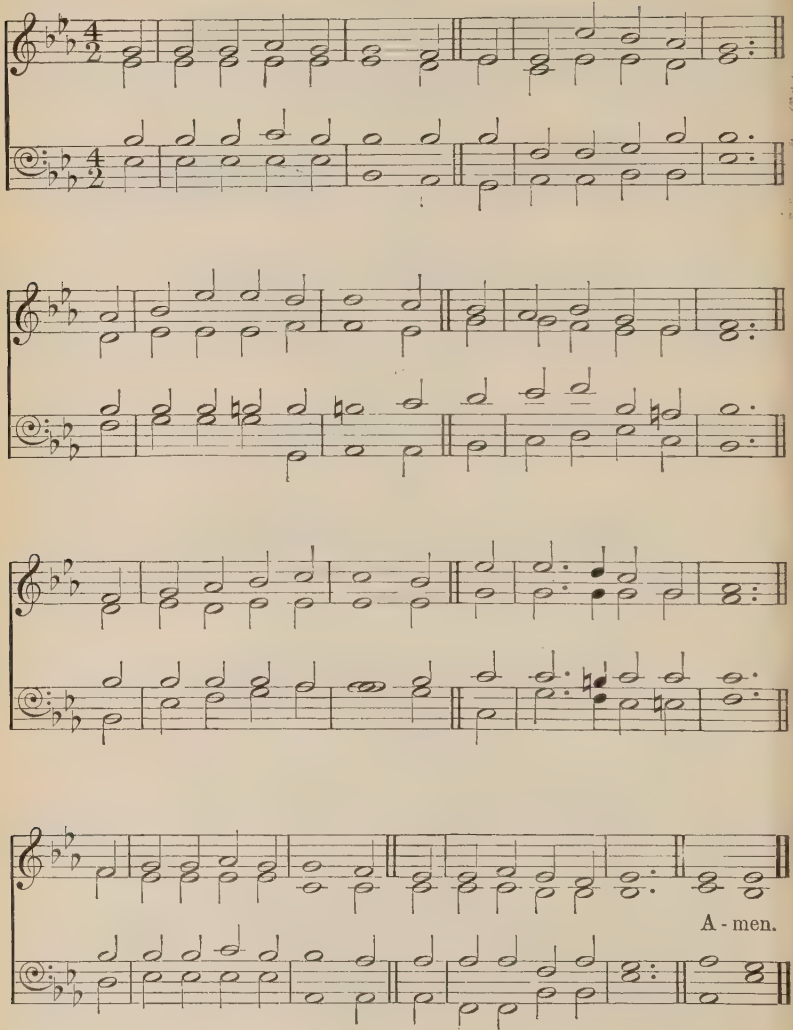
Full. Unison.

ff 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
'Alleluia.'

AMEN.

W. W. How, sel.

Aurelia. **171** S. S. Wesley.



Christ also loved the church, and gave Himself for it: . . . . that He might present it to Himself a glorious church.

mf THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord:
She is His new creation
By water and the word;
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
d With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

mf 2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth,
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

p 3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed,
c Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, 'How long?'
mf And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

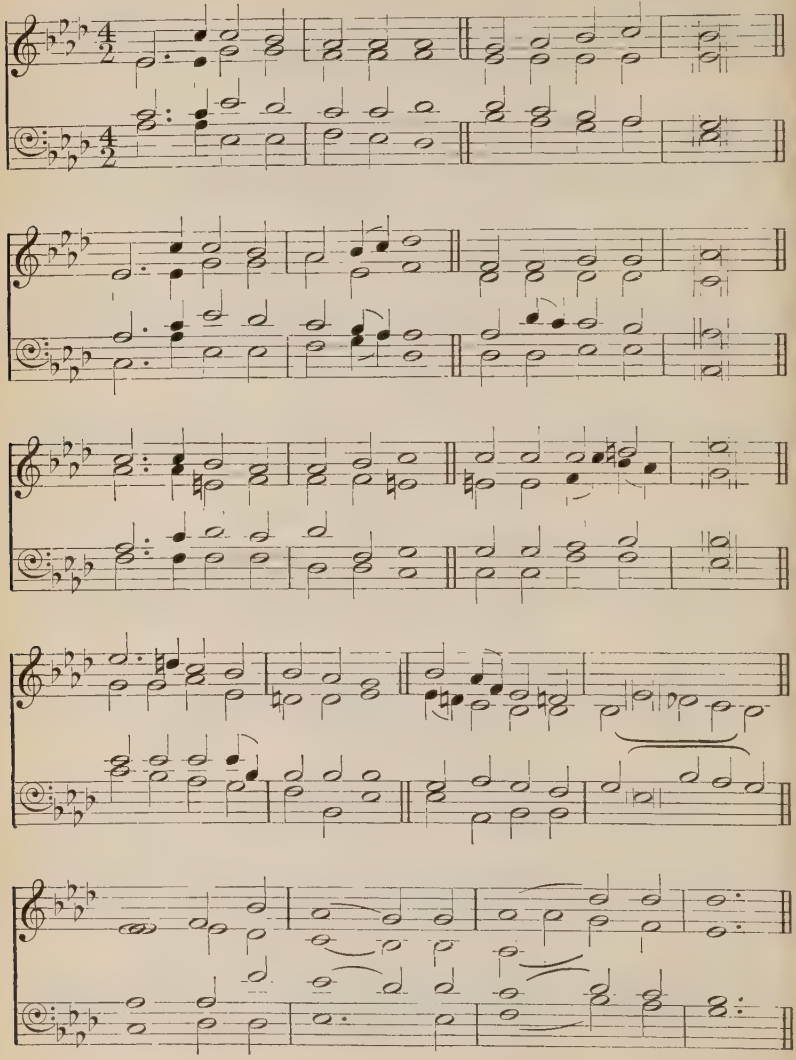
p 4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore,
c Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
mf And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

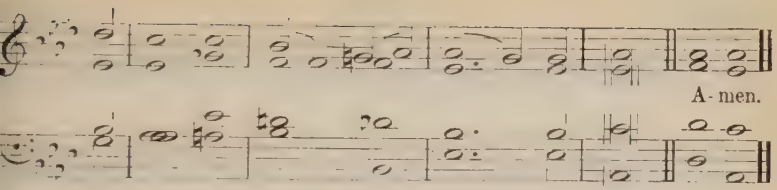
5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee. AMEN.

S. J. Stone.

Intercession. 172

W. H. Callcott.
(Last two lines from Mendelssohn.)





Hear Thou their prayer and their supplication in heaven Thy dwelling place.

1

mp WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee ;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee ;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy name shall call ;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall ;
c Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
d In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

2

mp When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above ;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love ;
When the proud man, in his pride,
Stoops to seek Thy face ;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace ;
c Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
d In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

3

f When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end ;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend ;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee ;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee ;
c Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
d In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

4

mf When the man of toil and care,
In the city crowd,
When the shepherd on the moor,
Names the name of God ;
When the learnèd and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessèd name ;
c Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
d In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

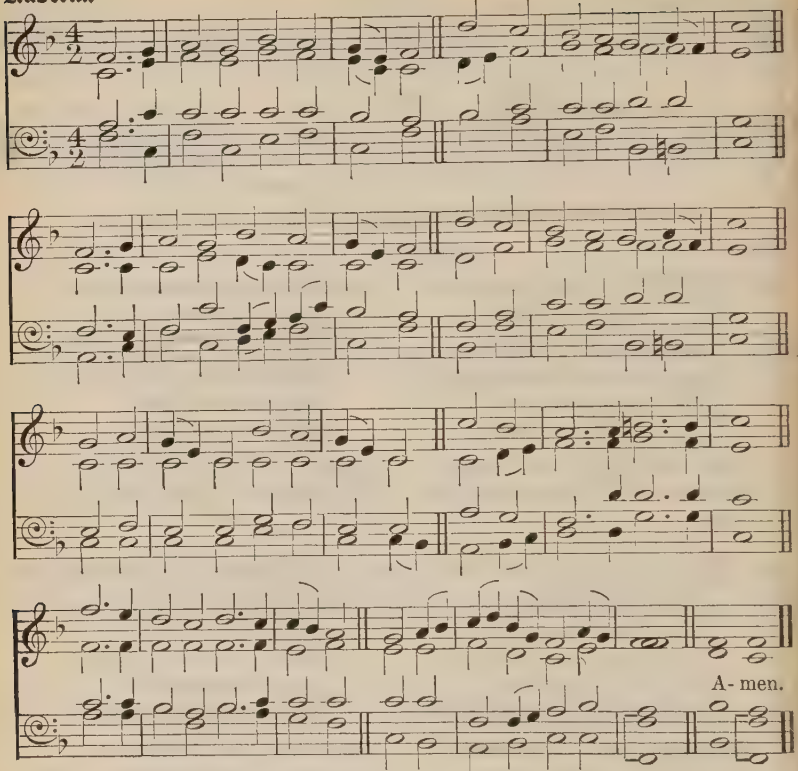
5

mf When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth, or maiden fair,
d When the aged, weak and grey,
Seek Thy face in prayer ;
p When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low ;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe ;
c Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
d In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

6

mp When creation, in her pangs,
Heaves her heavy groan ;
When Thy Salem's exiled sons
Breathe their bitter moan ;
p When Thy widowed, weeping Church,
Looking for a home,
Sendeth up her silent sigh,
'Come, Lord Jesus, come!'
c Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
d In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.
AMEN.

H. Bonar.

Austria. **173** F. J. HAYDN.

[May be sung to 'Deerhurst,' No. 5.]

Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.

f GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He Whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

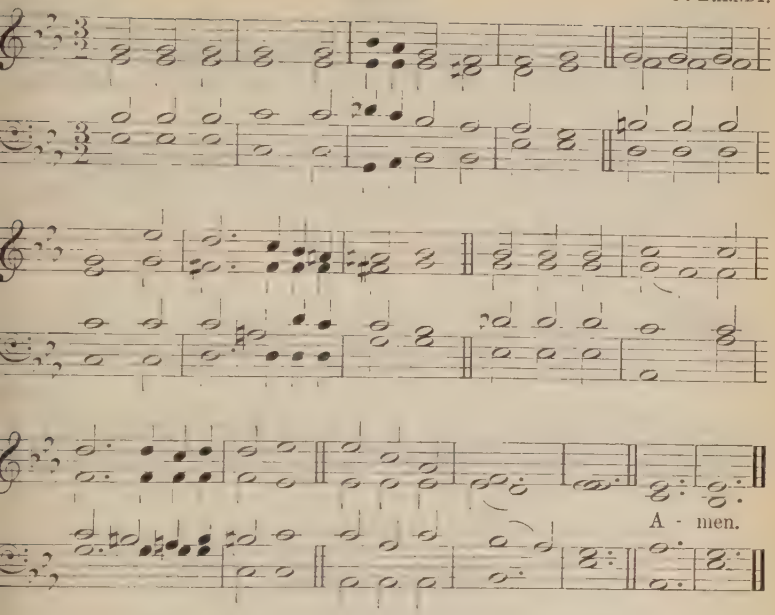
2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage,—
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood,
Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'T is His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings,
And, as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

AMEN.

J. Newton, sel.

Cloisters. **174** J. Barnby.



Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of Thy name.

Christe, du Beistand deiner Kreuzgemeine.

mf LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

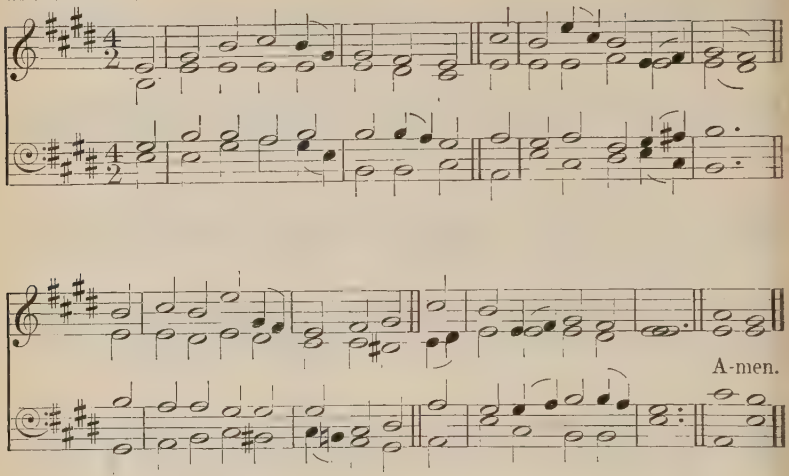
2 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er Thy rock nor death nor hell prevaileth;
d Grant us Thy peace, Lord:

p 3 Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace when the world its busy war is waging;
Calm Thy foes' raging.

mf 4 Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven;
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven;
p Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven. AMEN.

Löwenstern, tr. P. Pusey, sel.

Kilmarnock. **175** N. DOUGALL.



Ye are come unto Mount Zion, ... and to the spirits of just men made perfect.

mf COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.

2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

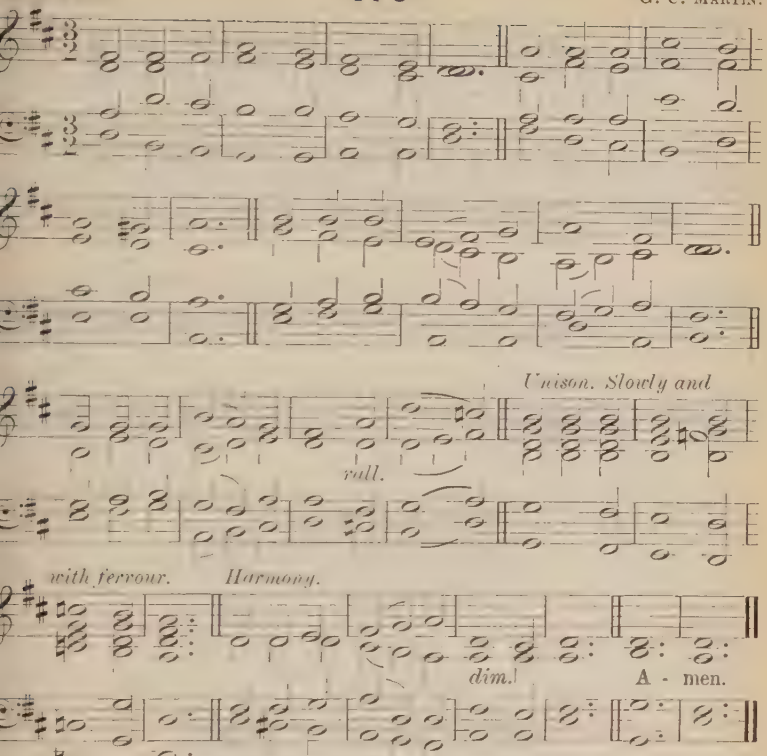
3 One family we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

c 5 O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
f Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven. AMEN.

C. Wesley, sel.

G. C. MARTIN.



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[May be sung to 'St. Chrysostom,' No. 333.]

Contend earnestly for the faith which was once for all delivered unto the saints.

1

FAITH of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;
O how our hearts beat high with joy,
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
f Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

2

mp Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate
If they, like them, could die for thee!
f Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

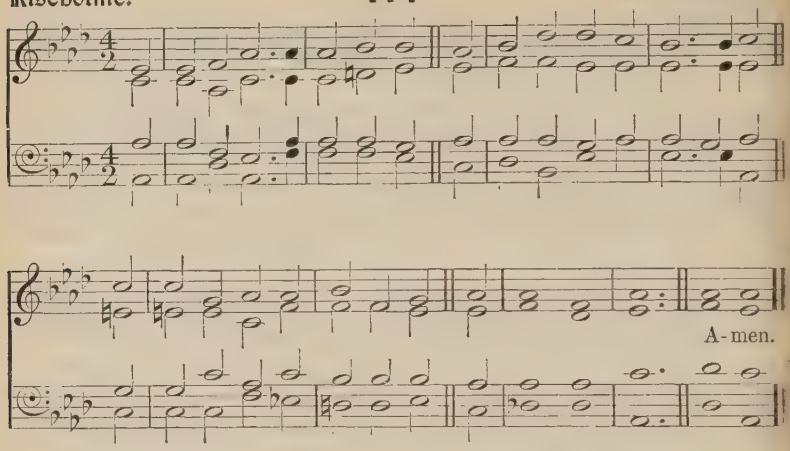
3

mf Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.
f Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death. AMEN.

F. W. Faber, sel.

177

Riseholme. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus.

mf FATHER of all, from land and sea
The nations sing, 'Thine, Lord, are we,
Countless in number, but in Thee
May we be one.'

2 O Son of God, Whose love so free
For men did make Thee Man to be,
United to our God, in Thee
May we be one.

3 Thou, Lord, didst once for all atone;
Thee may both Jew and Gentile own
Of their two walls the corner-stone,
Making them one.

4 Join high and low, join young and old,
In love that never waxes cold;
Under one Shepherd, in one fold,
Make us all one.

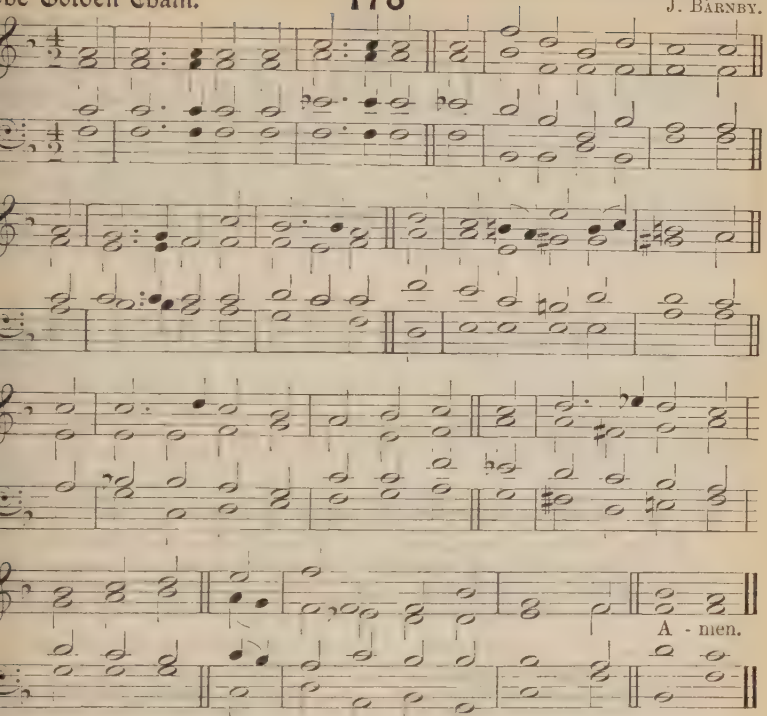
mp 5 O Spirit blest, Who from above
Cam'st gently gliding like a dove,
Calm all our strife, give faith and love;
O make us one.

mf 6 So, when the world shall pass away,
May we awake with joy and say,
'Now in the bliss of endless day
We all are one.' AMEN.

C. Wordsworth, sel.

The Golden Chain. 178

J. BARNBY.



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[May be sung to 'Elberfeld,' No. 295.]

The Lord our God be with us, as He was with our fathers: let Him not leave us, nor forsake us.

1

f WE come unto our fathers' God;
Their Rock is our Salvation;
The eternal arms, their dear abode,
We make our habitation; [brought;
We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they
We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought
In every generation.

2

The fire divine their steps that led
Still goeth bright before us;
The heavenly shield around them spread
Is still high holden o'er us;
The grace those sinners that subdued,
The strength those weaklings that renewed,
Doth vanquish, doth restore us.

3

f Their joy unto their Lord we bring;
Their song to us descendeth;
The Spirit Who in them did sing
To us His music lendeth.
His song in them, in us, is one;
c We raise it high, we send it on,—
The song that never endeth.

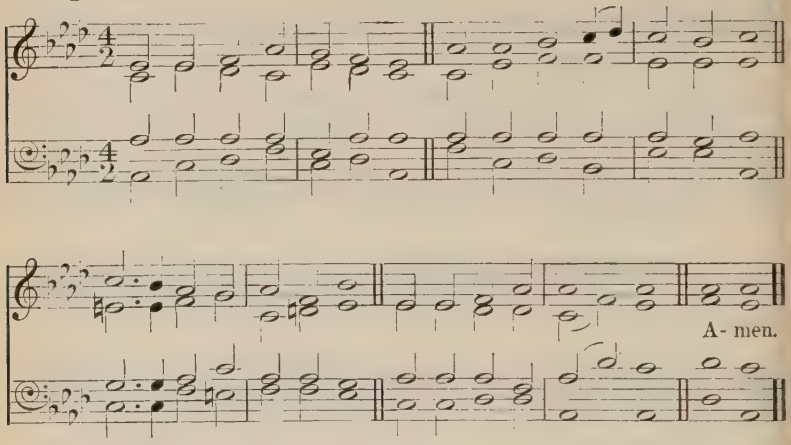
4

mf Ye saints to come, take up the strain,
The same sweet theme endeavour;
Unbroken be the golden chain,
Keep on the song for ever;
f Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
Rich with the same eternal grace,
Bless the same boundless Giver. AMEN.

T. H. Gill, sel.

Litany. 179

E. H. Turpin.



The house of God, which is the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth.

mf JESUS, with Thy Church abide ;
Be her Saviour, Lord, and Guide,
While on earth her faith is tried :
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf 2 Keep her life and doctrine pure ;
Grant her patience to endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure :
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf 3 May her voice be ever clear,
Warning of a judgment near,
Telling of a Saviour dear :
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf 4 May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind :
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf 5 Save her love from growing cold ;
Make her watchmen strong and bold :
Fence her round, Thy peaceful fold :
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf 6 May her lamp of truth be bright ;
Bid her bear aloft its light
Through the realms of heathen night :
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 May her scattered children be
From reproach of evil free,
Blameless witnesses for Thee :
We beseech Thee, hear us.

f 8 May she thus all glorious be,
Spotless and from wrinkle free,
Pure and bright, and worthy Thee :
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Amen.

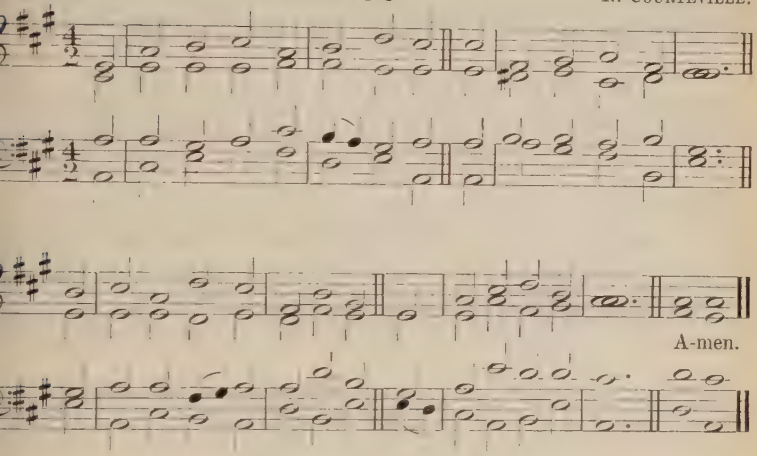
T. B. Pollock, sel.

The following also are suitable :—

121 Head of Thy Church triumphant.
184 O Word of God incarnate.
421 Onward, Christian soldiers.
425 Fear not, O little flock, the foe.
434 Through the night of doubt and sorrow.
460 The saints of God, their conflict past.
523 Christ is made the sure foundation.
673 Thou shalt arise, and mercy yet (Ps. 102).

2.—*THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.*

. James. **180** R. Courteville.



The entrance of Thy words giveth light.

mf THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

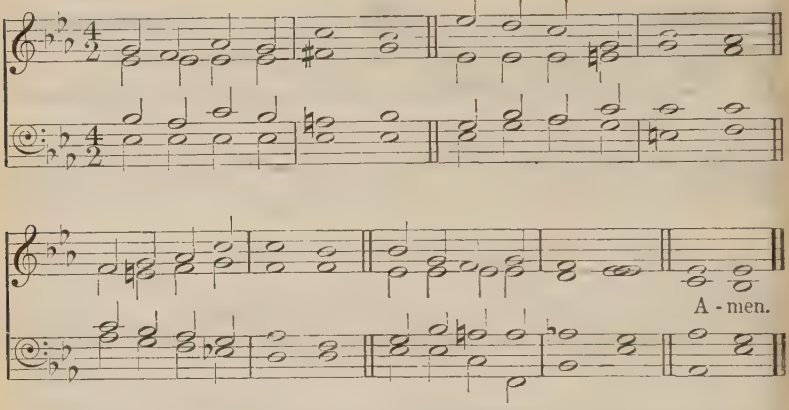
3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

f 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above. Amen.

W. Cowper.

St. Oswald. **181** E. F. Rimbault.



The word of the Lord endureth for ever. And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you.

mf LORD, Thy word abideth
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

p 3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
c Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

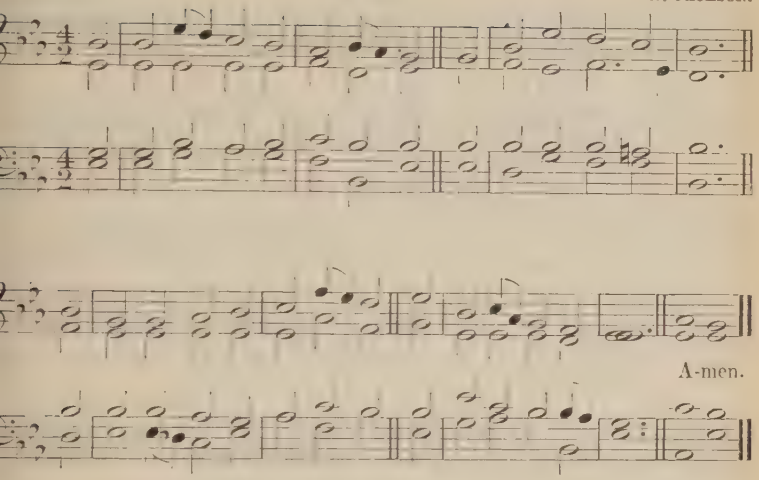
mf 4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

p 5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
d Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

c 6 O that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
f Evermore be near Thee! Amen.

H. W. Baker.

ckson. **182** T. JACKSON.



Behold, the sower went forth to sow.

mf ALMIGHTY God, Thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2

Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove,
But give it root in every heart
To bring forth fruits of love.

3

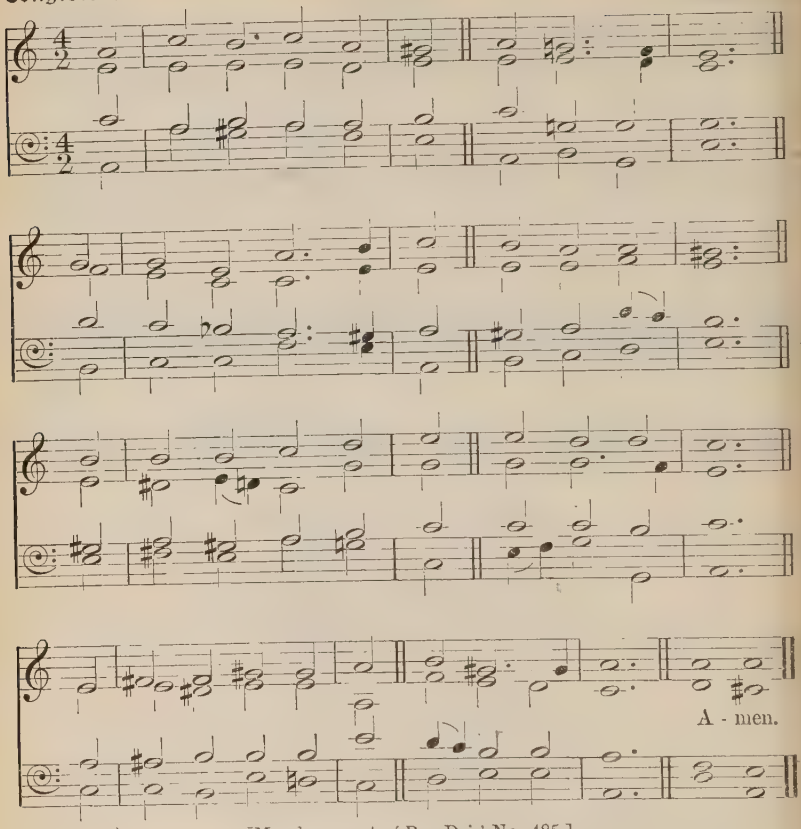
Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
c But let it yield a hundredfold
The fruits of peace and joy.

4

Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow,
f That all whose souls the truth receive
Its saving power may know. AMEN.

J. Cawood, sel.

Congleton. **183** M. Wise. (Har. by J. E. B.



[May be sung to 'Pax Dei,' No. 485.]

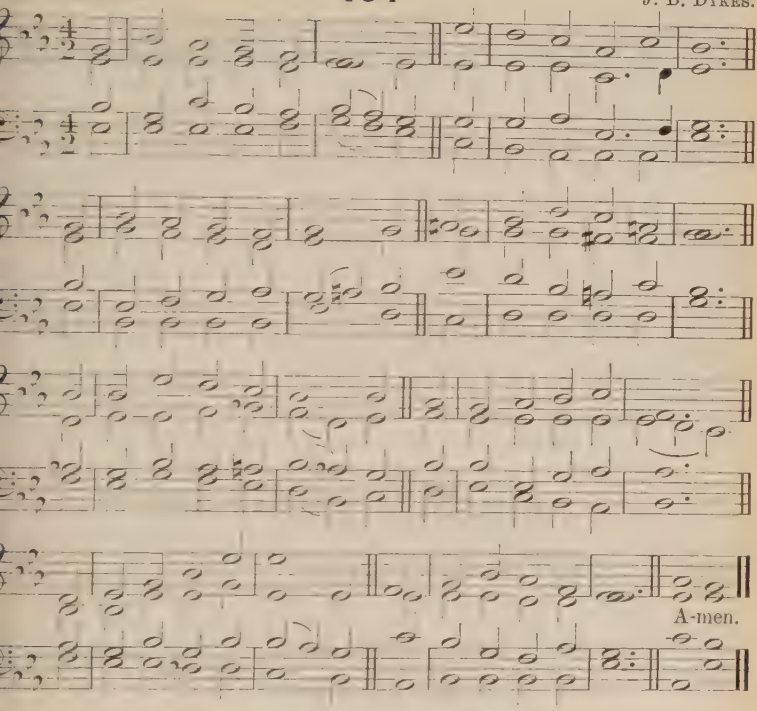
Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life.

mp BREAK Thou the bread of life,
Dear Lord, to me,
As Thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea;
Beyond the sacred page
I seek Thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for Thee,
O living Word.

2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me, to me,
As Thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee;
mf Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace,
My all in all. Amen.

M. A. Lathbury.

ies Dominica. **184** J. B. Dykes.



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[May be sung to 'Aurelia,' No. 171.]

Ye shine as lights in the world; holding forth the word of life.

O WORD of God incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky,
We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

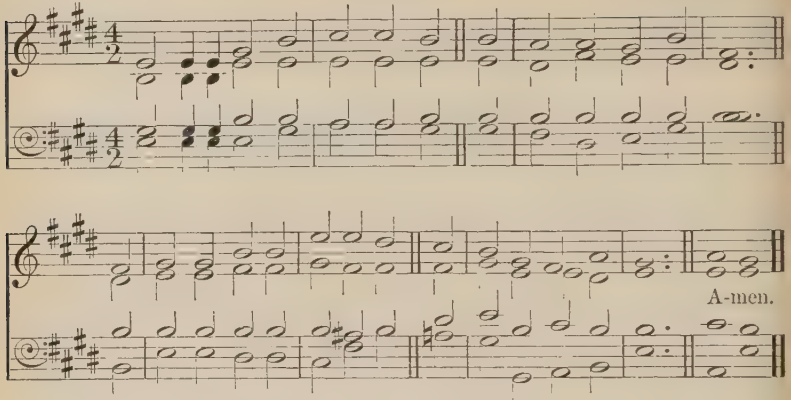
2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift Divine,
And still that light she lifteth,
O'er all the earth to shine;
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored:
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass
That, o'er life's surging sea,
f 'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

mf 4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old;
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face. AMEN.

W. W. How.

Arthur. **185** T. R. MATTHEWS.



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Thy word is very pure: therefore Thy servant loveth it.

mf LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveller's way;

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky;

3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
Or radiant cloud by day;
When waves would whelm our tossing barque,
Our anchor and our stay;

4 Word of the ever-living God,
Will of His glorious Son,—
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

mp 5 Yet to unfold thy hidden worth,
Thy mysteries to reveal,
That Spirit Which first gave thee forth
Thy volume must unseal.

mf 6 And we, if we aright would learn
The wisdom it imparts,
Must to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, childlike hearts. AMEN.

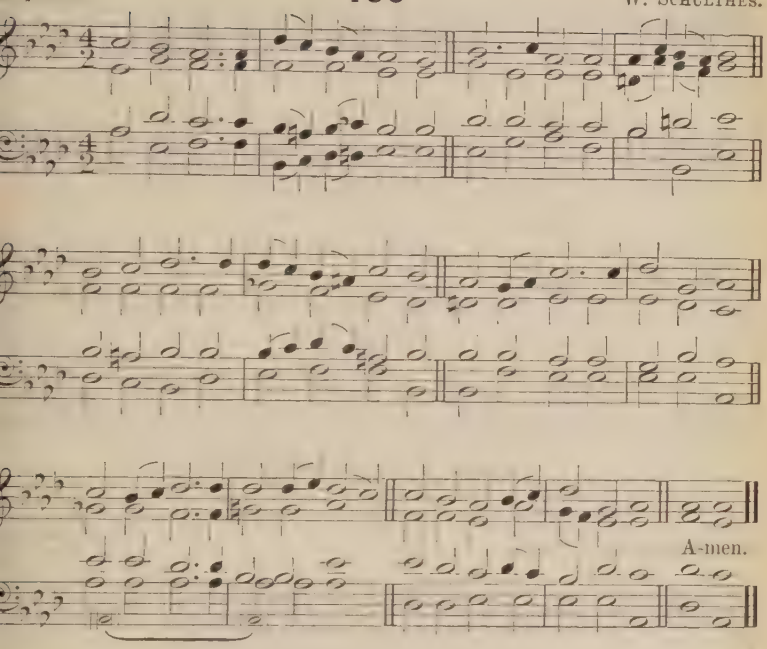
B. Barton, sel.

The following also are suitable:—

222 Spread, O spread, thou mighty word.
630 God's law is perfect, and converts (Ps. 19).
683 By what means shall a young man learn (Ps. 119).

3.—*THE GOSPEL CALL.*

Requiem. **186** W. Schulthes.



He saith to thee, Wash, and be clean.

1

COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruined by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,
In a full, perpetual tide,
Opened when our Saviour died.

2

Come, in poverty and meanness,
Come, defiled without, within;
From infection and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
Wash your robes, and make them white:
Ye shall walk with God in light.

3

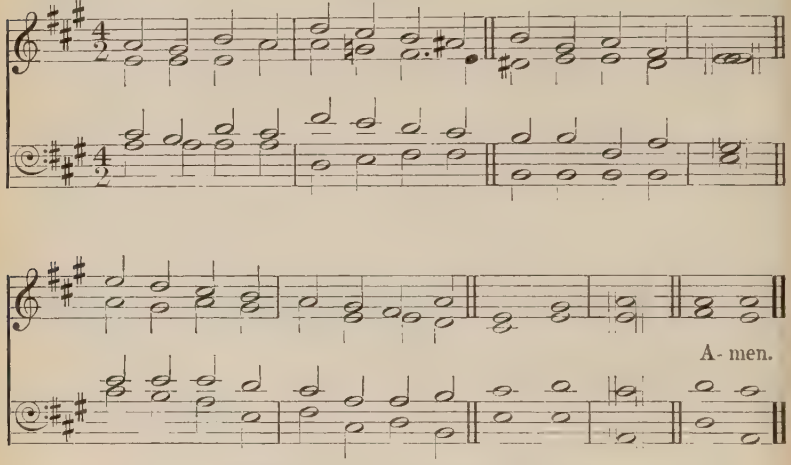
p Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
c Here the guilty free remission,
Here the troubled peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore;
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

4

mf He that drinks shall live for ever;
'T is a soul-renewing flood;
f God is faithful: God will never
Break His covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when He was glorified. AMEN.

J. Montgomery.

Rest (*1st Tune*). **187** ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



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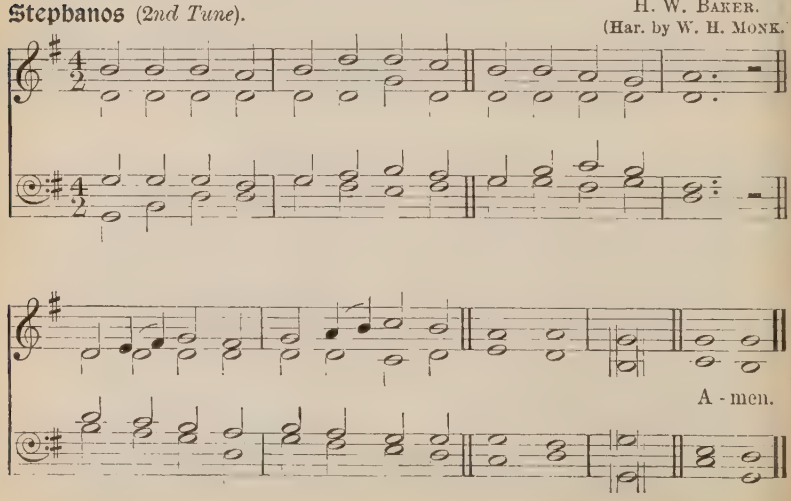
Stephanos (*2nd Tune*). H. W. BAKER. (Har. by W. H. MONK.)



If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also My servant be.

mf ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
'Come to Me,' saith One, 'and, coming,
Be at rest!'

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him
If He be my Guide?
p In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.

mf 3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
d Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns.

mf 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
p Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.

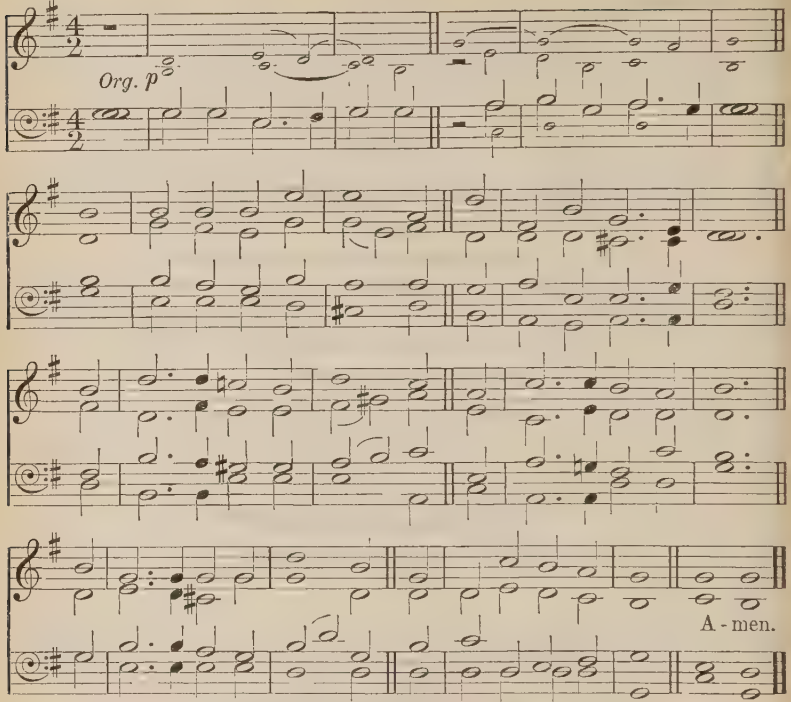
mf 5 If I still hold closely to Him
What hath He at last?
f Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan passed.

mf 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
f Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away.

mf 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
f Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
ff Answer, 'Yes!' AMEN.

J. M. Neale.

Come unto Me. 188 J. B. Dykes.



Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

mp 'COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.'
c O blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
f Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

mp 2 'Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light.'
c O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
p Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
c But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

mp 3 'Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life.'
c O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
f But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

mp 4 'And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out.'
c O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt,
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
rall To come, dear Lord, to Thee! AMEN.

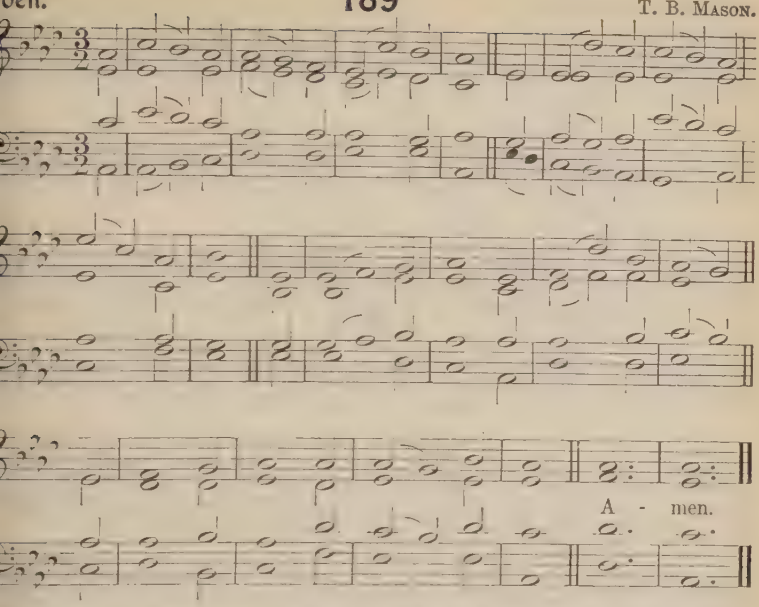
W. C. Dix.

NOTE.—It is suggested that the first two lines of each verse should be sung by Tenors and Basses only; but, if necessary, they may be sung in Octaves by all the voices.

den.

189

T. B. Mason.



If any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me.

mf BEHOLD, a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still:
p You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands;
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

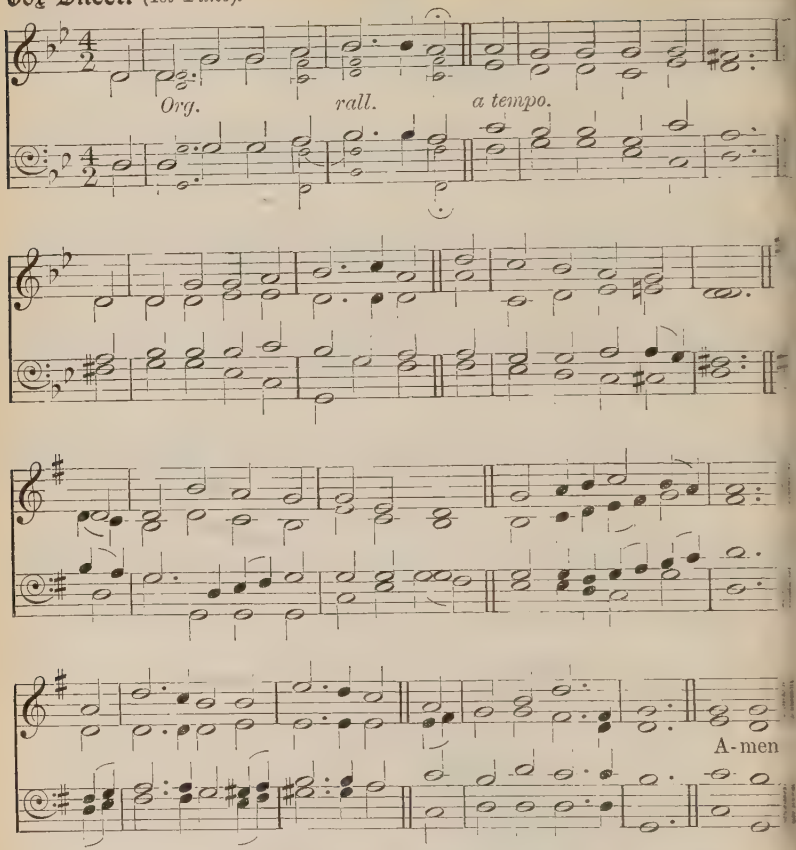
mf 3 Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;
No mortal tongue their joys can tell
With whom He condescends to dwell.

f 4 Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
If Jesus comes, He comes to reign,—
To reign, and with no partial sway;
Thoughts must be slain that disobey.

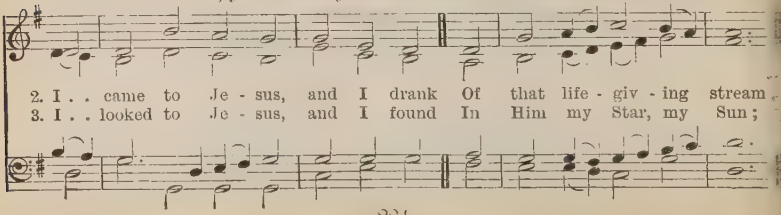
mf 5 Sovereign of souls, Thou Prince of Peace,
O may Thy gentle reign increase;
Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
And be His empire all mankind. AMEN.

J. Grigg, sel. and alt.

Vox Dilecti (*1st Tune*). **190** J. B. Dykes.



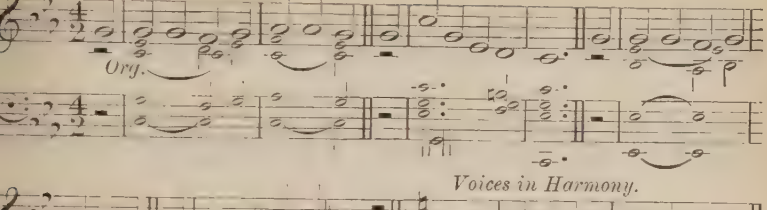
* *In verses* 2 *and* 3, *for music of lines* 5 *and* 6, *substitute the following:—*



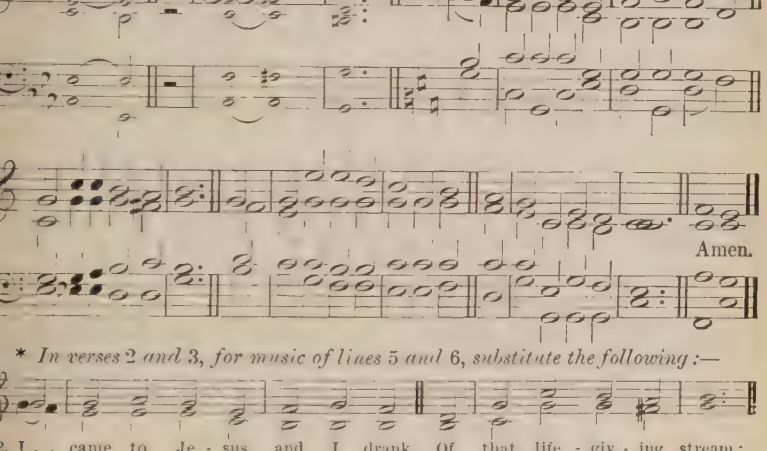
Audite, Audientes Me (*2nd Tune*).

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

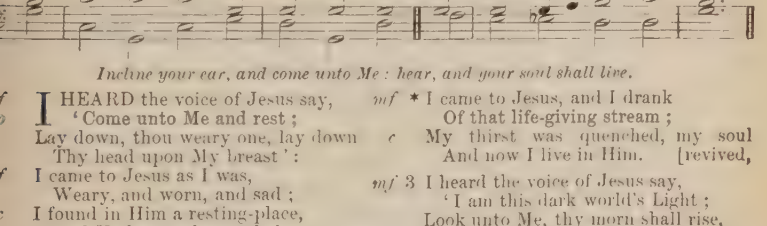
Voices in Unison.



Voices in Harmony.



* *In verses* 2 *and* 3, *for music of lines* 5 *and* 6, *substitute the following :—*



Incline your ear, and come unto Me : hear, and your soul shall live.

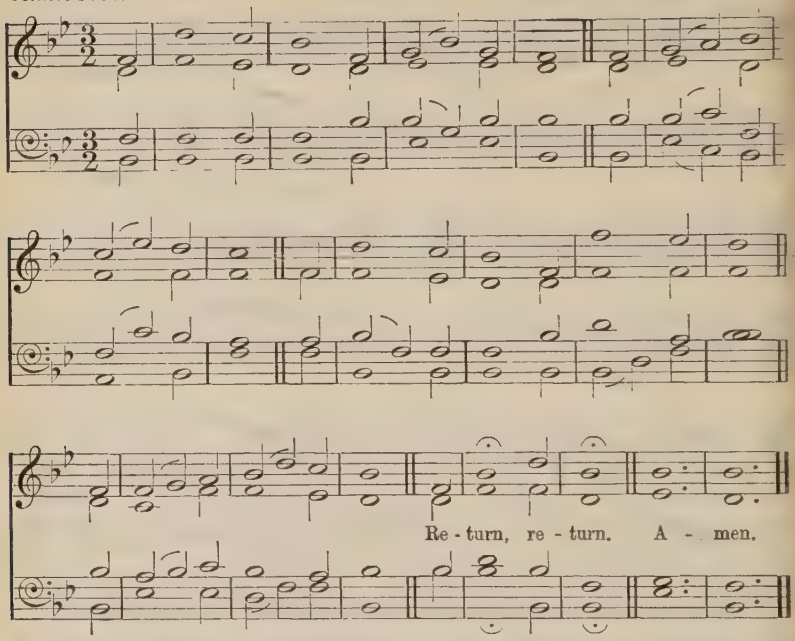
f I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto Me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast ' :
f I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
c I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

f 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold, I freely give
The living water ; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live ' :
mf * I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
c My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

mf 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'I am this dark world's Light ;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright ' :
c * I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun ;
f And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done. AMEN.

H. Bonar.

Wanderer. **191** T. HASTINGS.



I will arise and go to my Father.

mp RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home!
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam,
In guilt and misery:
Return, return.

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home!
'T is Jesus calls for thee;
The Spirit and the Bride say, 'Come';
O now for refuge flee:
Return, return.

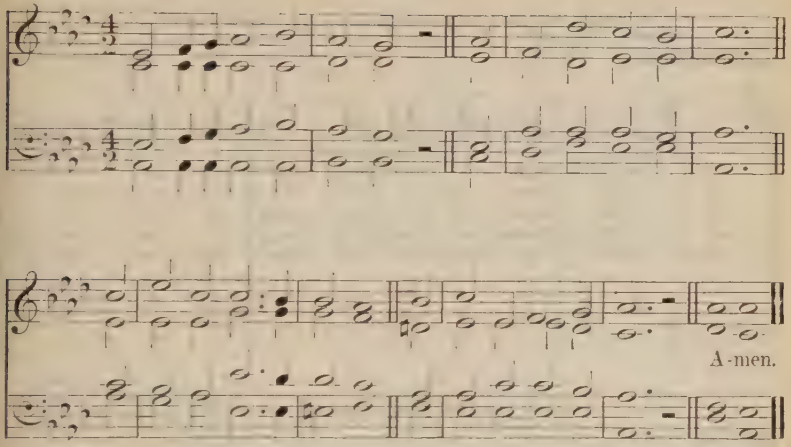
3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home!
'T is madness to delay;
p There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day:
Return, return.

AMEN.

T. Hastings.

Remembrance. 192

J. Booth.



This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

1

mf TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.

2

Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child;
p For I am weak and weary,
And helpless, and defiled.

3

mf Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.

4

Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.

5

p Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember I 'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.

6

mf Tell me the story always,
If you would really be
d In any time of trouble
A comforter to me.

7

mf Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.

8

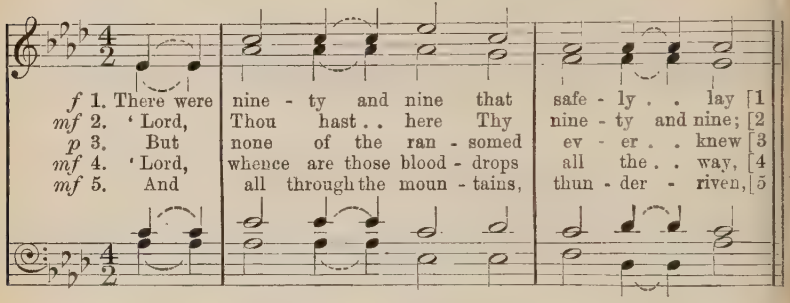
c Yes! and, when that world's glory
Shall dawn upon my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
f 'Christ Jesus makes thee whole.' Amen.

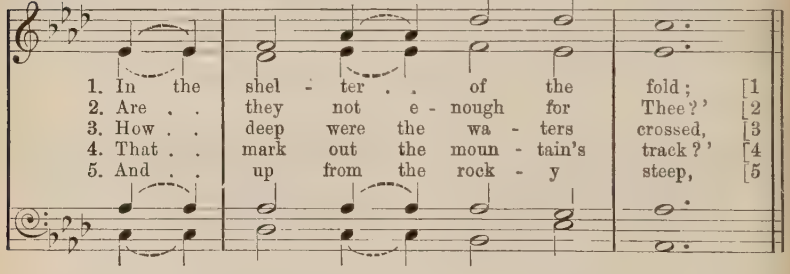
K. Hankey.

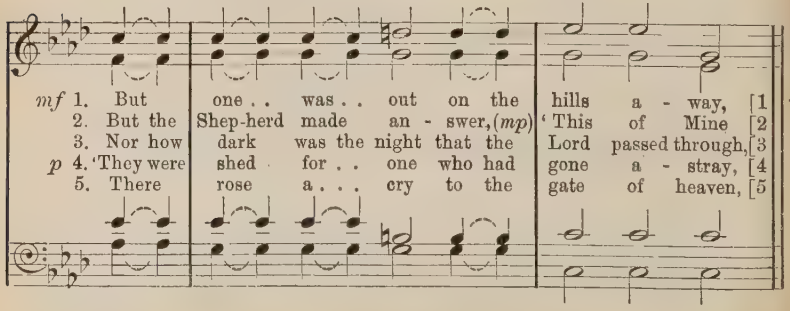
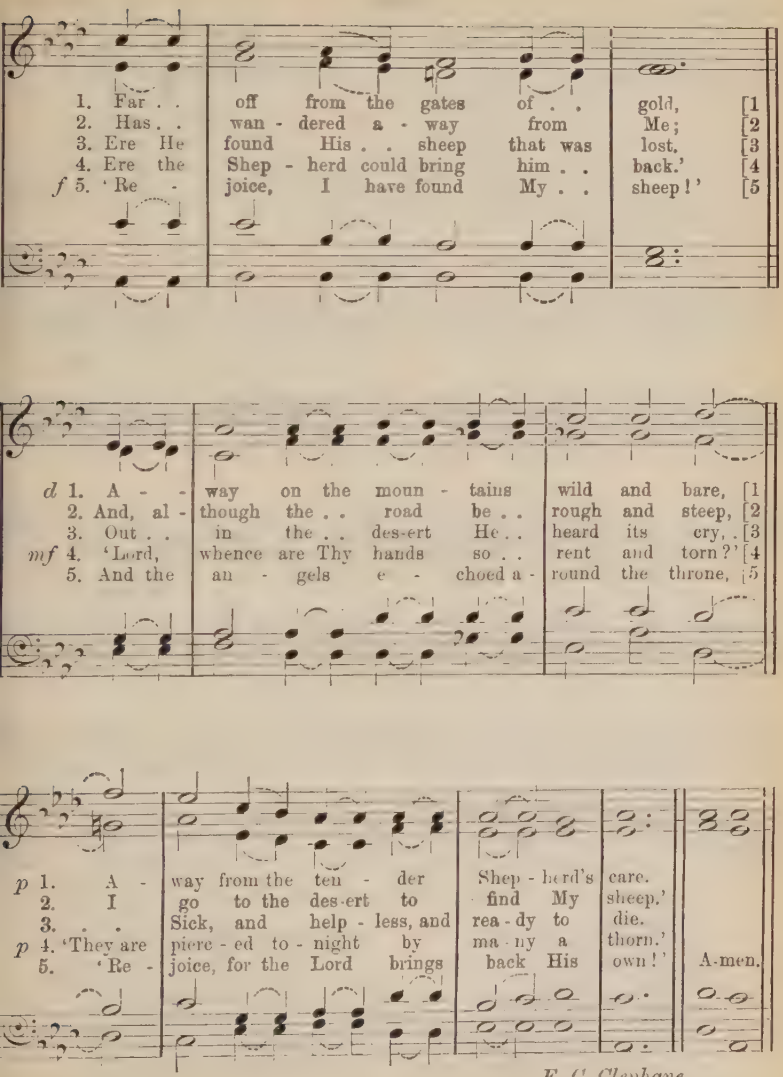
193

Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.

Compassion. FOUNTAIN MEEN.

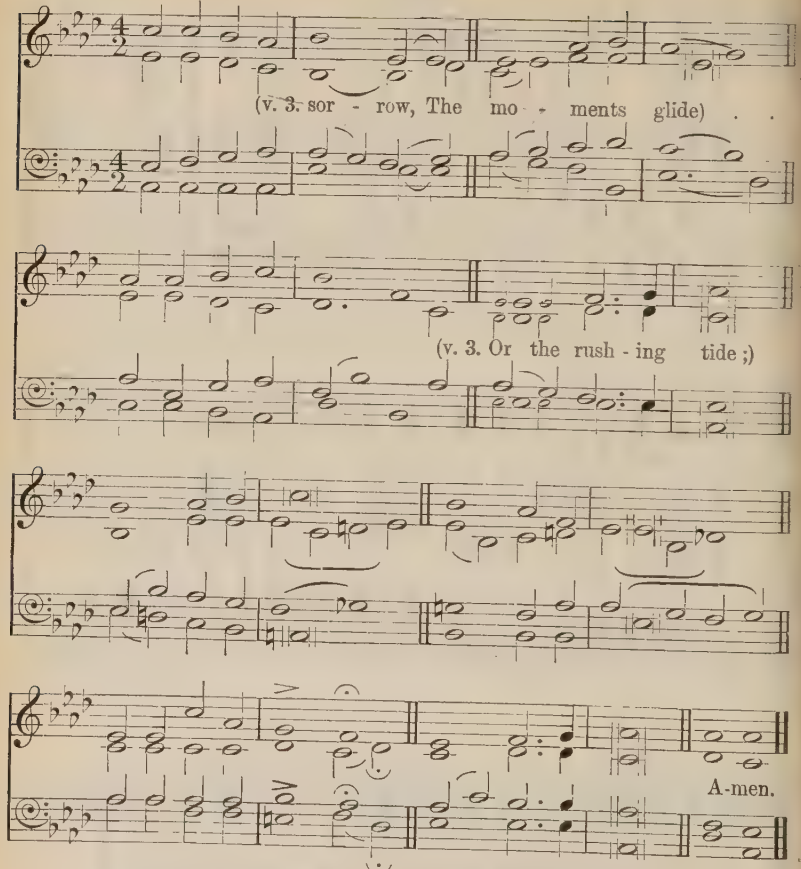

f 1. There were nine - ty and nine that safe - ly . . lay [1
mf 2. 'Lord, Thou hast . . here Thy nine - ty and nine; [2
p 3. But none of the ran - somed ev - er . . knew [3
mf 4. 'Lord, whence are those blood - drops all the . . way, [4
mf 5. And all through the moun - tains, thun - der - riven, [5


1. In the shel - ter . . of the fold; [1
2. Are . . they not e - nough for Thee?' [2
3. How . . deep were the wa - ters crossed, [3
4. That . . mark out the moun - tain's track?' [4
5. And . . up from the rock - y steep, [5


mf 1. But one . . was . . out on the hills a - way, [1
2. But the Shep-herd made an - swer, (mp) 'This of Mine [2
3. Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through, [3
p 4. 'They were shed for . . one who had gone a - stray, [4
5. There rose a . . . cry to the gate of heaven, [5

1. Far . . off from the gates of . . gold, [1
2. Has . . wan - dered a - way from Me; [2
3. Ere He found His . . sheep that was lost, [3
4. Ere the Shep - herd could bring him . . back.' [4
f 5. 'Re - joice, I have found My . . sheep!' [5
d 1. A - - way on the moun - tains wild and bare, [1
2. And, al - though the . . road be . . rough and steep, [2
3. Out . . in the . . des-ert He . . heard its cry, . [3
mf 4. 'Lord, whence are Thy hands so . . rent and torn?' [4
5. And the an - gels e - choed a - round the throne, [5
p 1. A - way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care.
2. I go to the des-ert to find My sheep.'
3. . . Sick, and help - less, and rea - dy to die.
p 4. 'They are pierc - ed to - night by ma - ny a thorn.'
5. 'Re - joice, for the Lord brings back His own!' A-men.

E. C. Clephane.

Tarring. **194** E. J. Hopkins.



Behold, now is the accepted time ; behold, now is the day of salvation.

mf CHILD of sin and sorrow,
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day.
Heaven bids thee come
While yet there 's room ;
d Child of sin and sorrow,
p Hear and obey.

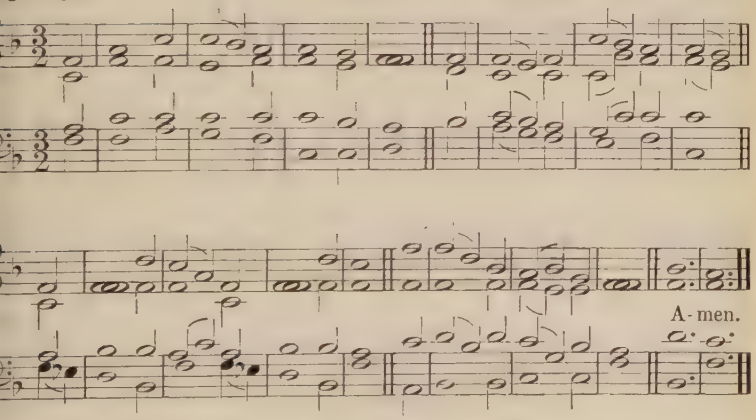
mf 2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die ?
Come, while thou canst borrow
Help from on high ;
Grieve not that love
Which, from above,
d Child of sin and sorrow,
p Would bring thee nigh.

mf 3 Child of sin and sorrow,
The moments glide
Like the flitting arrow,
Or the rushing tide;
c Ere time is o'er,
Heaven's grace implore;
d Child of sin and sorrow,
In Christ confide.

mf 4 Child of sin and sorrow,
Cease now the tear;
Wait not for to-morrow;
Banish thy fear.
Christ now receives
Him who believes;
Child of sin and sorrow,
f Be of good cheer. AMEN.

T. Hastings, vv. 3 and 4 Anon.

Ilzburg. **195** Adapted from J. M. HAYDN.



Seek ye the Lord while He may be found.

HO! ye that thirst, approach the spring
Where living waters flow:
Free to that sacred fountain all
Without a price may go.

2 Seek ye the Lord, while yet His ear
Is open to your call;
While offered mercy still is near,
Before His footstool fall.

p 3 Let sinners quit their evil ways,
Their evil thoughts forgo;
And God, when they to Him return,
Returning grace will show.

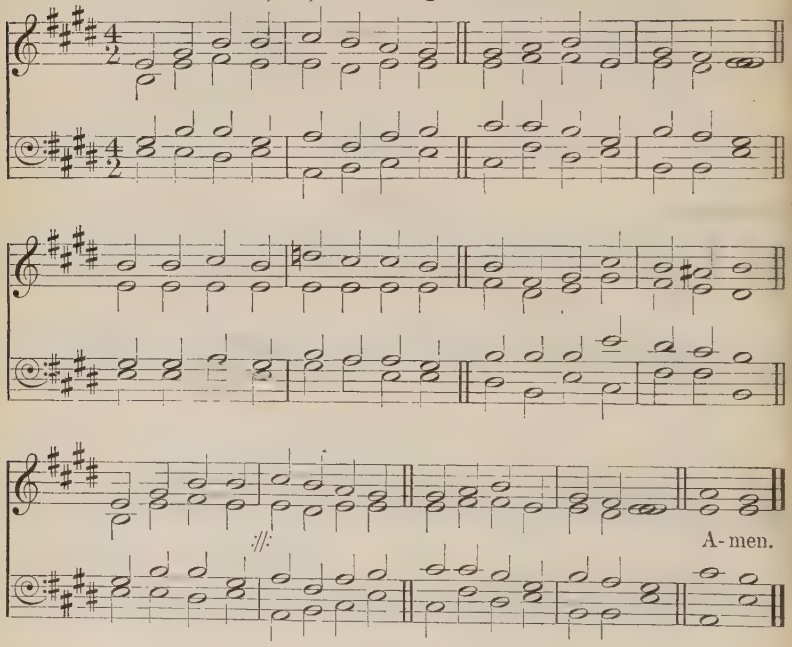
c 4 He pardons with o'erflowing love;
'For,' hear the voice Divine!
'My nature is not like to yours,
Nor like your ways are Mine;

f 5 'But, far as heaven's resplendent orbs
Beyond earth's spot extend,
As far My thoughts, as far My ways,
Your ways and thoughts transcend.' AMEN.

(?) *W. Robertson, sel. and alt.*

Mannheim. **196** F. Filitz.

Auf, auf, weil der Tag erschienen.



I came not to call the righteous, but sinners.

1

mf COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power:
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

2

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
c This He gives you;
'T is the Spirit's rising beam.

3

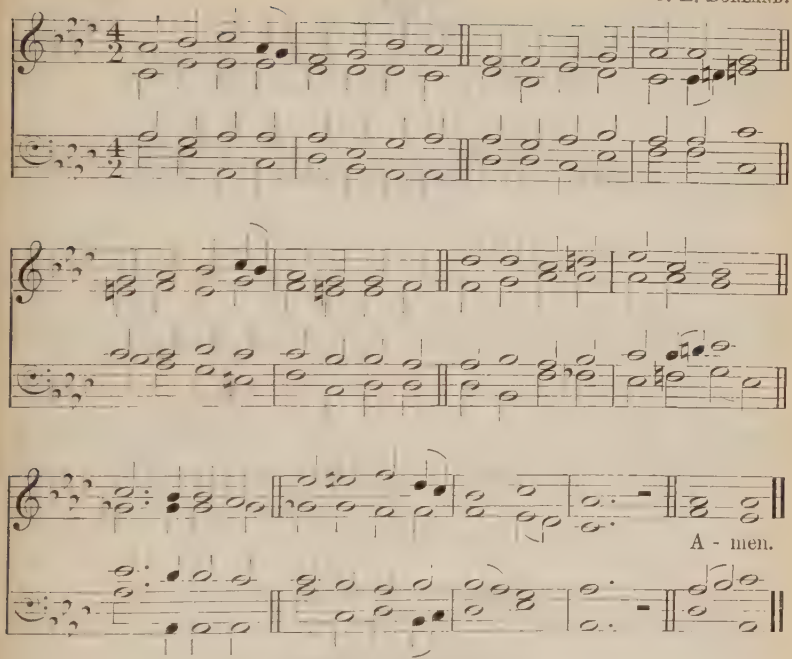
p Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and broken by the fall;
If you tarry till you 're better,
You will never come at all:
mf Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

4

Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
f None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good. Amen.

J. Hart, sel. and alt.

Kelton. **197** J. E. Borland.



Copyright, 1907, by J. E. Borland.

[May be sung to 'Redemption,' No. 606.]

Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; . . and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

1

p COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
Bowed with fruitless sorrow down,
By the broken law convicted,
Through the cross behold the crown;
mf Look to Jesus;
Mercy flows through Him alone.

2

Take His easy yoke and wear it;
Love will make obedience sweet;
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
c While His wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
Where His ransomed captives meet.

3

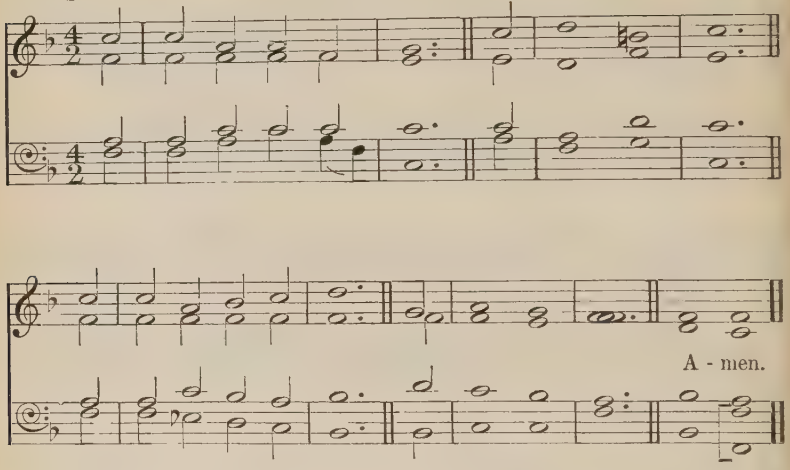
mf Blessed are the eyes that see Him,
Blest the ears that hear His voice;
Blessed are the souls that trust Him,
And in Him alone rejoice;
His commandments
Then become their happy choice.

4

Sweet, as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly opened eyes,
Or full springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies;
c All who taste it
Shall to rest immortal rise. AMEN.

J. Swain

Mercy's Hour. 198 L. Mason.



To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart.

mf TO-DAY the Saviour calls:
Ye wanderers, come;
c O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2

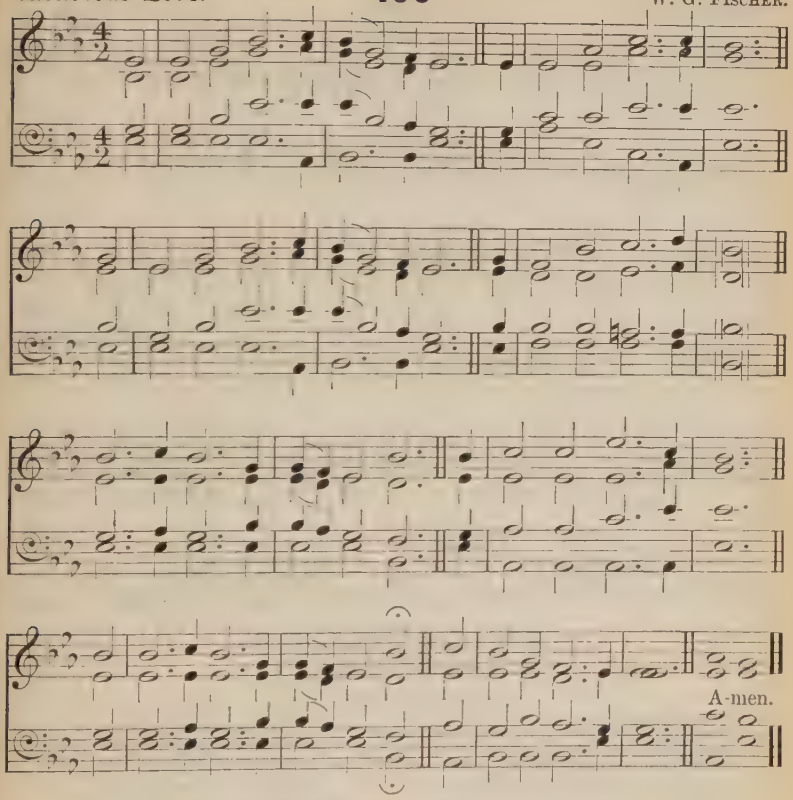
mf To-day the Saviour calls:
c O listen now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3

mf The Spirit calls to-day:
c Yield to His power;
p O grieve Him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour. AMEN.

S. F. Smith and T. Hastings, sel.

Wondrous Love. 199

W. G. Fischer.

God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son.

mf GOD loved the world of sinners lost
And ruined by the fall;
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.

f *O 't was love, 't was wondrous love,*
The love of God to me;
It brought my Saviour from above,
p *To die on Calvary.*

mf 2 Even now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through His blood.

3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessèd rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.

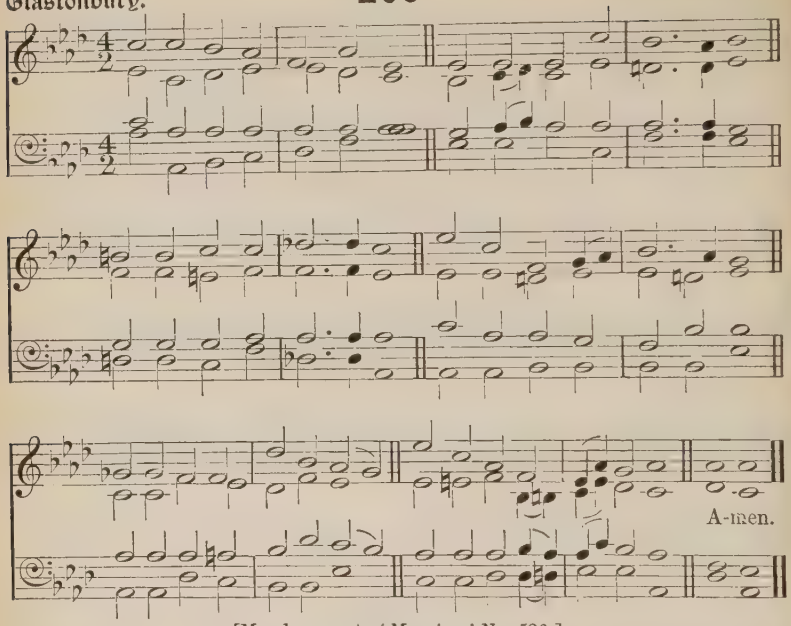
4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste here below
Of endless life in heaven.

f 5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ the Lord, our King.
AMEN.

M. M. Stockton.

200

Glastonbury. J. B. Dykes



[May be sung to 'Morning,' No. 526]

This Man receiveth sinners.

Jesus nimmt die Sünder an.

mf SINNERS Jesus will receive:
Say this word of grace to all
Who the heavenly pathway leave,
All who linger, all who fall;
c This can bring them back again:
Christ receiveth sinful men.

mf 2 Shepherds seek their wandering sheep
O'er the mountains bleak and cold;
Jesus such a watch doth keep
O'er the lost ones of His fold,
c Seeking them o'er moor and fen:
Christ receiveth sinful men.

p 3 Sick and sorrowful and blind,
I with all my sins draw nigh;
O my Saviour, Thou canst find
Help for sinners such as I;
c Speak that word of love again:
Christ receiveth sinful men.

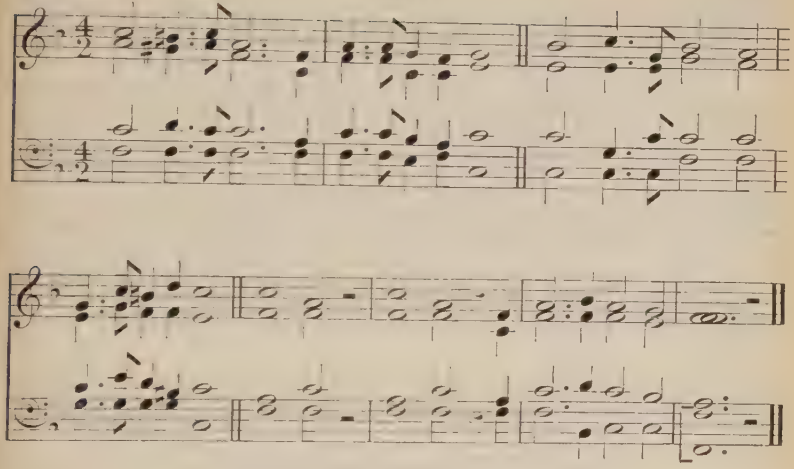
mf 4 Yea, my soul is comforted;
For Thy blood hath washed away
All my sins, though crimson-red,
And I stand in white array,
c Purged from every spot and stain:
Christ receiveth sinful men.

f 5 Christ receiveth sinful men,
Even me with all my sin,
Openeth to me heaven again;
With Him I may enter in.
ff Death hath no more sting nor pain:
Christ receiveth sinful men. AMEN.

Neumeister, tr. E. F. Bevan, sel.

Yet there is room. 201

I. D. Sankey.



Constrain them to come in, that My house may be filled.

mf YET there is room! The Lamb's bright hall of song,
With its fair glory, beckons thee along.
p *Room, room, still room;*
O enter, enter now!

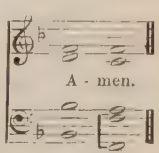
f 2 The bridal hall is filling for the feast;
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest.

mf 3 Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late.

f 4 O enter in! That banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting joy is free.

5 All heaven is there, all joy; go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win.

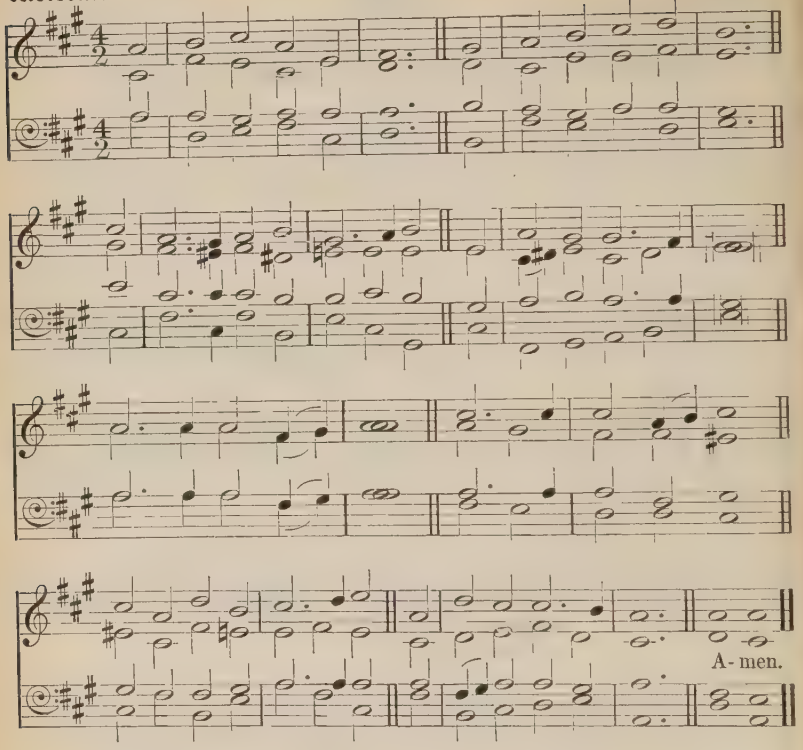
ff 6 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call;
Come, lingerer, come; enter that festal hall.



H. Bonar, sel.

Welcome Voice. 202

C. STEGGALL.



The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.

mf I HEAR Thy welcome voice
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

f *I am coming, Lord,*
Coming now to Thee;

d *Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood*
That flowed on Calvary.

p 2 Though coming weak and vile,
c Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

mf 3 'T is Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 'T is Jesus who confirms
The blessèd work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

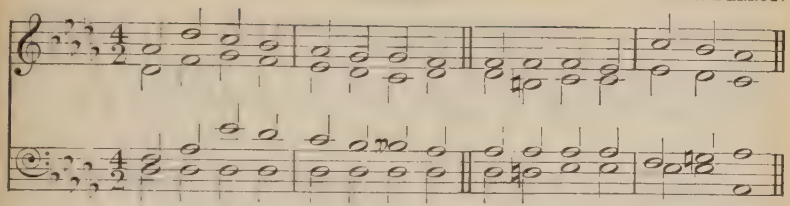
5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

c 6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
f Our Strength and Righteousness!

AMEN.

L. Hartsough.

Guardant. **203** C. H. Perrot.



Harmony.

A-men.

[May be sung to 'St. Mabyn,' No. 290.]

The Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy.

1

mf SOULS of men, why will ye scatter,
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts, why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?

2

Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour Who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?

Unis. 3

There 's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There 's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

Har. 4

p There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

5

mf For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

Unis. 6

There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

Har. 7

p Pining souls, come nearer Jesus;
And O come not doubting thus,
c But with faith that trusts more bravely
His huge tenderness for us.

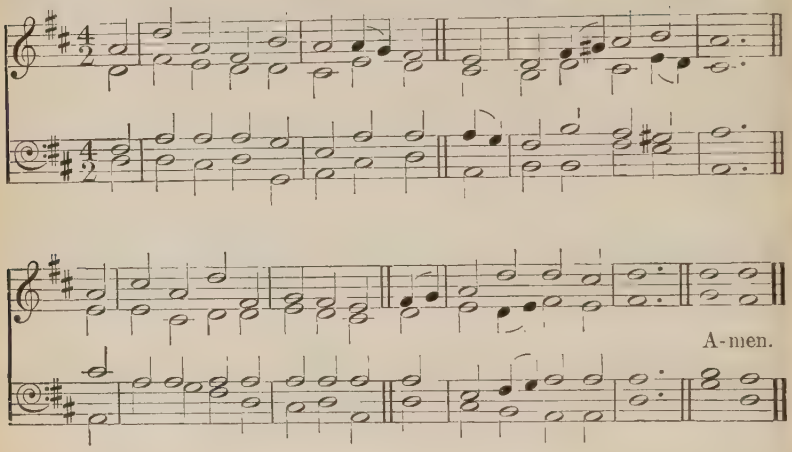
Unis. 8

f If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord. Amen.

F. W. Faber, sel.

204

Devonshire. Singt unserm Herrn ein dankvoll Lied. J. G. Frech.



I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

mf THOU art the Way: to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2

Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3

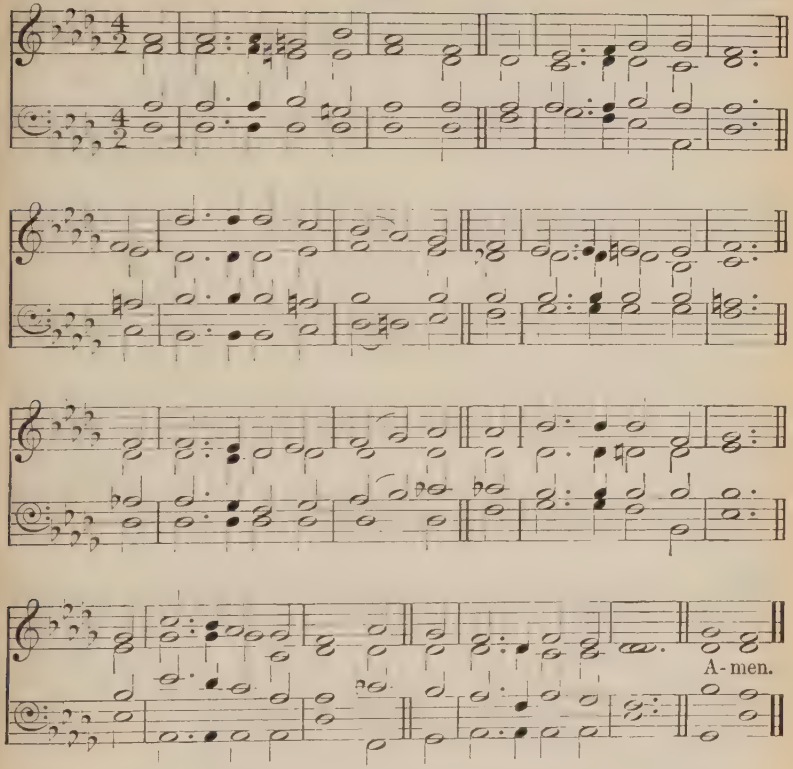
f Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4

mf Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
c Whose joys eternal flow. Amen.

G. W. Doane.

St. Christopher. **205** F. C. Maker.



It is the voice of my Beloved, That knocketh.

p O JESUS, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er;
mf Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His name and sign who bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
d To keep Him standing there!

p 2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
And, lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred.

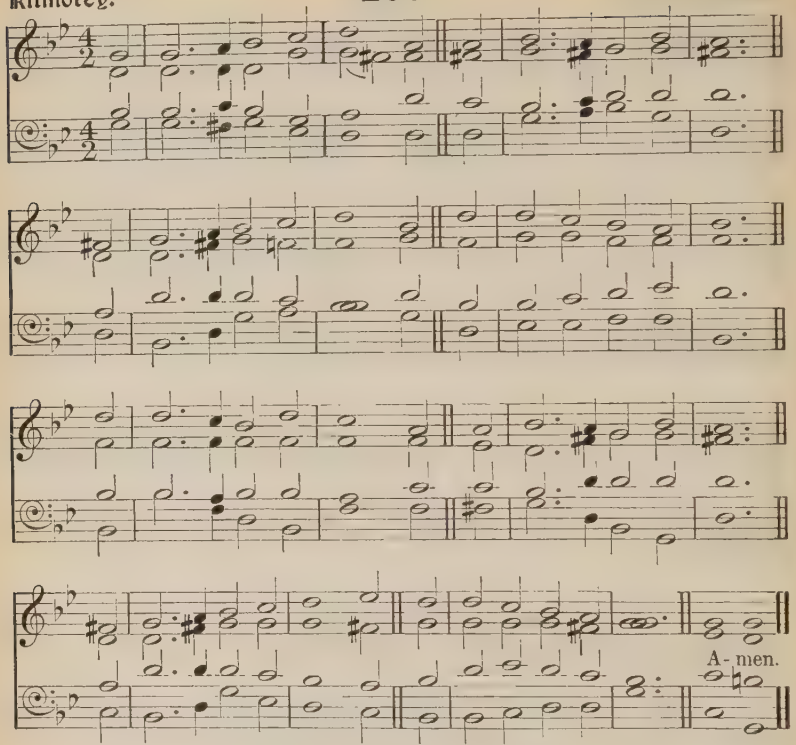
c O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
d O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

p 3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading,
In accents meek and low,
'I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?'
mf O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
c Dear Saviour, enter, enter
And leave us nevermore. AMEN.

W. W. How.

206

Kilmorey. J. A. Lloyd.



Behold, I have set before thee an open door.

mf TO-DAY Thy mercy calls us
To wash away our sin,
However great our trespass,
Whate'er we may have been;
However long from mercy
We may have turned away,
Thy blood, O Christ, can cleanse us
And make us white to-day.

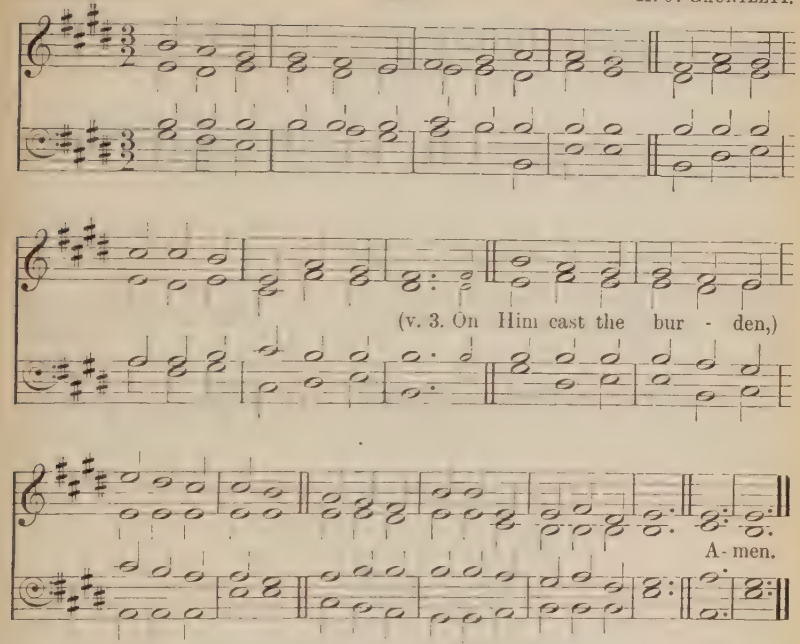
2 To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin;
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised,
A glorious crown in heaven.

p 3 To-day the Father calls us;
The Holy Spirit waits;
The blessèd angels gather
Around the heavenly gates;
c No question will be asked us
How often we have come;
Although we oft have wandered,
It is our Father's home.

mf 4 O all-embracing mercy,
Thou ever open door,
What should we do without thee
When heart and eyes run o'er?
When all things seem against us,
To drive us to despair,
We know one gate is open,
One ear will hear our prayer. Amen.

O. Allen, alt.

Springfield. **207** H. J. GAUNTLETT.



Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

mp COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

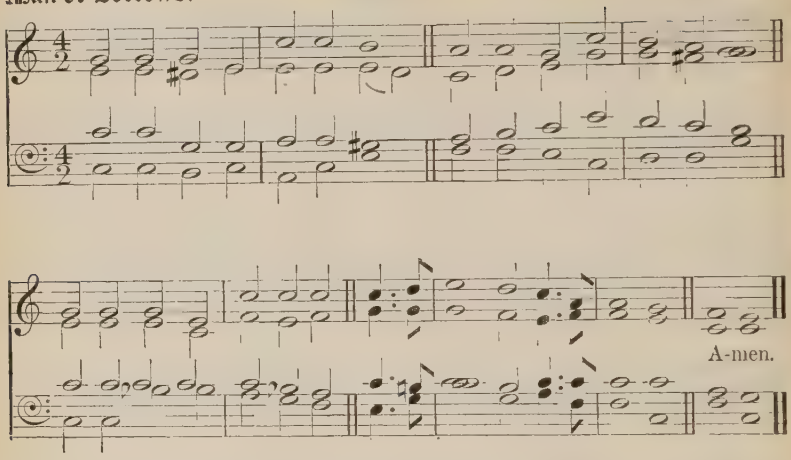
2 Here dwells the Father; Love's waters are streaming
Forth from the throne of God, plenteous and pure;
Come to His temple for mercy redeeming;
Earth has no sorrow that He cannot cure.

3 Here waits the Saviour, all gentle and loving,
Ready to meet us, His grace to reveal;
On Him cast the burden, trustfully coming;
Earth has no sorrow that Christ cannot heal.

4 Here speaks the Comforter, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, Advocate sure,
Joy of the desolate, tenderly saying,
'Earth has no sorrow My grace cannot cure.' AMEN.

T. Moore, alt.

Man of Sorrows. 208 P. P. Bliss.



A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.

mp MAN of Sorrows! what a name
For the Son of God, Who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim!
c Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

p 2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood,
Sealed my pardon with His blood:
c Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

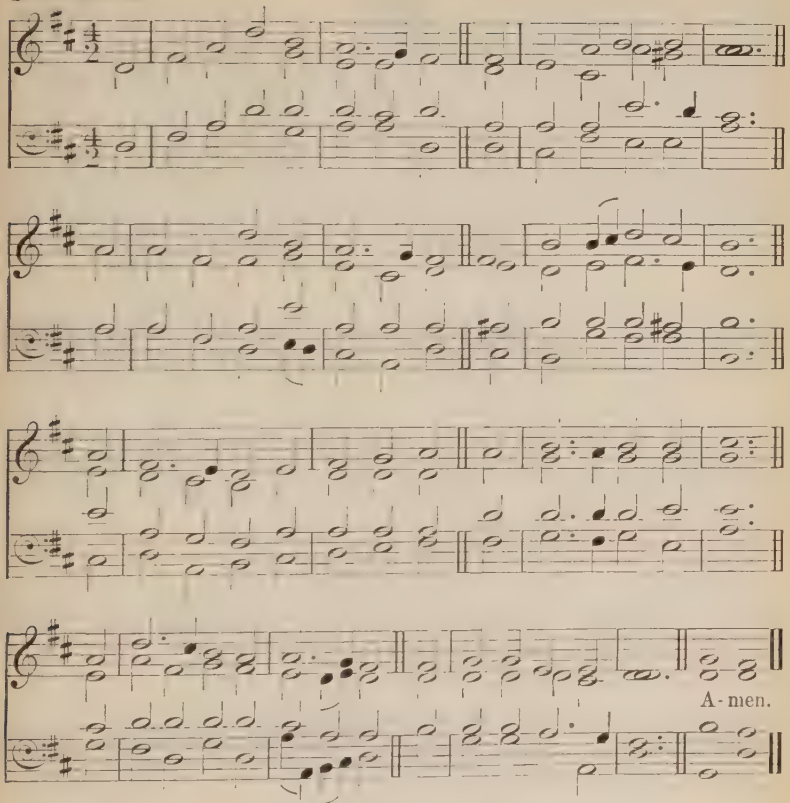
mf 3 Guilty, vile, and helpless we;
Spotless Lamb of God was He:
Full atonement,—can it be?
f Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

p 4 Lifted up was He to die,
'It is finished' was His cry;
c Now in heaven exalted high:
f Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

5 When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing—
ff 'Hallelujah! what a Saviour!' Amen.

P. P. Bliss.

Petersham. **209** C. W. Poole.



My people shall be satisfied with My goodness, saith the Lord.

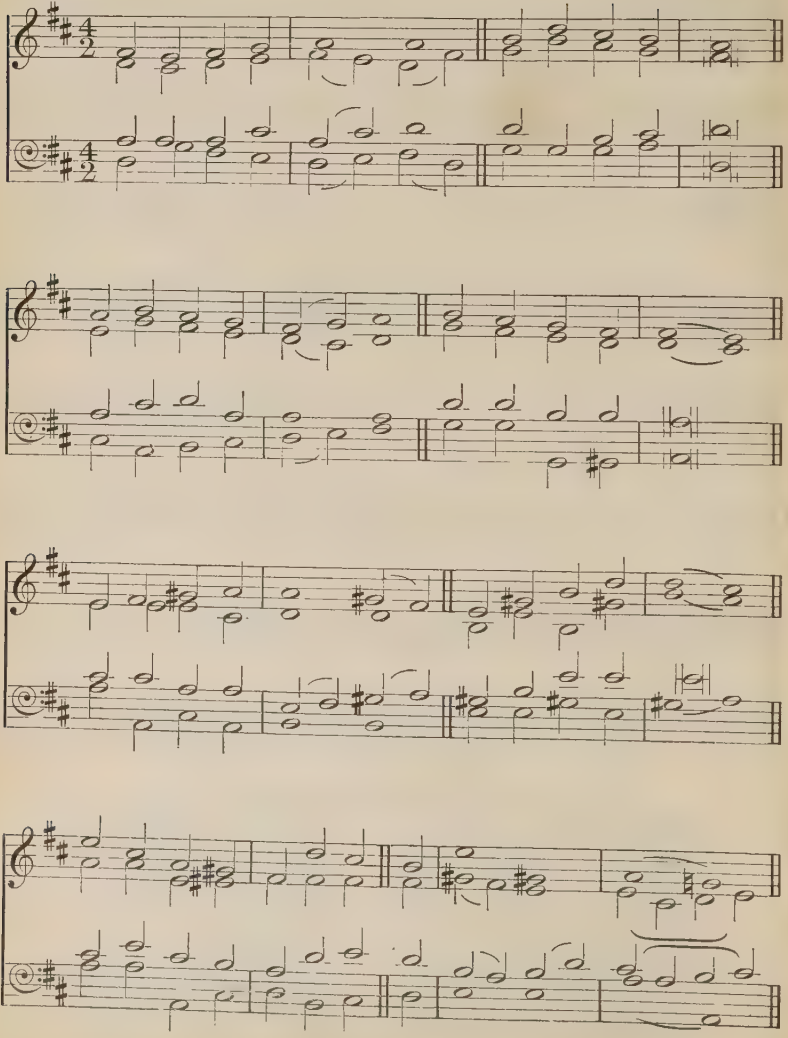
mf THE Lord is rich and merciful ;
The Lord is very kind ;
O come to Him, come now to Him,
With a believing mind.
His comforts, they shall strengthen thee
Like flowing waters cool :
And He shall for thy spirit be
A fountain ever full.

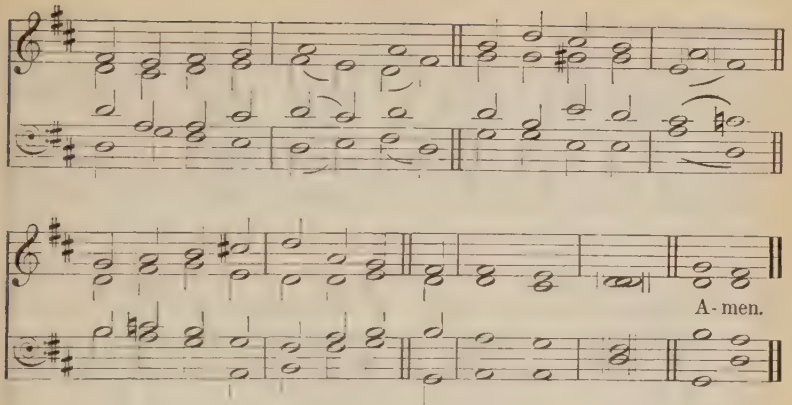
f 2 The Lord is glorious and strong ;
Our God is very high ;
O trust in Him, trust now in Him,
And have security.
He shall be to thee like the sea,
And thou shalt surely feel
His wind, that bloweth healthily
Thy sicknesses to heal.

3 The Lord is wonderful and wise,
As all the ages tell ;
O learn of Him, learn now of Him,
Then with thee it is well.
And with His light thou shalt be blest,
Therein to work and live ;
d And He shall be to thee a rest
When evening hours arrive. AMEN.

T. T. Lynch.

Deva. **210** E. J. Hopkins.





The love of Christ constraineth us.

mf ONE there is Who loves thee,
Waiting still for thee:
Canst thou yet reject Him?
None so kind as He!
p Do not grieve Him longer;
c Come and trust Him now;
He has waited all thy days:
Why waitest thou?
mf *One there is Who loves thee:*
O receive Him now!
He has waited all the day:
Why waitest thou?

p 2 Tenderly He wooes thee;
Do not slight His call;
Though thy sins are many,
He'll forgive them all.
Turn to Him, repenting;
He will cleanse thee now;
c He is waiting at thy heart:
Why waitest thou?

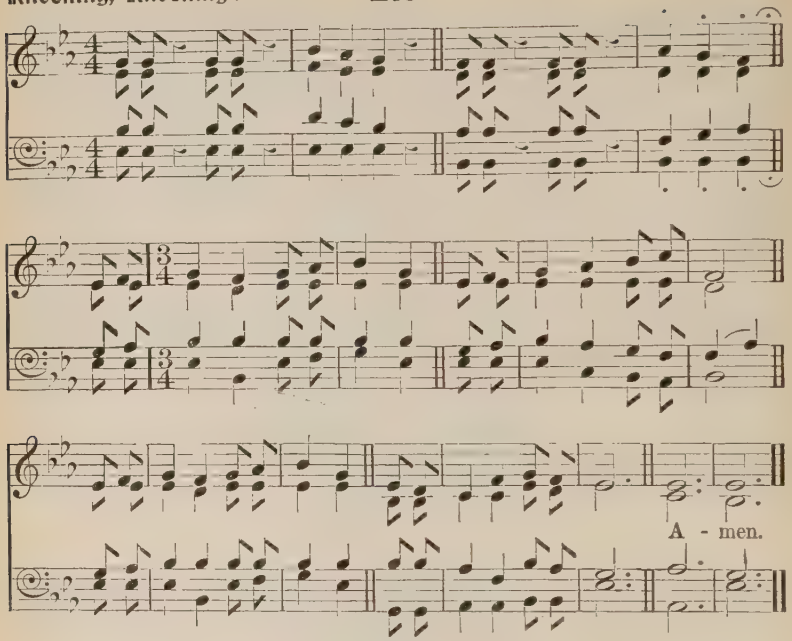
mf 3 Jesus still is waiting;
Sinner, why delay?
To His arms of mercy
Rise, and haste away.
c Only come believing,
He will save thee now;
He is waiting at the door:
Why waitest thou?

AMEN.

H. C. Ayres.

Knocking, Knocking! 211

G. F. Root.



Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.

1

p KNOCKING, knocking! who is there?
Waiting, waiting, O how fair!
mf 'T is a Pilgrim, strange and kingly;
Never such was seen before;
d Ah! my soul, for such a wonder
Wilt thou not undo the door?

2

p Knocking, knocking! still He 's there!
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
mf But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

3

p Knocking, knocking! what, still there?
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
mf Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crowned hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Saviour waiting there. AMEN.

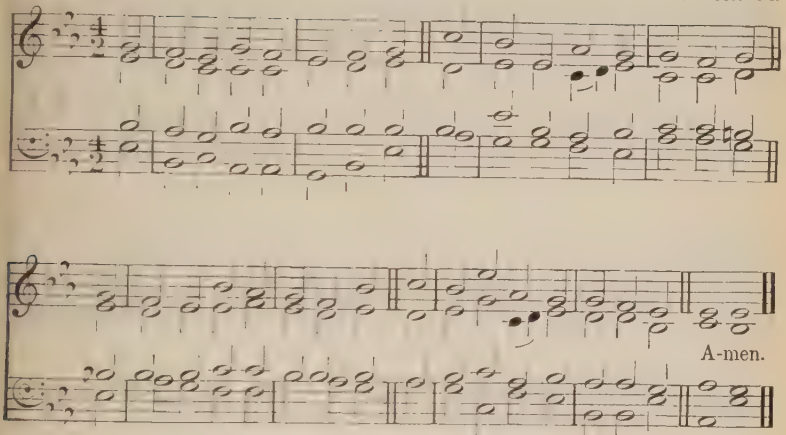
H. B. Stowe, alt.

The following also are suitable:—

104 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord.
108 One there is, above all others.
349 Thy life was given for me
431 Hark, hark, my soul.

4.—*MISSIONS.*

Dublin. **212** J. HULLAH.



[May be sung to 'Winchester New,' No. 9.]

I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh.

mf O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
c Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

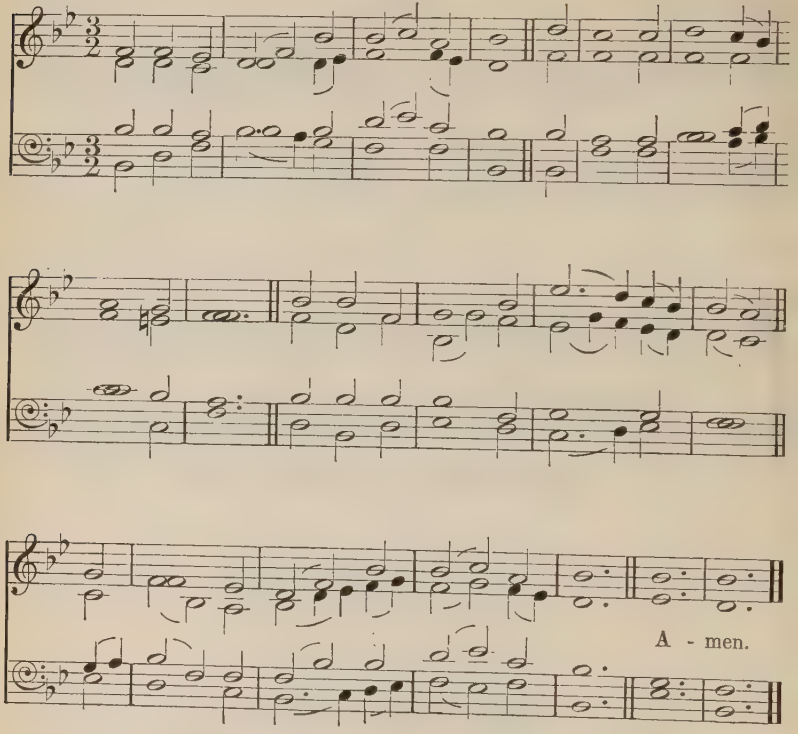
mf 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion order, in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
c Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

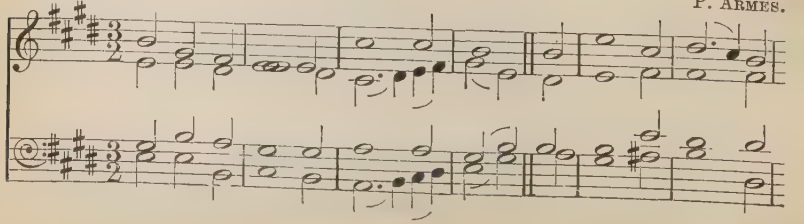
f 5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord. AMEN.

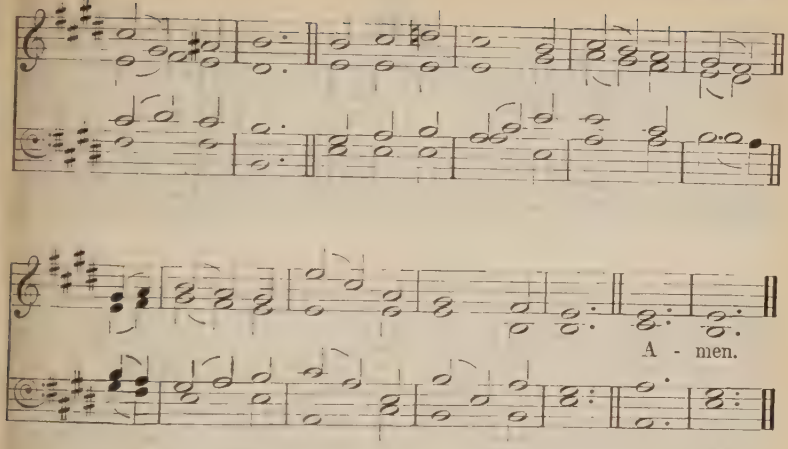
J. Montgomery, sel.

Warrington (*1st Tune*). **213** R. HARRISON.



Galilee (*2nd Tune*). P. ARMES.





Men shall be blessed in Him: all nations shall call Him blessed.

f JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

mf 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

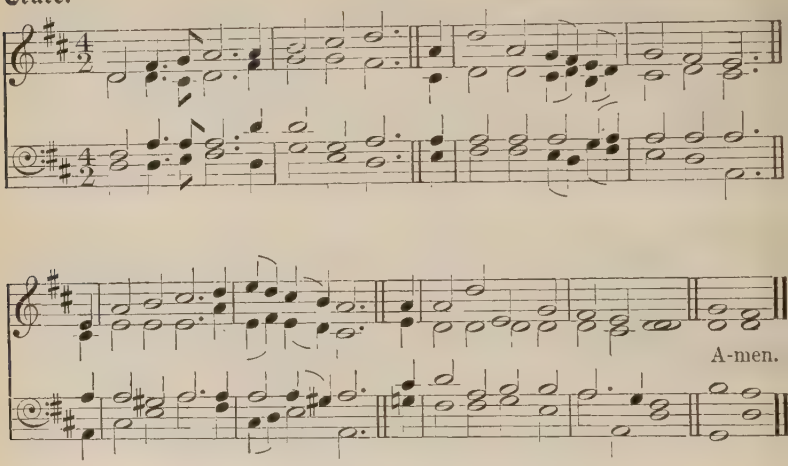
3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
mp And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

mf 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns:
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest;
And all the sons of want are blest.

f 5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen. AMEN.

I. Watts, sel. and alt.

Truro. **214** *Psalmodia Evangelica*, 1790.



Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord.

f ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

2

mf Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
'I am Jehovah, God alone';
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3

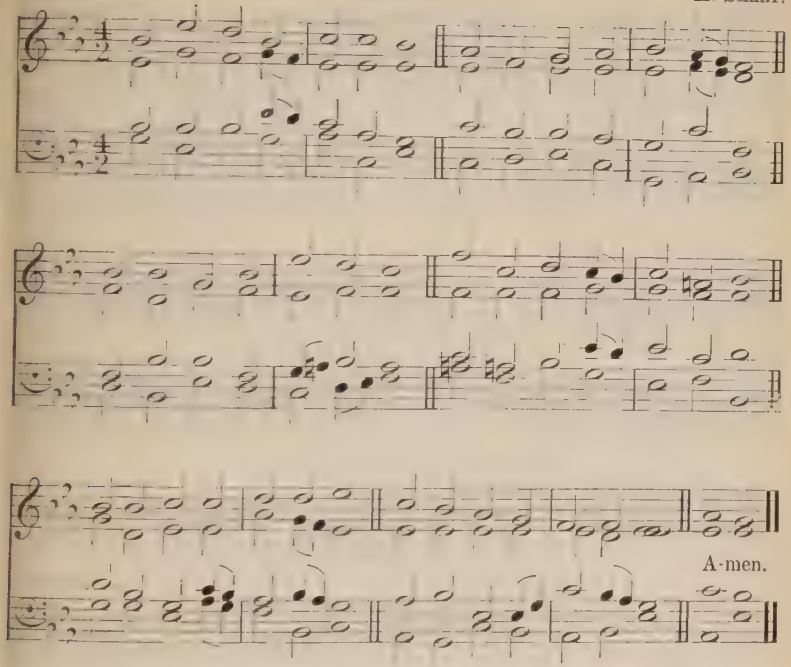
Let Zion's time of favour come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold

4

Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In every clime of every name;
c Let adverse powers before Thee fail,
f And crown the Saviour Lord of all. AMEN.

W. Shrubsole, sel.

Heathlands. **215** H. SMART.



God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause His face to shine upon us.

1

mf GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine;
Fill Thy Church with light divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2

f Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King,
d At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

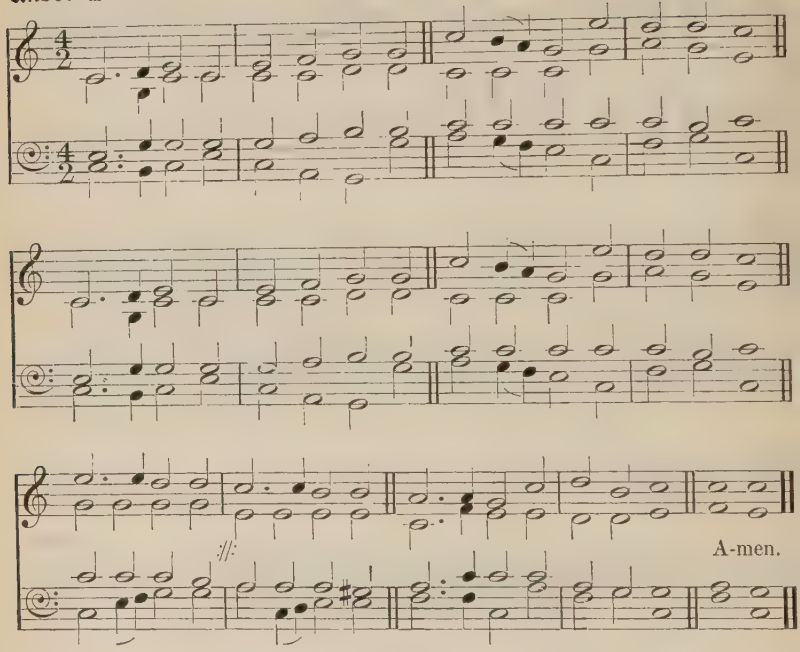
3

f Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford,
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live,—
All below and all above
One in joy, and light, and love. AMEN.

H. F. Lyte.

216

Unser Herrscher. **Unser Herrscher, unser König.** J. NEANDER.



[May be sung to 'Triumph,' No. 142.]

The people which sat in darkness saw a great light.

1

mf O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul; be still, and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace:
f Blessèd jubilee!
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2

mf Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

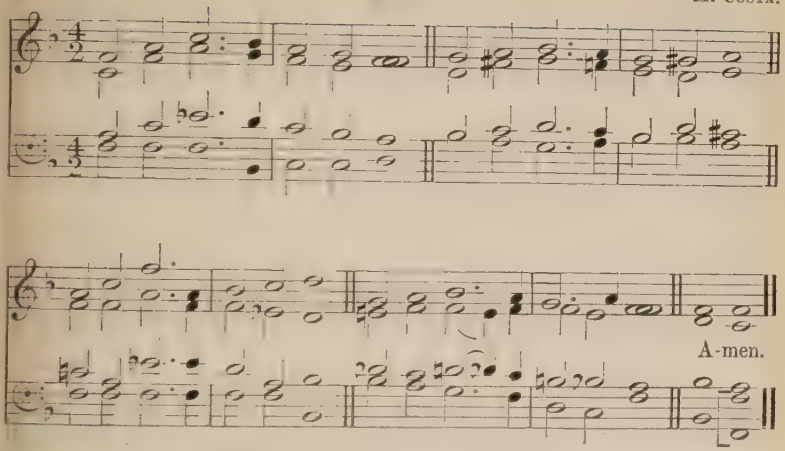
3

Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Let them have the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4

f Fly abroad, eternal gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
May thy sceptre
Sway the enlightened world around.
AMEN.

Eli. **217** M. Costa.



[May be sung to 'Ravenna,' No. 222.]

My heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved.

mf LORD, Thine ancient people see,
Captive still, in darkness bound;
Let Thy gospel set them free;
Let them hear its joyful sound.

2

p Still the veil is on their heart:
c Rend it, Lord, at length in twain;
Bid their unbelief depart;
Bring them to Thy fold again.

3

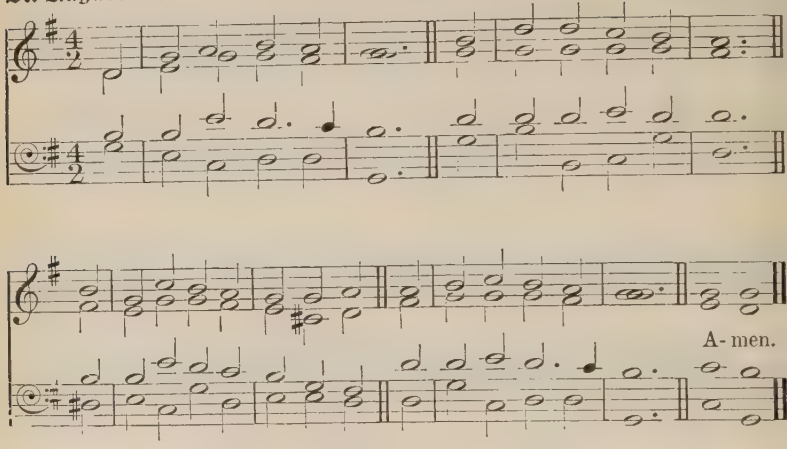
mf Let Thy love their blindness heal;
God of Israel, hear our prayer;
Let Thy grace their pardon seal;
Still Thy covenant let them share.

4

f Harp of Judah, long unstrung,
Sound at length the Saviour's praise;
Jew and Gentile, old and young,
Loud the glad hosanna raise. AMEN.

E. Harland.

St. Augustine. **218** P. Abélard (?).



Rise up for our help, and redeem us for Thy loving-kindness' sake.

f O LORD our God, arise!
The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend Thy blessèd reign.

2

Thou Prince of life, arise!
Nor let Thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3

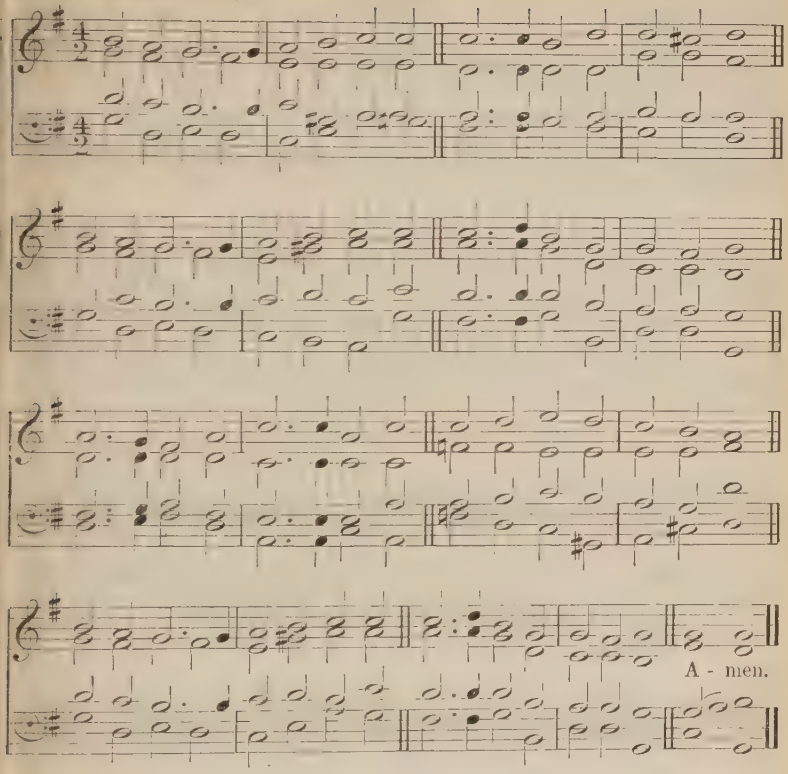
mp Thou Holy Ghost, arise!
Expand Thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

4

f All on the earth, arise!
To God our Saviour sing;
c From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring. Amen.

R. Wardlaw.

Falfield (or **Formosa**). **219** ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



So shall He sprinkle many nations.

mf SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations;
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
By Thy pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee.
Of Thy cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
c Let them see Thee in Thy glory
And Thy mercy manifold.

2

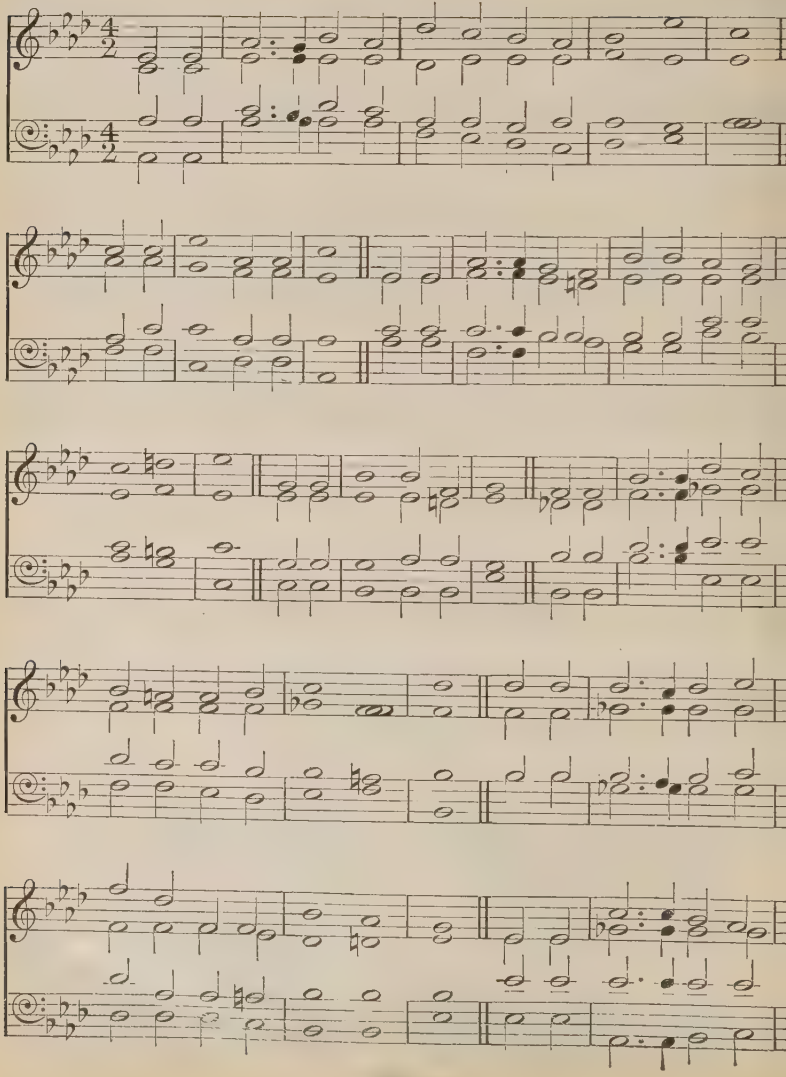
p Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
c Thee they seek as God of heaven,
Thee, as Man for sinners slain.

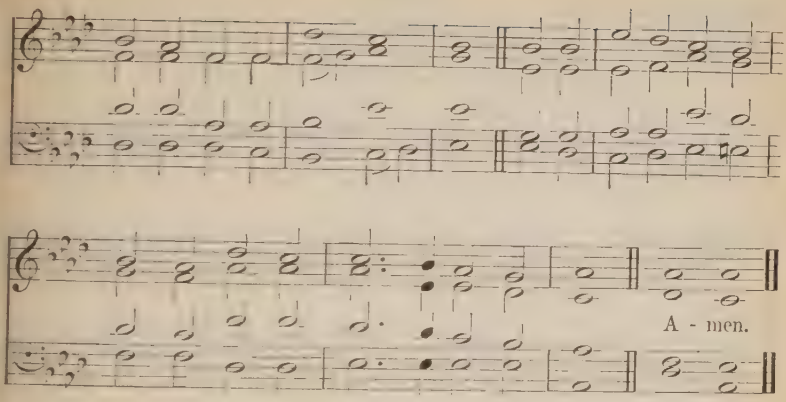
3

mf Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating,
Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light;
c Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung. AMEN.

A. C. Coxe.

Regnavit Deus. **220** H. S. Irons.





Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth.

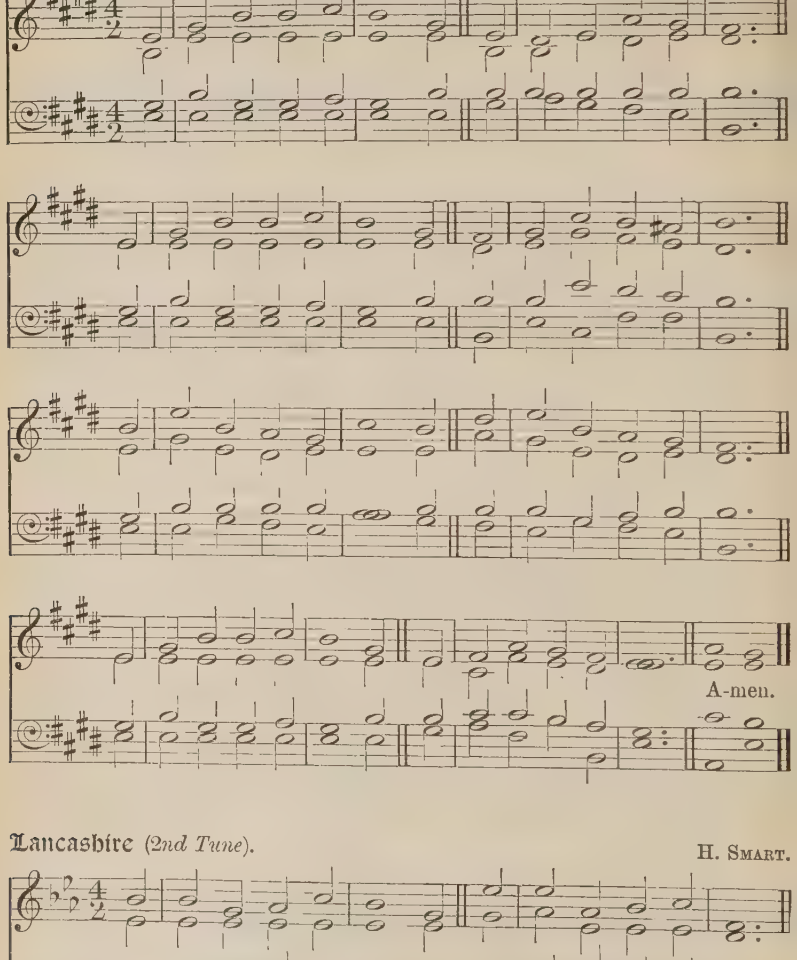
f TELL it out among the heathen that the Lord is King;
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and sing:
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out with adoration that He shall increase,
That the mighty King of Glory is the King of Peace;
Tell it out with jubilation, though the waves may roar,
That He sitteth on the water-floods, our King for evermore.

2 Tell it out among the nations that the Saviour reigns;
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the heathen, bid them burst their chains;
Tell it out, tell it out!
p Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives;
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives;
Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save;
c Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed o'er the grave.

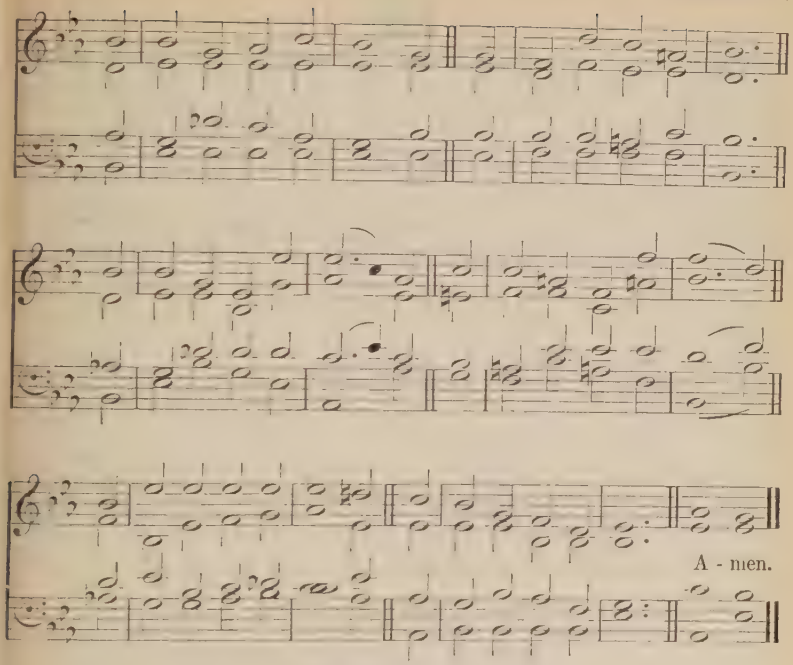
f 3 Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns above;
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations that His reign is love;
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home;
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam;
Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea. AMEN.

F. R. Havergal.

Missionary (*1st Tune*). **221** L. Mason.



Lancashire (*2nd Tune*). H. Smart.



Come over into Macedonia, and help us.

1

mf FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
p In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
c Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

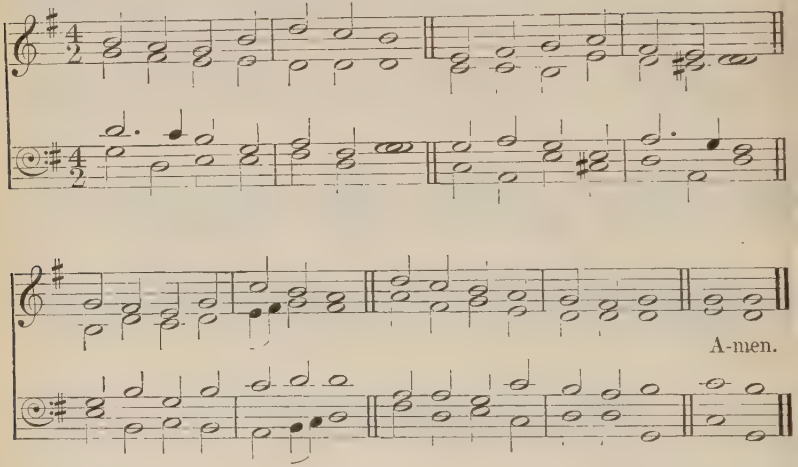
4

f Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. AMEN.

R. Heber.

222

Ravenna. **Ohne Rast und unverweilt.** J. H. KNECHT.



That the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified.

Walte fürder, nah und fern.

f SPREAD, O spread, thou mighty word,
Spread the kingdom of the Lord,
Wheresoe'er His breath has given
Life to beings meant for heaven.

2

mf Word of life, most pure and strong,
Lo! for thee the nations long;
Spread till from its dreary night
All the world awakes to light.

3

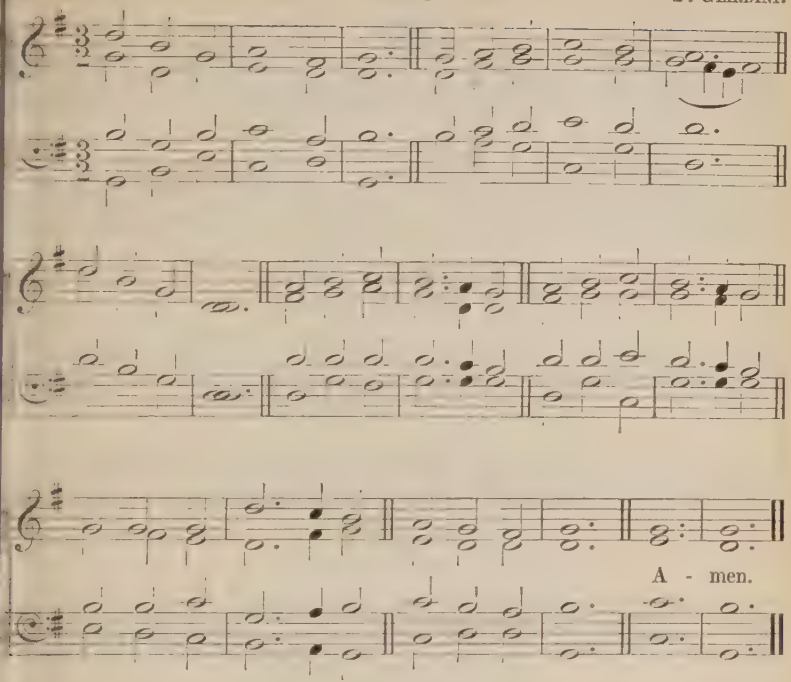
Up, the ripening fields ye see;
Mighty shall the harvest be;
But the reapers still are few;
Great the work they have to do.

4

f Lord of harvest, let there be
Joy and strength to work for Thee;
Let the nations far and near
See Thy light and learn Thy fear. AMEN.

Bahnmaier, tr. C. Winkworth, sel.

Moscow. 223 F. Giardini.



God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

f THOU Whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard
And took their flight,
mp Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
f Let there be light.

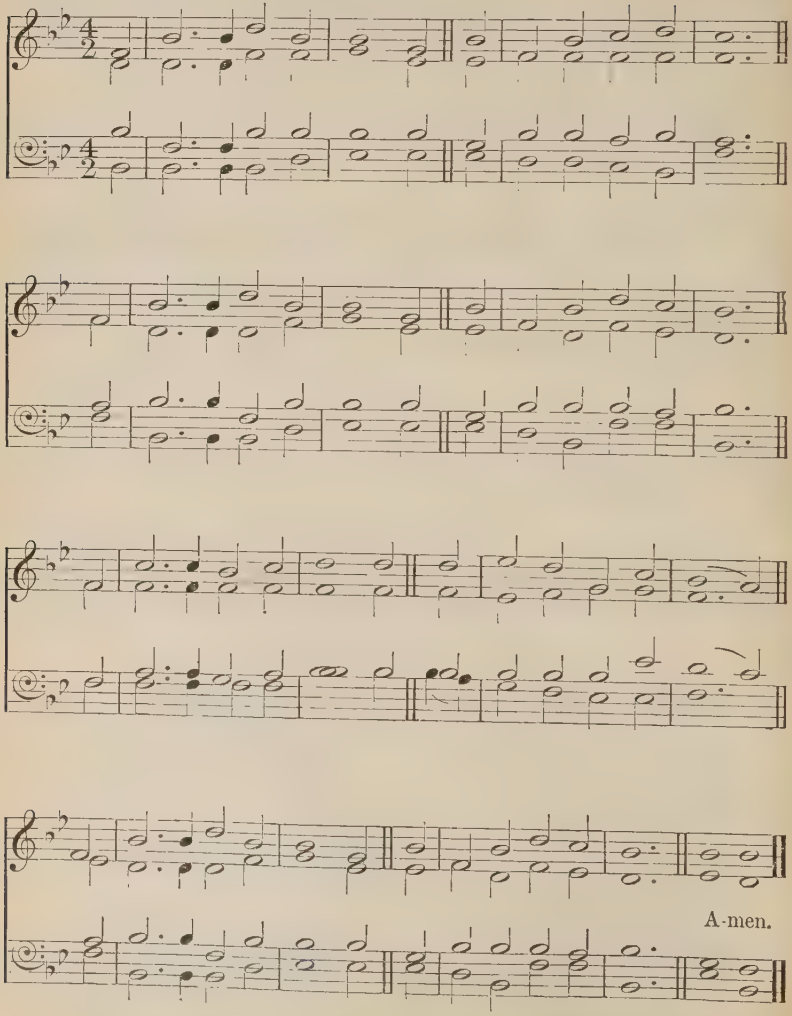
mf 2 Thou Who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
f Let there be light.

mf 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
f Let there be light.

mf 4 Blessèd and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might,
f Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light! Amen.

J. Marriott.

Morning Light. 224 G. J. Webb.



In His days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.

f HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

mf 2 He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong,
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light
d Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

mf 3 By such shall He be fearèd
While sun and moon endure,
Beloved, obeyed, reverèd,
For He shall judge the poor,
Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations
Or moons renew their youth.

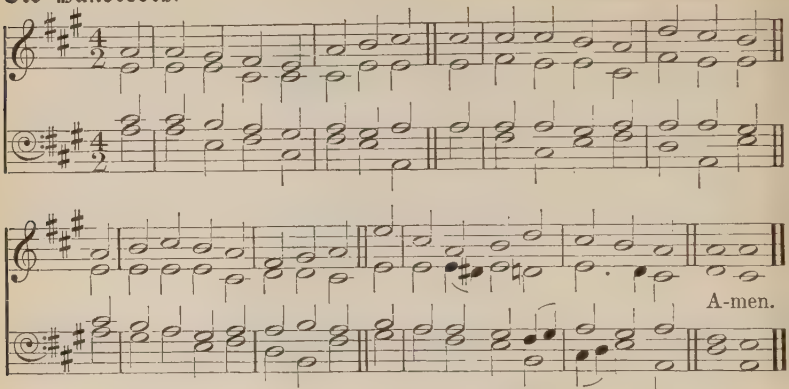
p 4 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
c And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth.
mf Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

5 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
c For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

f 6 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,
rall His great, best name of Love! AMEN.

J. Montgomery, sel. and alt.

Old Hundredth. **225** Genevan *Psalter*, 1551.



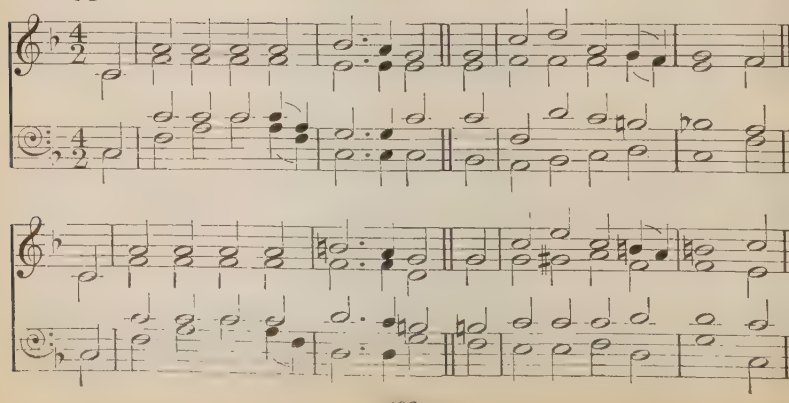
Praise Him, all ye people. For His merciful kindness is great toward us.

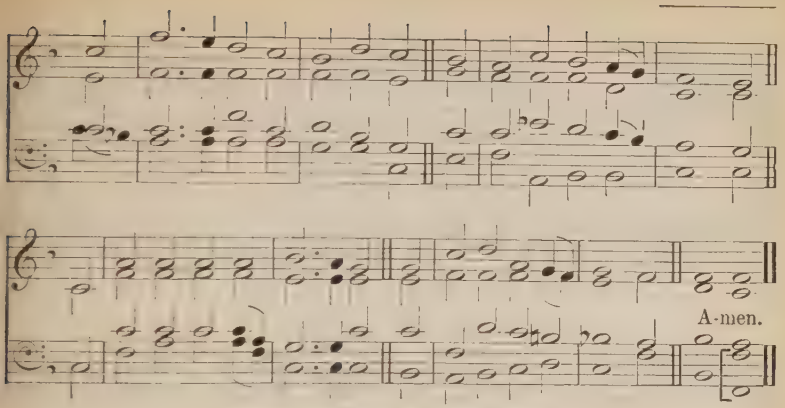
f FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more. AMEN.

I. Watts.

Bishopgarth. **226** ARTHUR SULLIVAN.





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He said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.

mf 'FOR My sake and the gospel's, go
And tell redemption's story;'
c His heralds answer, 'Be it so,
And Thine, Lord, all the glory!'
mf They preach His birth, His life, His cross,
The love of His atonement
For Whom they count the world but loss,
His Easter, His enthronement.

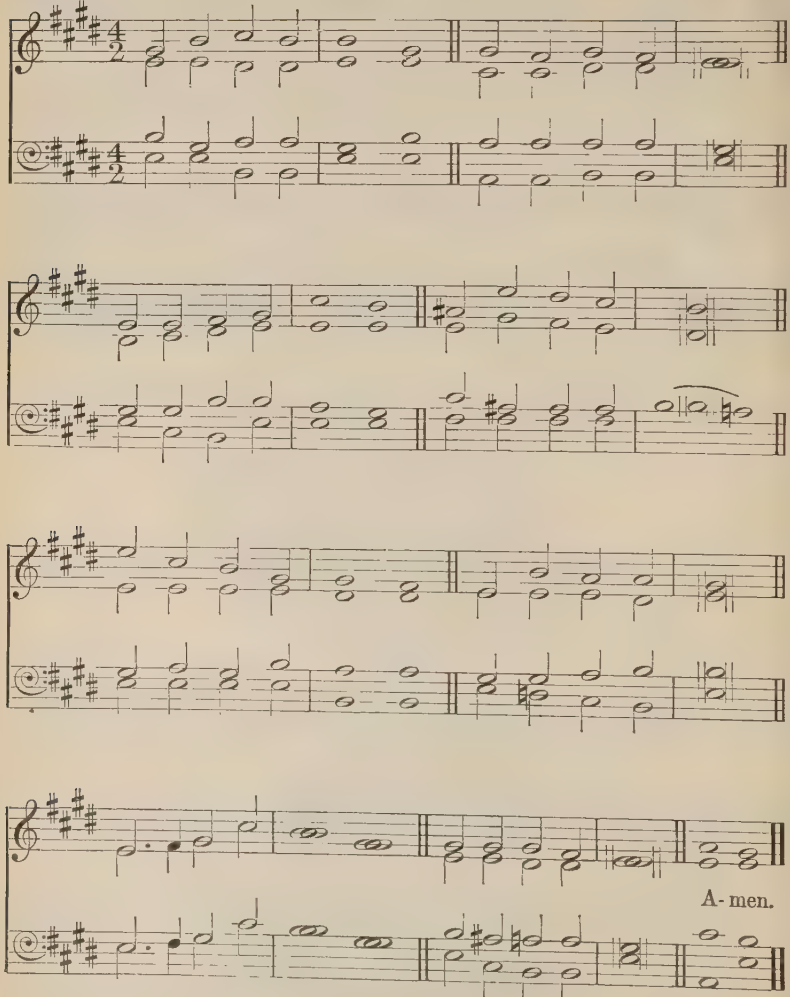
2 Hark! hark! the trump of jubilee
Proclaims to every nation,
From pole to pole, by land and sea,
Glad tidings of salvation;
As nearer draws the day of doom,
While still the battle rages,
The heavenly Dayspring through the gloom
Breaks on the night of ages.

f 3 Still on and on the anthems spread
Of Hallelujah voices;
In concert with the holy dead
The warrior Church rejoices;
Their snow-white robes are washed in blood,
Their golden harps are ringing;
Earth and the Paradise of God
One triumph song are singing.

4 He comes Whose advent-trumpet drowns
The last of time's evangels,
Emmanuel crowned with many crowns,
The Lord of saints and angels.
c O Life, Light, Love, the great I AM
Triune, Who changest never,
ff The throne of God and of the Lamb
Is Thine, and Thine for ever. AMEN.

E. H. Bickersteth.

Kirkbraddan. **227** E. C. Walker.



[May be sung to 'Colyton,' No. 127.]

Lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them.

mf FROM the eastern mountains
Pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom,
To His humble home,
Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a star.

p 2 There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
c Wondrous Light that led them
Onward on their way,
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding Star.

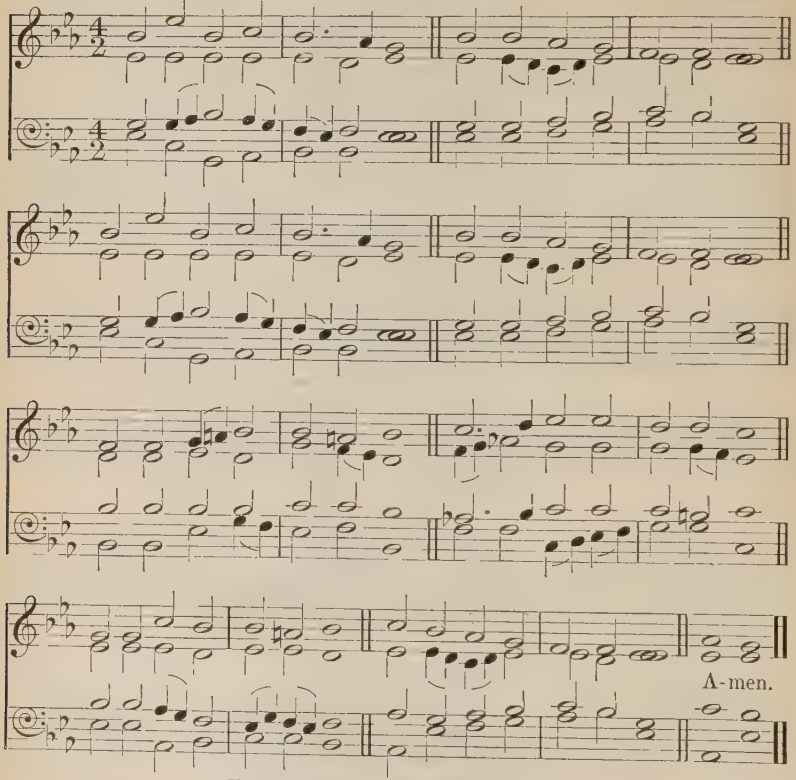
mf 3 Thou Who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.

p 4 Gather in the outcasts
Who have gone astray;
Throw Thy radiance o'er them;
Guide them on their way.
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who've wandered far,
c Guide them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.

mf 5 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding star. AMEN.

G. Thring, sel. and alt.

228

Schönberg. **Alle Menschen müssen sterben.** J. Hintze.

[May be sung to 'Tichfield,' No. 544.]

I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, . . . saying, Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

f HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders' roar,
Or the fulness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore.
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

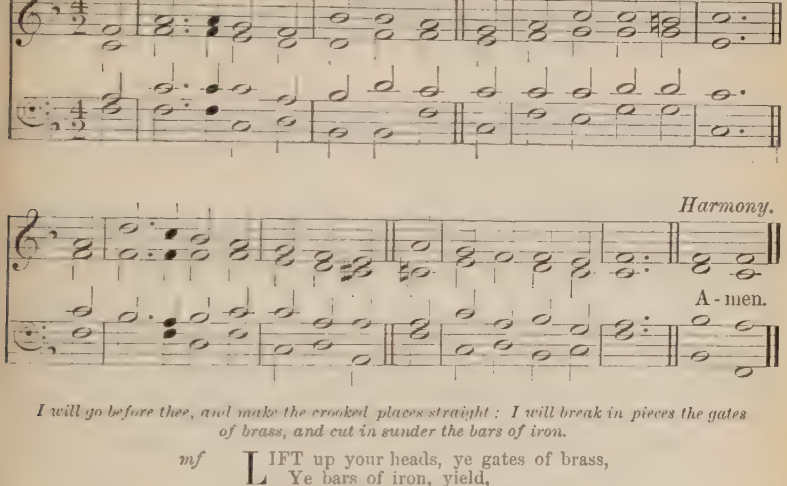
2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled, [done,
Sheathed His sword; He speaks—'t is
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away;
Then the end; beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all. Amen.

J. Montgomery.

Winchester Old. 229

Este's *Psalter*, 1592.
(Adapted from C. Tye, 1553?)



I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight: I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron.

mf LIFT up your heads, ye gates of brass,
Ye bars of iron, yield,
And let the King of Glory pass;
The cross is in the field.

2 That banner, brighter than the star
That leads the train of night,
Shines on their march, and guides from far
His servants to the fight.

3 Ye armies of the living God,
His sacramental host,
Where hallowed footstep never trod,
Take your appointed post.

mp 4 Follow the cross; the ark of peace
Accompany your path,
To slaves and rebels bring release
From bondage and from wrath.

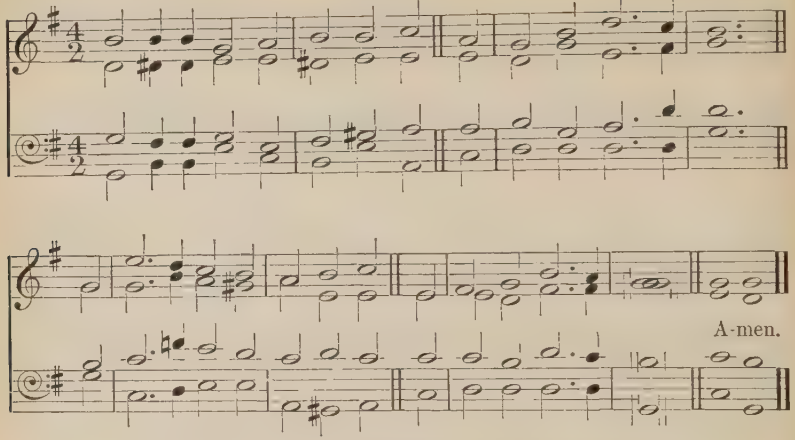
5 Though few and small and weak your bands,
Strong in your Captain's strength,
c Go to the conquest of all lands;
All must be His at length.

6 O fear not, faint not, halt not now;
Quit you like men, be strong;
To Christ shall every nation bow,
And sing with you this song:

Unis. f 7 'Uplifted are the gates of brass;
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of Glory pass!
The cross hath won the field.' Amen.

J. Montgomery, sel. and alt.

Hoc Præcessit. **230** J. B. CALKIN.



The creation itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption.

mf LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day,
Arise, and with Thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away.

2

f Come, blessèd Lord, bid every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.

3

Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy
In memory of Thy love.

4

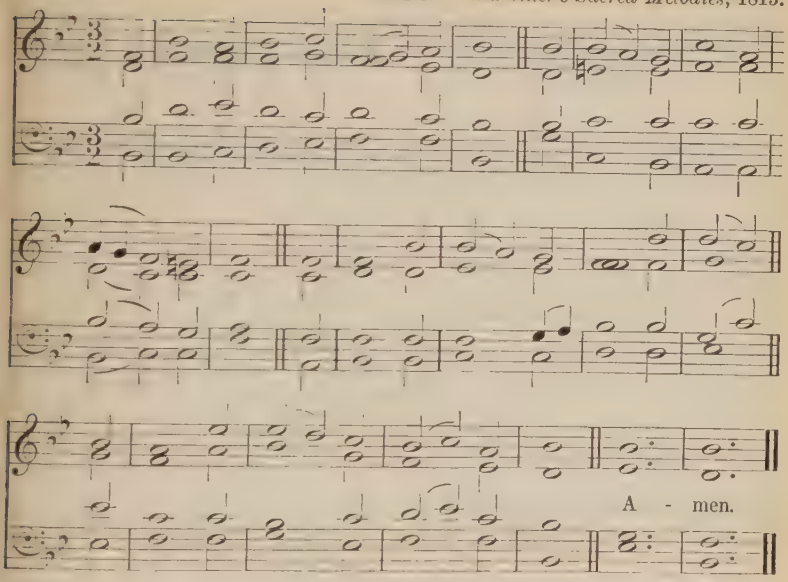
mp Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans—
The air, the earth, the sea—
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

5

Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace Divine;
f Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine. AMEN.

E. Denny, sel.

Walton. **231** *Gardiner's Sacred Melodies*, 1815.



Jesus . . . . . saw much people, and was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd.

mf LOOK from the sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might,
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted in this land of light.

mp 2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee!

mf 3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A wandering flock, and bring them all
To the Good Shepherd's peaceful fold.

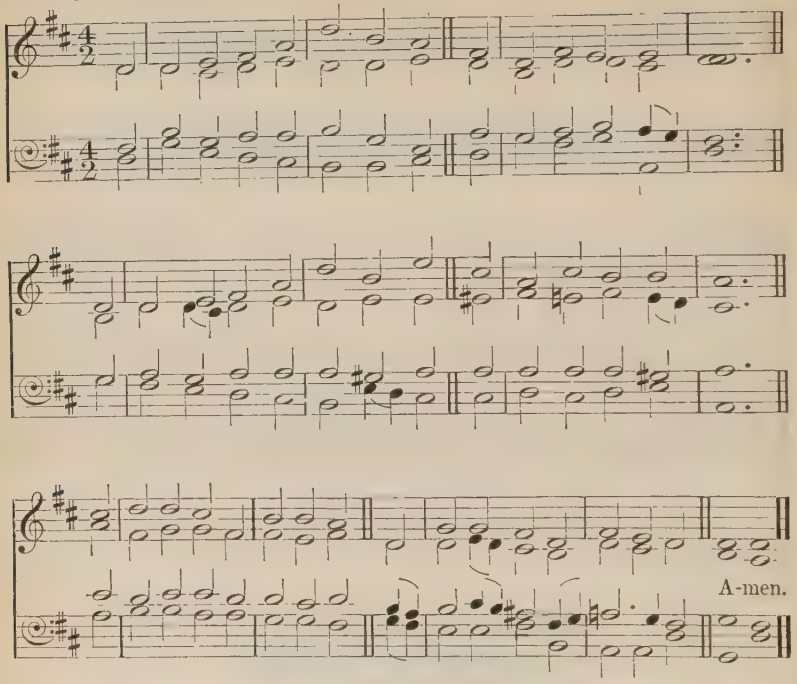
4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

f 5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
On which with sorrowing eyes we gaze,
Shall grow, with living waters, green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise. AMEN.

W. C. Bryant.

232

Harrogate. G. F. Cobb.



By permission of W. A. Jefferson, from the National Book of Hymn Tunes, Chants, etc.

The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever.

f O NORTH, with all thy vales of green,
O South, with all thy palms,
From peopled towns and fields between
Uplift the voice of psalms;
Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,
And let the youthful West reply.

2 Lo! in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-beloved Son;
He brings a train of brighter years;
His kingdom is begun;
He comes a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

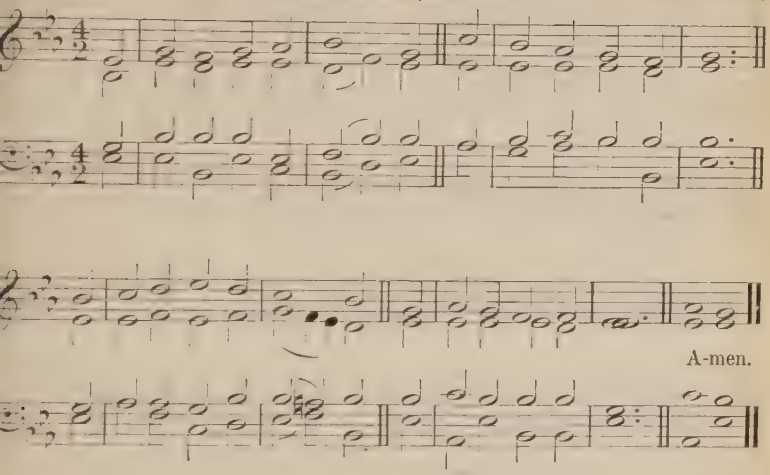
mp 3 O Father, haste the promised hour
When at His feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power
Beneath the ample sky,
When He shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul;

4 When all shall heed the words He said
Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life He led
Shall seek to pattern theirs;
f And He Who conquered death shall win
The nobler conquest over sin. AMEN.

W. C. Bryant.

233

Bremen. Christus der ist mein Leben. M. Vulpius.



Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion!

mf O THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home!

2

p How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

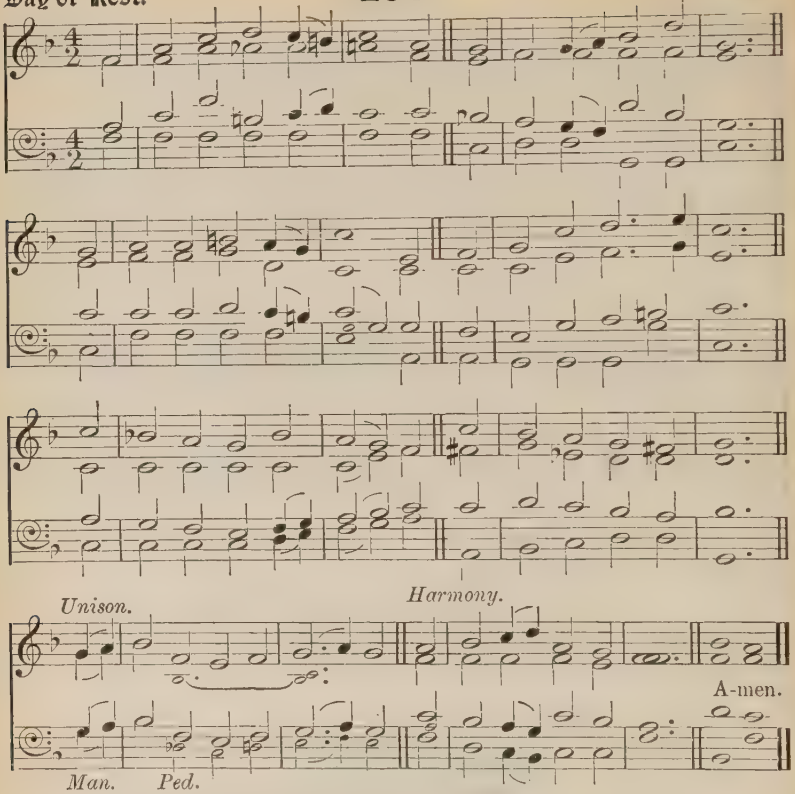
3

mf Let fall Thy rod of terror;
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error;
Release the fettered heart.

4

Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee. Amen.

H. F. Lyte.

Day of Rest. **234** J. W. Elliott.

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For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil.

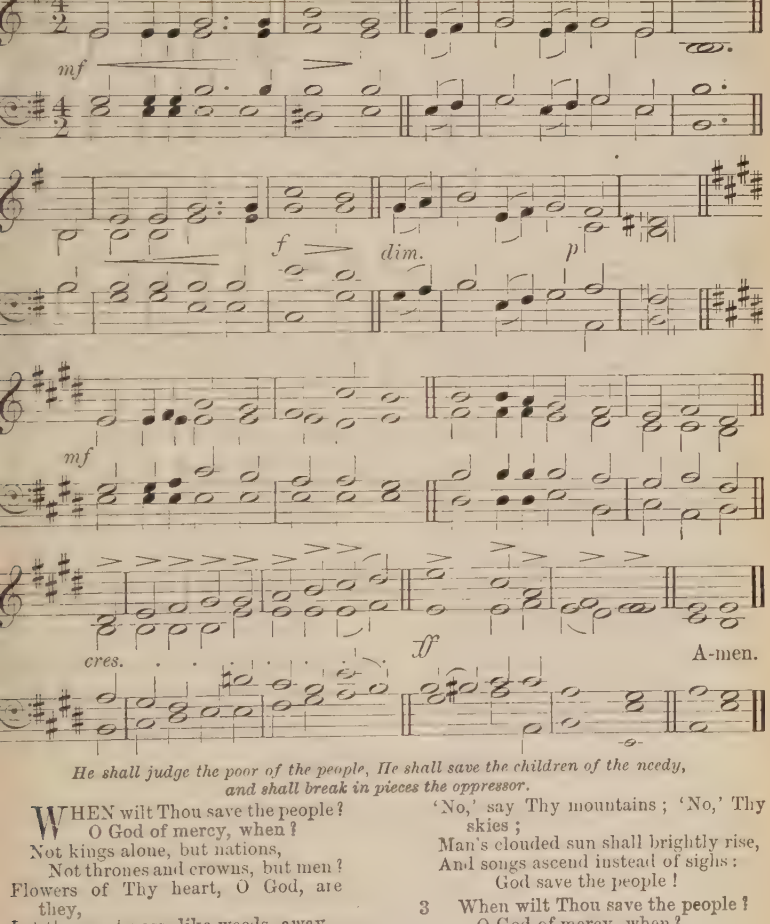
[Temperance.]

mf O THOU before Whose presence
Nought evil may come in,
Yet Who dost look in mercy
Down on this world of sin,
O give us noble purpose
To set the sin-bound free,
p And Christ-like tender pity
To seek the lost for Thee.

f 2 Fierce is our subtle foeman:
The forces at his hand
With woes that none can number
Despoil the pleasant land;
All they who war against them,
In strife so keen and long,
Must in their Saviour's armour
Be stronger than the strong.

mf 3 Lead on, O Love and Mercy,
O Purity and Power,
Lead on till peace eternal
Shall close this battle-hour;
Till all who prayed and struggled
To set their brethren free
f In triumph meet to praise Thee,
Most Holy Trinity. Amen.

S. J. Stone, sel.



He shall judge the poor of the people, He shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.

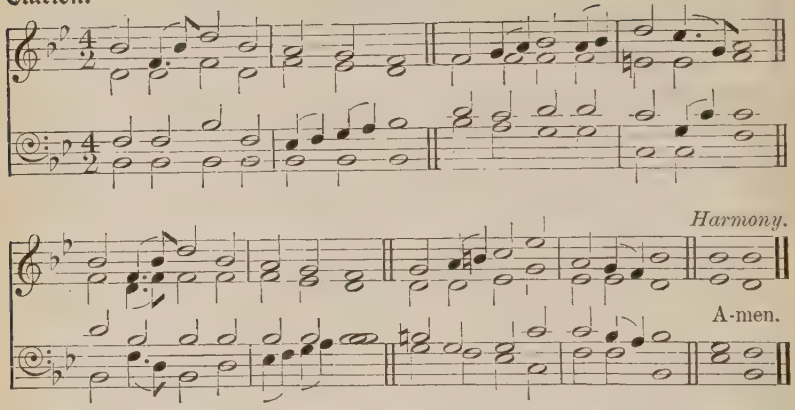
WHEN wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
Not kings alone, but nations,
Not thrones and crowns, but men?
Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they,
Let them not pass, like weeds, away,
Their heritage a sunless day:
God save the people!

2 Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
'No,' say Thy mountains; 'No,' Thy skies;
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs ascend instead of sighs:
God save the people!

3 When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men?
God save the people; Thine they are,
Thy children, as Thine angels fair;
From vice, oppression, and despair
God save the people! Amen.

E. Elliott, alt.

Clarion. **236** E. F. Rimbault.



The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God.

mf SOLDIERS of the cross, arise!
Gird you with your armour bright;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky;
c Let it float there wide unfurled;
Bear it onward; lift it high.

mf 3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

p 5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

mf 6 Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;
Comfort troubles; banish grief;
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

Unis. f 7 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord. Amen.

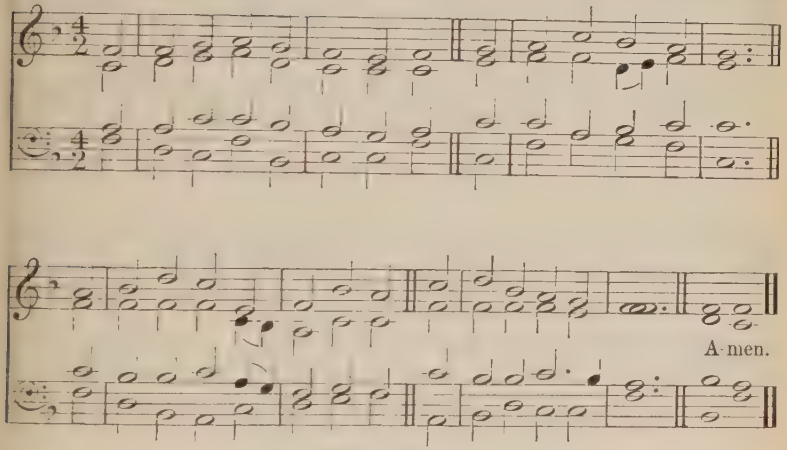
W. W. How.

The following also are suitable :—

398—416 Hymns of Service and Beneficence.
134 All hail, the power of Jesus' name!
390 Revive Thy work, O Lord.
435 When Israel, of the Lord beloved (for Jewish Missions).
655 Lord, bless and pity us (Psalm 67).
689 When Sion's bondage God turned back (Psalm 126).

5.—*THE LORD'S DAY.*

St. Etheldreda. **237** T. Turton.



Call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable.

p MY Lord, my Love, was crucified;
He all the pains did bear;
c But in the sweetness of His rest
He makes His servants share.

mf 2 How sweetly rest Thy saints above,
Which in Thy bosom lie!
The Church below doth rest in hope
Of that felicity.

3 Blest day of God, most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days,
The labourer's rest, the saint's delight,
A day of mirth and praise!

4 Thou, Lord, Who daily feedst Thy
Mak'st them a weekly feast; [sheep,
Thy flocks meet in their several folds
Upon this day of rest.

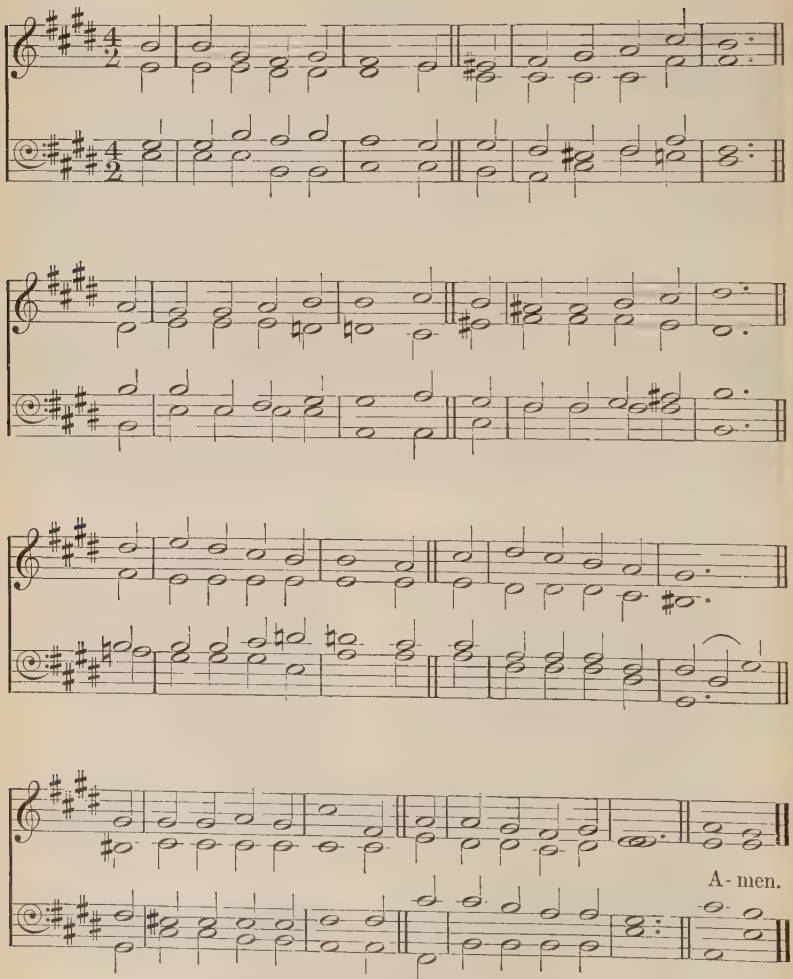
5 Welcome and dear unto my soul
Are these sweet feasts of love;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep,
When I shall rest above!

6 I bless Thy wise and wondrous love,
Which binds us to be free,
Which makes us leave our earthly snares
That we may come to Thee.

7 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray;
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;
c I sing to think this is the way
Unto my Saviour's face. Amen.

J. Mason, sel.

St. Anselm. **238** J. Barnby.



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[May be sung to 'Aurelia,' No. 171.]

This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.

mf O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!
On thee the high and lowly
Before the eternal throne
p Sing, 'Holy, holy, holy!'
To the great Three in One.

mf 2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
c On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven:
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

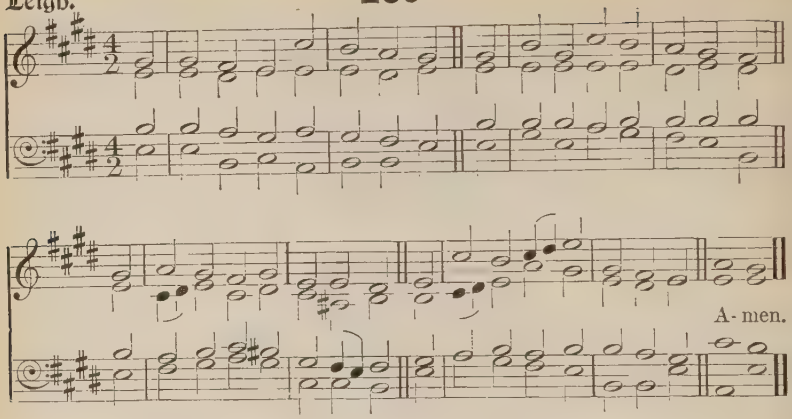
mf 3 Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.
A day of sweet refection
Thou art, a day of love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
f Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

mf 5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
f To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One. AMEN.

C. Wordsworth, sel. and alt.

Leigh. **239** A. R. Reinagle.



It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy name, O Most High.

mf SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest:
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

f 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

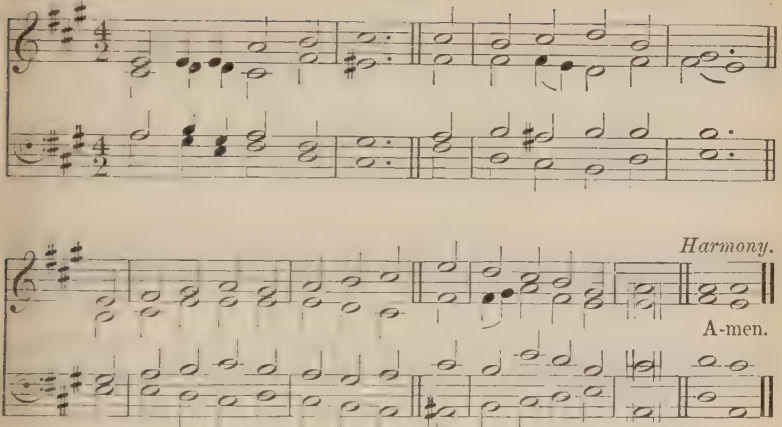
mf 4 And I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

p 5 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex mine eyes and ears no more;
c My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

f 6 Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy. Amen.

I. Watts, sel.

Dominica. **240** H. S. Oakeley.



[May be sung to 'St. George,' No. 527.]

The Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath.

m THIS is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day;
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

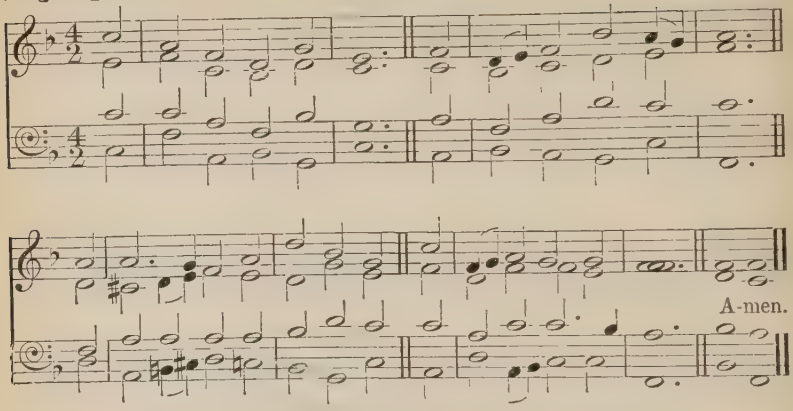
p 3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

mf 4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

Unis. f 5 This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death! Amen.

J. Ellerton.

Day of Praise. 241 C. STEGGALL.



Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house: they will be still praising Thee.

[EVENING.]

mf OUR day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
p But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light That lightenest all!

mf 2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

p 3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
c But O the strains, how full and clear,
Of that eternal choir!

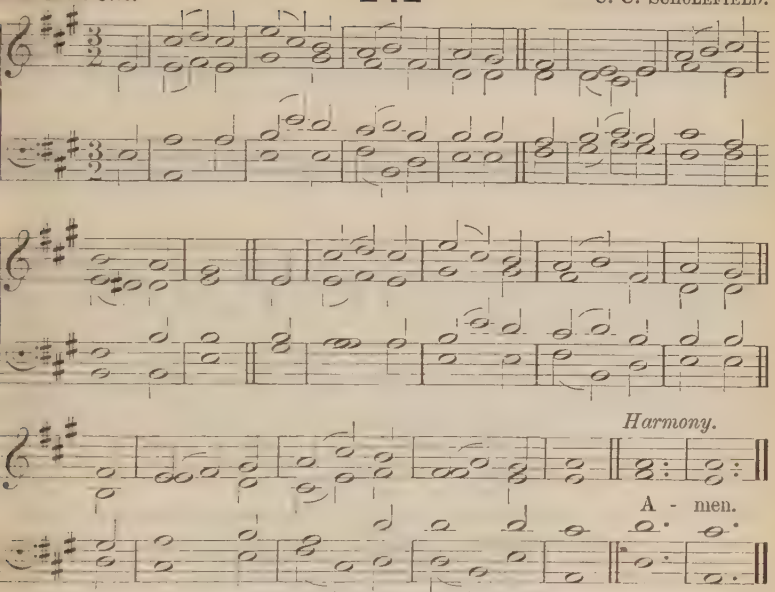
mf 4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 'T is Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy name.

f 6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end,
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend. AMEN.

J. Ellerton.

St. Clement. **242** C. C. Scholefield.



From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the Lord's name is to be praised.

[Evening.]

mf THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended;
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
c To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

mf 2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

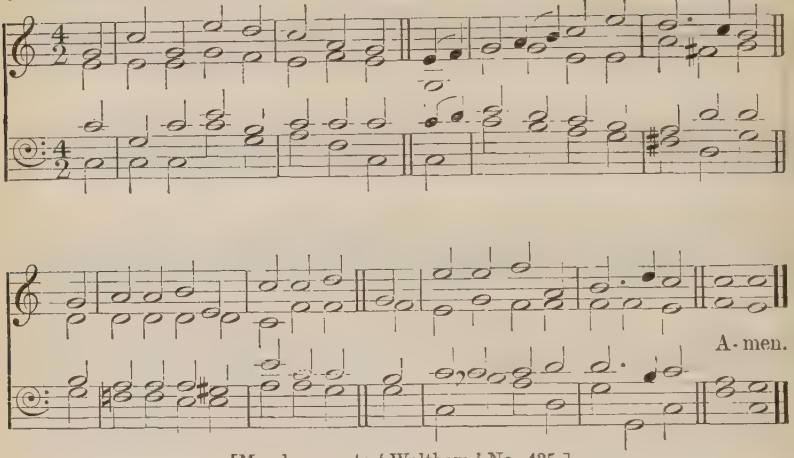
3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
c And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

Unis. f 5 So be it, Lord! Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway. Amen.

J. Ellerton.

Church Triumphant. 243 J. W. Elliott.



[May be sung to 'Waltham,' No. 435.]

Unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in His wings.

f THOU glorious Sun of Righteousness,
On this day risen to set no more,
Shine on us now to heal and bless
With brighter beams than e'er before.

mf 2 Shine on Thy work of grace within,
On each celestial blossom there;
Destroy each bitter root of sin,
And make Thy garden fresh and fair.

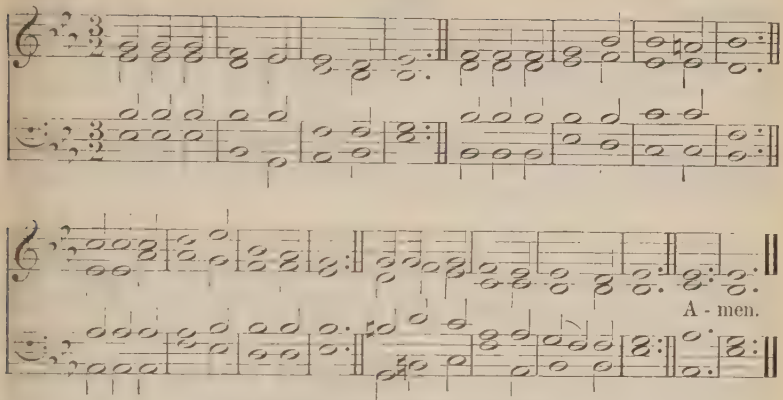
3 Shine on Thy pure, eternal word;
Its mysteries to my soul reveal;
And, whether read, remembered, heard,
O let it quicken, strengthen, heal.

f 4 Shine till Thy glorious beams shall chase
The blinding film from every eye,
Till every earthly dwelling-place
Shall hail the Dayspring from on high.

5 Shine on, shine on, eternal Sun;
Pour richer floods of life and light
Till that bright Sabbath be begun,
That glorious day which knows no night. Amen.

C. Elliott, sel.

Saxby. **244** T. R. Matthews.



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[May be sung to 'Brookfield,' No. 558.]

The Sabbath was made for man.

mp SWEET is the sunlight after rain,
And sweet the sleep which follows pain;
And sweetly steals the Sabbath rest
Upon the world's work-wearied breast.

2 Of heaven the sign, of earth the calm,
The poor man's birthright and his balm,
God's witness of celestial things,
A sun with healing in its wings,

c 3 New rising in this gospel time,
And in its sevenfold light sublime,
Blest day of God! we hail the dawn,
To gratitude and worship drawn.

f 4 O nought of gloom and nought of pride
Should with the sacred hours abide;
At work for God, in loved employ,
We lose the duty in the joy.

mp 5 Breathe on us, Lord; our sins forgive,
And make us strong in faith to live;
Our utmost, sorest need supply,
And make us strong in faith to die. AMEN.

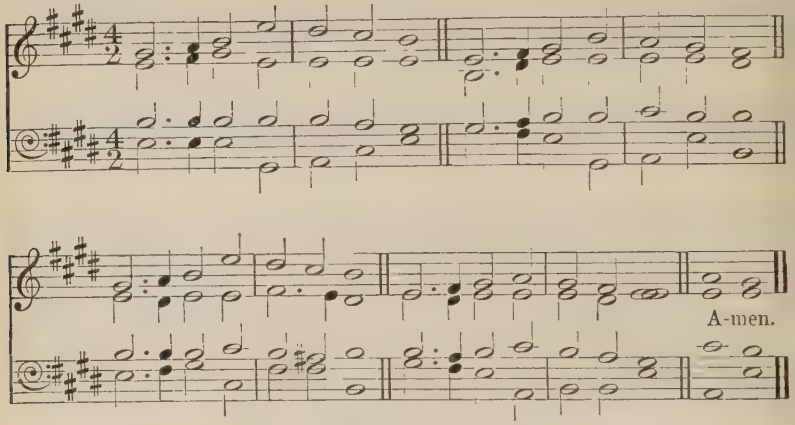
W. M. Punshon, sel.

The following also are suitable:—

80—92 Hymns on Our Lord's Resurrection.
682 O set ye open unto me (Ps. 118).

6.—*THE HOUSE OF GOD.*

Innocents. **245** Adapted from JOSEPH SMITH.



I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday.

mf GREAT the joy when Christians meet!
Christian fellowship, how sweet,
When, their theme of praise the same,
They exalt Jehovah's name!

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
d He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave His Son.

mf 3 Sing the Son's unbounded love,—
How He left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

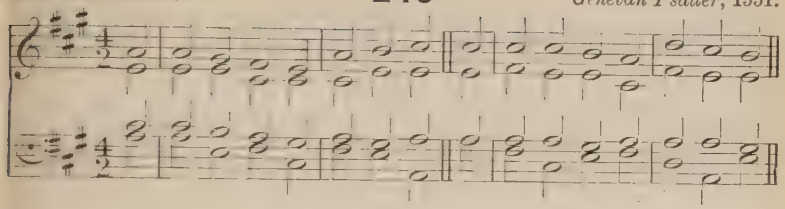
4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love:
With our stubborn hearts He strove,
Chased the mists of sin away,
Turned our night to glorious day.

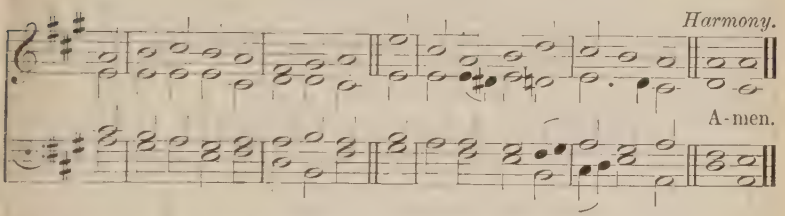
r 5 Great the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints in glory meet,—
Where the theme is still the same,
Where they praise Jehovah's name! AMEN.

G. Burder, alt.

Old Hundredth. 246

Genevan Psalter, 1551.





We are His people, and the sheep of His pasture. Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise.

mf BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
p And, when like wandering sheep we strayed,
c He brought us to His fold again.

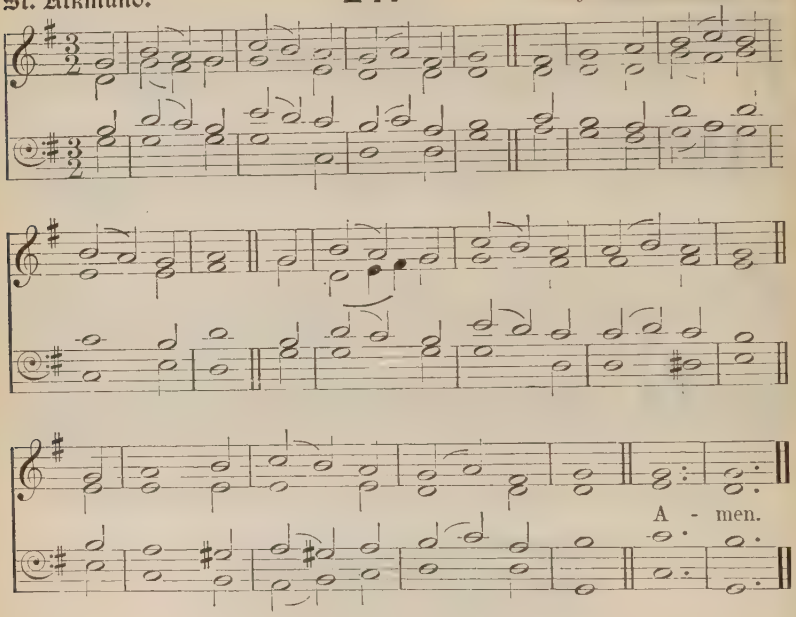
mf 3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

c 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Unis. f 5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move. AMEN.

I. Watts, alt.

St. Alkmund. **247** *A Collection of Easy Litanies, &c.*, 1852.



There the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore.

mf COMMAND Thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord;
May we Thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word;
Say to the weakest, 'Follow Me.'

3 Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill this place
p With wounding and with healing power,
c With quickening and confirming grace.

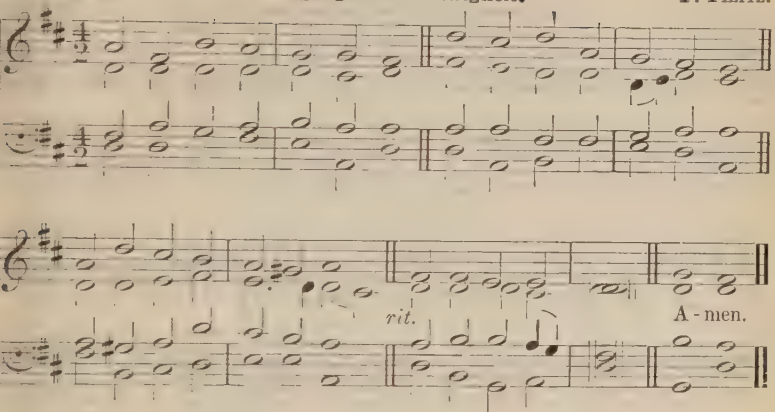
mf 4 O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One true eternal God confessed,
May nought in life or death divide
The saints in Thy communion blest.

f 5 With Thee and these for ever bound,
May all who here in prayer unite
With harps and songs Thy throne surround,
Rest in Thy love, and reign in light. AMEN.

J. Montgomery, alt.

248

Capetown. **Morgenglanz der Ewigkeit.** F. FILITZ.



Hear Thou in heaven, and forgive the sin of Thy people.

mf GOD of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place;
p Hear, forgive, and save.

mf 2 When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at Thy mercy-seat,
p Look from heaven and save.

mf 3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill,
p Lord, accept and save.

4 Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold;
Lord, forgive and save.

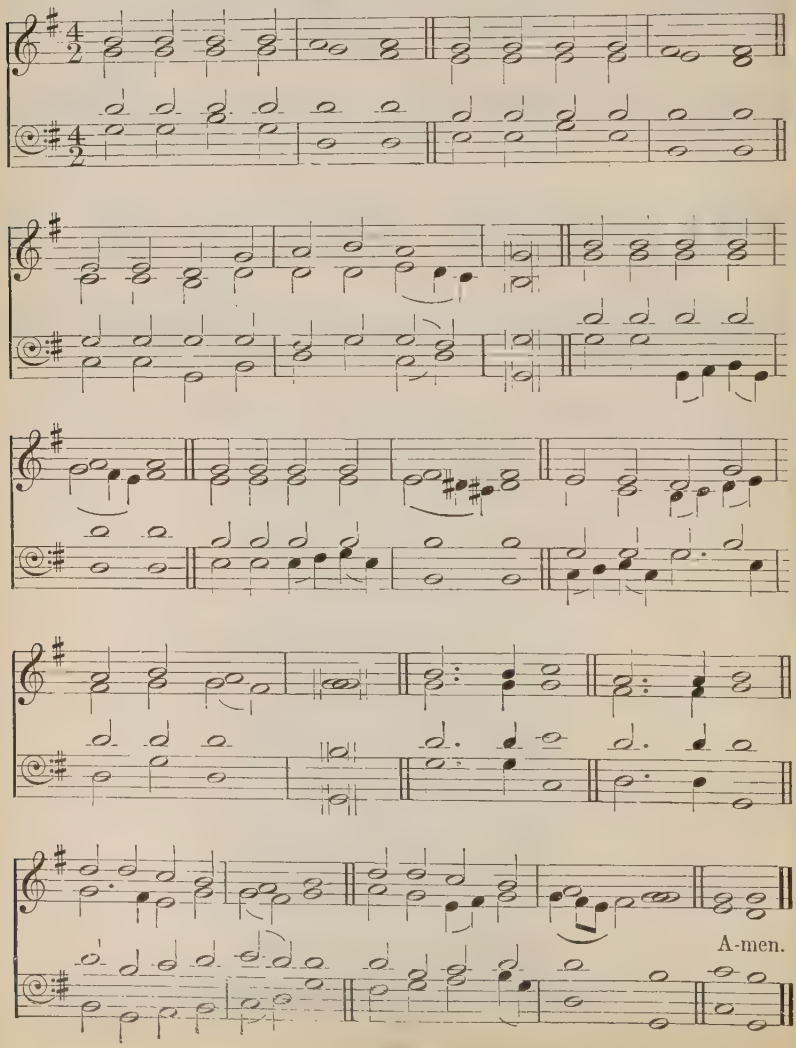
5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess;
Jesus, hear and save.

mf 6 And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free;
p Hear, forgive, and save. AMEN.

E. F. Morris, sel.

249

Gröningen. **Wunderbarer König, Herrscher von uns allen.** J. NEANDER.



Holiness becometh Thine house, O Lord, for evermore.

Gott ist gegenwärtig.

mf GOD reveals His presence:
Let us now adore Him,
And with awe appear before Him.
p God is in His temple:
All within keep silence,
Prostrate lie with deepest reverence.
c Him alone
God we own,
f Him our God and Saviour:
Praise His name for ever!

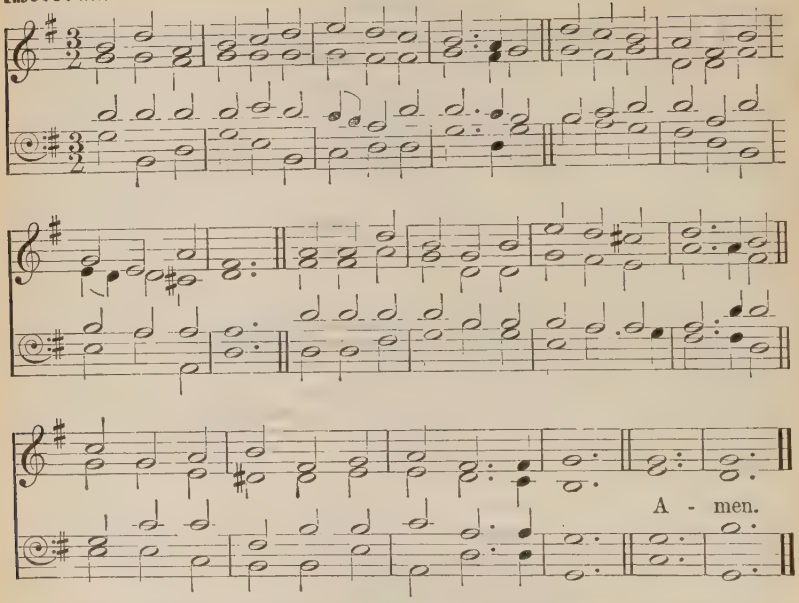
p 2 God reveals His presence:
Hear the harps resounding;
See the crowds the throne surrounding;
pp 'Holy, holy, holy!'
c Hear the hymn ascending,
Angels, saints, their voices blending.
mf Bow Thine ear
To us here;
Hearken, O Lord Jesus,
To our meaner praises.

3 O Thou Fount of blessing,
Purify my spirit;
Trusting only in Thy merit,
Like the holy angels,
Who behold Thy glory,
May I ceaselessly adore Thee.
Let Thy will
Ever still
Rule Thy Church terrestrial,
As the hosts celestial.

4 Jesus, dwell within me:
Whilst on earth I tarry,
Make me Thy blest sanctuary;
c Then, on angel pinions,
Waft me to those regions
Filled with bright seraphic legions.
f May this hope
Bear me up,
Till these eyes for ever
Gaze on Thee, my Saviour. AMEN.

Tersteegen, tr. F. W. Foster, alt.

Moredun. **250** H. Smart.



Bring an offering, and come before Him: worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

mf WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
c Gold of obedience and incense of lowliness
Bring, and adore Him; the Lord is His name!

mp 2 Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness;
High on His heart He will bear it for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

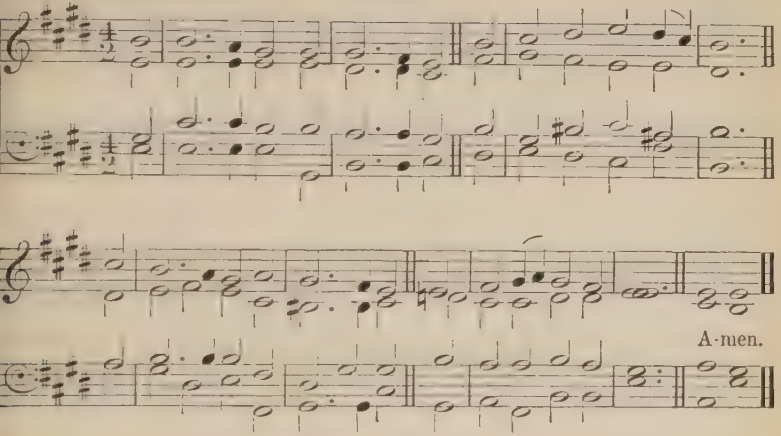
mf 3 Fear not to enter His courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine;
Truth in its beauty and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.

4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the Name that is dear,
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

5 Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
c Gold of obedience and incense of lowliness
Bring, and adore Him; the Lord is His name! Amen.

J. S. B. Monsell.

Semper Aspectemus. **251** J. H. Casson.



[May be sung to 'Kilmarnock,' No. 175.]

In every place where I record My name I will come unto thee and I will bless thee.

mf GREAT Shepherd of Thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour Thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

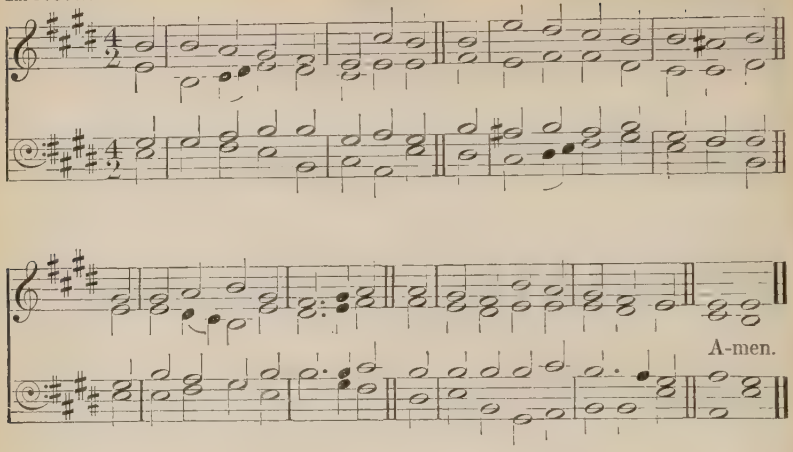
mp 3 Within these walls let holy peace
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 The hearing ear, the seeing eye,
The contrite heart bestow;
c And shine upon us from on high,
That we in grace may grow.

mf 5 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares. Amen.

J. Newton, sel. and alt.

Melcombe. **252** S. Webbe.



The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth.

mf JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going take Thee to their home.

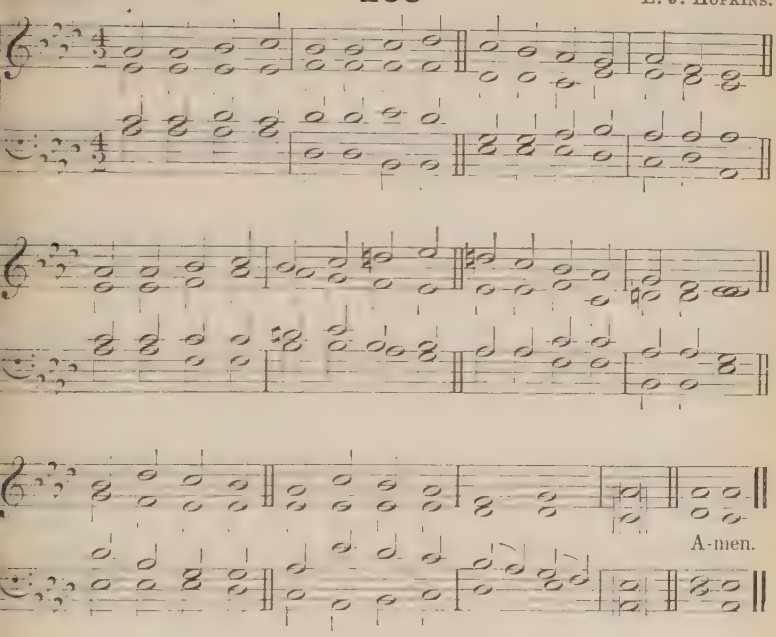
3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
c To teach our faint desires to rise,
f And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near,
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own. Amen.

W. Cowper, sel.

Heber. **253** E. J. Hopkins.



Now are we all here present before God.

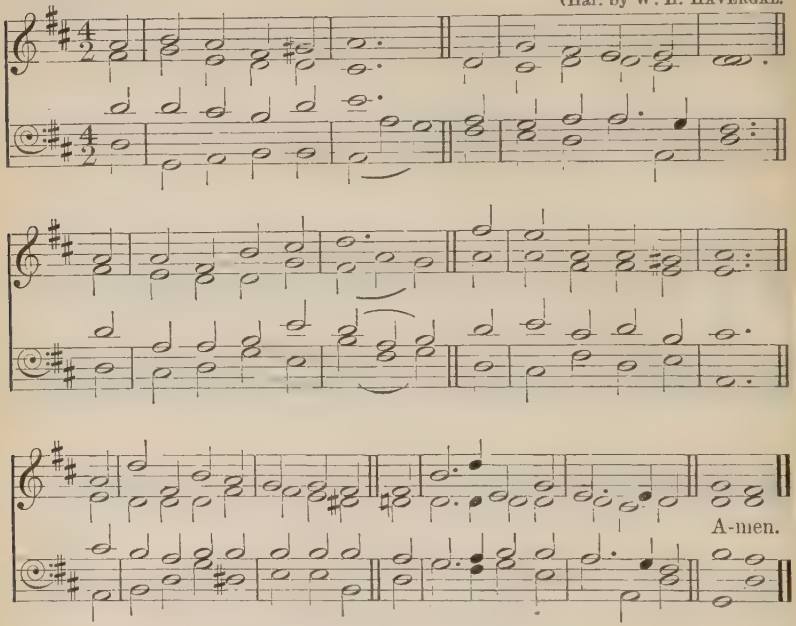
mf IN Thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We Thy people now draw near;
p Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let Thy servants hear,—
Hear with meekness,
Hear Thy word with godly fear.

mf 2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
Cheered by hope and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till Thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

f 3 There in worship, purer, sweeter,
Thee Thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before,
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore. Amen.

T. Kelly.

Gopsal. **254** G. F. Handel.
(Har. by W. H. Havergal.



[May be sung to 'Christchurch,' No. 255.]

How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts.

1

mf LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are!
c To Thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

2

mf O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
c They praise Thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

3

mf They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.
f O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

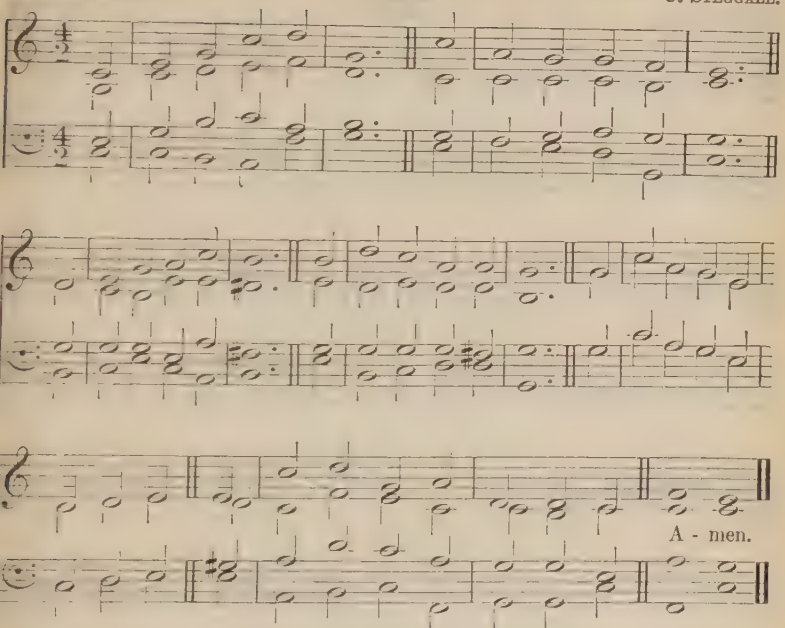
4

mf The Lord His people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those His heart approves,
From pure and pious souls.
f Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in Thee! AMEN.

I. Watts, sel.

Christchurch. 255

C. STEGGALL.



Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.

Angularis fundamentum lapis Christus missus est.

1

mf CHRIST is our Corner-stone,
On Him alone we build ;
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled :
c On His great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.

2

f O then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring ;
Our voices we will raise,
The Three in One to sing,
And thus proclaim
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
That glorious name.

3

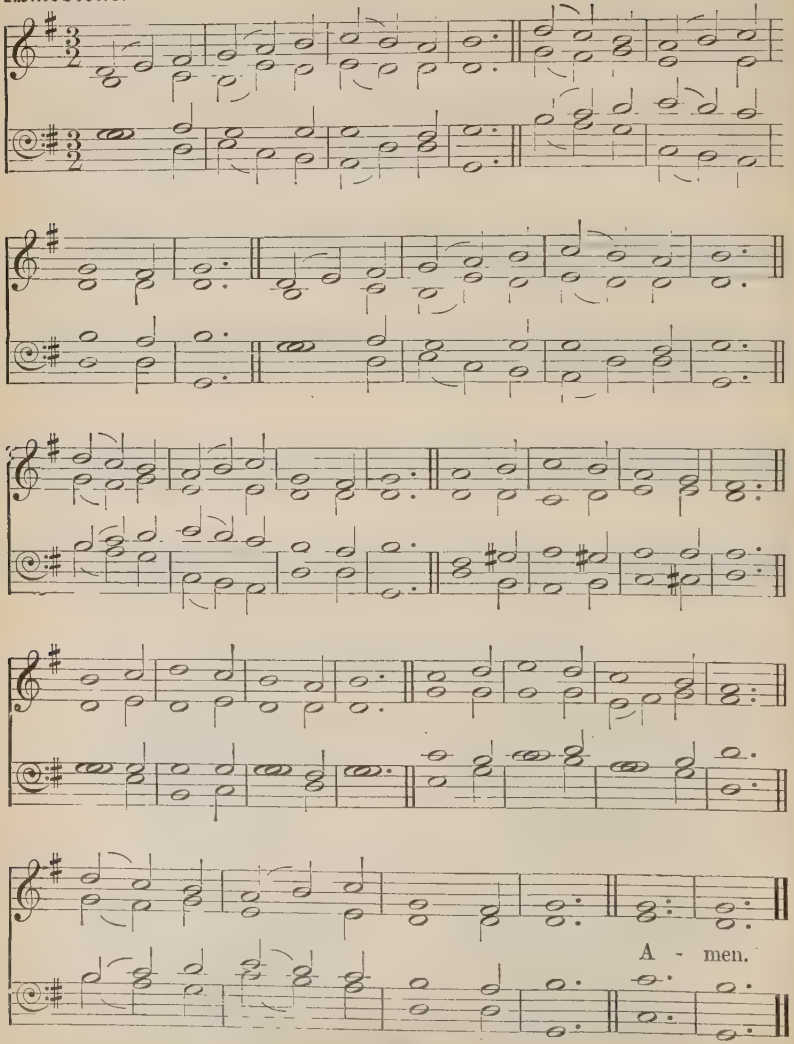
p Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh ;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh ;
c In copious shower,
On all who pray
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour.

4

mf Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore ;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
c Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
rall Are called away. AMEN.

Latin, tr. J. Chandler, sel.

Maidstone. **256** W. B. Gilbert.



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Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house: they will be still praising Thee.

mf PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace!

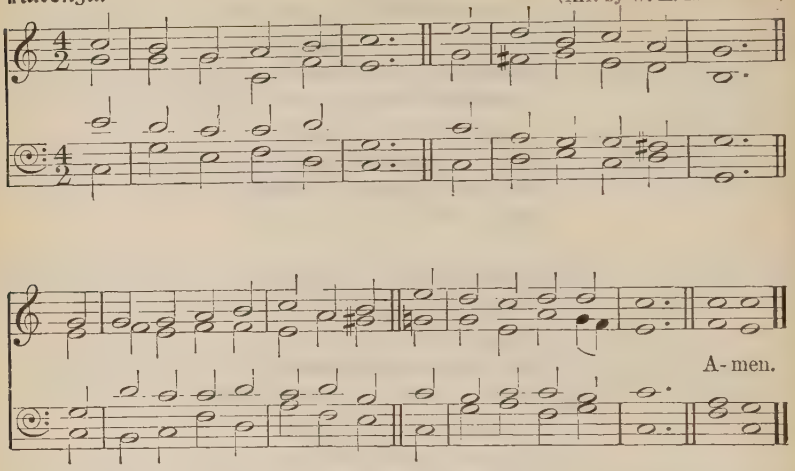
2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
mp Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
c They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

mf 3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise;
Manna feeds them from the skies;
f On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

mp 4 Lord, be mine this prize to win:
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
mf Sun and Shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart.
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me. AMEN.

H. F. Lyte.

Marenza. **257** *Cöln Gesangbuch*, 1619.
(Arr. by W. H. HAVERGAL.)



Stand up and bless the Lord your God for ever and ever.

mf STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud and magnify?

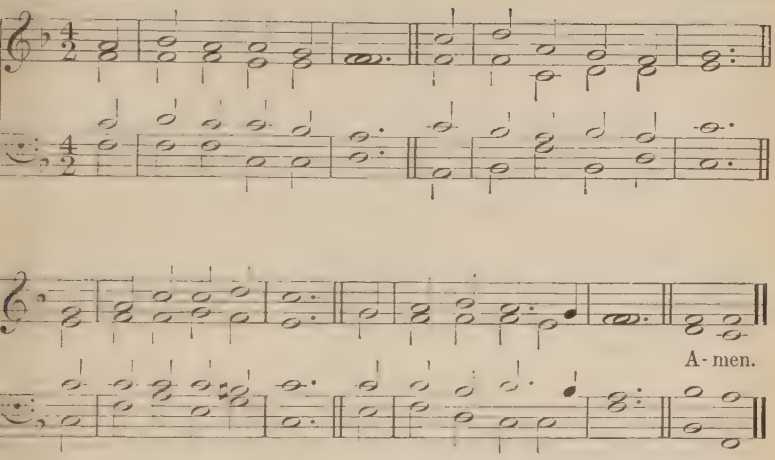
p 3 O for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

mf 4 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

f 5 Stand up and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious name
Henceforth for evermore. AMEN.

J. Montgomery, sel.

Quam Dilecta. **258** H. L. Jenner.



Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth.

mf WE love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.

2 It is the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
And Thou, O Lord, art there,
Thy chosen flock to greet.

3 We love the word of life,
The word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.

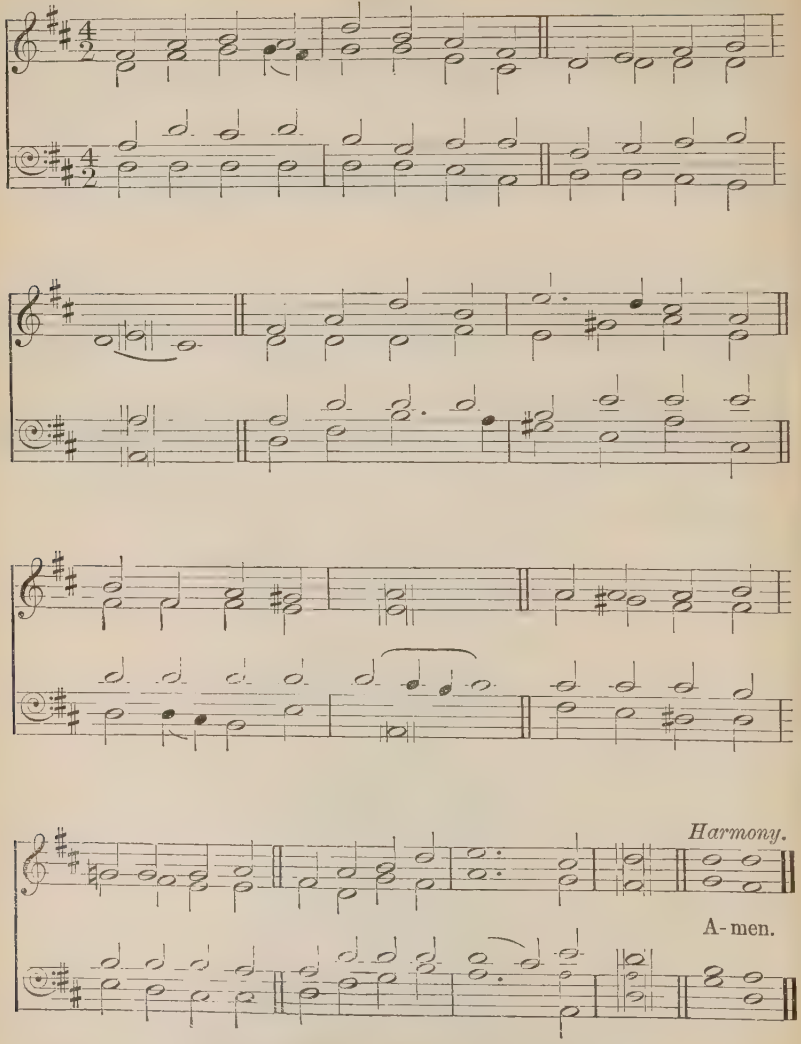
4 We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
c But O we long to know
f The triumph song of heaven!

p 5 Lord Jesus, give us grace,
On earth to love Thee more,
f In heaven to see Thy face,
And with Thy saints adore. Amen.

W. Bullock and H. W. Baker, sel.

259

Angel Voices. E. G. Monk.



Whoso offereth the sacrifice of thanksgiving glorifieth Me.

mf ANGEL voices, ever singing
Round Thy throne of light,
Angel harps, for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
f Thousands only live to bless Thee
And confess Thee
Lord of might.

mf 2 Thou Who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we know that Thou art near us
And wilt hear us?
Yea, we can.

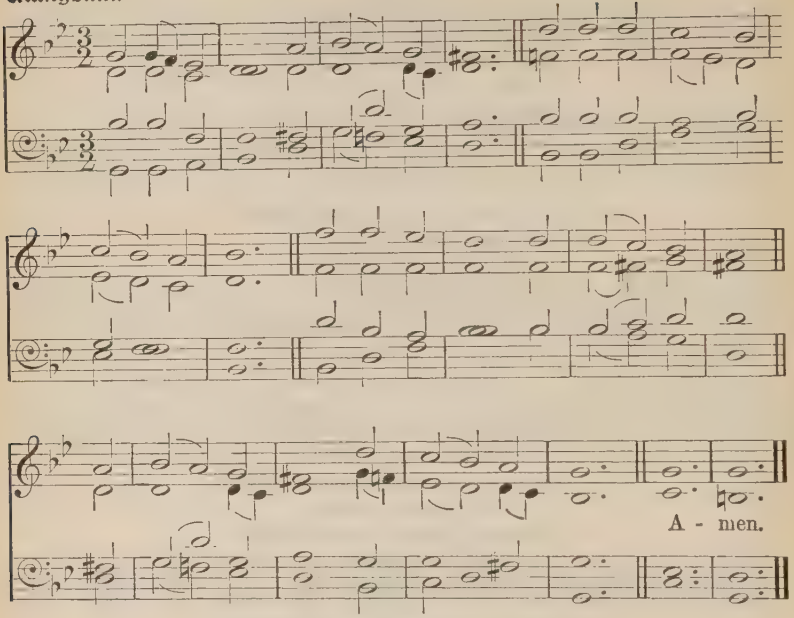
3 Yea, we know that Thou rejoicest
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise design;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst combine.

4 In Thy house, great God, we offer
Of Thine own to Thee,
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds and hands and voices
In our choicest
Psalmody.

Unis. f 5 Honour, glory, might, and merit
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity.
Of the best that Thou hast given
Earth and heaven
Render Thee. AMEN.

F. Pott.

Uffingham. **260** J. Clark.



In this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of Hosts.

[Evening.]

mp AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And evening hymn and evening prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

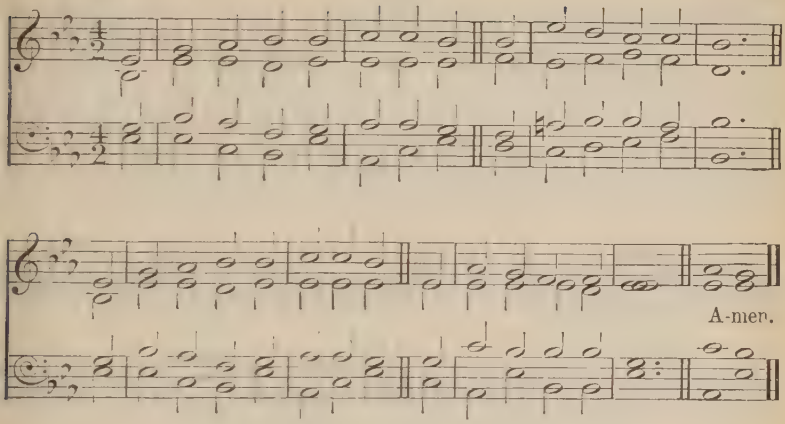
2 May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace,
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

p 3 O God our Light, to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou;
c Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

mp 4 Life's tumult we must meet again;
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell. Amen.

S. Longfellow, alt.

Tallis's Ordinal. **261** T. Tallis.



If any man be a worshipper of God, and do His will, him He heareth.

mf BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space
From daily tasks set free,
And met within Thy holy place
To rest awhile with Thee.

2 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care,
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

3 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou mayst be sought;
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls,
In truth and patience wrought.

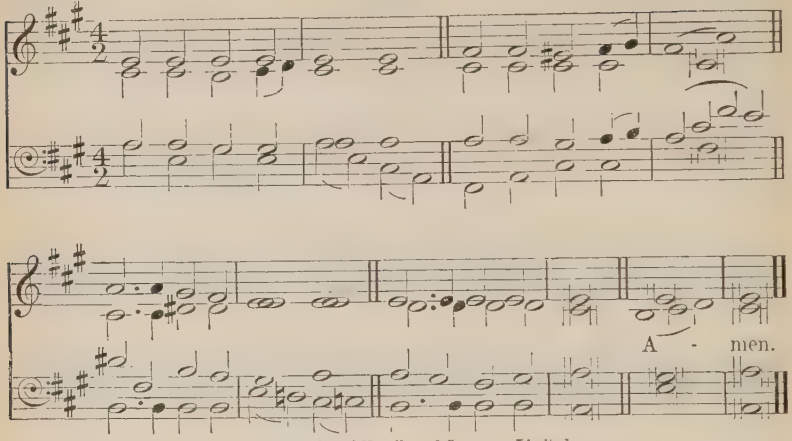
f 4 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea,
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by Thee.

5 Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know,
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For Thee, and not Thy foe.

mf 6 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done,
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one. AMEN.

J. Ellerton.

Merrial. **262** J. Barnby.



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The first day of the week . . came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you.

mf JESUS, stand among us
In Thy risen power;
Let this time of worship
p Be a hallowed hour.

2 Breathe the Holy Spirit
Into every heart;
Bid the fears and sorrows
From each soul depart.

mf 3 Thus with quickened footsteps
We pursue our way,
Watching for the dawning
Of eternal day. Amen.

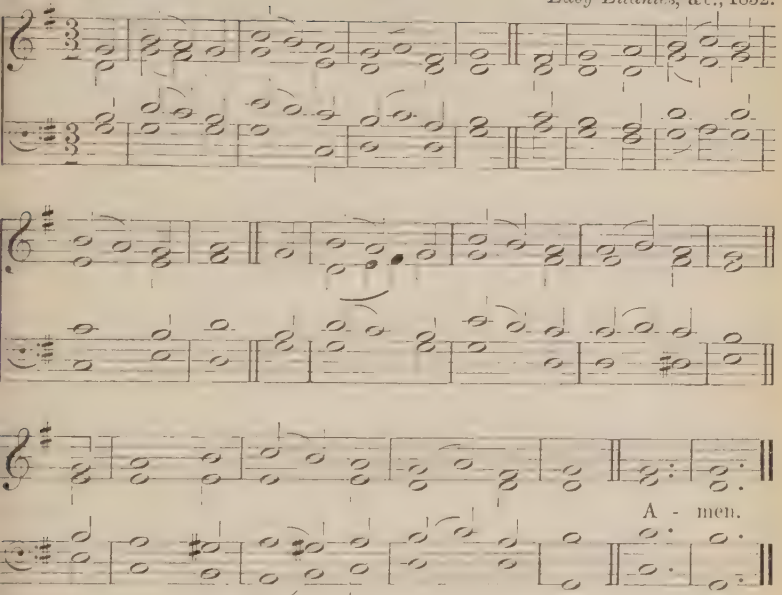
W. Pennefather.

The following also are suitable :—

237—244 Hymns on the Lord's Day.
154 Come, Holy Spirit, calm our minds.
160 Spirit Divine, attend our prayer.
637 One thing I of the Lord desired (Ps. 27).
654 Praise waits for Thee in Sion, Lord (Ps. 65).
662 How lovely is Thy dwelling-place (Ps. 84).
672 All people that on earth do dwell (Ps. 100).
686 I joyed when to the house of God (Ps. 122).

7.—*BAPTISM.*

St. Alkmund. **263** *A Collection of Easy Litanies, &c.*, 1852.



[May be sung to 'Alstone,' No. 577.]

Suffer the little children to come unto Me.

1

mf A LITTLE Child the Saviour came,
The Mighty God was still His name;
And angels worshipped as He lay
The seeming infant of a day.

2

He Who, a little Child, began
The life Divine to show to man
Proclaims from heaven the message free,
'Let little children come to Me.'

3

mp We bring them, Lord, and with the sign
Of sprinkled water name them Thine:
Their souls with saving grace endow;
Baptize them with Thy Spirit now.

4

mf O give Thine angels charge, good Lord,
Them safely in Thy way to guard;
Thy blessing on their lives command,
And write their names upon Thy hand.

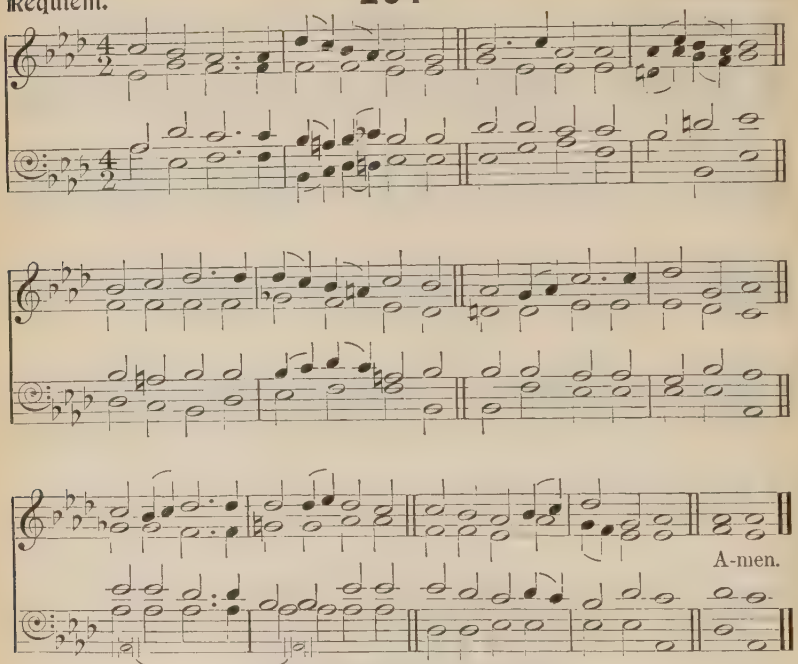
5

O Thou Who by an infant's tongue
Dost hear Thy perfect glory sung,
May these, with all the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. AMEN.

W. Robertson.

264

Requiem. W. Schulthes.



He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.

1

mf GRACIOUS Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to Thee;
Gathered with Thine arms and carried
In Thy bosom, may they be
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.

2

p Tender Shepherd, never leave them
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy look of love directed,
May they walk the narrow way;
Thus direct them, and protect them,
Lest they fall an easy prey.

3

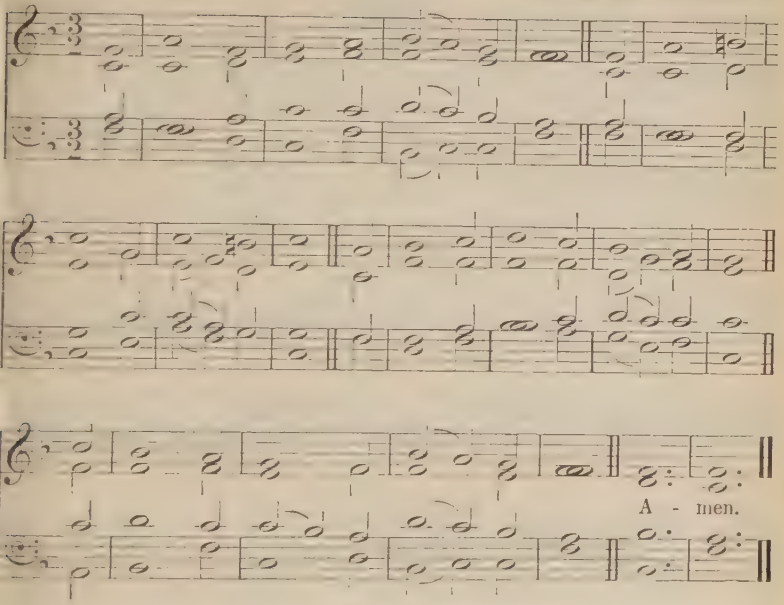
mf Let Thy holy word instruct them;
Fill their minds with heavenly light;
Let Thy love and grace constrain them
To approve whate'er is right,
Take Thine easy yoke and wear it,
And to prove Thy burden light.

4

Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeignèd
Glad thank-offerings may they bring,
c Then with all the saints in glory
f Join to praise their Lord and King.

Amen.

Angels' Song. **265** Adapted from O. GIBBONS.



As long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord.

mf GOD of that glorious gift of grace
By which Thy people seek Thy face,
When in Thy presence we appear,
Vouchsafe us faith to venture near.

2 Confiding in Thy truth alone,
Here, on the steps of Jesus' throne,
We lay the treasure Thou hast given,
To be received and reared for heaven.

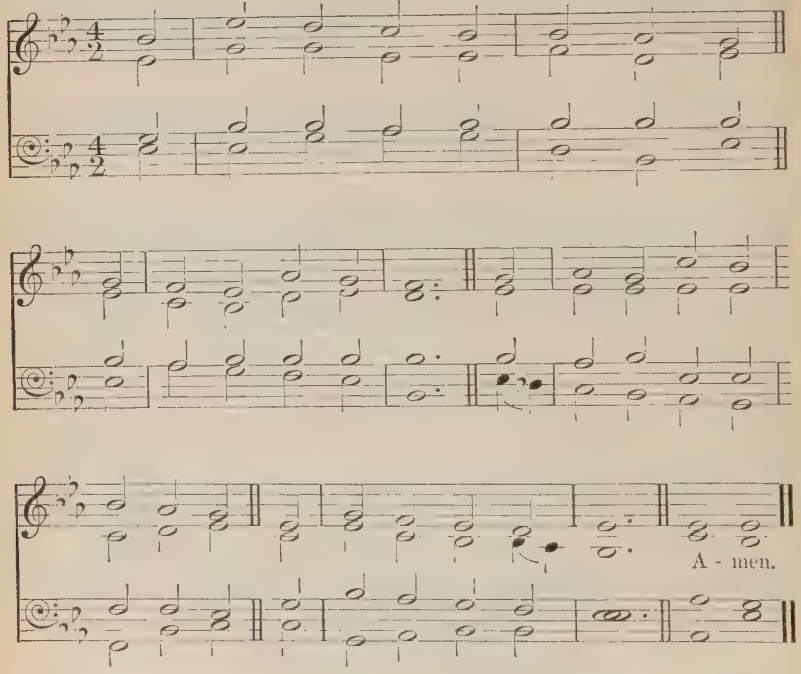
mp 3 Lent to us for a season, we
Lend *him* for ever, Lord, to Thee,
c Assured that, if to Thee *he* live,
We gain in what we seem to give.

mf 4 Large and abundant blessings shed,
Warm as these prayers, upon *his* head;
And on *his* soul the dews of grace,
Fresh as these drops upon *his* face.

5 Make *him* and keep *him* Thine own child,
Meek follower of the Undefiled,
c Possessor here of grace and love,
Inheritor of heaven above. AMEN.

J. S. B. Monsell.

St. Peter. **266** A. R. Reinagle.



The promise is unto you, and to your children.

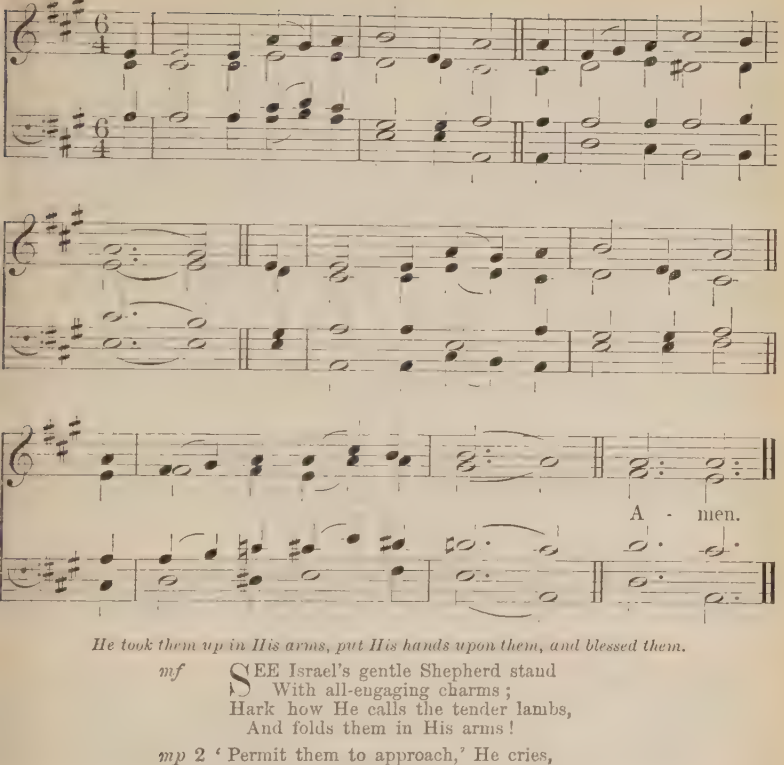
mf OUR children, Lord, in faith and prayer
We now devote to Thee;
Let them Thy covenant mercies share,
And Thy salvation see.

p 2 Such helpless babes Thou didst embrace,
While dwelling here below;
To us and ours, O God of grace,
The same compassion show.

mf 3 In early days their hearts secure
From worldly snares, we pray;
O let them to the end endure
In every righteous way. AMEN.

T. Haweis, sel.

Sabbata. **267** H. F. Hemy.



He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.

mf SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms;
Hark how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms!

mp 2 'Permit them to approach,' He cries,
'Nor scorn their humble name;
For 't was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.'

mf 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee,
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine;
Thine let our offspring be. Amen.

P. Doddridge, scl.

The following also is suitable for Infant or Adult Baptisms:—

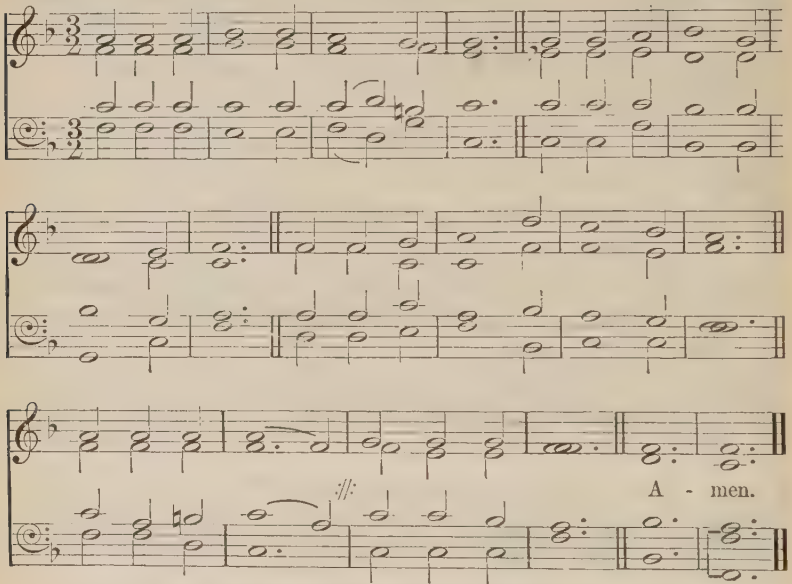
743 *or* 781 The Lord bless thee and keep thee.

For hymns suitable for Adult Baptisms, see—

339—355 Hymns of Gratitude and Consecration.

8.—*THE LORD'S SUPPER.*

Ilkley (*1st Tune*). **268** J. B. Dykes.



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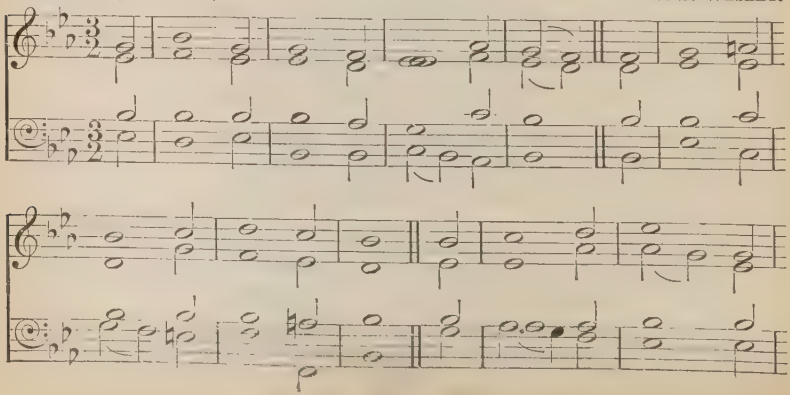
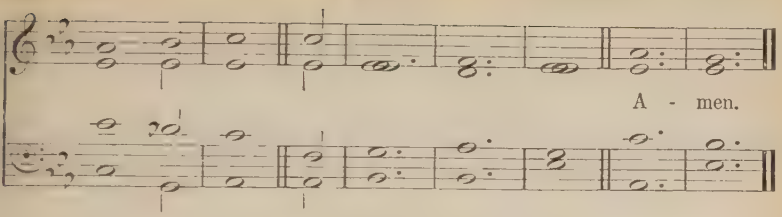
Memoria (*2nd Tune*). S. S. Wesley.





By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till He come.

mp BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death, of our dear Lord
Until He come.

p 2 His body broken in our stead
Is here in this memorial bread,
And so our feeble love is fed
Until He come.

3 The drops of His dread agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see;
The wine shall tell the mystery
Until He come.

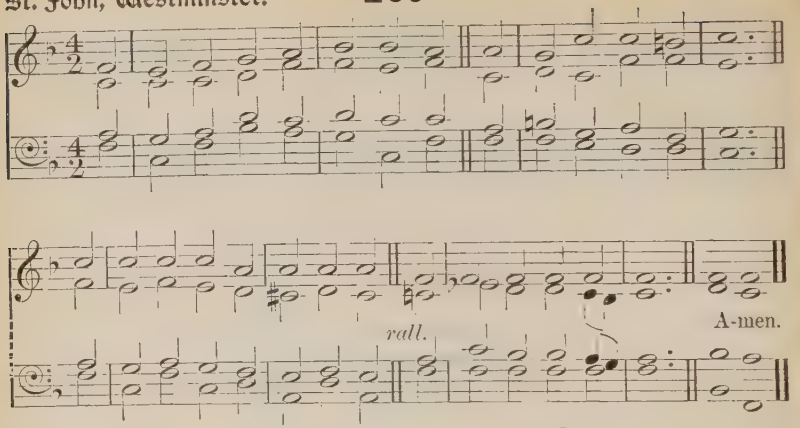
mp 4 And thus that dark betrayal night
With the last advent we unite
By one blest chain of loving rite,
Until He come;

c 5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word
The Lord shall come.

f 6 O blessèd hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait
Until He come. AMEN.

G. Rawson, alt.

St. John, Westminster. **269** J. TURLE.



[May be sung to 'Dalehurst,' No. 394.]

This do in remembrance of Me.

mp ACCORDING to Thy gracious word
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

p 3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

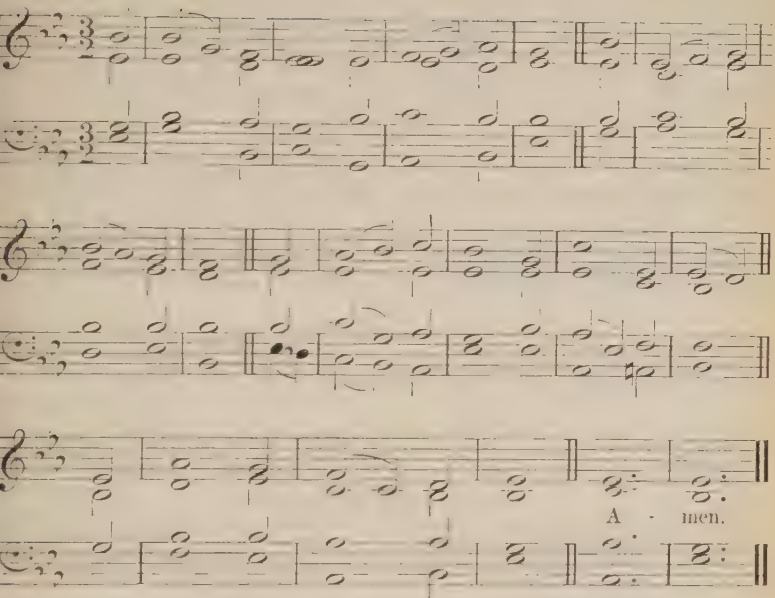
4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
c O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee,—

p 5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me!
c Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

p 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
c When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
d Then, Lord, remember me. AMEN.

J. Montgomery.

Leicester. **270** W. Hurst.



Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldest come under my roof.

mp I AM not worthy, holy Lord,
That Thou shouldst come to me;
Speak but the word; one gracious word
Can set the sinner free.

p 2 I am not worthy; cold and bare
The lodging of my soul;
How canst Thou deign to enter there?
c Lord, speak, and make me whole.

mp 3 I am not worthy; yet, my God,
How can I say Thee nay—
Thee, Who didst give Thy flesh and blood
My ransom price to pay!

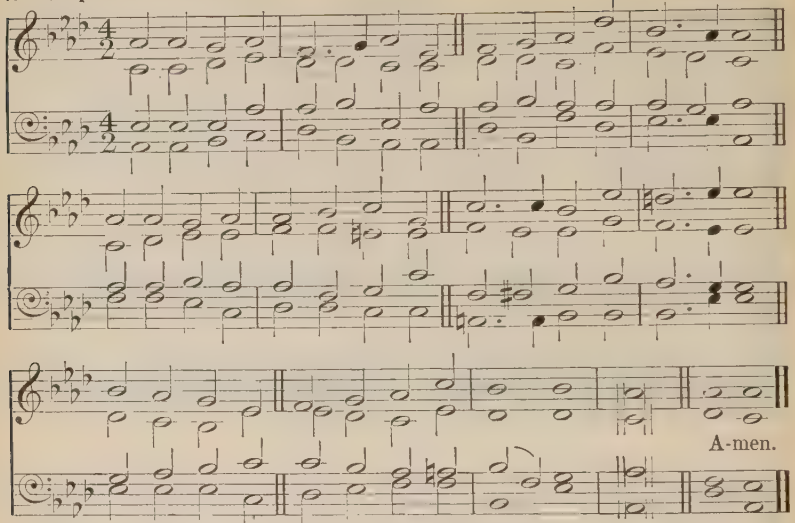
mf 4 O come, in this sweet morning* hour
Feed me with food divine;
And fill with all Thy love and power
This worthless heart of mine. Amen.

H. W. Baker.

* *Or* evening.

St. Raphael. 271

E. J. Hopkins.



God, even our own God, shall bless us.

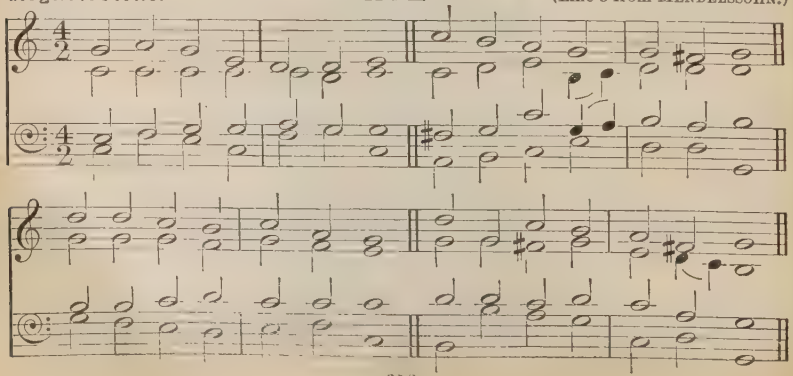
mf NOW in parting, Father, bless us;
Saviour, still Thy peace bestow;
Gracious Comforter, be with us,
As we from this table go:
Bless us, bless us,
Father, Son, and Spirit, now.

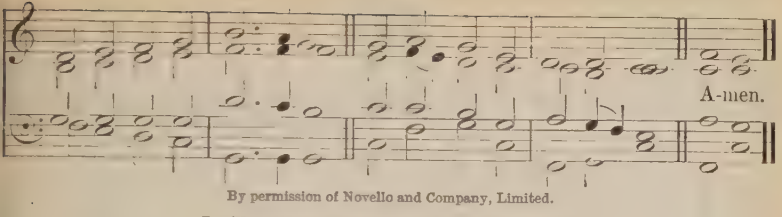
2 Bless us here, while still as strangers
Onward to our home we move;
Bless us with eternal blessings
In our Father's house above,
Ever, ever,
Dwelling in the light of love. AMEN.

H. Bonar.

Reynoldstone. 272

T. R. Matthews.
(Line 5 from Mendelssohn.)





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I will come again, and receive you unto Myself.

mp 'TILL He come!' O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that 'Till He come.'

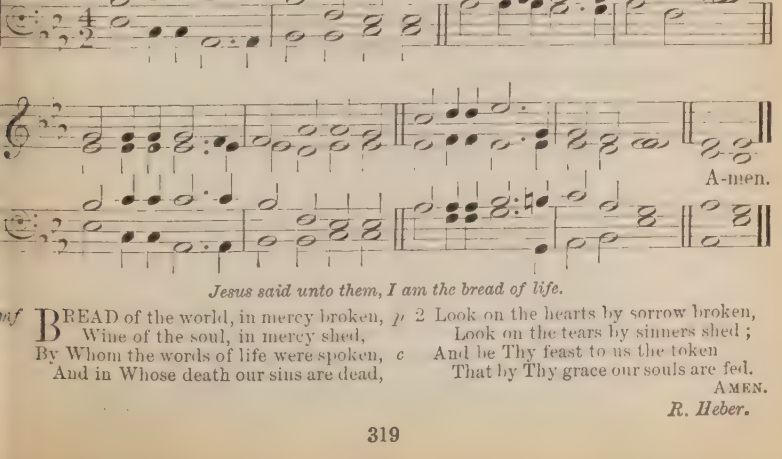
p 2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life joy overcast?
d Hush! be every murmur dumb:
It is only till He come.

mp 3 Clouds and conflicts round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb
Only whisper, 'Till He come.'

mf 4 See, the feast of love is spread;
Drink the wine and break the bread,—
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only till He come. AMEN.

E. H. Bickersteth.

Bethsaida. **273** A. PEARCE.



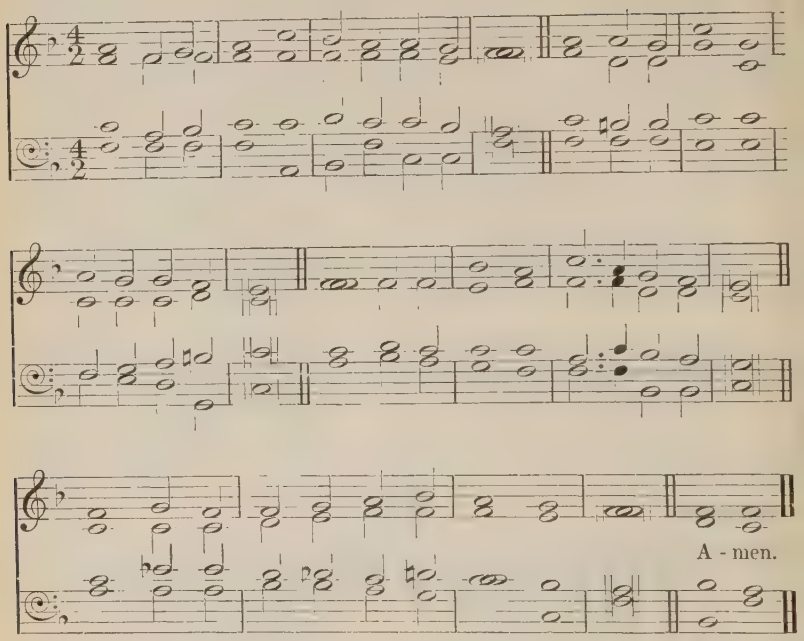
Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life.

mf BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By Whom the words of life were spoken,
And in Whose death our sins are dead,

p 2 Look on the hearts by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
c And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.
AMEN.

R. Heber.

St. Agnes. **274** J. Langran.



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[May be sung to 'Dalkeith,' No. 283.]

He brought me to the banqueting house, and His banner over me was love.

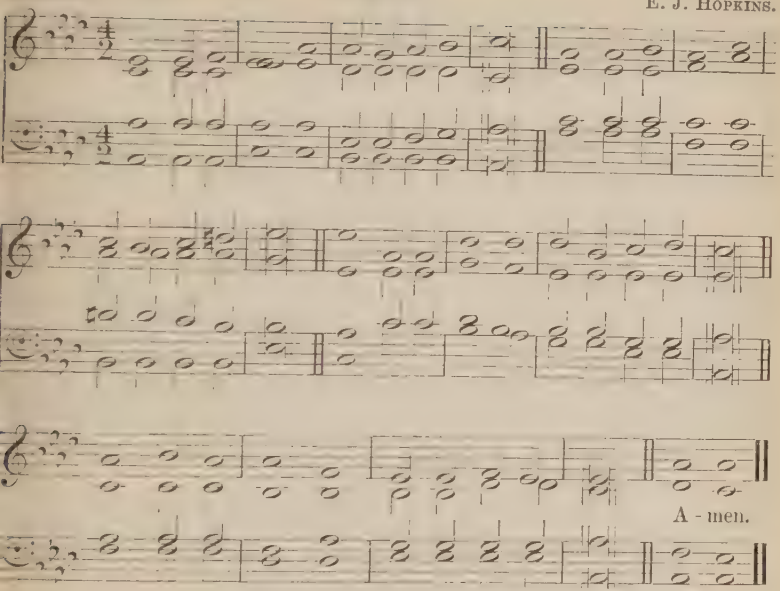
(PART I. BEFORE COMMUNION.)

mf HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen,
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

mp 2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven,
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

mf 3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;
This is the heavenly table spread for me;
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
The brief, bright hour of fellowship with Thee. AMEN.

Ellers. **274** E. J. Hopkins.



(PART II. AFTER COMMUNION.)

mp 4 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is passed and gone;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever, still my Shield and Sun.

mf 5 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

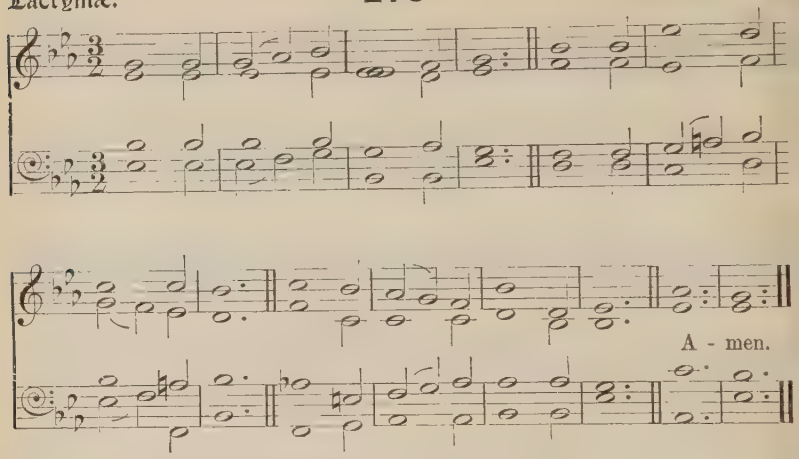
6 I have no wisdom, save in Him Who is
My Wisdom and my Teacher, both in one;
No wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise,
No teaching do I crave save Thine alone.

pc 7 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
pc Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace—
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God.

mf 8 But see! the pillar-cloud is rising now,
And moving onward through the desert night;
It beckons, and I follow, for I know
It leads me to Thy heritage of light. Amen.

H. Bonar, sel.

Lacrymæ. **275** ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

Whoso eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, hath eternal life.

mp JESUS, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living Bread.

2 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.

p 3 While upon Thy cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
c Turn our sadness into praise.

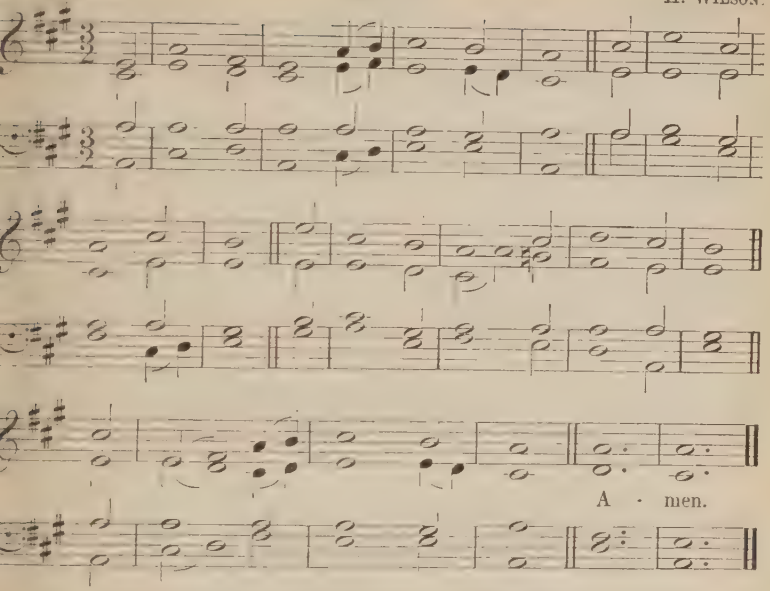
mp 4 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.

5 From the bonds of sin release;
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

mf 6 Lead us by Thy pierced hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand
In the bright and better land. AMEN.

R. H. Baynes, alt.

Martyrdom. **276** H. Wilson.



[May be sung to 'St. Etheldreda,' No. 237.]

My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink indeed.

mp O JESUS Christ, the Holy One,
I long to be with Thee;
O Jesus Christ, the lowly One,
c Come, and abide with me.

mf 2 Now, while the symbols of Thy love
Before Thy saints are set,
And Thou, descending from above,
Their yearning hearts hast met,

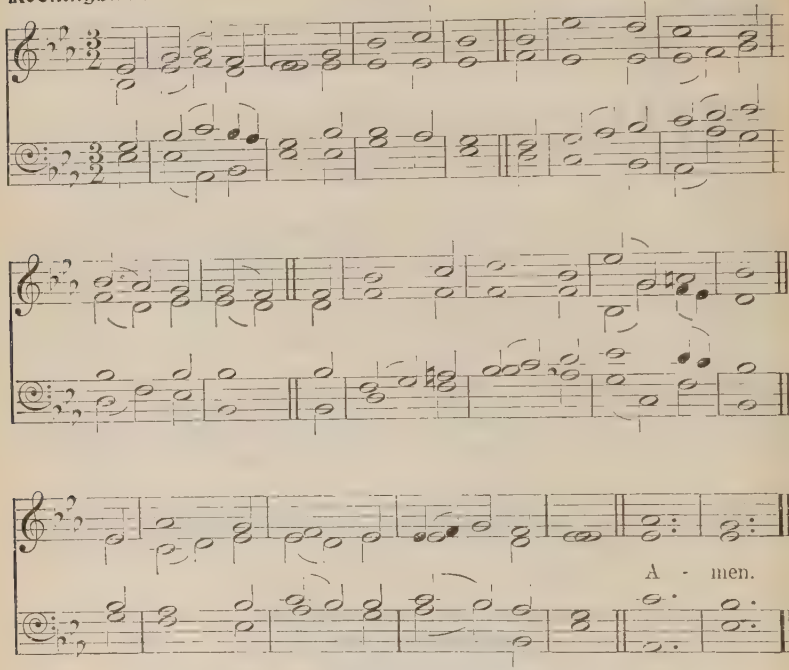
3 Come, and o'ershadow with Thy power
This lonely heart of mine;
And feed me in this solemn hour
With Thine own bread and wine.

4 My meat indeed, my drink indeed,
Art Thou, my gracious Lord:
Help Thou my soul by faith to feed
On this Thy precious word,

c 5 Till, nourished, strengthened, satisfied,
My glad and thankful heart
Forgets the things Thou hast denied
In those Thou dost impart. Amen.

J. E. Saxby, sel.

Rockingham. **277** Adapted by E. Miller.



The Lord Jesus the same night in which He was betrayed took bread.

p 'TWAS on that night when doomed to know
The eager rage of every foe,
That night in which He was betrayed,
The Saviour of the world took bread;

mf 2 And, after thanks and glory given
To Him That rules in earth and heaven,
That symbol of His flesh He broke,
And thus to all His followers spoke:

p 3 'My broken body thus I give
For you, for all; take, eat, and live:
And oft the sacred rite renew
That brings My wondrous love to view.'

mf 4 Then in His hands the cup He raised,
And God anew He thanked and praised,
While kindness in His bosom glowed,
And from His lips salvation flowed.

mp 5 'My blood I thus pour forth,' He cries,
'To cleanse the soul in sin that lies,
In this the covenant is sealed,
And Heaven's eternal grace revealed.

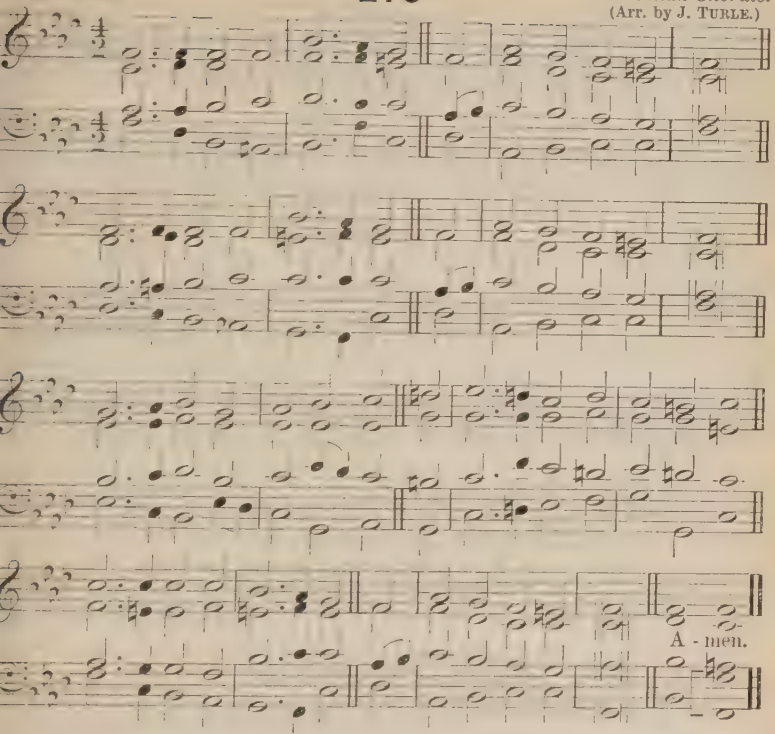
mf 6 'With love to man this cup is fraught;
Let all partake the sacred draught;
Through latest ages let it pour,
In memory of My dying hour.'

AMEN.

J. Morison (?).

Agnus Dei. **278**

Bohemian Chorale.
(Arr. by J. TURLE.)



Ye were redeemed, not with corruptible things, ... but with precious blood, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.

p LAMB of God, Whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us who think on Thee,
And every struggling soul release;
c O remember Calvary,
p And bid us go in peace.

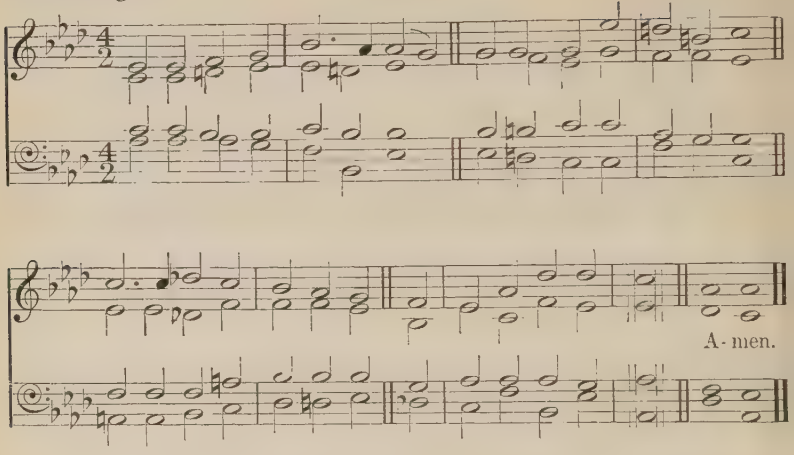
2 By Thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By Thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away:
f Burst our bonds and set us free:
From all iniquity release;
c O remember Calvary,
p And bid us go in peace.

mf 3 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
p By Thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
c O remember Calvary,
p And bid us go in peace.

mf 4 Lord, we would not hence depart
Till Thou our wants relieve,
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all Thine image give.
Still our souls shall cry to Thee,
Till perfected in holiness,
c 'O remember Calvary,
p And bid us go in peace.' AMEN.

C. Wesley, alt.

Gratias Agimus. **279** W. G. Alcock.



Jesus took bread, and blessed it. . . . And He took the cup, and gave thanks.

mf FOR the bread and for the wine,
For the pledge that seals Him mine,
For the words of love divine,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

2 For the feast of love and peace,
Bidding all our sorrows cease,
Earnest of the kingdom's bliss,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

3 Only bread and only wine,
Yet to faith the solemn sign
Of the heavenly and divine!
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

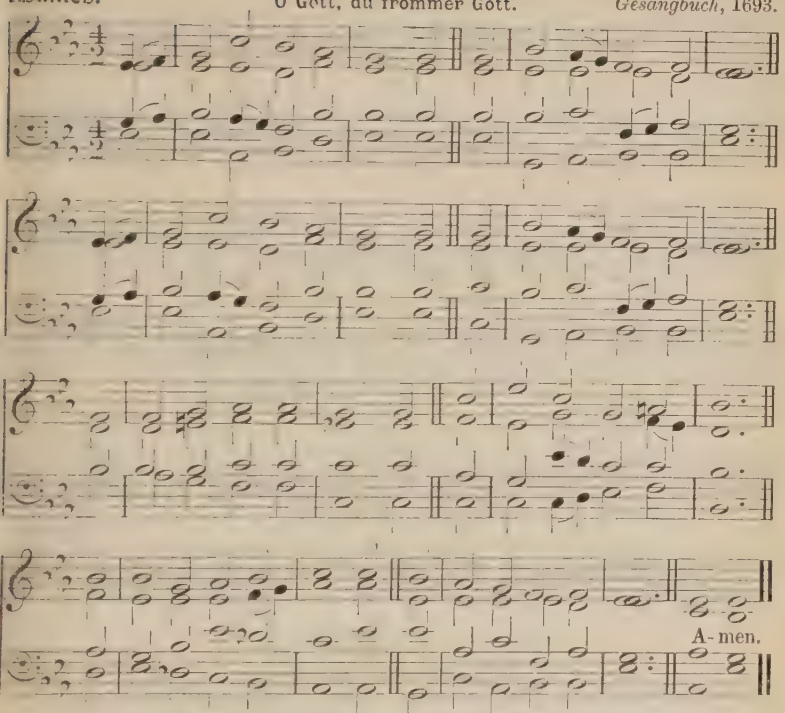
mp 4 For the words that turn our eye
To the cross of Calvary,
Bidding us in faith draw nigh,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

mf 5 For that coming, here foreshown,
For that day to man unknown,
For the glory and the throne,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord. Amen.

H. Bonar, sel.

280

Munich. O Gott, du frommer Gott. *Meiningisches Gesangbuch*, 1693.



[May be sung to 'Angels' Story,' No. 557.]

I sat down under His shadow with great delight, ... and His banner over me was love.

p.

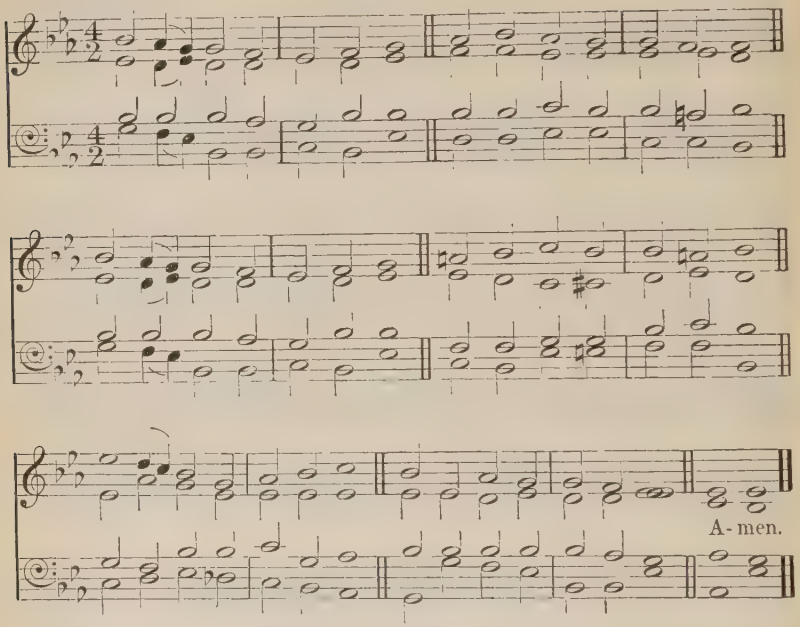
SIT down beneath His shadow,
And rest with great delight;
The faith that now beholds Him
Is pledge of future sight.
Our Master's love remember,
Exceeding great and free;
Lift up thy heart in gladness,
For He remembers thee.

2 Bring every weary burden,
Thy sin, thy fear, thy grief;
He calls the heavy-laden,
And gives them kind relief.
His righteousness all-glorious
Thy festal robe shall be,
And love that passeth knowledge
His banner over thee.

3 A little while, though parted,
Remember, wait, and love,
c Until He comes in glory,
Until we meet above;
f Till in the Father's kingdom
The heavenly feast is spread,
And we behold His beauty
Whose blood for us was shed. AMEN.

F. R. Havergal.

Bread of Heaven. 281 W. D. Maclagan.



[May be sung to 'Mount Zion,' No. 352.]

Lord, evermore give us this bread.

mp BREAD of heaven, on Thee we feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may our souls be fed
With this true and living Bread,
Day by day with strength supplied
Through the life of Him Who died.

2 Vine of heaven, Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
p Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,
To Thy cross we look and live:
c Jesus, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee. AMEN.

J. Conder, alt.

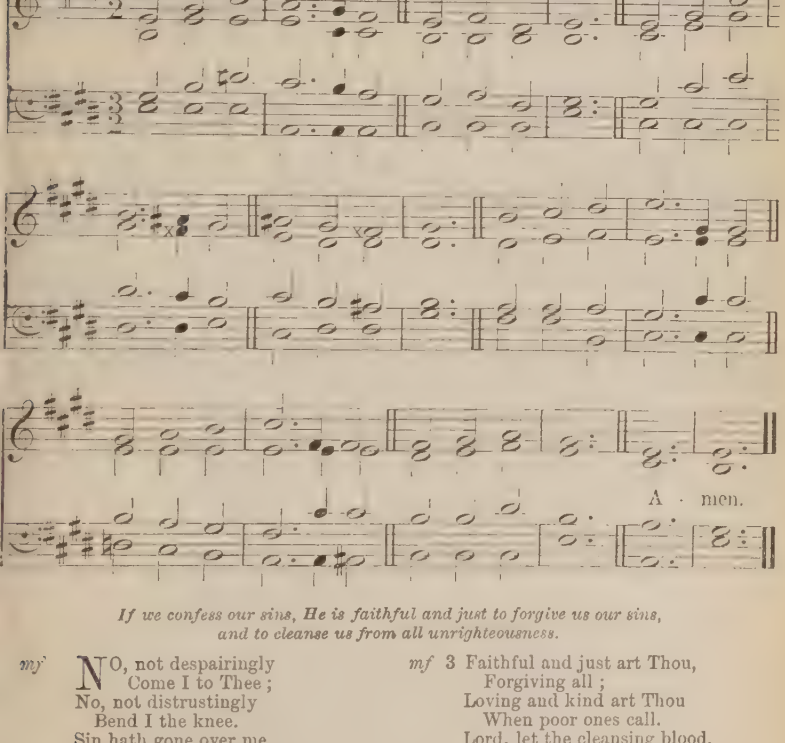
The following also are suitable:—

61—79 Hymns on Our Lord's Sufferings and Death.
110 Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts.
111 The King of Love my Shepherd is.
136 Jesus, Sun and Shield art Thou.
144 Thou art coming, O my Saviour.
384 O King of mercy, from Thy throne on high.
674 O thou my soul, bless God the Lord (Ps. 103).
680 I love the Lord, because my voice (Ps. 116).
681 I'll of salvation take the cup (Ps. 116).

VI.—The Christian Life.

1.—*PENITENCE.*

St. Werburgh. **282** R. P. Stewart.



If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

mf NO, not despairingly
Come I to Thee;
No, not distrustingly
Bend I the knee.
Sin hath gone over me,
Yet is this still my plea,
Jesus hath died.

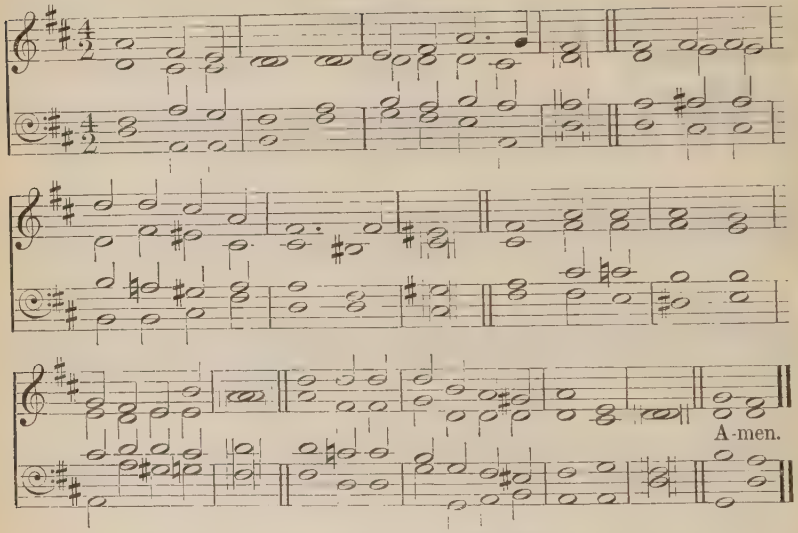
p 2 Lord, I confess to Thee
Sadly my sin;
All I am tell I Thee,
All I have been.
c Purge Thou my sin away;
Wash Thou my soul this day;
p Lord, make me clean.

mf 3 Faithful and just art Thou,
Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art Thou
When poor ones call.
Lord, let the cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
p Pass o'er my soul.

mf 4 Then all is peace and light
This soul within;
Thus shall I walk with Thee,
Loved though unseen,
Leaning on Thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between. AMEN.

H. Bonar, sel. and alt.

Dalkeith. **283** T. HEWLETT.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much.

p WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
c And yet I hear a voice that bids me come.

p 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land,
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
c Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

f 3 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

mf 4 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

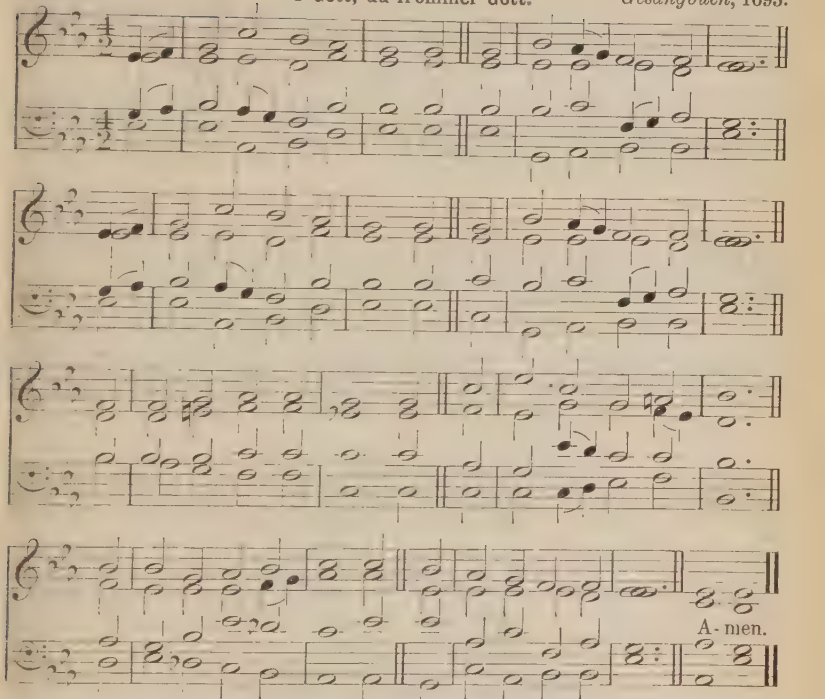
5 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord!
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
d Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

mf 6 Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift, let my devotion prove,
c Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love. AMEN.

S. J. Stone, sel.

284

Munich. O Gott, du frommer Gott. *Meiningisches Gesangbuch*, 1693.



[May be sung to 'Day of Rest,' No. 234.]

My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

p I NEED Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within:
mf I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

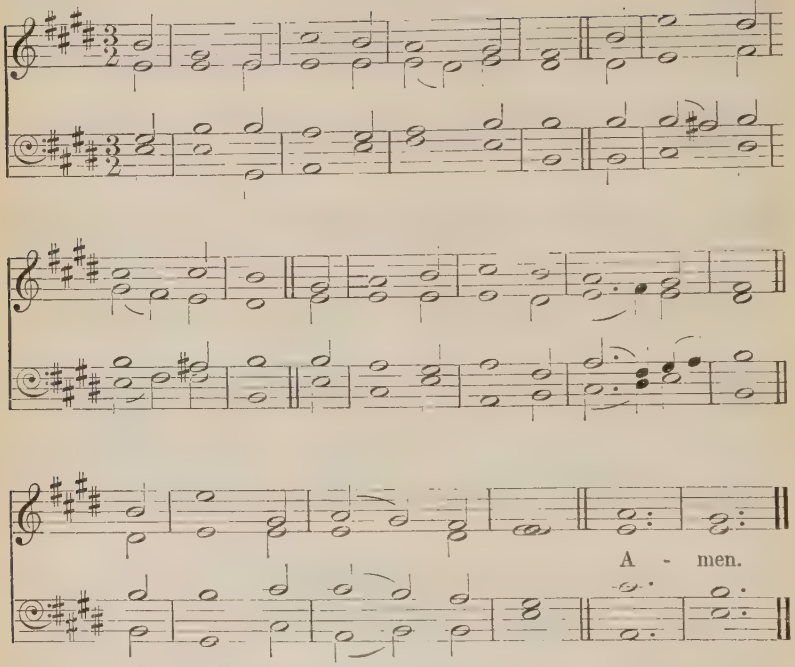
p 2 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store:
mf I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

p 3 I need Thee, precious Jesus;
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me:
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrows share.

mf 4 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow
And seated on Thy throne;
f There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be
To sing Thy praises, Jesus,
rall To gaze, my Lord, on Thee. AMEN.

F. Whitfield, sel.

Bedford. **285** W. Weale.



He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

p WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

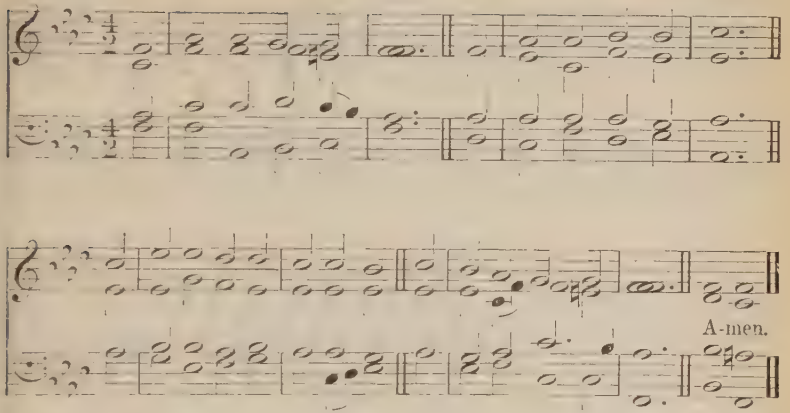
3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul, dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

c 4 'T is Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that 's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

mf 5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord;
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side. Amen.

C. F. Alexander.

Southwell. **286** Daman's *Psalms*, 1579.



Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us.

mp NOT what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.

2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
d Not all my prayers and sighs and tears
Can bear my awful load.

mf 3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

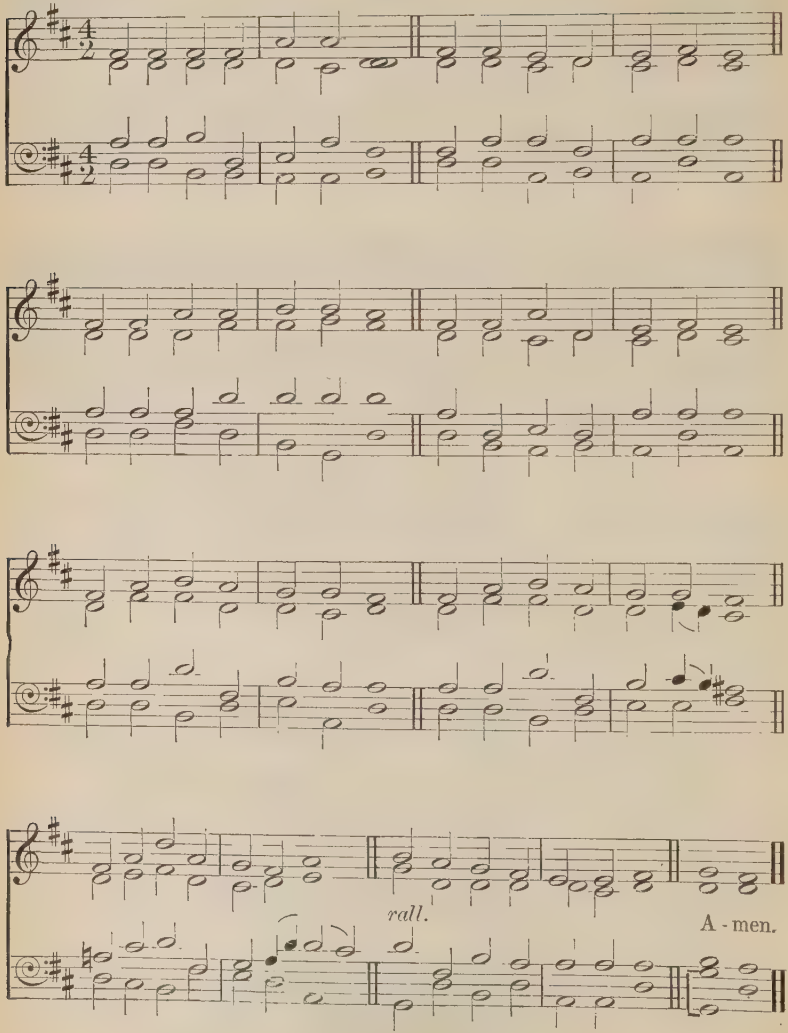
4 Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.

5 Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak;
Thy power alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break.

f 6 I bless the Christ of God;
I rest on love divine;
And, with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine. AMEN.

H. Bonar, sel.

Miserere. **287** W. H. Monk.



In that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted.

mp SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bend the adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,—
O, by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
pp Hear our solemn litany!

mp 2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power,—
Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
pp Hear our solemn litany!

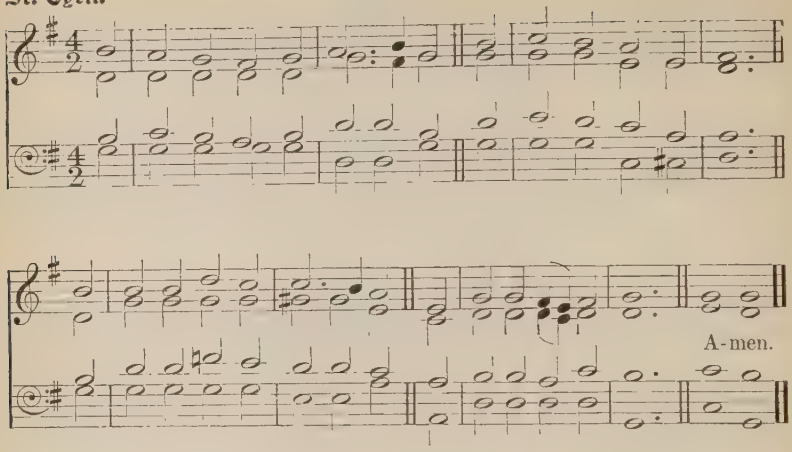
mp 3 By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode,
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold,—
From Thy seat above the sky,
pp Hear our solemn litany!

p 4 By Thy conflict with despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,—
Listen to our humble cry,
pp Hear our solemn litany!

p 5 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
c By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God,—
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
pp Of our solemn litany! AMEN.

R. Grant, alt.

St. Cyril. **288** A. Patton.



Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

mf APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh:
d Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

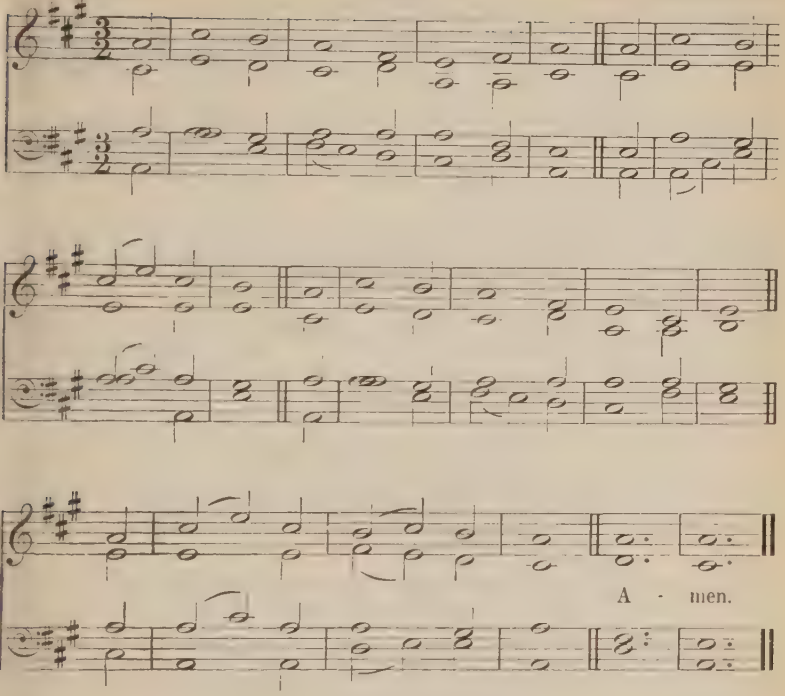
p 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

mf 4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place
That, sheltered near Thy side,
c I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.

f 5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name! AMEN.

J. Newton, sel.

Salerma. **289** Adapted by R. Simpson.



Come, and let us return unto the Lord.

mf COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And, though His arm be strong to smite,
'T is also strong to save.

p 3 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned;
c The dawn shall bring us light:
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

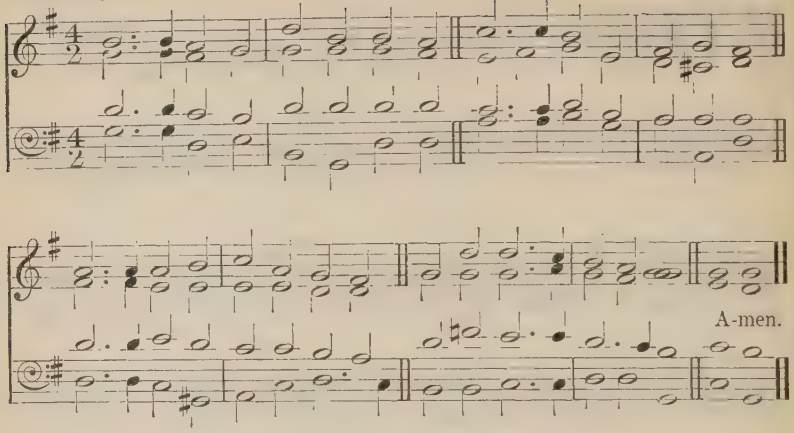
mf 4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him, and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

5 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round,
As showers that usher in the spring
And cheer the thirsty ground,

f 6 So shall His presence bless our souls
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night. AMEN.

J. Morison.

St. Mabyn. **290** A. H. Brown.



I will arise and go to my Father.

mf TAKE me, O my Father, take me!
Take me, save me, through Thy Son;
That which Thou wouldst have me make me;
Let Thy will in me be done.

p 2 Long from Thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying,
'Take me to Thy love, my God.'

3 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin,
At Thy feet, O Father, falling;
To Thy household take me in.

mf 4 Freely now to Thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like Thine.

5 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to Thee.

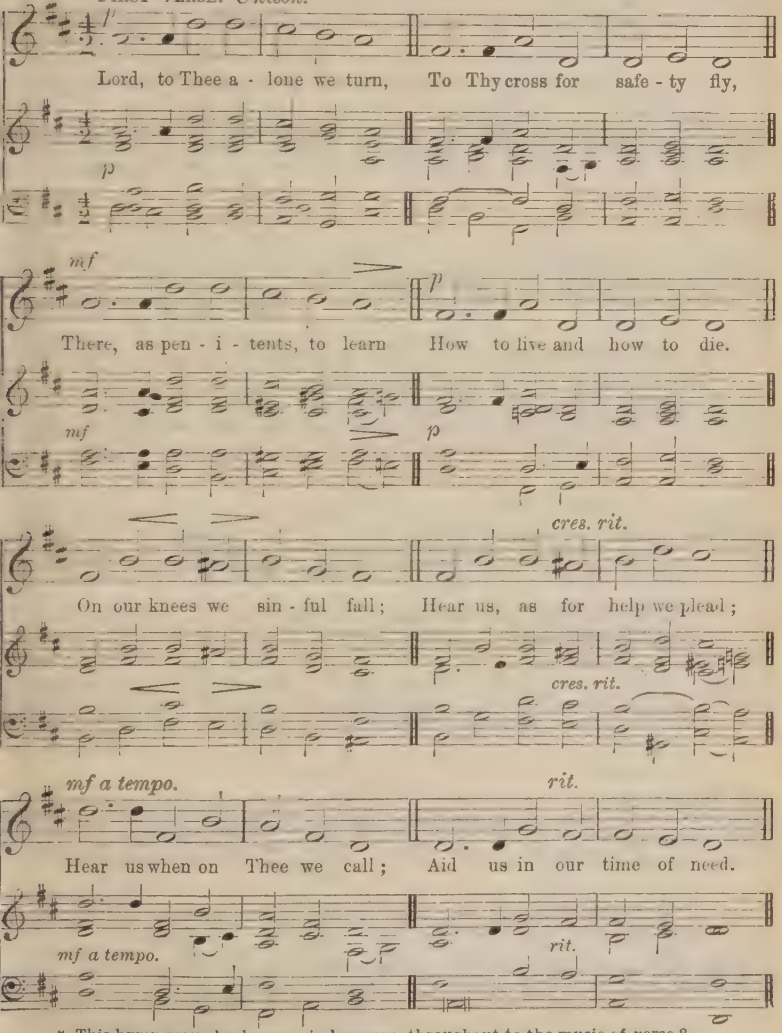
f 6 Father, take me! all forgiving,
Fold me to Thy loving breast;
In Thy love for ever living,
I must be for ever blest! Amen.

R. Palmer.

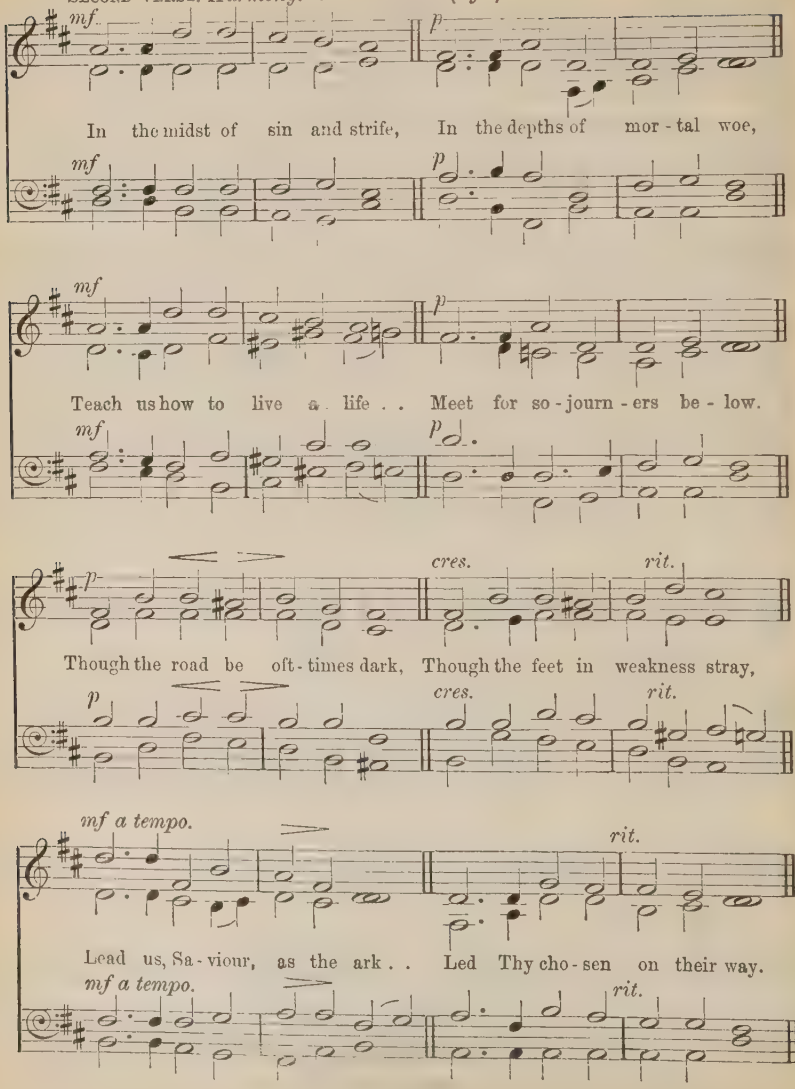
291

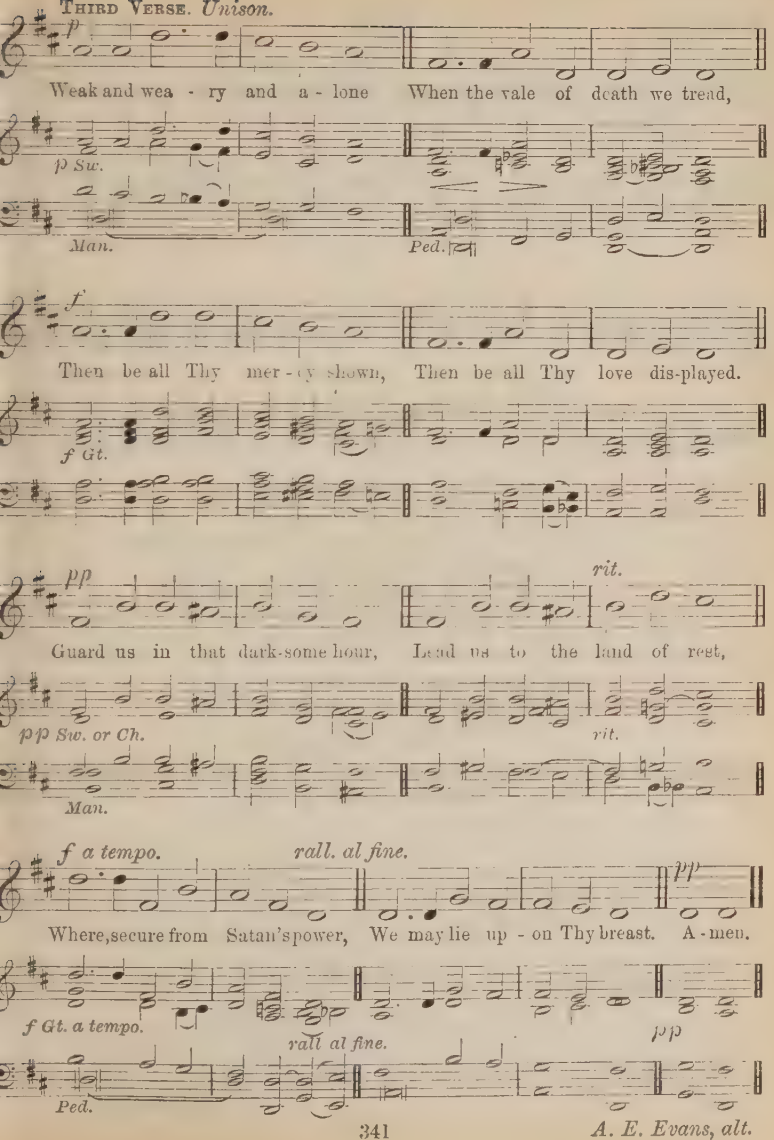
* **Ramoth.** *For Thy name's sake lead me, and guide me.* J. B. CALKIN.

FIRST VERSE. *Unison.*


p
Lord, to Thee a - lone we turn, To Thy cross for safe - ty fly,
mf
p
There, as pen - i - tents, to learn How to live and how to die.
mf
p
cres. rit.
On our knees we sin - ful fall; Hear us, as for help we plead;
cres. rit.
mf a tempo.
rit.
Hear us when on Thee we call; Aid us in our time of need.
mf a tempo.
rit.

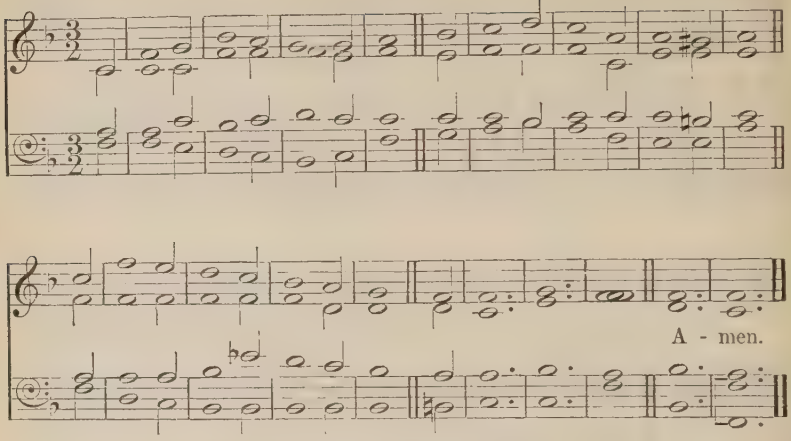
* This hymn may also be sung in harmony throughout to the music of verse 2.

SECOND VERSE. *Harmony.* ORGAN *ad lib.* (8 *ft.*)

mf
p
In the midst of sin and strife, In the depths of mor - tal woe,
mf
p
Teach us how to live a life . . Meet for so - journ - ers be - low.
mf
p
cres.
rit.
Though the road be oft - times dark, Though the feet in weakness stray,
p
cres.
rit.
mf a tempo.
rit.
Lead us, Sa - viour, as the ark . . Led Thy cho - sen on their way.
mf a tempo.
rit.


Third Verse. Unison.
p
Weak and wea - ry and a - lone When the vale of death we tread,
p Sw.
Man.
Ped.
f
Then be all Thy mer - cy shown, Then be all Thy love dis-played.
f Gt.
pp
rit.
Guard us in that dark-some hour, Lead us to the land of rest,
pp Sw. or Ch.
rit.
Man.
f a tempo.
rall. al fine.
pp
Where, secure from Satan's power, We may lie up - on Thy breast. A - men.
f Gt. a tempo.
pp
rall al fine.
Ped.

A. E. Evans, alt.

Wimbledon. 292 S. S. Wesley.



[May be sung to 'Riseholme,' No. 177.]

A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.

mf THERE is a holy sacrifice
Which God in heaven will not despise;
Nay more, Jehovah deigns to prize
d The contrite heart.

mf 2 That high and lofty One, Whose praise
Inspires the rapt archangels' lays,
With favourable eye surveys
d The contrite heart.

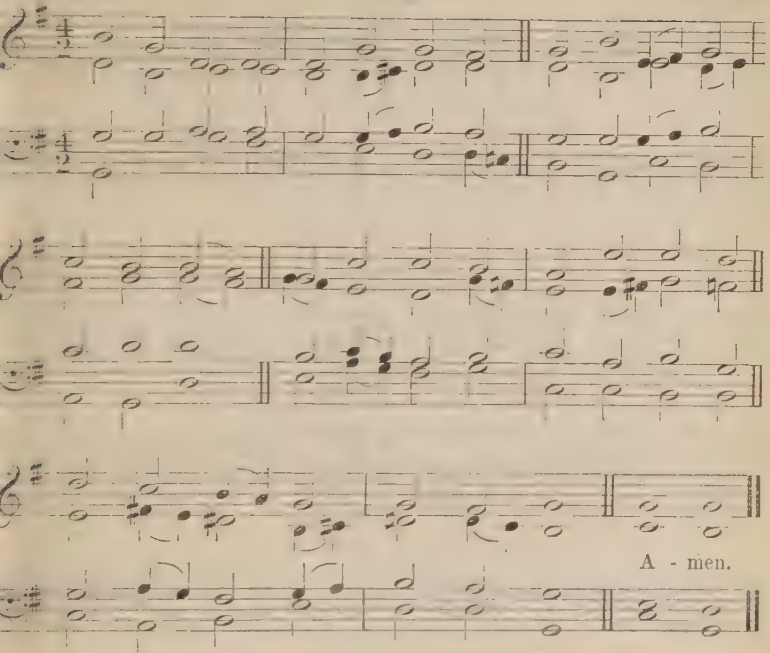
mf 3 The Holy One, the Son of God,
His presence there will shed abroad,
And consecrate as His abode
d The contrite heart.

mf 4 The blessèd Spirit from on high
Will listen to its faintest sigh,
And heal and cheer and purify
d The contrite heart.

p 5 Saviour, I make my prayer to Thee;
Such as Thou lovest I would be;
In mercy, Lord, bestow on me
A contrite heart. Amen.

C. Elliott, alt.

Cross of Jesus. **293** J. STAINER.



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[May be sung to 'Sharon,' No. 148.]

He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy.

p LORD, Thy mercy now entreating,
Low before Thy throne we fall;
Our misdeeds to Thee confessing,
On Thy name we humbly call.

2 Sinful thoughts and words unloving
Rise against us one by one;
Acts unworthy, deeds unthinking,
Good that we have left undone;

3 Hearts that far from Thee were straying, *mf*
While in prayer we bowed the knee;
Lips that, while Thy praises sounding, *mp*
Lifted not the soul to Thee;

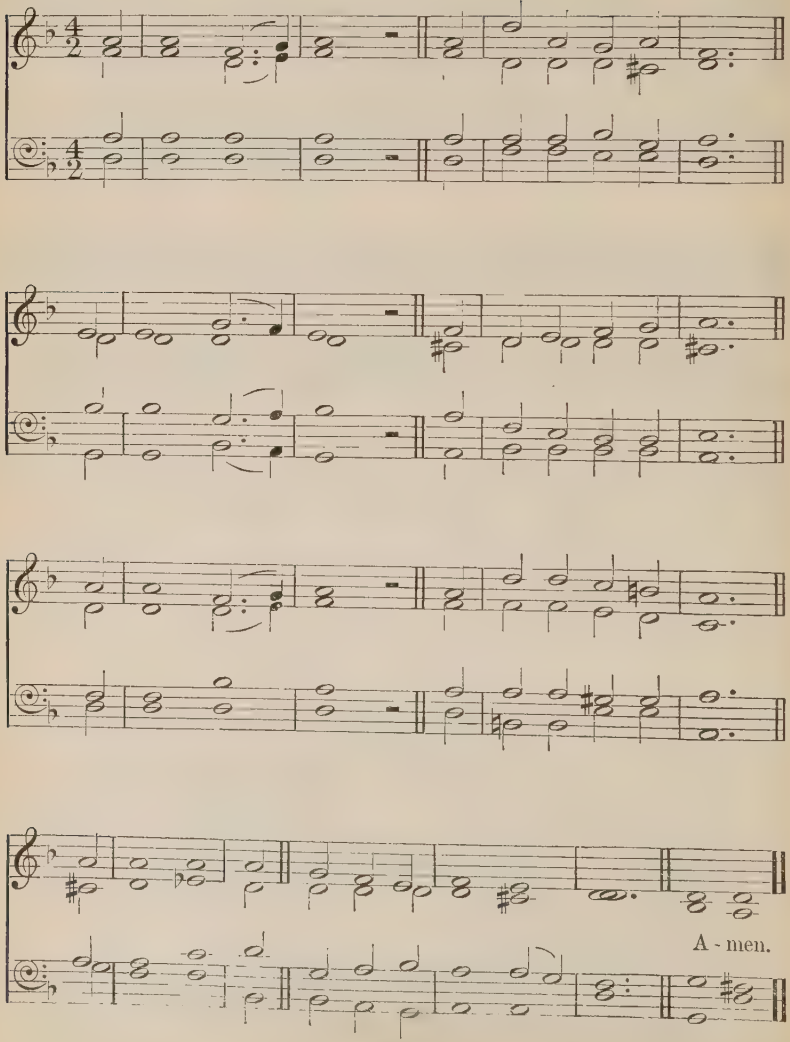
4 Precious moments idly wasted,
Precious hours in folly spent;
Christian vow and fight unheeded;
Scarce a thought to wisdom lent.

5 Lord, Thy mercy still entreating,
We with shame our sins would own;
c From henceforth, the time redeeming,
May we live to Thee alone.

mf 6 Heavenly Father, bless Thy children;
Hearken from Thy throne on high;
mp Loving Saviour, Holy Spirit,
Hear and heed our humble cry.
AMEN.

A. N.

Wrogall. **294** E. J. Hopkins.



Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.

mp SHOW pity, Lord:
For we are frail and faint;
p We fade away;
O list to our complaint!
We fade away
Like flowers in the sun;
We just begin,
And then our work is done.

mp 2 Show pity, Lord:
Our souls are sore distressed;
As troubled seas,
Our natures have no rest;
c As troubled seas
That, surging, beat the shore,
mf We throb and heave
Ever and evermore.

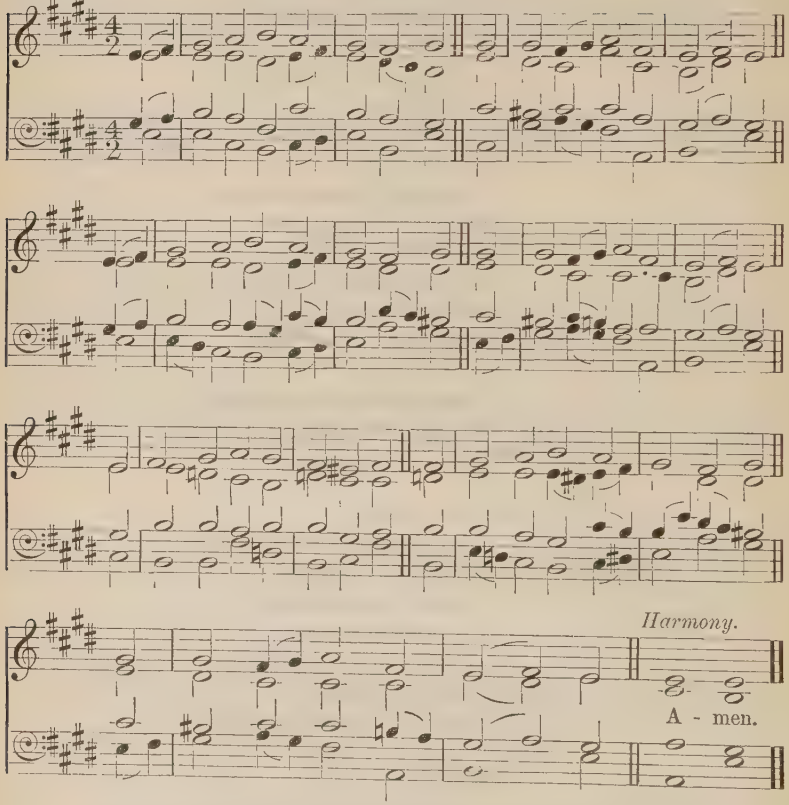
p 3 Show pity, Lord:
Our grief is in our sin;
We would be cleansed;
O make us pure within!
c We would be cleansed;
For this we cry to Thee;
mf Thy word of love
Can make the conscience free.

c 4 Show pity, Lord:
Inspire our hearts with love,—
That holy love
Which draws the soul above,
f That holy love
Which makes us one with Thee,
And with Thy saints,
Through all eternity. AMEN.

D. Thomas.

295

Elberfeld. **Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Ehr'.** N. Decius (?).



Our eyes wait upon the Lord our God, until that He have mercy upon us.

Aus tiefer Noth schrei ich zu Dir.

mp FROM depths of woe I raise to Thee
The voice of lamentation;
Lord, turn a gracious ear to me,
And hear my supplication:
If Thou shouldst be extreme to mark
Each secret sin and misdeed dark,
p O who could stand before Thee?

mp 2 To wash away the crimson stain,
Grace, grace alone availeth;
Our works, alas! are all in vain;
In much the best life faileth:
No man can glory in Thy sight,
All must alike confess Thy might,
And live alone by mercy.

c 3 Therefore my trust is in the Lord,
And not in mine own merit;
On Him my soul shall rest, His word
Upholds my fainting spirit:
mf His promised mercy is my fort,
My comfort and my sweet support;
I wait for it with patience.

4 What though I wait the livelong night
And till the dawn appeareth,
My heart still trusteth in His might;
It doubteth not, nor feareth:
So let the Israelite in heart,
Born of the Spirit, do his part,
And wait till God appeareth.

Unis. f 5 Although our sin is great indeed,
God's mercies far exceed it;
His hand can give the help we need,
However much we need it:
He is the Shepherd of the sheep
Who Israel doth guard and keep,
And shall from sin redeem him. AMEN.

Luther, tr. R. Massie.

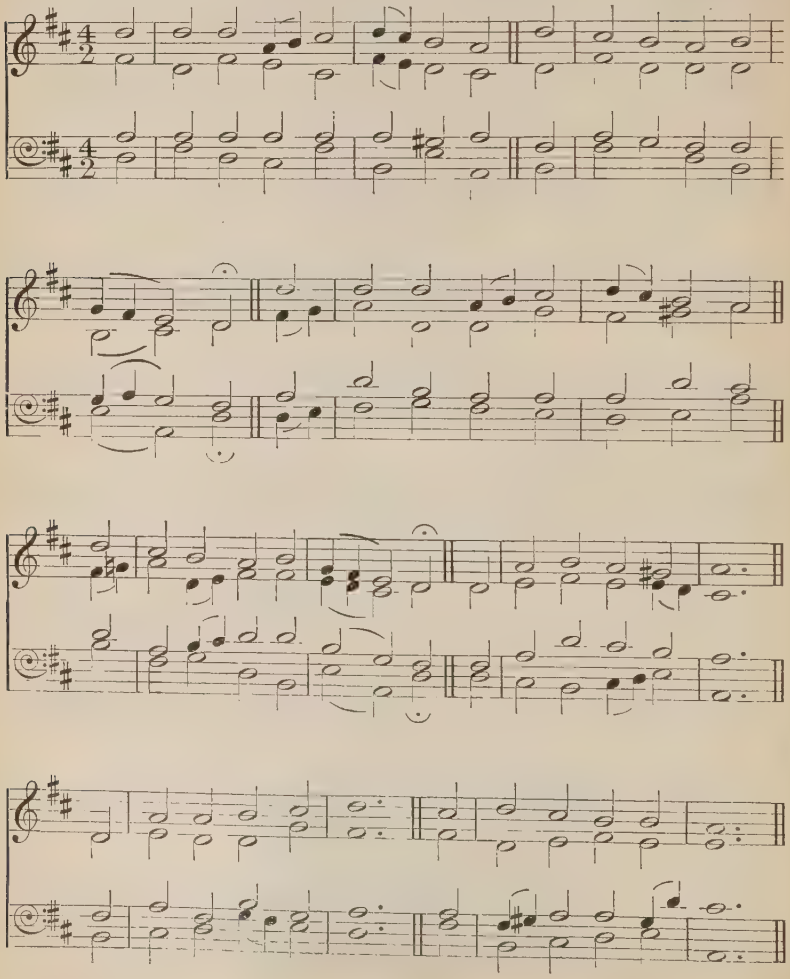
The following also are suitable:—

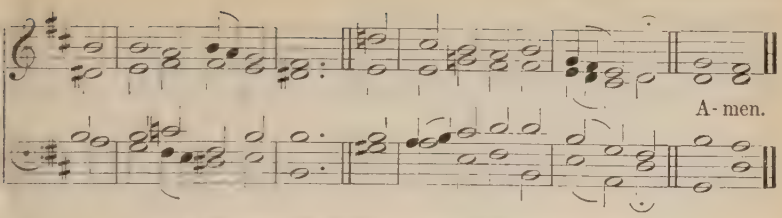
3 Father of Heaven, Whose love profound.
270 I am not worthy, holy Lord.
301 Not all the blood of beasts.
311 Just as I am, without one plea.
348 Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow.
377 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing.
382 O for a closer walk with God.
649 After Thy loving kindness, Lord (Ps. 51).
650 My closèd lips, O Lord, by Thee (Ps. 51).
690 Lord, from the depths to Thee I cried (Ps. 130).

2.—FAITH AND TRUST.

296

Ein' feste Burg. Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott. M. LUTHER.





God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

f A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He 'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
mf The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour;
On earth is not his fellow.

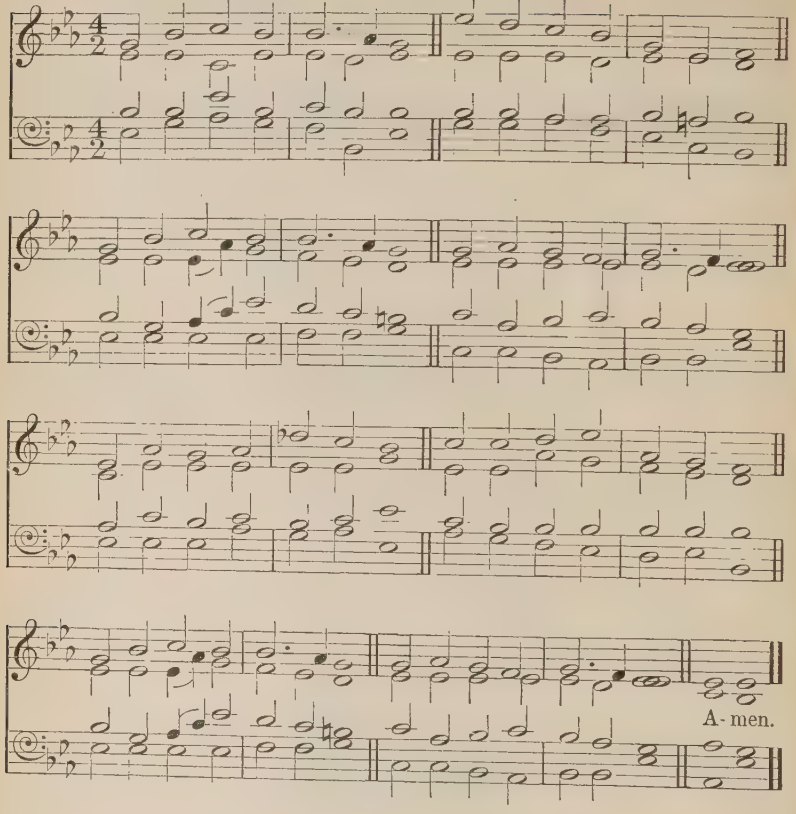
2 With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
c But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye who is this same?
f Christ Jesus is His name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son;
He and no other one
Shall conquer in the battle.

3 And were this world all devils o'er
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit:
For why, his doom is writ;
A word shall quickly slay him.

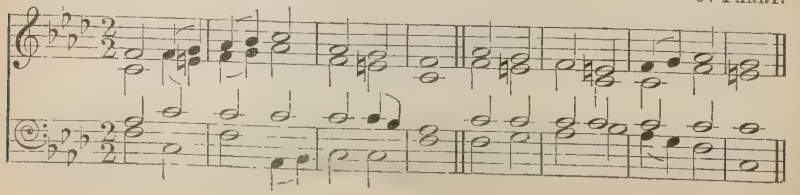
4 God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;
'T is written by His finger.
mf And, though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all,
f The city of God remaineth. AMEN.

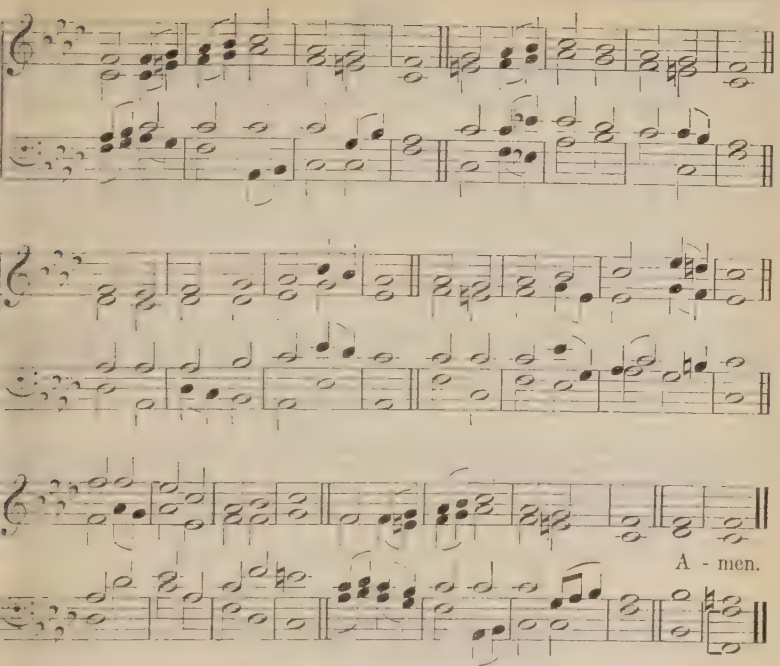
Luther, tr. T. Carlyle.

Hollingside (*1st Tune*). **297** J. B. Dykes.



Aberystwyth (*2nd Tune*). J. Parry.





By permission of Messrs. Hughes and Son.

A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest.

mf JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

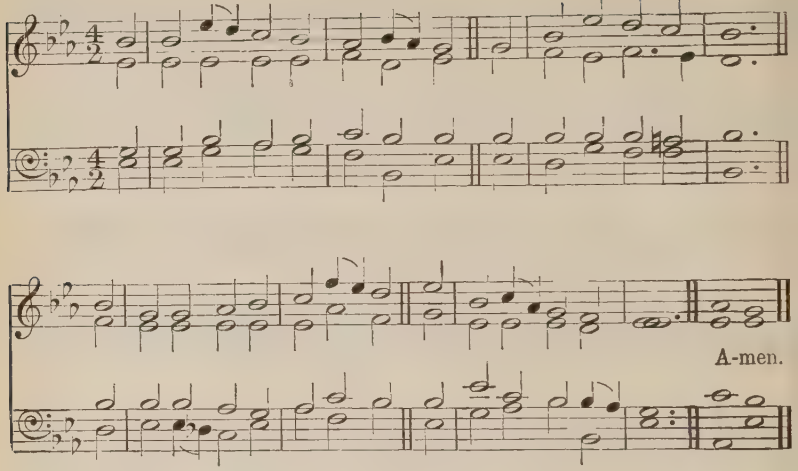
p 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.
c All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

mf 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
p Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
c Thou art full of truth and grace.

mf 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
f Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity. AMEN.

C. Wesley, sel.

Jackson. **298** T. Jackson.



I am not ashamed : for I know Whom I have believed.

mf I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the glory of His cross,
And honour all His laws.

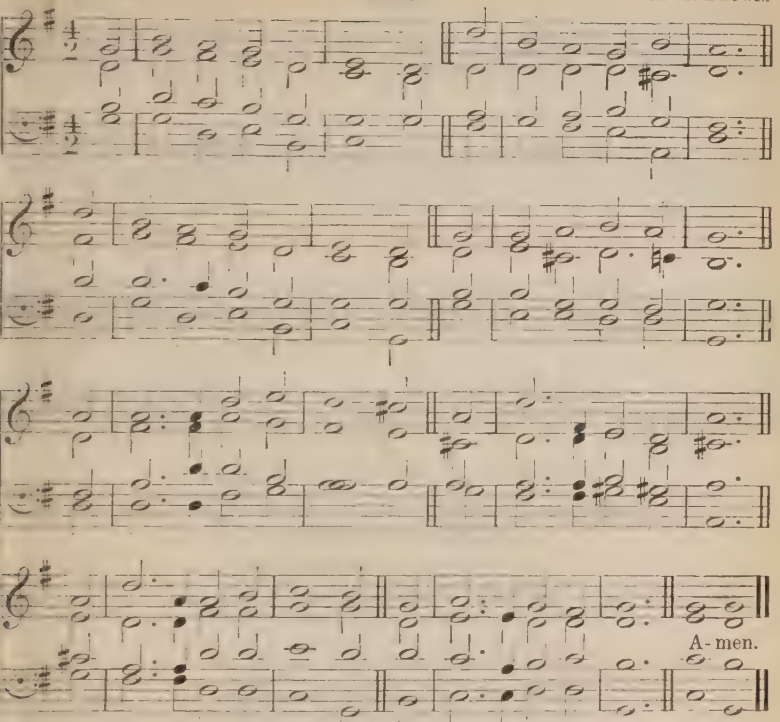
2 Jesus, my Lord ! I know His name ;
His name is all my boast ;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 I know that safe with Him remains,
Protected by His power,
What I've committed to His trust
Till the decisive hour.

f Then will He own His servant's name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place. Amen.

I. Watts, alt.

Holy Church. **299** A. H. Brown.



[May be sung to 'Munich,' No. 284.]

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.

mf I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

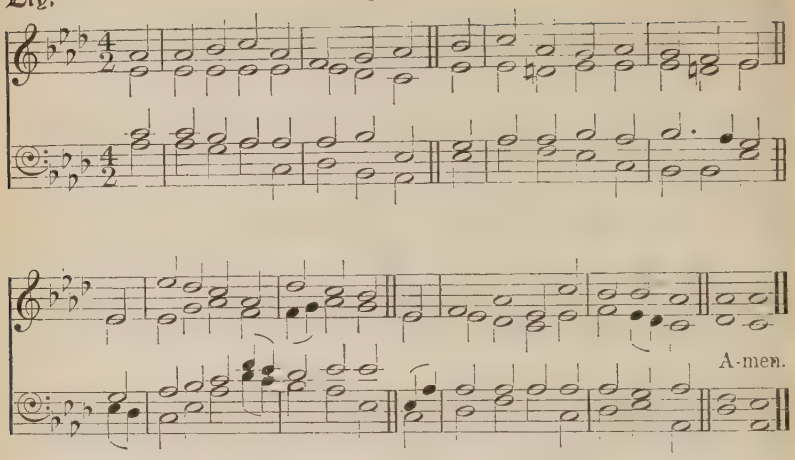
2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens, and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

p 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
c I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

mf 4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
f To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song. AMEN.

H. Bonar.

Ely. **300** T. Turton.



[May be sung to ' Winchester New,' No. 9.]

He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness.

Christi Blut und Gerechtigkeit.

mf JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

f 2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

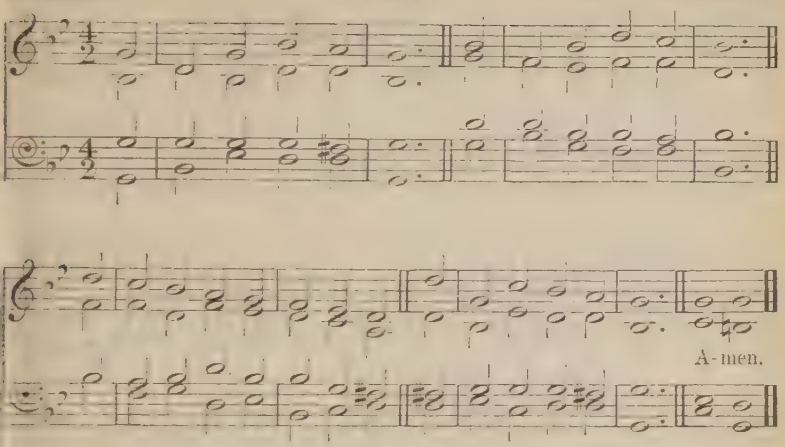
mf 3 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then, this shall be all my plea—
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

4 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its constant hue;
Its glory is for ever new.

f 5 O let the dead now hear Thy voice,
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice,—
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness. Amen.

von Zinzendorf, tr. J. Wesley, sel.

St. Bride. **301** S. Howard.



Behold, the Lamb of God, Which taketh away the sin of the world!

mf NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

f 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,
A Sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

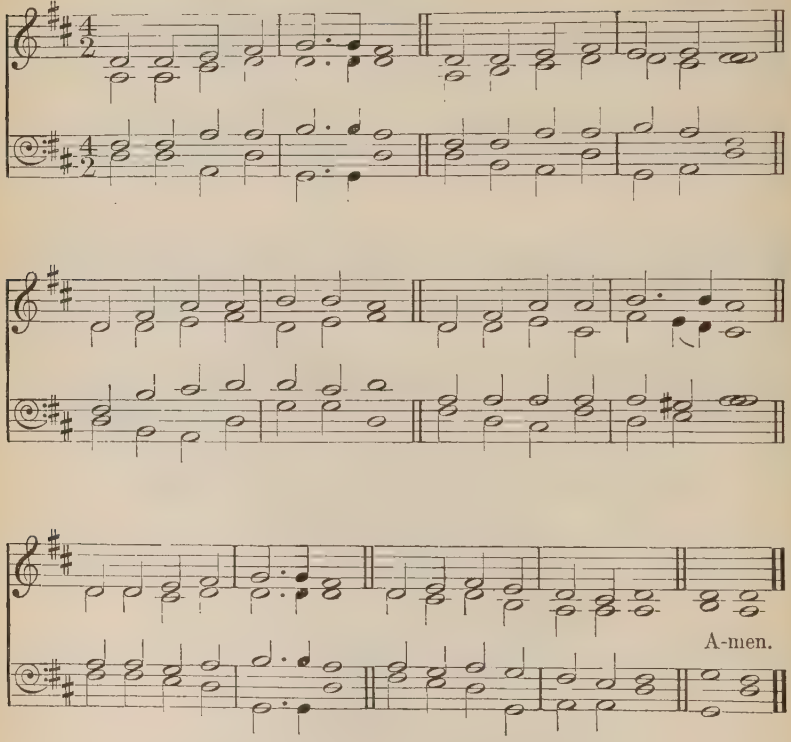
mf 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand
And there confess my sin.

p 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

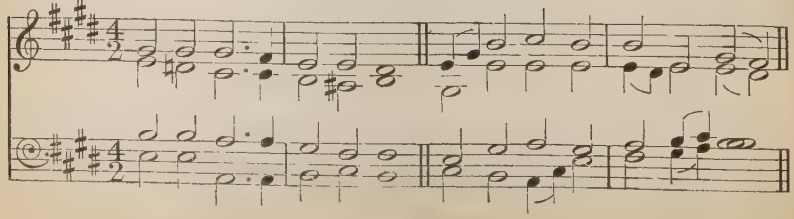
f 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love. AMEN.

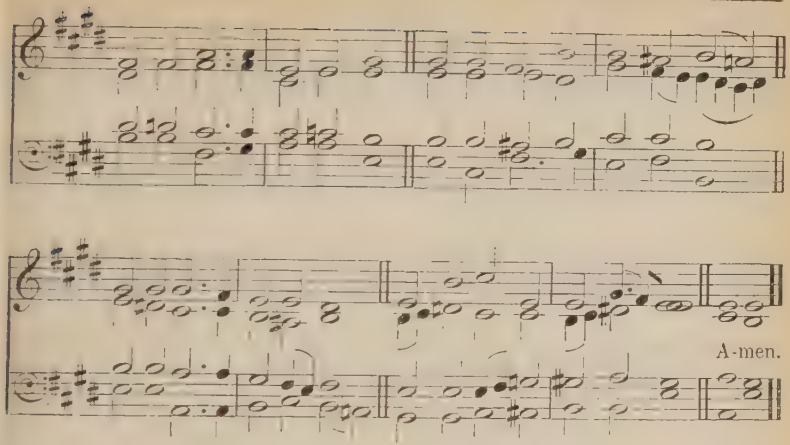
I. Watts.

Petra (Redhead 76) (*1st Tune*). **302** R. Redhead.



Trust (or **Faith**) (*2nd Tune*). J. B. Dykes.





I flee unto Thee to hide me.

mf ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

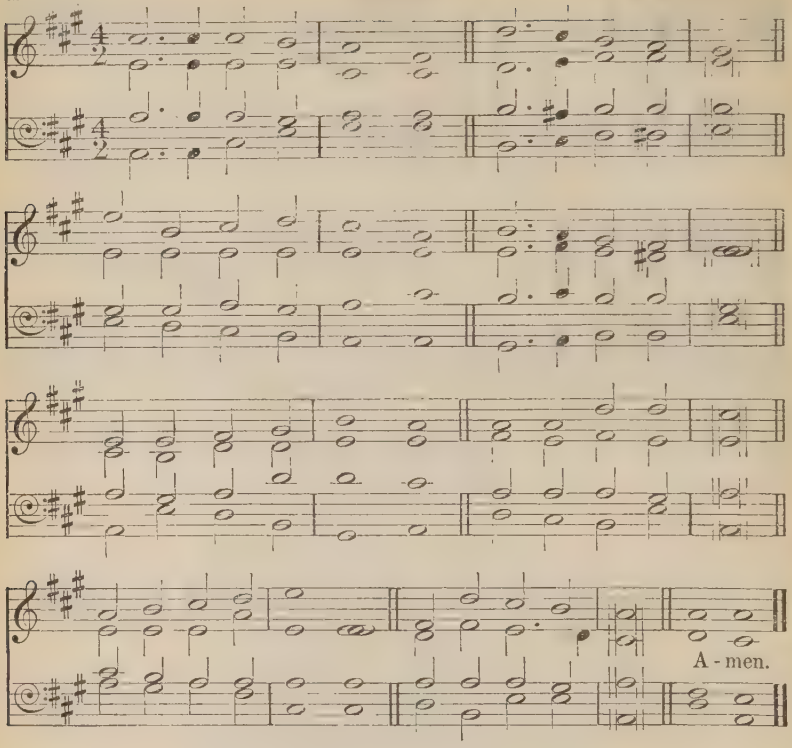
mp 2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
c Thou must save, and Thou alone.

mf 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
c Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

p 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
pp When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
c Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. AMEN.

A. M. Toplady, alt.

Hermas. **303** F. R. Havergal.



They that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee.

mf JESUS, I will trust Thee,
Trust Thee with my soul,
Guilty, lost, and helpless;
Thou canst make me whole.
There is none in heaven
Or on earth like Thee:
Thou hast died for sinners—
Therefore, Lord, for me.

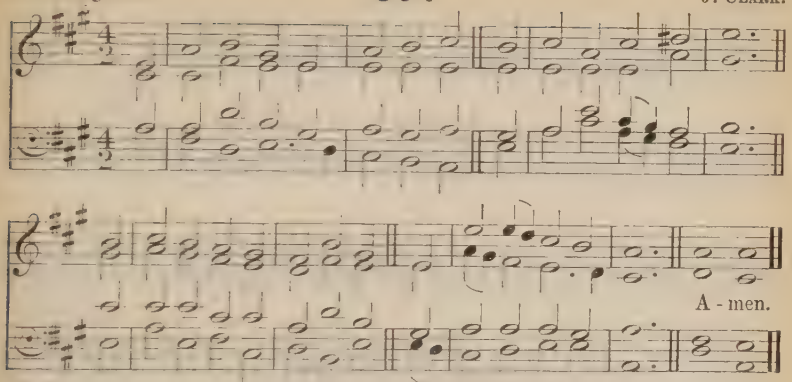
2 Jesus, I will trust Thee,
Name of matchless worth,
Spoken by the angel
At Thy wondrous birth,
p Written, and for ever,
On Thy cross of shame;
c Sinners read and worship,
Trusting in that name.

mf 3 Jesus, I will trust Thee,
Pondering Thy ways,
Full of love and mercy
All Thine earthly days.
Sinners gathered round Thee,
Lepers sought Thy face,
None too vile or loathsome
For a Saviour's grace.

f 4 Jesus, I will trust Thee,
Trust without a doubt;
Whosoever cometh
Thou wilt not cast out.
Faithful is Thy promise;
Precious is Thy blood;
These my soul's salvation,
Thou my Saviour God. AMEN.

M. J. Walker, scl.

St. Magnus. **304** J. Clark.



If God be for us, who can be against us?

mf LET Christian faith and hope dispel
The fears of guilt and woe;
The Lord Almighty is our Friend,
And who can prove a foe?

2 He Who His Son, most dear and loved,
Gave up for us to die,
Shall He not all things freely give
That goodness can supply?

3 Behold the best, the greatest gift
Of everlasting love!
Behold the pledge of peace below
And perfect bliss above!

f 4 Where is the judge who can condemn,
Since God hath justified?
Who shall charge those with guilt or crime
For whom the Saviour died?

mf 5 The Saviour died, but rose again
Triumphant from the grave,
And pleads our cause at God's right hand,
Omnipotent to save.

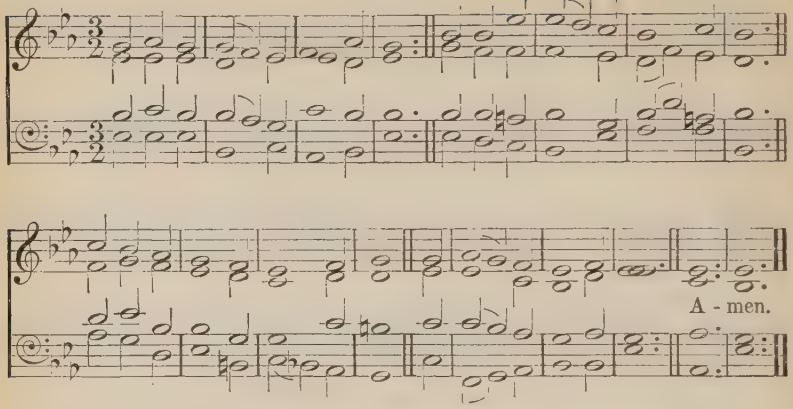
6 Who then can e'er divide us more
From Jesus and His love,
Or break the sacred chain that binds
The earth to heaven above?

f 7 Let troubles rise, and terrors frown,
And days of darkness fall,
Through Him all dangers we'll defy,
And more than conquer all.

8 Nor death nor life, nor earth nor hell,
Nor time's destroying sway
Can e'er efface us from His heart,
Or make His love decay. AMEN.

J. Logan, sel.

Trust. **305** G. W. TORRANCE.



He exhorted them all, that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord.

mf O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean:
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee.

2 Blest with communion so divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee?

mp 3 Far from her home, fatigued, oppressed,
Here she has found a place of rest,—
An exile still, yet not unblest
While she can cling to Thee.

4 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove,
With patient, uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to Thee.

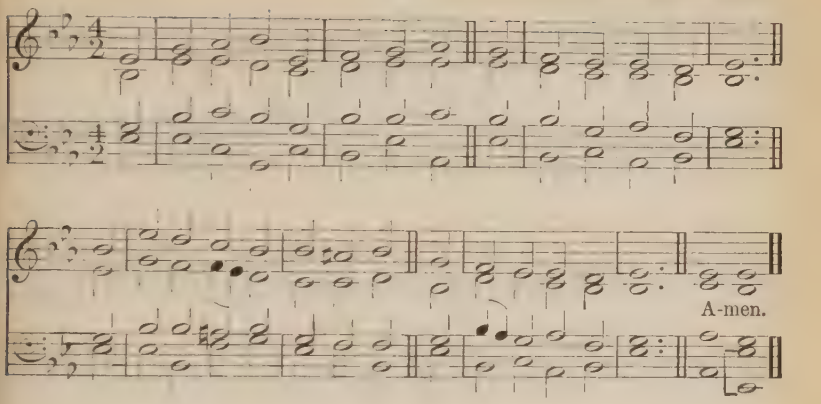
p 5 Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
A voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers, 'Still cling to Me.'

mf 6 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee!

f 7 Blest is my lot, whate'er befall;
What can disturb me, who appal,
While, as my Strength, my Rock, my All,
Saviour, I cling to Thee? AMEN.

C. Elliott, sel.

French. **306** *Scottish Psalter*, 1615.



They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.

mf HAST thou not known, hast thou not heard,
That firm remains on high
The everlasting throne of Him
Who formed the earth and sky?

2 Art thou afraid His power shall fail
When comes thy evil day?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

f 3 Supreme in wisdom as in power
The Rock of Ages stands,
Though Him thou canst not see, nor trace
The working of His hands.

mf 4 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.

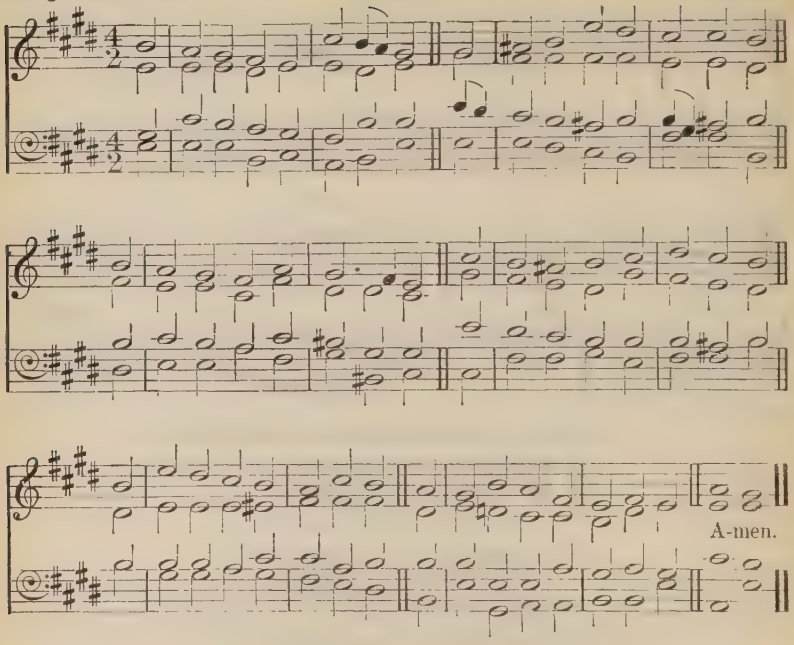
mp 5 Mere human power shall fast decay,
And youthful vigour cease;
c But they who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.

mf 6 They with unwearied feet shall tread
The path of life divine,
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

f 7 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar—
Their wings are faith and love—
c Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heaven above. AMEN.

I. Watts, alt.

St. Justin. **307** J. Barnby.



Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast.

Ich habe nun den Grund gefunden.

mf MY soul hath found the steadfast ground;
There ever shall my anchor hold:
That ground is in my Saviour Christ
Before the world was from of old;
And that sure ground shall be my stay
When heaven and earth shall pass away.

2 That ground is Thine eternal love,
Thy love which through all ages burns,
The open arms of mercy stretched
To meet the sinner who returns,
The love that calleth everywhere,
If men will hear or will forbear.

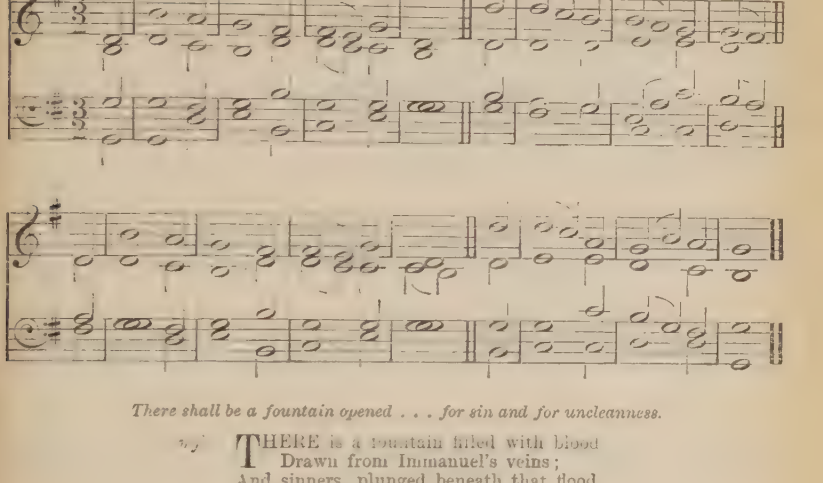
f 3 O deep, deep sea, where all our sins
By Christ are cast and found no more!
There is no condemnation now;
The Lord hath healed our deadly sore,
Because the voice of Jesus' blood
Still cries for mercy unto God.

mf 4 Lord Christ, Thou art my steadfast Rock,
So long as on the earth I dwell;
O may each thought and word and work
Of Thy redeeming mercy tell,
Till I shall sing to Thee above,
'O endless depth of saving love!'

Amen.

Rothe, tr. E. F. Bevan, sel.

Belmont. **308** Adapted from GARDINER'S *Sacred Melodies*, 1812 (?).



There shall be a fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness.

mf THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

p 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
c Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

mf 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

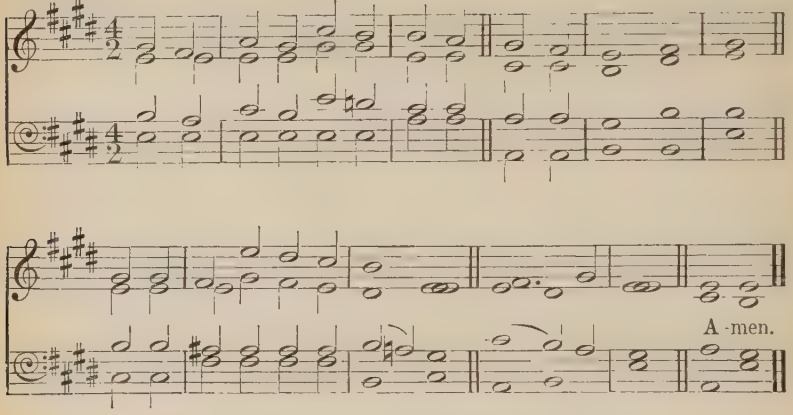
f 5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
d When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

mf 6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me.

f 7 'T is strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed, by power Divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but Thine.

W. Cowper.

St. Helen's. **309** R. P. Stewart.



In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust.

mf I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee,—
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

p 2 I am trusting Thee for pardon:
At Thy feet I bow,
For Thy grace and tender mercy
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood,
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

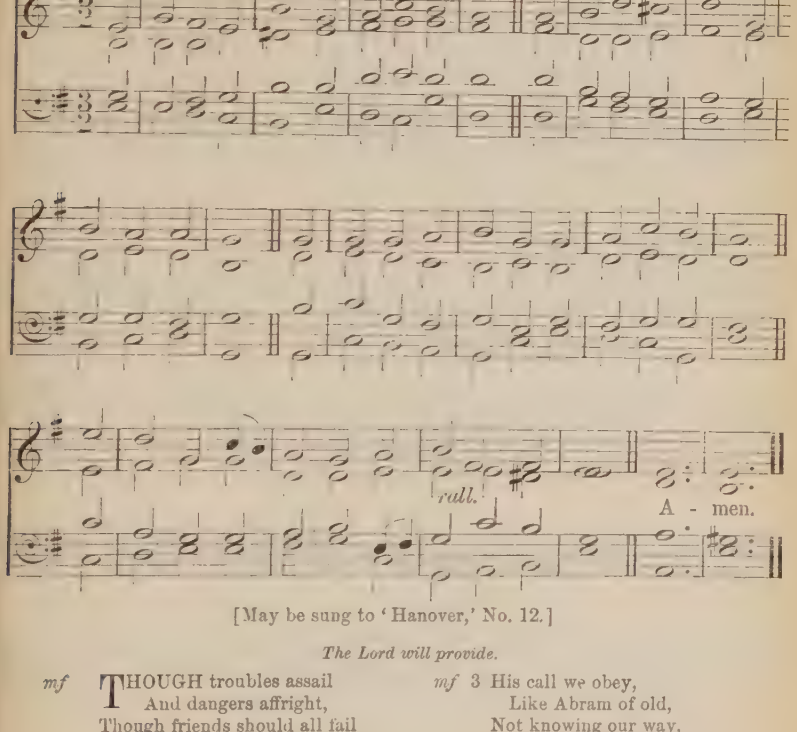
mf 4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee for power:
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

c 6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all. AMEN.

F. R. Havergal.

Old 104th. **310** Ravenscroft's *Psalms*, 1621.



[May be sung to 'Hanover,' No. 12.]

The Lord will provide.

mf THOUGH troubles assail
And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail
And foes all unite,
c Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us
f The Lord will provide.

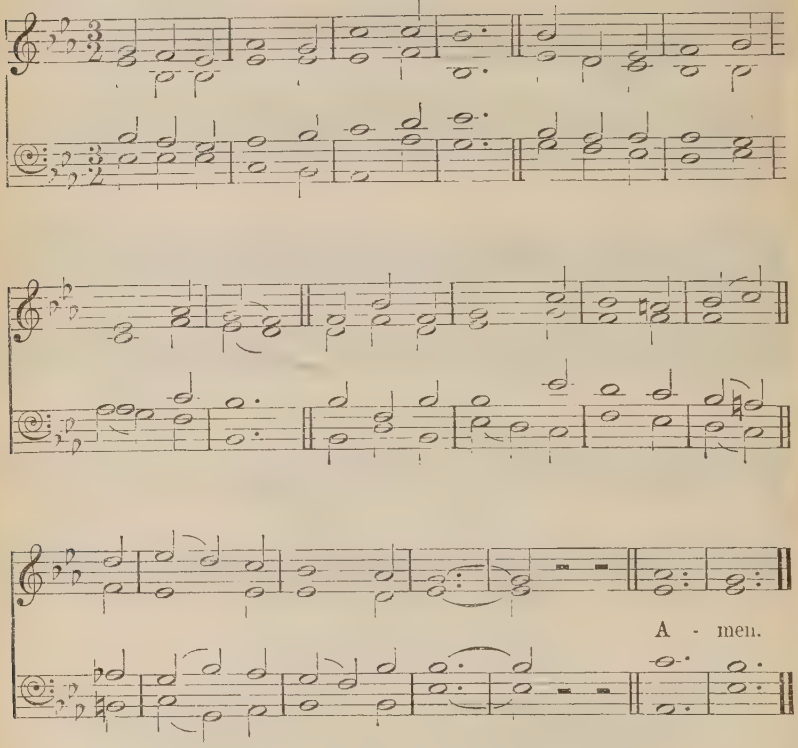
mf 2 The birds without barn
Or storehouse are fed;
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread;
His saints what is fitting
Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 't is written,
f The Lord will provide.

mf 3 His call we obey,
Like Abram of old,
Not knowing our way,
But faith makes us bold;
For, though we are strangers,
We have a good guide,
And trust, in all dangers,
f The Lord will provide.

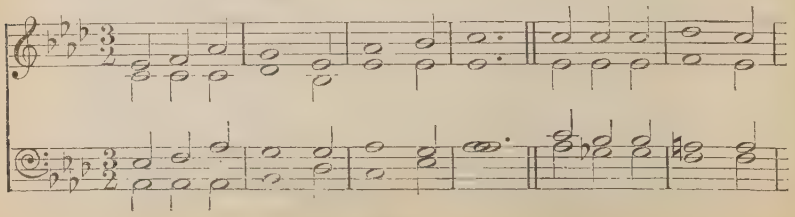
mf 4 No strength of our own
Or goodness we claim,
Yet, since we have known
The Saviour's great name,
c In this our strong tower
For safety we hide,—
The Lord is our power,
f The Lord will provide. Amen.

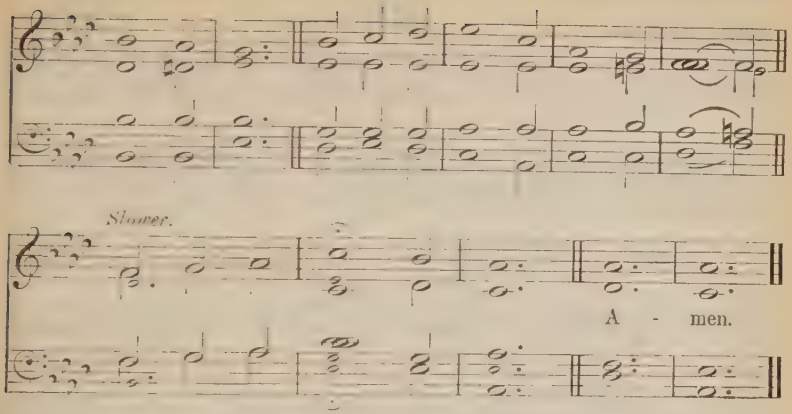
J. Newton, sel.

Misericordia (*1st Tune*). **311** H. Smart.



Just as I am (*2nd Tune*). J. Barnby.





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Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.

p JUST as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—
c Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

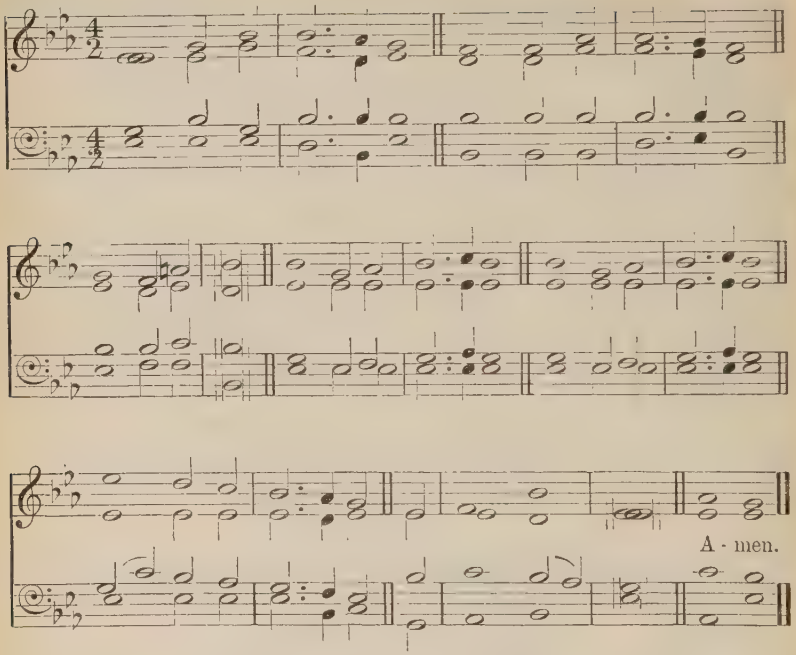
mf 5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

c 6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down—
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

f 7 Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come. AMEN.

C. Elliott.

Mount of Olives. **312** L. MASON.



I live by the faith of the Son of God.

mf MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine ;
p Now hear me while I pray ;
Take all my guilt away ;
c O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

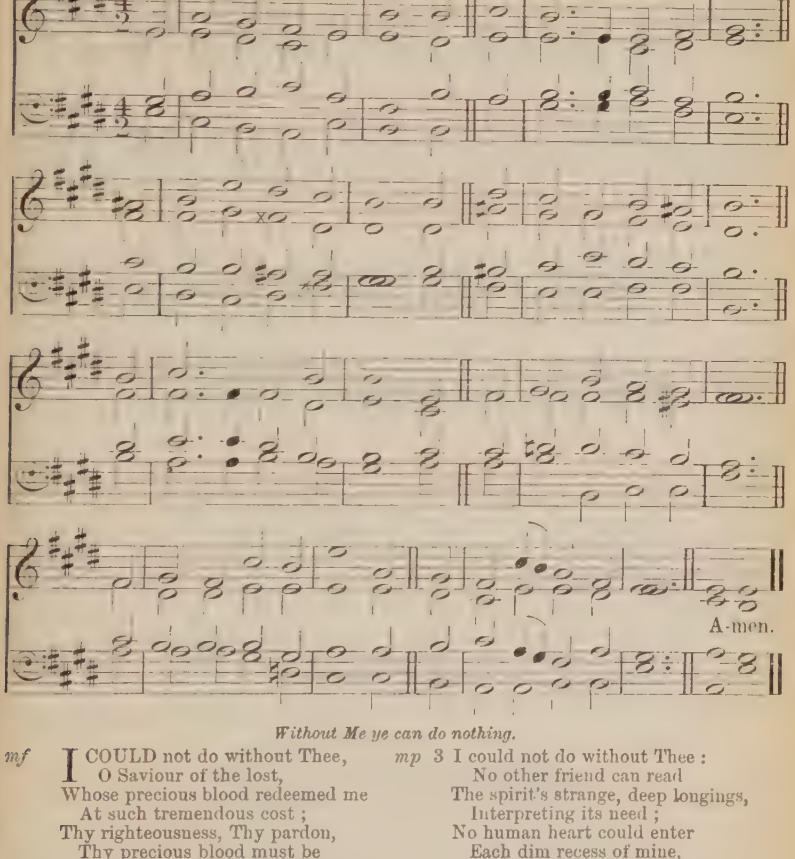
mf 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ;
p As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
c Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

p 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide ;
c Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

p 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
c Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
f O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul. AMEN.

R. Palmer.

Magdalena. **313** J. Stainer.



Without Me ye can do nothing.

mf I COULD not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost,
Whose precious blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost;
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

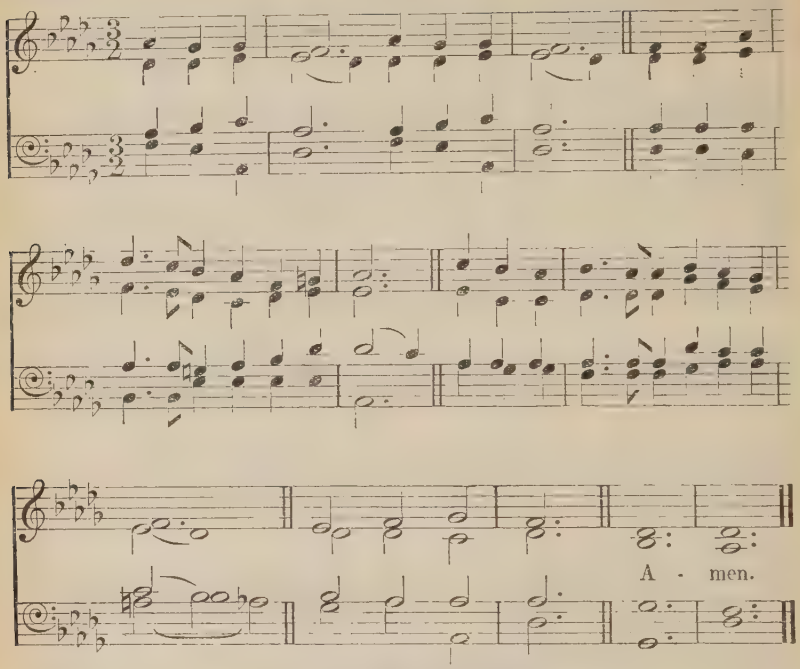
mp 2 I could not do without Thee:
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
c But Thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power
If leaning hard on Thee.

mp 3 I could not do without Thee:
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange, deep longings,
Interpreting its need;
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe, and hush, and calm it,
O blessèd Lord, but Thine.

p 4 I could not do without Thee:
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneness
The river must be passed;
c But Thou wilt never leave me,
And, though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
d And whisper, 'It is I.' Amen.

F. R. Havergal, sel.

Rossetti. **314** William Jeater.



Copyright, 1907, by William Jeater.

Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.

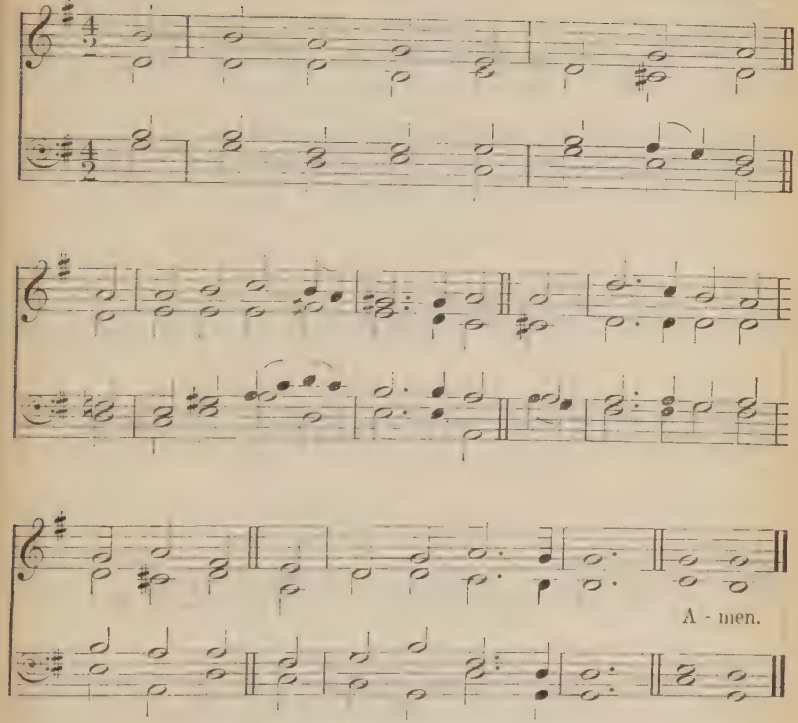
mp NONE other Lamb, none other name,
None other hope in heaven or earth or sea,
None other hiding-place from guilt and shame,
None beside Thee!

p 2 My faith burns low, my hope burns low;
c Only my heart's desire cries out in me
By the deep thunder of its want and woe,
Cries out to Thee.

f 3 Lord, Thou art life, though I be dead;
Love's fire Thou art, however cold I be:
Nor heaven have I, nor place to lay my head,
Nor home, but Thee. AMEN.

C. G. Rossetti.

Consent. **315** J. B. Dykes.



[May be sung to 'Trust,' No. 305.]

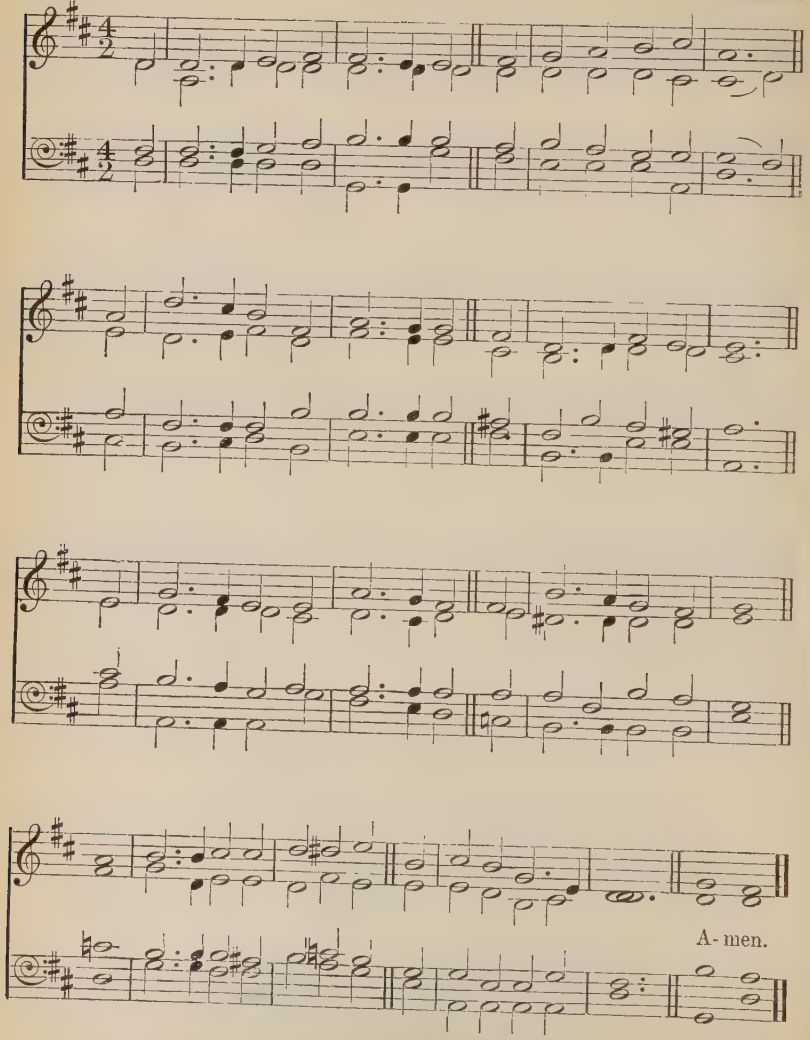
Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love.

mf O SAVIOUR, I have nought to plead,
In earth beneath or heaven above,
But just my own exceeding need
And Thy exceeding love.

2 The need will soon be past and gone,
Exceeding great, but quickly o'er;
c The love unbought is all Thine own,
And lasts for evermore. AMEN.

J. Crewdson.

St. Sylvester. **316** J. Barnby.



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Nevertheless I am continually with Thee: Thou hast holden me by my right hand.

mf TWIXT gleams of joy and clouds of doubt
Our feelings come and go;
Our best estate is tossed about
In ceaseless ebb and flow.
No mood of feeling, form of thought,
Is constant for a day;
c But Thou, O Lord, Thou changest not:
The same Thou art alway.

mf 2 I grasp Thy strength, make it mine own,
My heart with peace is blest;
p I lose my hold, and then comes down
Darkness, and cold unrest.
mf Let me no more my comfort draw
From my frail hold of Thee,
In this alone rejoice with awe—
Thy mighty grasp of me.

3 Out of that weak, unquiet drift
That comes but to depart,
To that pure heaven my spirit lift
Where Thou unchanging art.
Lay hold of me with Thy strong grasp,
Let Thy almighty arm
In its embrace my weakness clasp,
And I shall fear no harm.

4 Thy purpose of eternal good
Let me but surely know;
On this I 'll lean—let changing mood
And feeling come or go—
f Glad when Thy sunshine fills my soul,
Not lorn when clouds o'ercast,
Since Thou within Thy sure control
Of love dost hold me fast. AMEN.

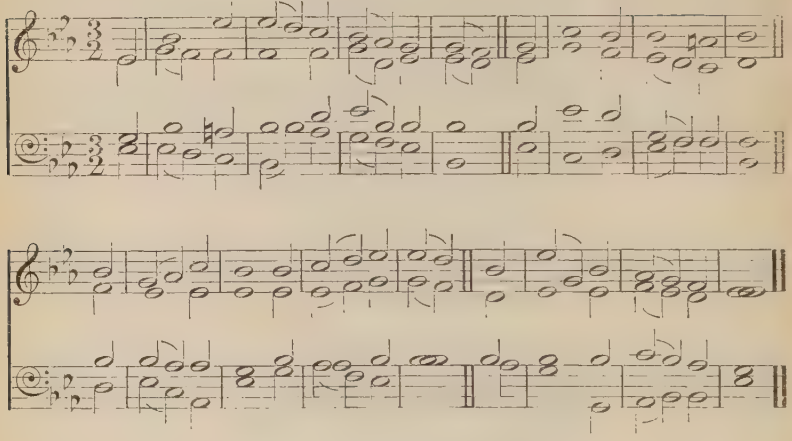
J. C. Shairp.

The following also are suitable:—

60 We saw Thee not when Thou didst come.
69 Thy works, not mine, O Christ.
286 Not what these hands have done.
332 Christ, of all my hopes the ground.
363 My spirit on Thy care.
365 My times are in Thy hand.
647 God is our refuge and our strength (Ps. 46).
685 I to the hills will lift mine eyes (Ps. 121).

3.—*PEACE AND HOPE.*

Abridge. **317** I. Smith.



Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called children of God.

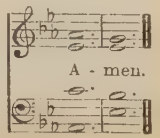
mf BEHOLD the amazing gift of love
The Father hath bestowed
On us, the sinful sons of men,
To call us sons of God!

p 2 Concealed as yet this honour lies,
By this dark world unknown,
A world that knew not when He came,
Even God's eternal Son.

mf 3 High is the rank we now possess;
But higher we shall rise,
Though what we shall hereafter be
Is hid from mortal eyes.

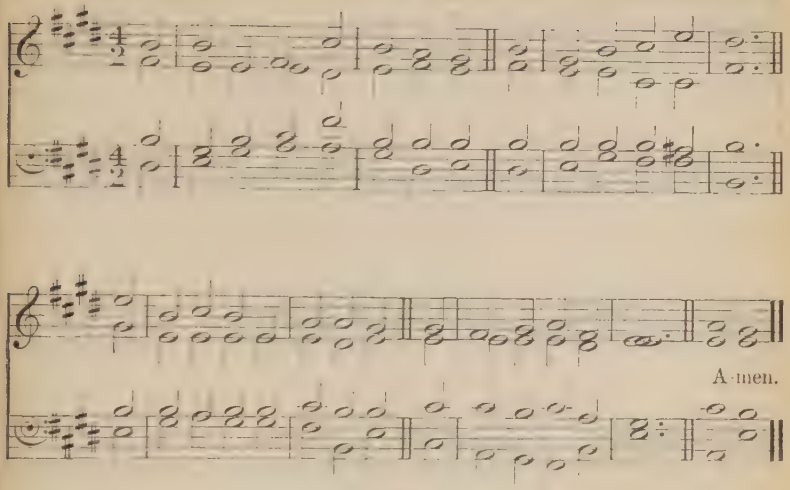
4 Our souls, we know, when He appears,
Shall bear His image bright;
For all His glory, full disclosed,
Shall open to our sight.

f 5 A hope so great, and so divine,
May trials well endure,
And purge the soul from sense and sin,
As Christ Himself is pure.



I. Watts, alt.

St. Fulbert. **318** H. J. Gauntlett.



Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who according to His great mercy begat us again unto a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.

f BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be His abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored!

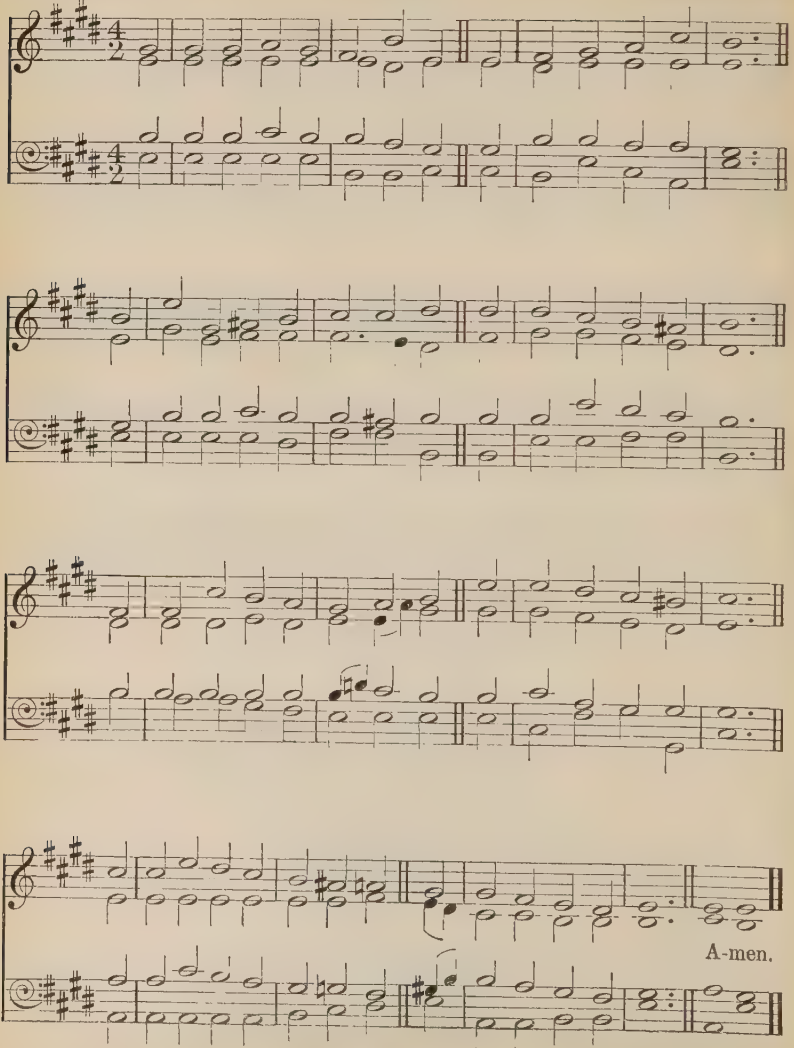
mf 2 When from the dead He raised His Son,
And called Him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 To an inheritance divine
He taught our hearts to rise;
'T is uncorrupted, undefiled,
Unfading, in the skies.

4 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
But Christ shall call us home. Amen.

I. Watts, sel. and alt.

Rest (or **Elim**). **319** W. H. Callcott.



The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in Him.

mf MY heart is resting, O my God,
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill;
d For the waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

mf 2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies;
And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set:—
c 'Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet;

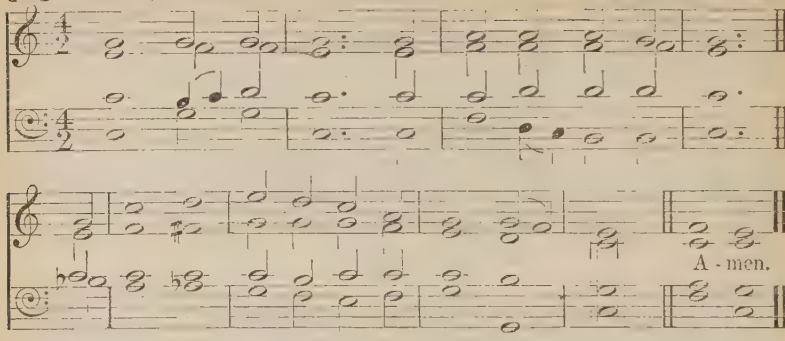
mf 3 'Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known,
And the fear that sends me to Thy breast
For what is most my own!'
I have a heritage of joy,
That yet I must not see;
But the hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

4 My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in Thy care;
c I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.
f 'Thou art my portion, saith my soul,'
Ten thousand voices say,
And the music of their glad Amen
Will never die away. AMEN.

A. L. Waring, sel.

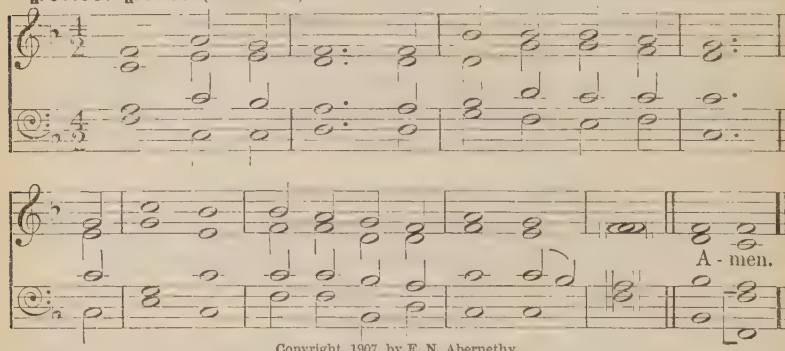
Nunc Dimittis (1st Tune). 320

CHARLES VINCENT (after G. T. CALDBECK).



* Perfect Peace (2nd Tune).

F. N. ABERNETHY.



Copyright, 1907, by F. N. Abernethy.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee.

mf PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
p The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

mf 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
p To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

mf 3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
p On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

mf 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
c In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

mf 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
c Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

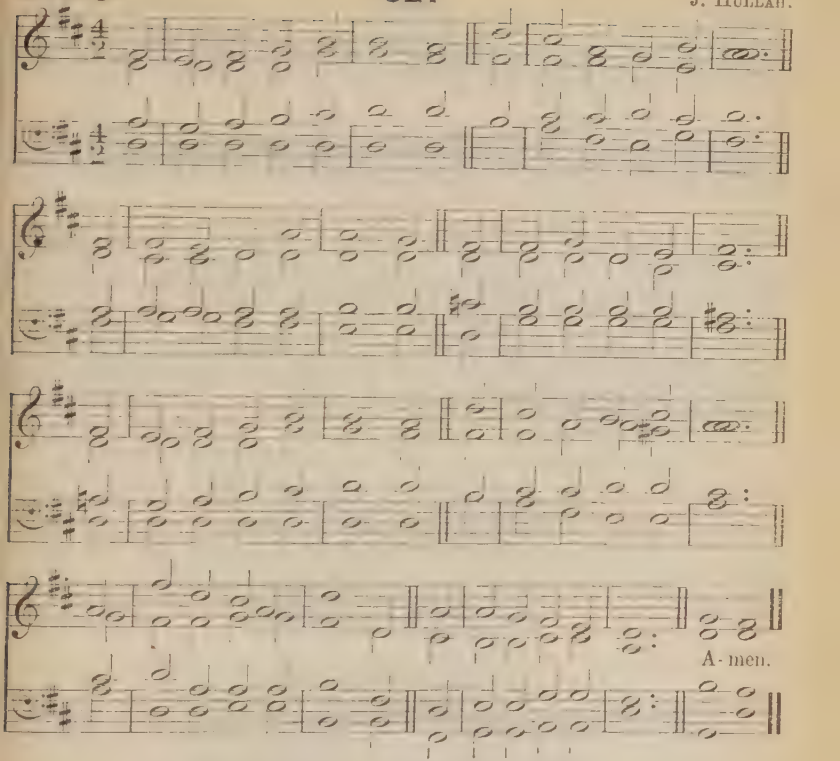
p 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
f Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

mf 7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace. AMEN.

E. H. Bickersteth.

* SUGGESTION BY THE COMPOSER.—*Verses 1 to 6*: first line in unison by Tenors and Basses only; second line by all voices in harmony. *Verse 7*: in harmony throughout.

Bentley. 321 J. Hullah.



Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.

mf SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings ;
It is the Lord Who rises
With healing in His wings.
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

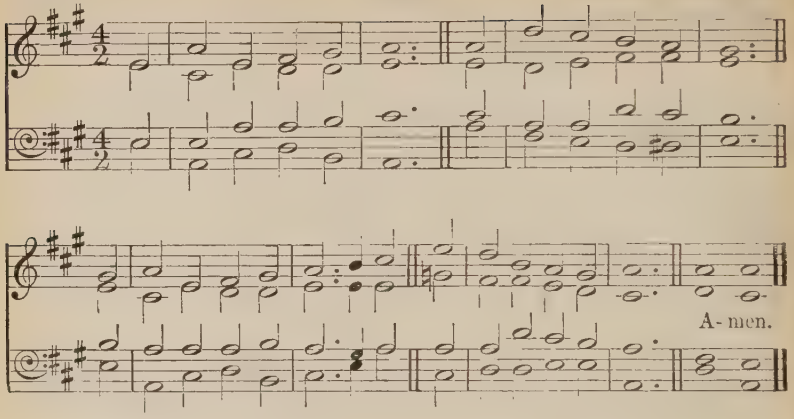
mp 2 In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say :—
c 'Even let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may,

mf 3 'It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through ;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too.
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed ;
And He Who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.'

p 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there,
c Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
f For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice. AMEN.

W. Cowper.

Bucer. **322** *Cantica Laudis*, 1850.



The Lord is good unto them that wait for Him, to the soul that seeketh Him.

mf YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love Divine
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things nor things to come
Shall quench the spark Divine.

p 4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
c Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.

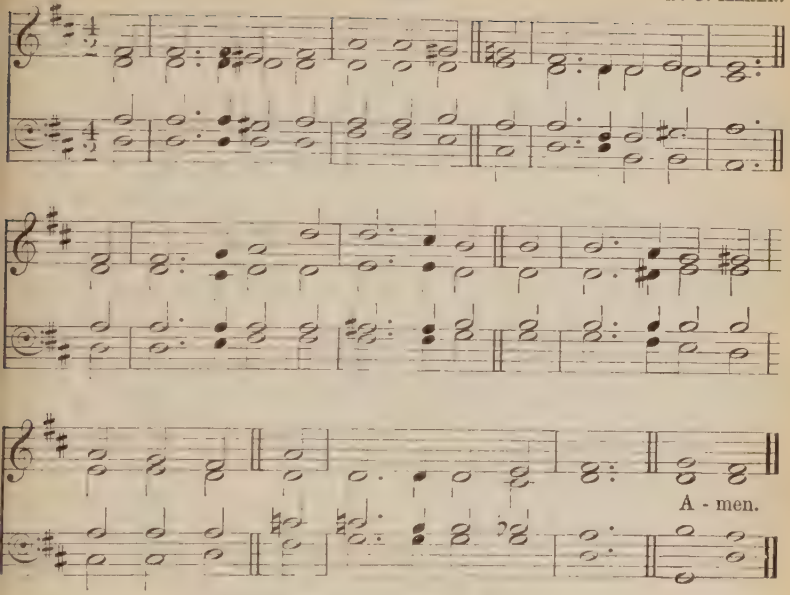
mf 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

c 6 Wait till the shadows flee;
Wait thy appointed hour;
Wait till the Bridegroom of thy soul
f Reveals His love with power.

7 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee:
Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see. AMEN.

A. M. Toplady, sel.

Rest. **323** F. C. Maker.



[May be sung to 'Newcastle,' No. 24.]

The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever.

mf DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways;
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow Thee.

pp 3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

p 4 With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of Thy call,
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
As fell Thy manna down.

5 Drop Thy still dews of quietness
Till all our strivings cease;
c Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

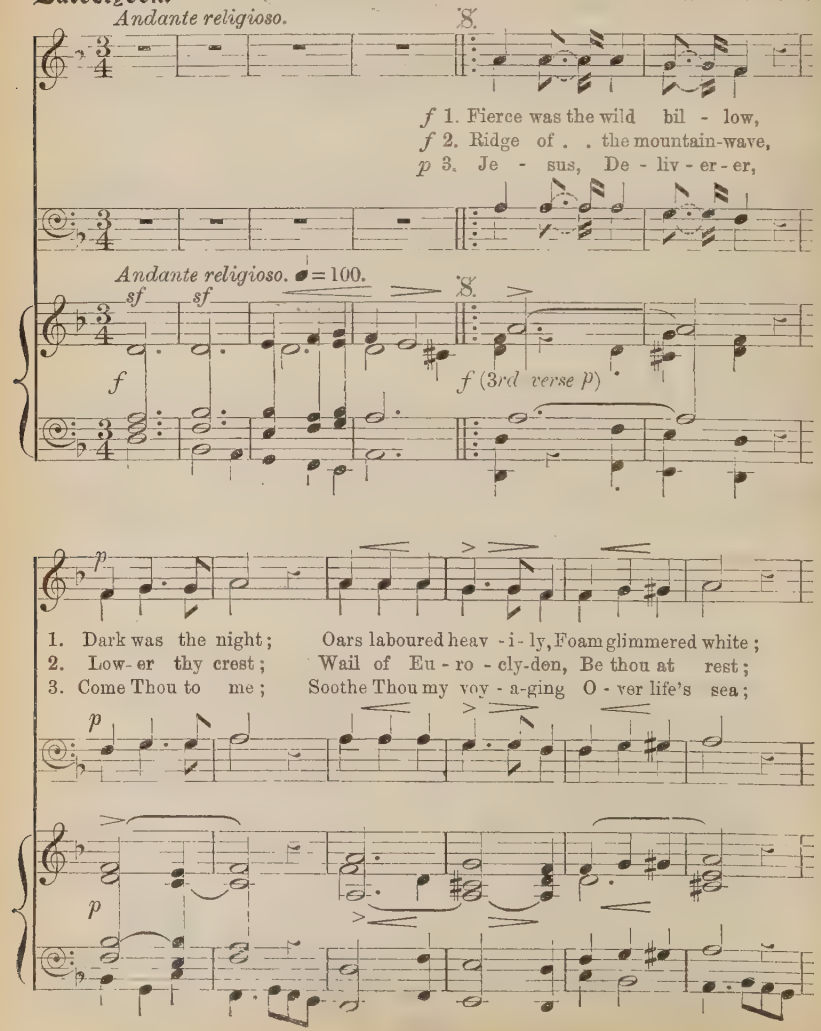
mf 6 Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
d O still small voice of calm! Amen.

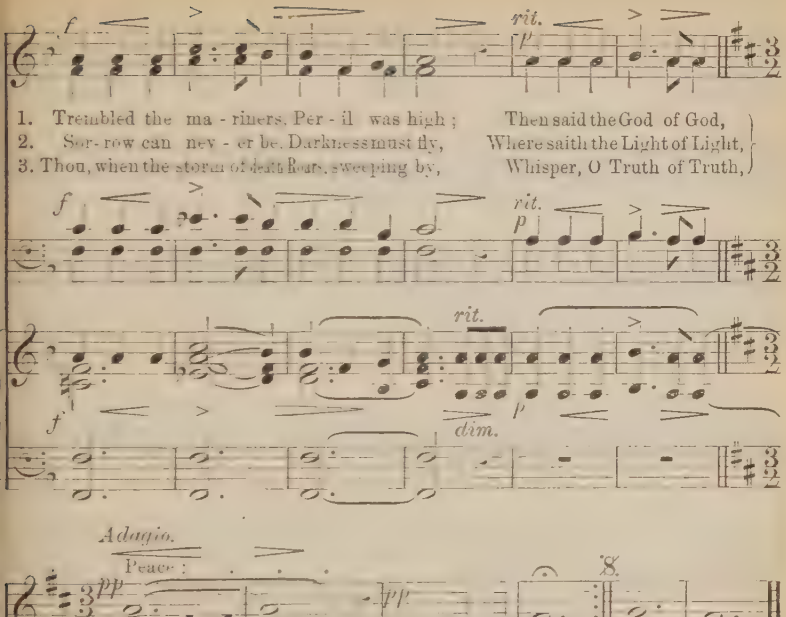
J. G. Whittier.

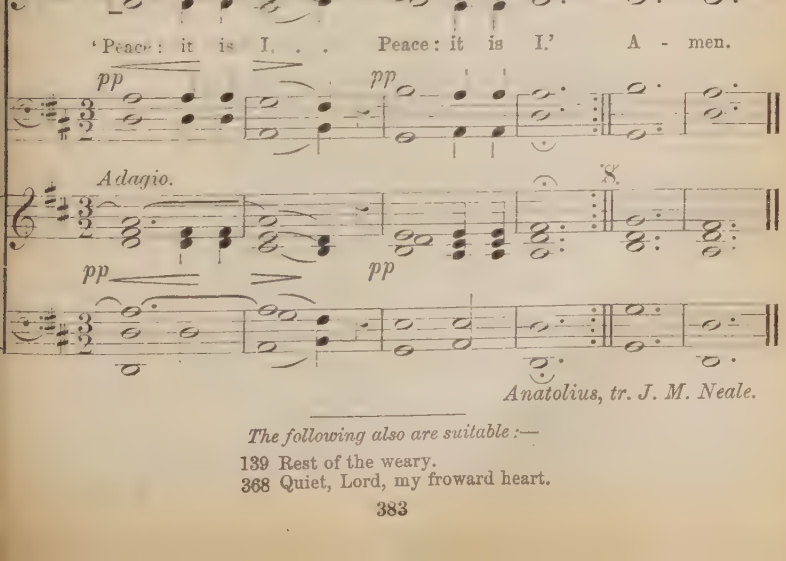
324

They were afraid: but He saith unto them, It is I; be not afraid.

Euroclydon. G. W. TORRANCE.


Andante religioso.
8.
f 1. Fierce was the wild bil - low,
f 2. Ridge of . . the mountain-wave,
p 3. Je - sus, De - liv - er - er,
Andante religioso. ♩ = 100.
sf sf
f
f (3rd verse p)
p
1. Dark was the night; Oars laboured heav - i - ly, Foam glimmered white;
2. Low - er thy crest; Wail of Eu - ro - cly-den, Be thou at rest;
3. Come Thou to me; Soothe Thou my voy - a-ging O - ver life's sea;
p
p


f
rit.
p
1. Trembled the ma - riners. Per - il was high ; Then said the God of God,
2. Sor - row can nev - er be. Darkness must fly, Where saith the Light of Light,
3. Thou, when the storm of death Roars sweeping by, Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
f
rit.
p
rit.
f
p
dim.



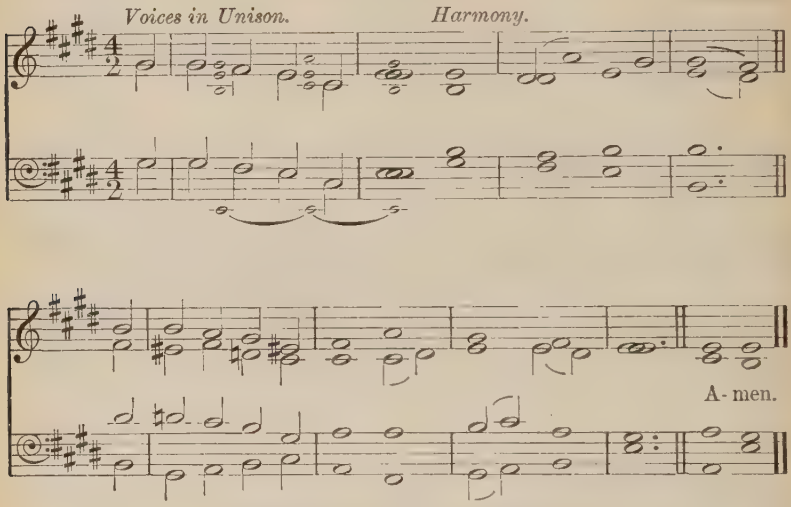
Anatolius, tr. J. M. Neale.

The following also are suitable :—

139 Rest of the weary.
368 Quiet, Lord, my froward heart.

4.—*LOVE AND JOY.*

Grandpont. **325** J. STAINER.



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Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God.

mf BELOVÈD, let us love: love is of God;
In God alone hath love its true abode.

2 Belovèd, let us love: for they who love,
They only, are His sons, born from above.

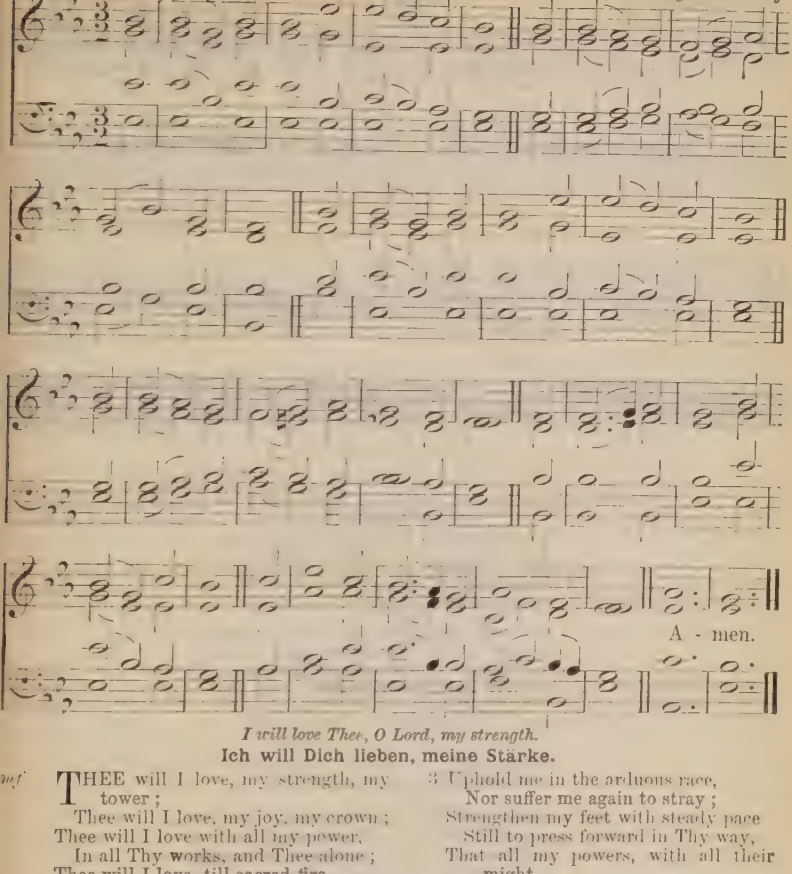
3 Belovèd, let us love: for love is rest,
And he who loveth not abides unblest.

4 Belovèd, let us love: for love is light,
And he who loveth not dwelleth in night.

5 Belovèd, let us love: for only thus
Shall we behold that God Who loveth us. AMEN.

H. Bonar.

Stella. **326** Old English Melody.



I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength.

Ich will Dich lieben, meine Stärke.

mf THEE will I love, my strength, my tower;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all Thy works, and Thee alone;
Thee will I love, till sacred fire
Fill my whole soul with pure desire.

2 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That Thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank Thee, Who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank Thee, Whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

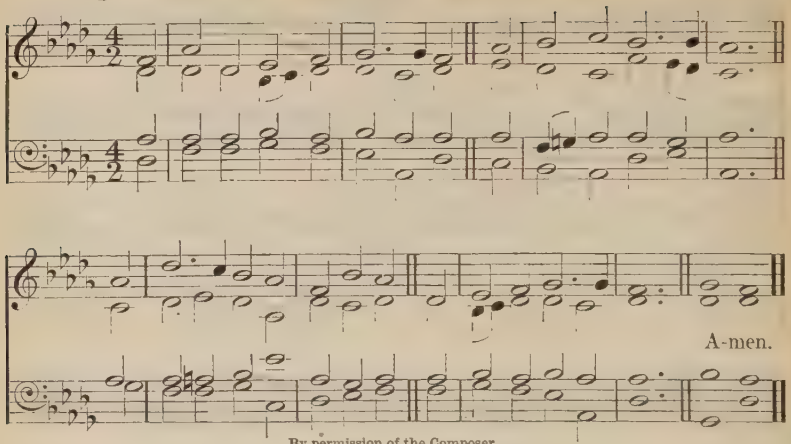
3 Uphold me in the arduous race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

cresc. 4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod;
f What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day.

AMEN.

Scheffler, tr. J. Wesley, sel. and alt.

Unio Mystica. **327** W. GRIFFITH.



By permission of the Composer.

[May be sung to 'Westminster,' No. 11.]

We are members of His body.

mf LORD Jesus, are we one with Thee?
O height, O depth of love!
d With Thee we died upon the tree,
c In Thee we live above.

mf 2 Such was Thy grace that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
Our human flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery, one.

p 3 Our sins, our guilt, in love Divine,
Confessed and borne by Thee,
The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine,
To set Thy people free.

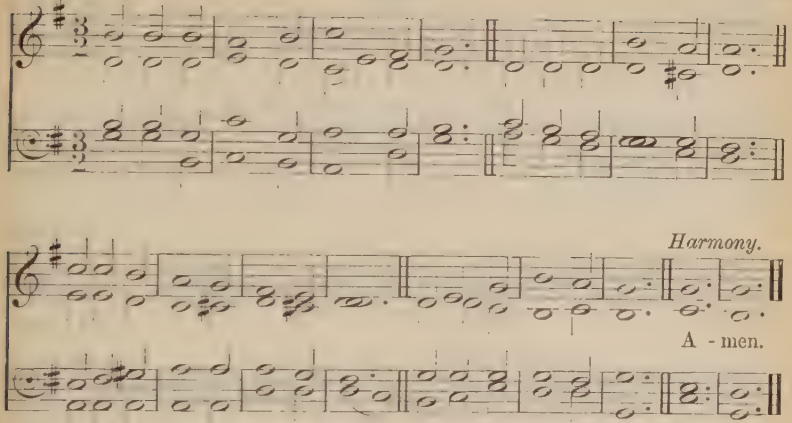
mf 4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art;
c Nor life nor death nor depth nor height
Thy saints and Thee can part.

mf 5 O teach us, Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That Thou with us art truly one
And we are one with Thee.

f 6 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That Thou with us art one. AMEN.

J. G. Deck.

St. Agnes, Durham. **328** J. B. Dykes.



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Thou shalt make me full of joy with Thy countenance.

Jesu, dulcis memoria.

mf JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
d But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

mf 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.

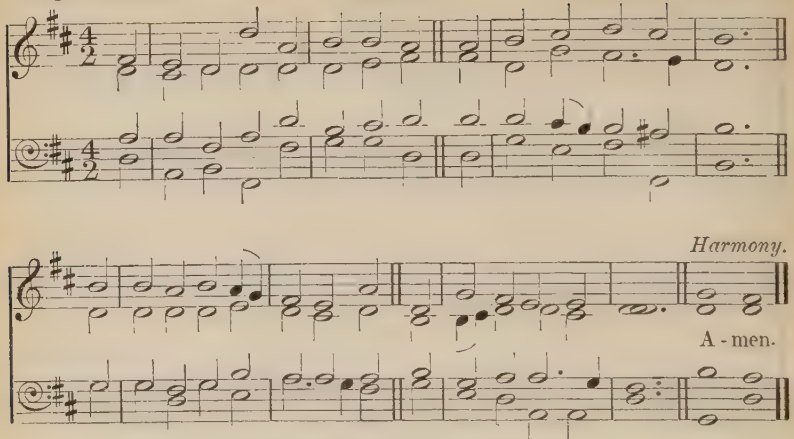
3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
mp To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

mf 4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

Unis. f 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity. AMEN.

Bernard of Clairvaux, tr. E. Caswall.

Metzler. **329** R. Redhead.



Whom having not seen, ye love; in Whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Jesu, Rex admirabilis.

f O JESUS, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou Sweetness most ineffable,
In Whom all joys are found!

mf 2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love Divine.

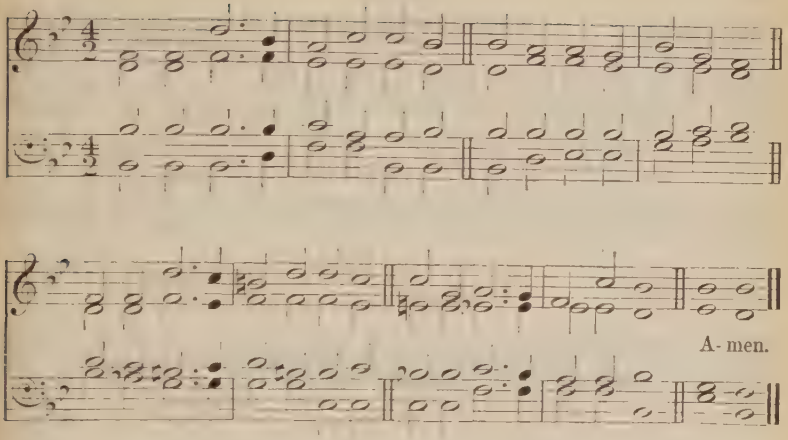
f 3 O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire,—

mf 4 May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore,
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

Unis. 5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless:
Thee may we love alone,
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own. Amen.

Bernard of Clairvaux, tr. E. Caswall.

Lucerne. **330** T. A. Willis.



We love Him, because He first loved us.

Jedes Herz will etwas lieben.

mf SOMETHING every heart is loving,
If not Jesus, none can rest:
Lord, my heart to Thee is given;
Take it, for it loves Thee best.

2 Thus I cast the world behind me;
Jesus most beloved shall be;
Beauteous more than all things beauteous,
He alone is joy to me.

3 Bright with all eternal radiance
Is the glory of Thy face;
Thou art loving, sweet, and tender,
Full of pity, full of grace.

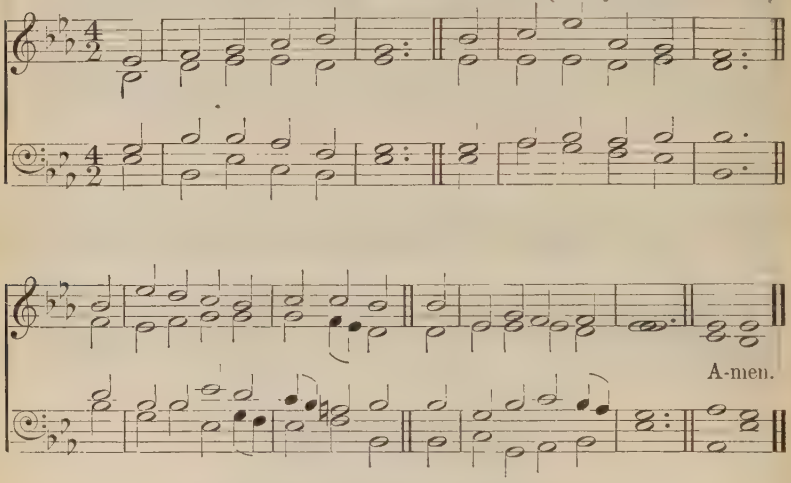
p 4 When I hated, Thou didst love me,
Shedd'st for me Thy precious blood;
Still Thou lovest, lovest ever,—
Shall I not love Thee, my God?

mf 5 Keep my heart still faithful to Thee,
That my earthly life may be
But a shadow to that glory
Of my hidden life in Thee. Amen.

Tersteegen, tr. E. F. Bevan, sel.

331

Franconia. **Was ist das mich betrübt?** KÖNIG'S *Choralbuch*, 1738.
(Arr. by W. H. HAVERGAL.)



Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

mf BLEST are the pure in heart.
For they shall see their God:
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 The Lord, Who left the sky
Our life and peace to bring,
And dwelt in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King,—

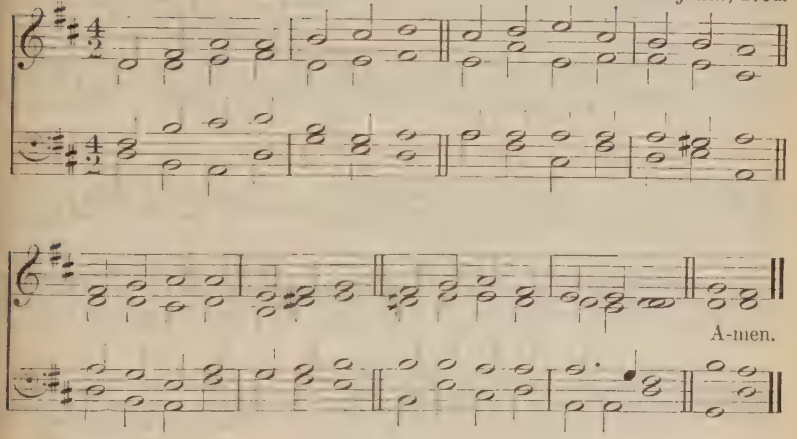
3 Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

mp 4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;
Ours may this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee. AMEN.

J. Keble, sel. and alt.

332

Lübeck. Gott sei Dank in aller Welt. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S *Gesangbuch*, 1704.



To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.

mf CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground,
Christ, the spring of all my joy,
Still in Thee may I be found,
Still for Thee my powers employ.

2 Let Thy love my heart inflame;
Keep Thy fear before my sight;
Be Thy praise my highest aim;
Be Thy smile my chief delight.

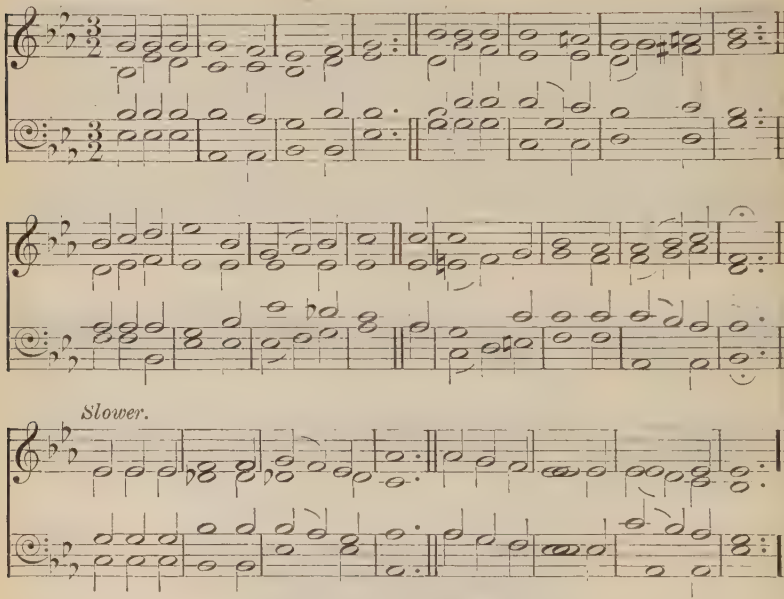
3 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from Thy fulness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it 'Christ to live.'

f 4 Firmly trusting in Thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

mf 5 Thus, O thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it 'Christ to live,'
Let me know it 'gain to die.' AMEN.

R. Wardlaw, sd.

St. Chrysostom. **333** J. Barnby.



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This I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more.

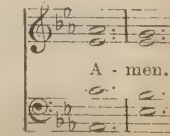
mf JESUS, my Lord, my God, my All,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.

c *Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;*
O make me love Thee more and more.

p 2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought;
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name?

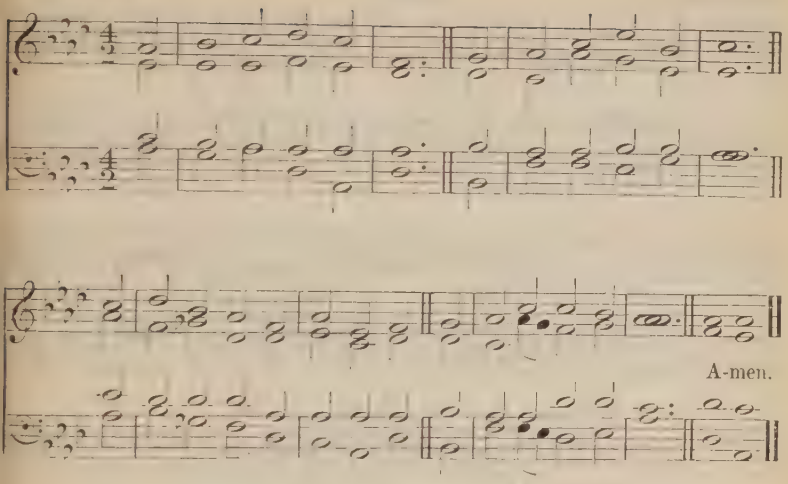
mf 3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!

f 4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song;
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine;
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.



H. A. Collins, alt.

Strathpeffer. **334** G. A. Macfarren.



Whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.

mf BLEST be Thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,—
Only to love Thee for Thyself,
And for that love obey.

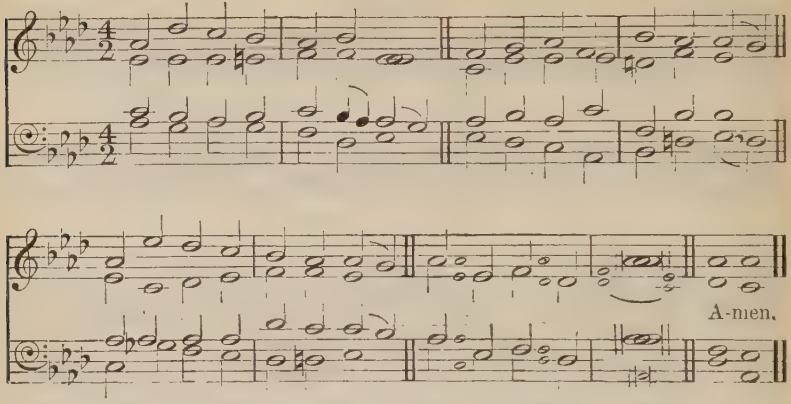
f 2 O Thou, our souls' chief hope,
We to Thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

mf 3 Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign;
By night we see, as well as day,
If Thy light on us shine.

4 Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If Thine in death we be. Amen.

J. Austin, sel.

Charity. **335** J. STAINER.



[May be sung to 'Capetown,' No. 248.]

Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

mf GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most,
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

2 Faith that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge, all things, empty prove
Without heavenly love.

3 Though I as a martyr bleed,
Give my goods the poor to feed,
All is vain if love I need;
c Therefore give me love.

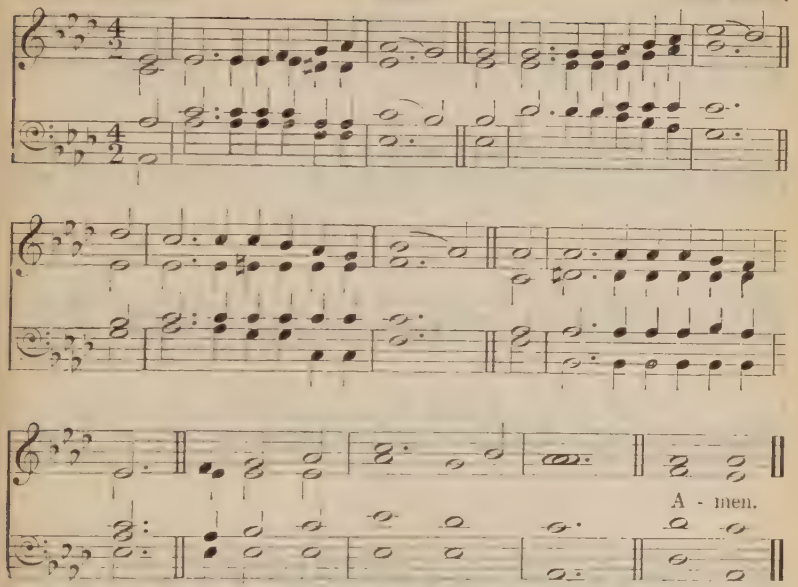
mf 4 Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
c Therefore give us love.

mf 5 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
c Therefore give us love.

f 6 Faith and hope and love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love. AMEN.

C. Wordsworth, sel.

St. Margaret. **336** A. L. Peace.



In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and in Him ye are made full.

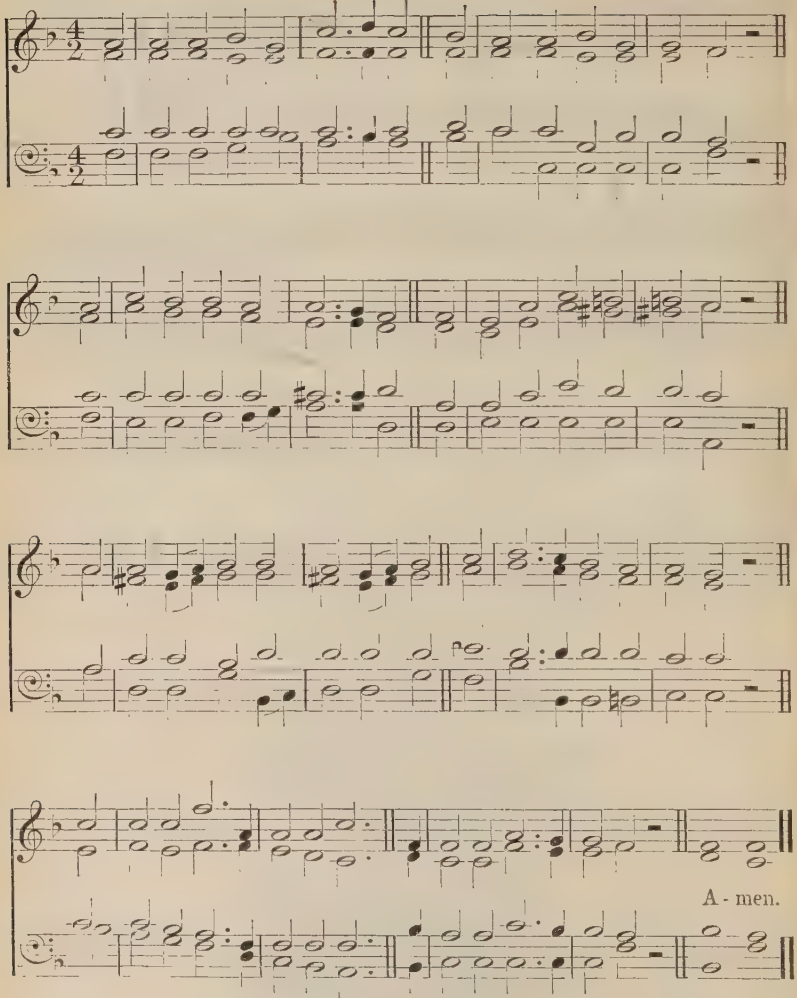
mp O LOVE that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee:
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

mf 2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee:
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

mp 3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee:
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

p 4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee:
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
c And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be. Amen.

G. Matheson.

Constance. **337** Arthur Sullivan.

[May be sung to 'Dominus regit me,' No. 111.]

This is my beloved, and this is my friend.

mf I'VE found a Friend; O such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him;
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which nought can sever,
c For I am His and He is mine
For ever and for ever.

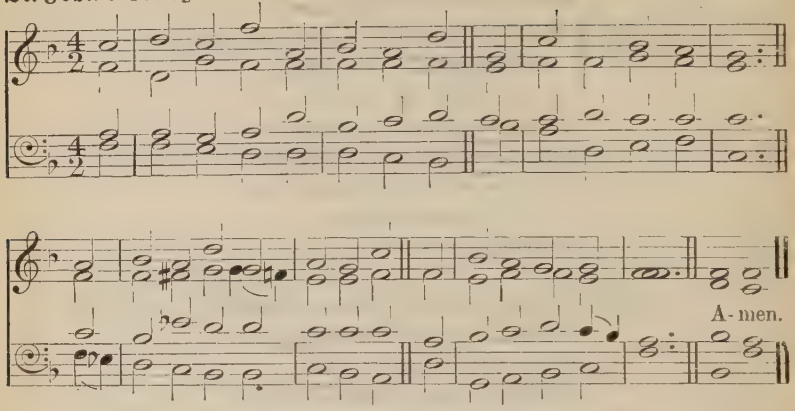
p 2 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
c And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Nought that I have mine own I'll call,
I'll hold it for the Giver;
f My heart, my strength, my life, my all
Are His, and His for ever.

mf 3 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
All power to Him is given,
To guard me on my onward course
And bring me safe to heaven.
The eternal glories gleam afar,
To nerve my faint endeavour;
So now to watch, to work, to war,
And then to rest for ever.

4 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend,
So kind, and true, and tender!
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
f From Him Who loves me now so well
What power my soul shall sever?
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?
No! I am His for ever. AMEN.

J. G. Small.

St. John's College. **338** G. M. Garrett.



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Let us rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

mf MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights,—

2 In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And He my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
d While Jesus shows His heart is mine
And whispers I am His.

mf 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
To embrace my dearest Lord.

f 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through. Amen.

I. Watts.

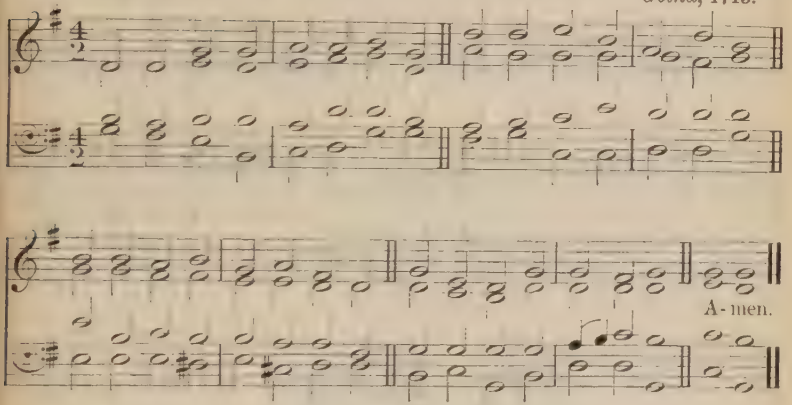
The following also are suitable:—

30 Sing to the Lord a joyful song.
99 Rejoice, the Lord is King.
245 Great the joy when Christians meet.
304 Let Christian faith and hope dispel.
438 Children of the heavenly King.

5.—*GRATITUDE AND CONSECRATION.*

339

Stuttgart. **Sollt es gleich bisweilen scheinen.** *Psalmodia Sacra, Gotha, 1715.*



Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

mf COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I 'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

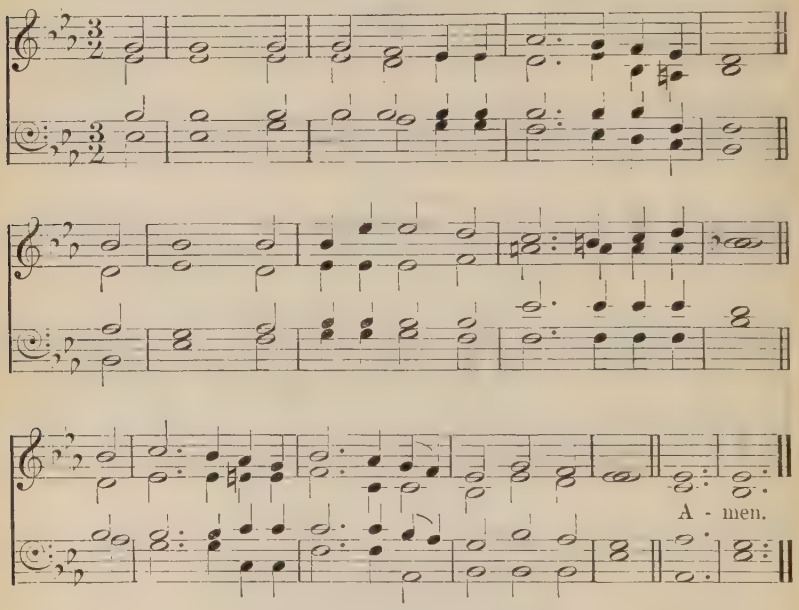
p 3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.

mf 4 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I 'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

p 5 Prone to wander—Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love,
c Saviour, take my heart and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above. AMEN.

R. Robinson, sel. and alt.

Carrow. **340** Arthur Sullivan.



He hath made every thing beautiful in its time: also He hath set eternity in their heart.

mf MY God, I thank Thee, Who hast
The earth so bright, [made
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast
Joy to abound, [made
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

p 3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain,
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

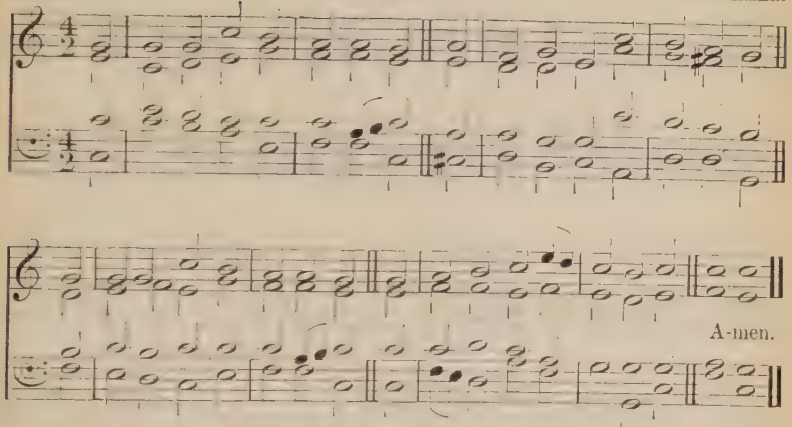
4 For Thou, Who knowest, Lord, how
Our weak heart clings, [soon
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
c So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

mf 5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast
The best in store: [kept
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more,—
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,
d Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast. Amen.

A. A. Procter.

Mainzer. **341** J. Mainzer.



I am not ashamed; for I know Him Whom I have believed.

mf JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee,
c Ashamed of Thee, Whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

mf 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light Divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On Whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

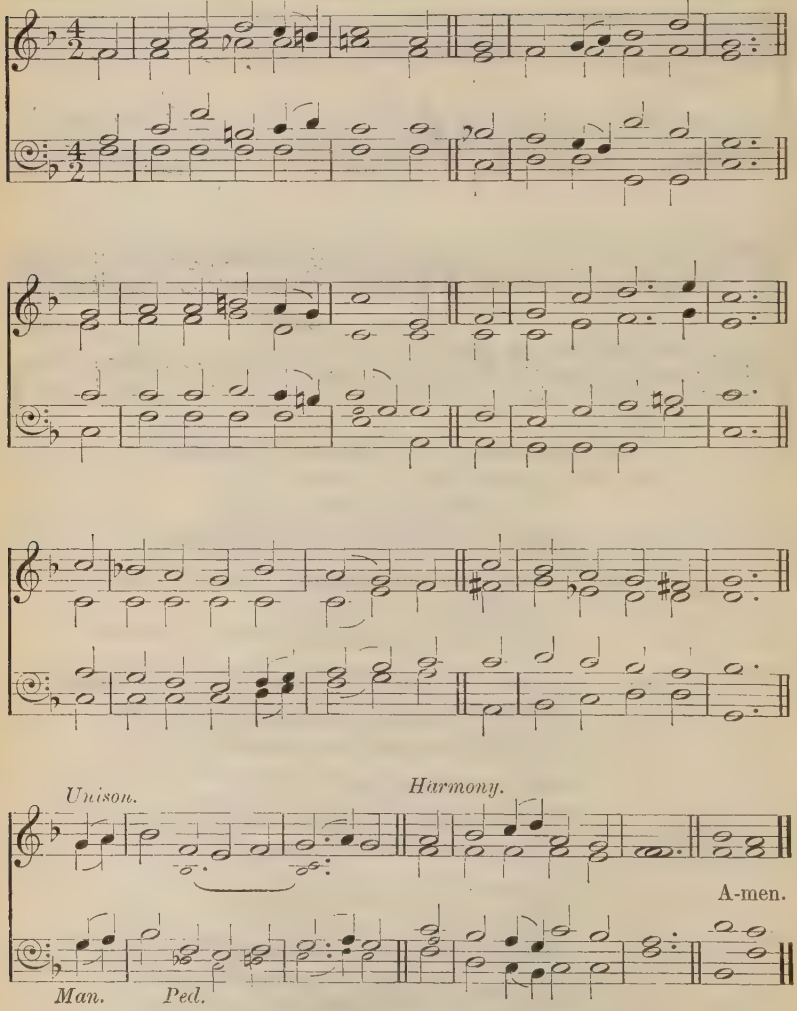
mp 5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

f 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me. Amen.

J. Grigg and B. Francis.

Day of Rest. 342

J. W. Elliott.



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If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also My servant be.

mf O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend:
c I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

mf 2 O let me feel Thee near me:
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

p 3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will;
mf O speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

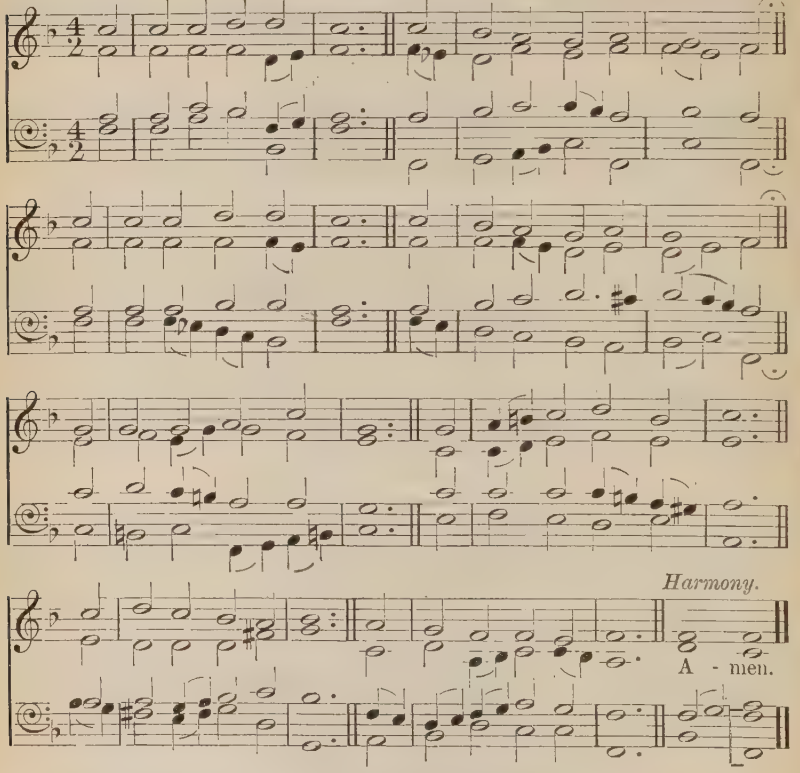
4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
d O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend!

mp 5 O let me see Thy foot-marks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
c O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end,
mf And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend. AMEN.

J. E. Bode, sel.

343

Nun danket. J. CRÜGER'S

Nun danket alle Gott. *Praxis Pietatis Melica* (1648?).

Now therefore, our God, we thank Thee, and praise Thy glorious name.

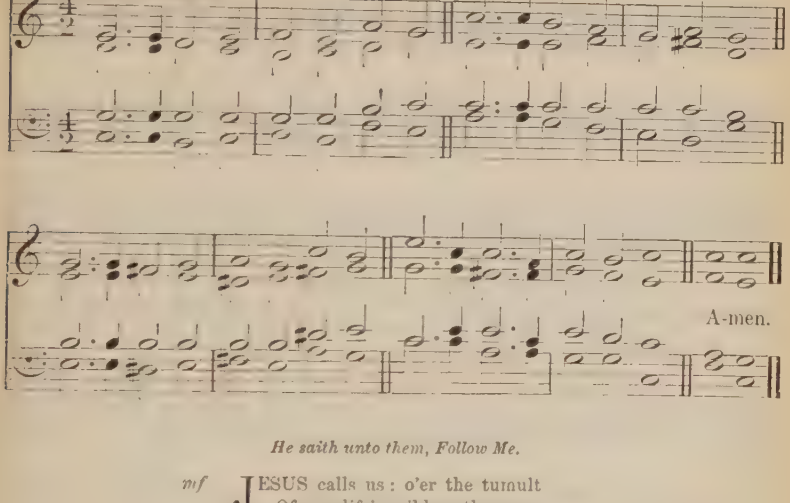
f NOW thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices;
Who, from our mother's arms,
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

mf 2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us,
mp And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
c And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

Unis. ff 3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him Who reigns
With Them in highest heaven,—
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. AMEN.

Rinkart, tr. C. Winkworth.

St. Andrew. **344** E. H. Thorne.



He saith unto them, Follow Me.

mf JESUS calls us: o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, 'Christian, follow Me,'—

2 As, of old, apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, 'Christian, love Me more.'

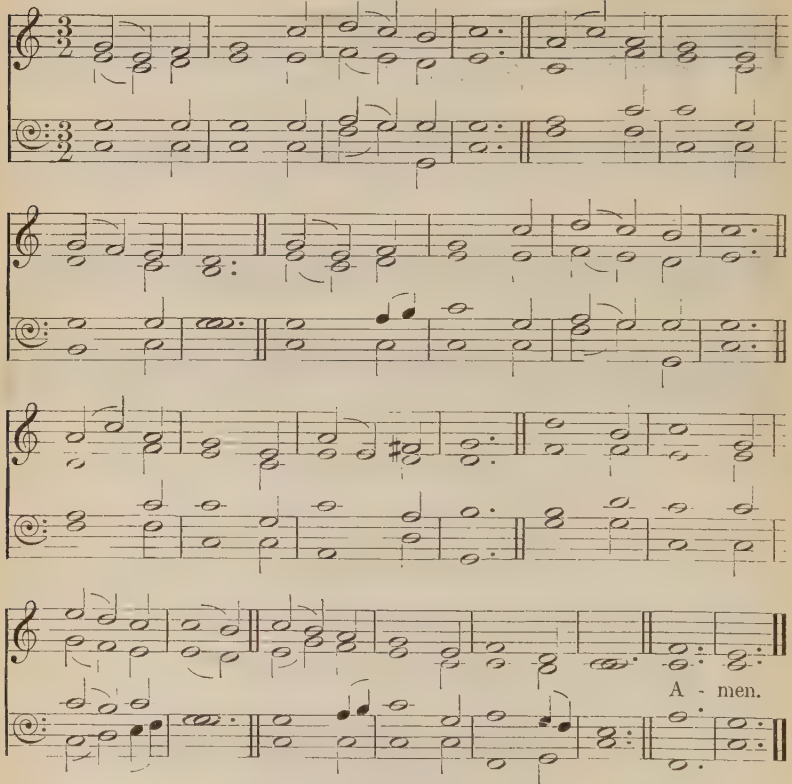
p 4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
'Christian, love Me more than these.'

mp 5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
c Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all. Amen.

C. F. Alexander.

345

Wells. Ich bete an die Macht der Liebe. D. Bortnianski.



[May be sung to 'Dix,' No. 36.]

One is your Master, even Christ.

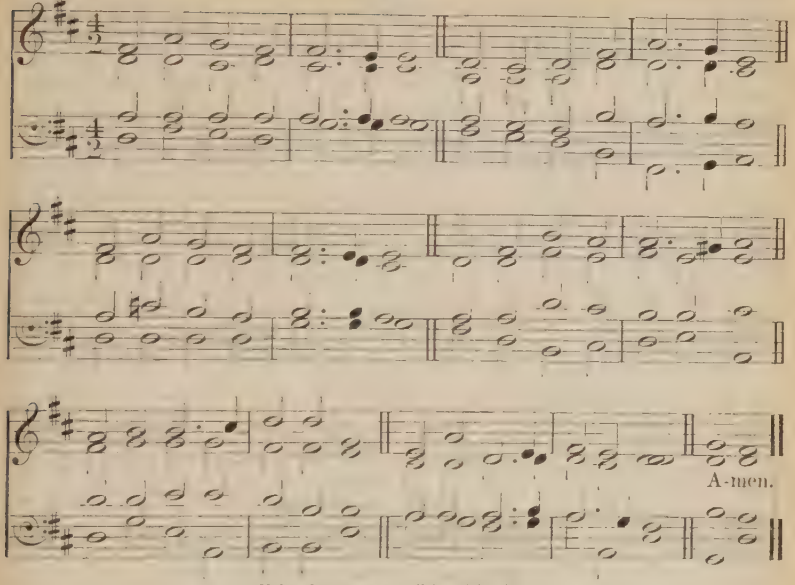
mf JESUS, Master, Whose I am,
Purchased, Thine alone to be,
By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me,
c Let my heart be all Thine own,
Let me live to Thee alone.

mf 2 Other lords have long held sway;
Now Thy name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer:
c Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.

mf 3 Jesus, Master, I am Thine:
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let Thy presence in me shine
All my homeward way to cheer.
p Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
c O be Thou my All in all. Amen.

F. R. Havergal.

Dale Abbey. **346** A. H. Brown.



[May be sung to 'Dix,' No. 36.]

I am Thy servant; give me understanding, that I may know Thy testimonies.

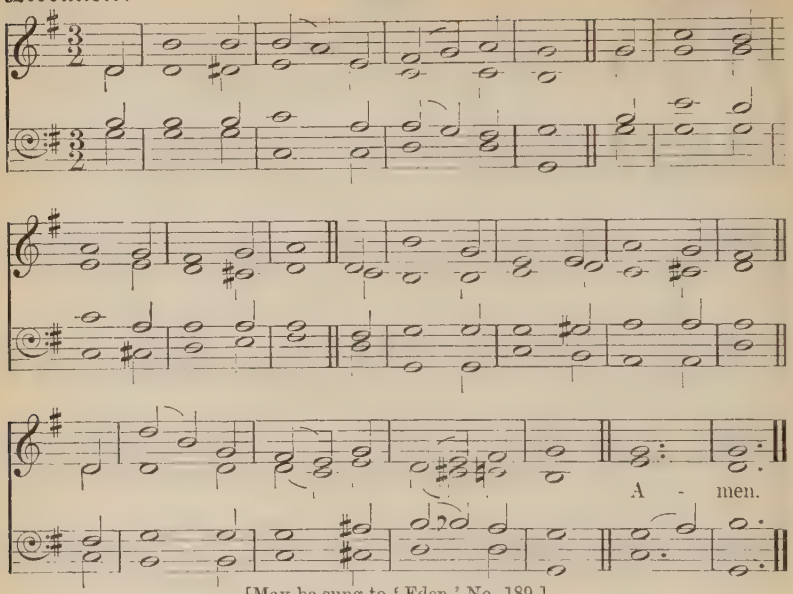
mf JESUS, Master, Whom I serve,
Though so feebly and so ill,
Strengthen hand and heart and nerve
All Thy bidding to fulfil;
Open Thou mine eyes to see
All the work Thou hast for me.

2 Lord, Thou needest not, I know,
Service such as I can bring;
c Yet I long to prove and show
Full allegiance to my King.
Thou an honour art to me;
Let me be a praise to Thee.

p 3 Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use
One who owes Thee more than all?
As Thou wilt! I would not choose;
c Only let me hear Thy call.
Jesus, let me always be
In Thy service glad and free. Amen.

F. R. Havergal.

Brookfield. **347** T. B. Southgate.



[May be sung to 'Eden,' No. 189.]

Thou hast avouched the Lord this day to be thy God, and to walk in His ways.

f O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him Who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

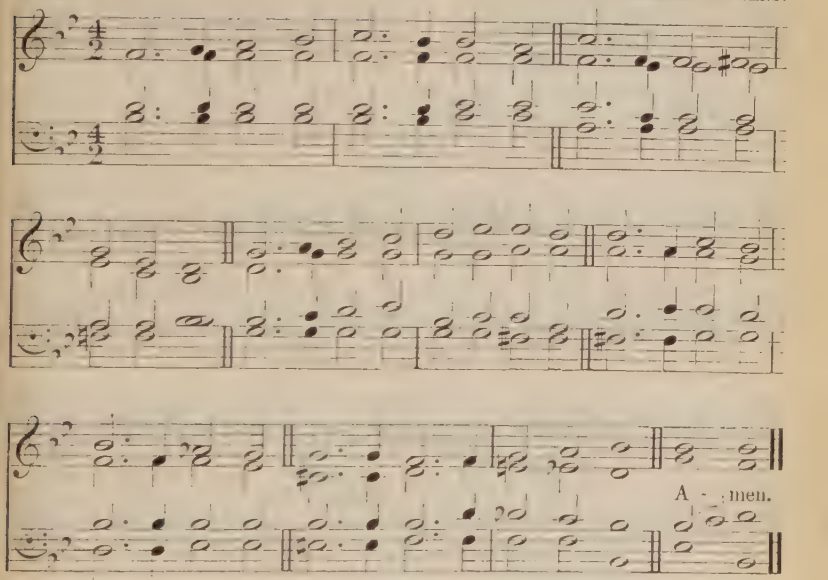
3 'Tis done! the great transaction 's done!
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice Divine.

mf 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest:
O who with earth would grudge to part,
When called with angels to be blest?

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear. Amen.

P. Doddridge.

St. Jude. **348** CHARLES VINCENT.



I live; and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me.

p OH, the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,
mf 'All of self, and none of Thee.'

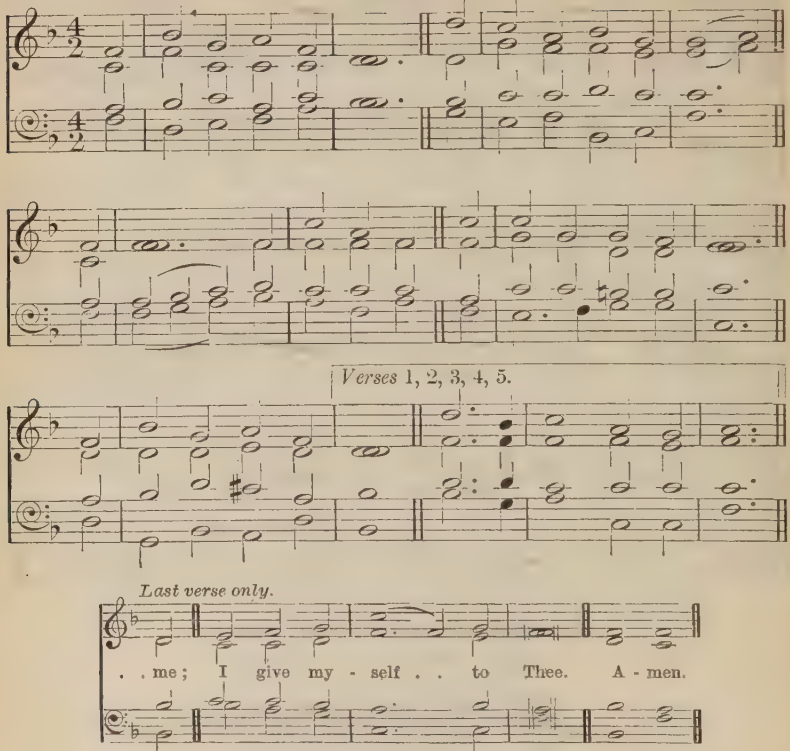
p 2 Yet He found me: I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursèd tree,
Heard Him pray, 'Forgive them, Father!'
d And my wistful heart said faintly,
pp 'Some of self, and some of Thee.'

mf 3 Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and, ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
p 'Less of self, and more of Thee.'

f 4 Higher than the highest heaven,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered;
c Grant me now my supplication,
ff 'None of self, and all of Thee!' AMEN.

Th. Monod.

Thy life was given for me. 349

G. A. MACFARREN.

He died for all, that they which live should no longer live unto themselves, but unto Him Who for their sakes died and rose again.

mp THY life was given for me,
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed
That I might ransomed be
And quickened from the dead:
d Thy life was given for me;
What have I given for Thee?

mp 2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know:
d Long years were spent for me;
Have I spent one for Thee?

mp 3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone:
d Yea, all was left for me;
Have I left aught for Thee?

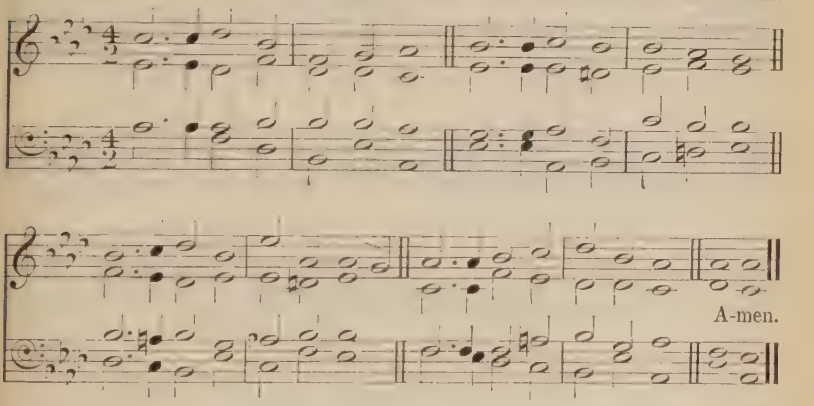
p 4 Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue me from hell:
d Thou sufferedst all for me;
What have I borne for Thee?

mf 5 And Thou hast brought to me
Down from Thy home above
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love:
d Great gifts Thou broughtest me;
What have I brought to Thee?

mf 6 O let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent:
c Thou gav'st Thyself for me;
I give myself to Thee. AMEN.

F. R. Havergal.

Newington. **350** W. D. MACLAGAN.



The Lord . . . forsaketh not His saints; they are preserved for ever.

mf THINE for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine for ever! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

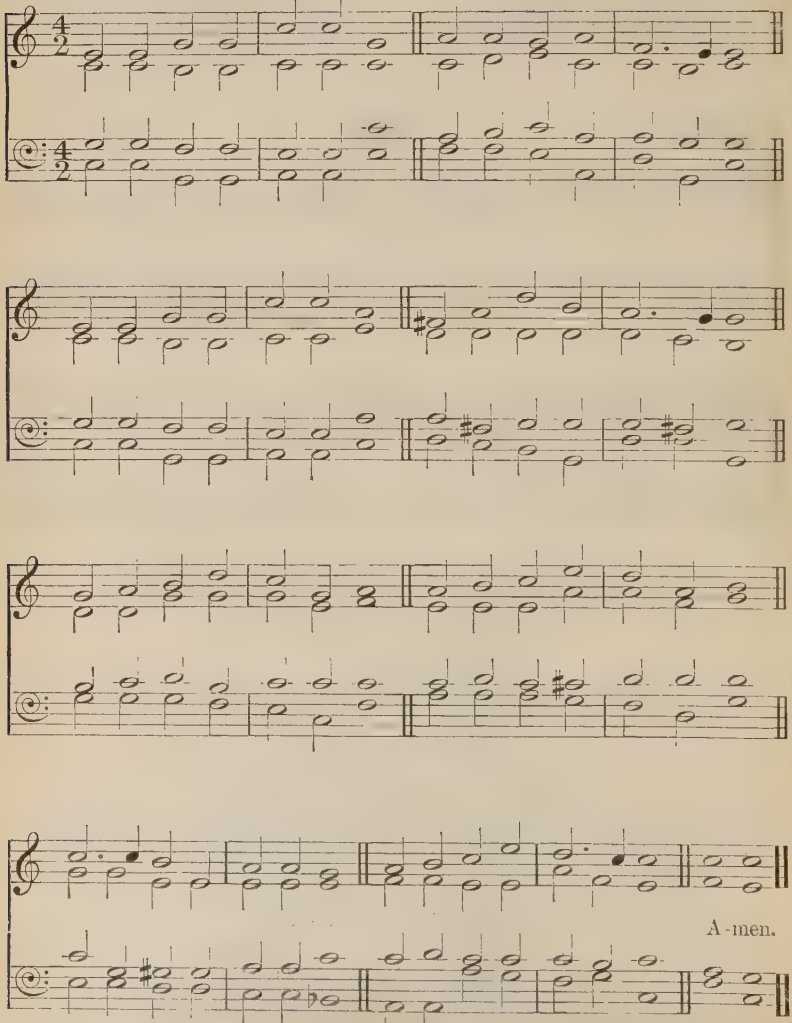
3 Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

p 4 Thine for ever! Shepherd, keep
These, Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

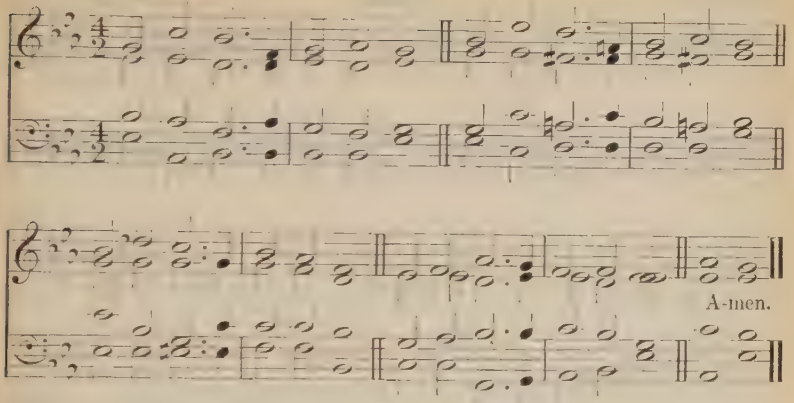
mf 5 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Led by Thee from earth to heaven. AMEN.

M. F. Maude.

Culford (*1st Tune*). **351** E. J. Hopkins.



Consecration (*2nd Tune*). G. M. GARRETT.



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Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God.

mf TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

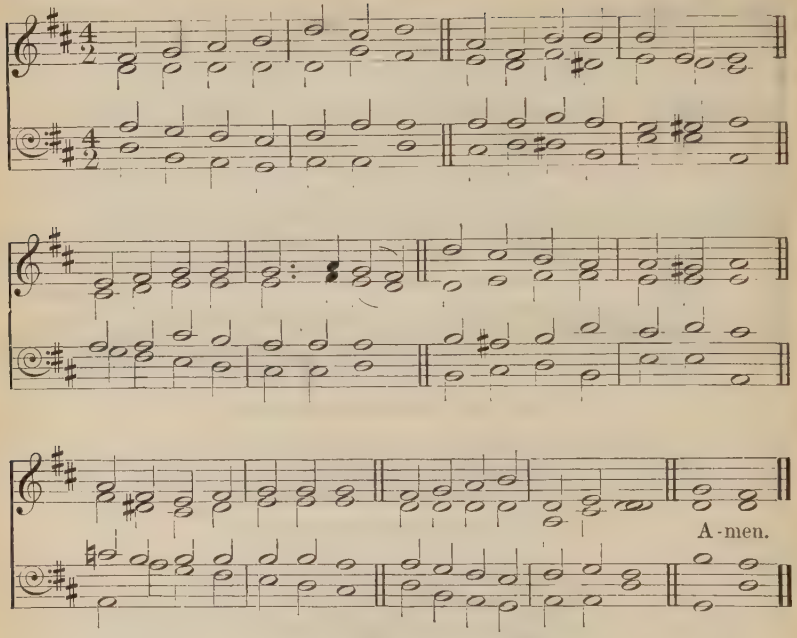
4 Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart: it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.
c Take myself, and I will be
f Ever, only, all, for Thee! AMEN.

F. R. Havergal.

Mount Zion. **352** ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



How much owest thou unto my lord?

mf WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
p Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
c Not till then, how much I owe.

mf 2 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
p Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
c Not till then, how much I owe.

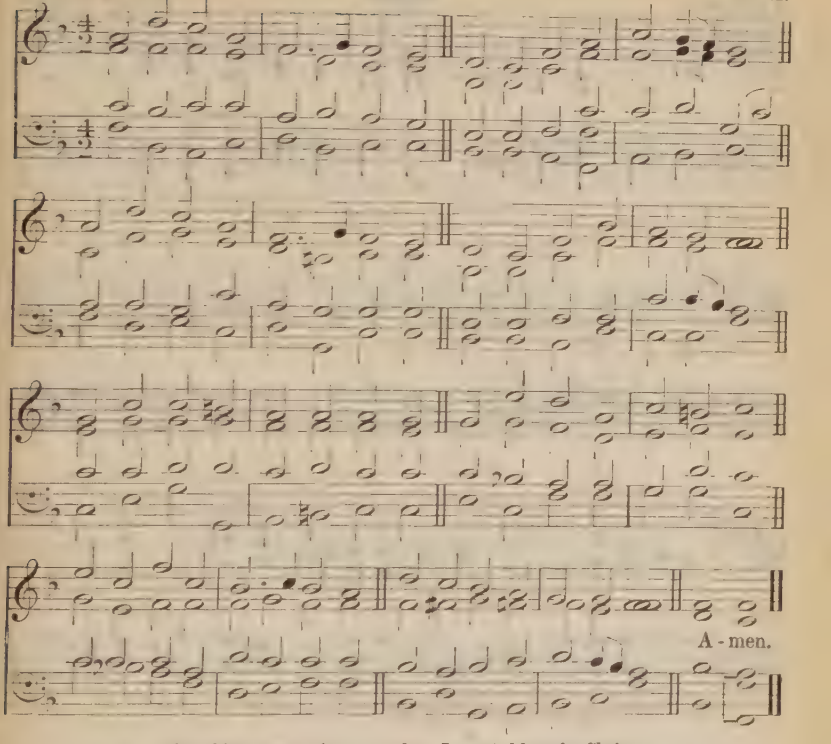
f 3 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
p Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
c Not till then, how much I owe.

mf 4 Even on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly, let Thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet;
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet;
p Even on earth, Lord, make me know
c Something of how much I owe.

mf 5 Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
p Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
c By my love, how much I owe. AMEN.

R. M. McCheyne, sel.

Bethany. **353** H. SMART.



What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.

mf JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I 've sought or hoped or known;
c Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

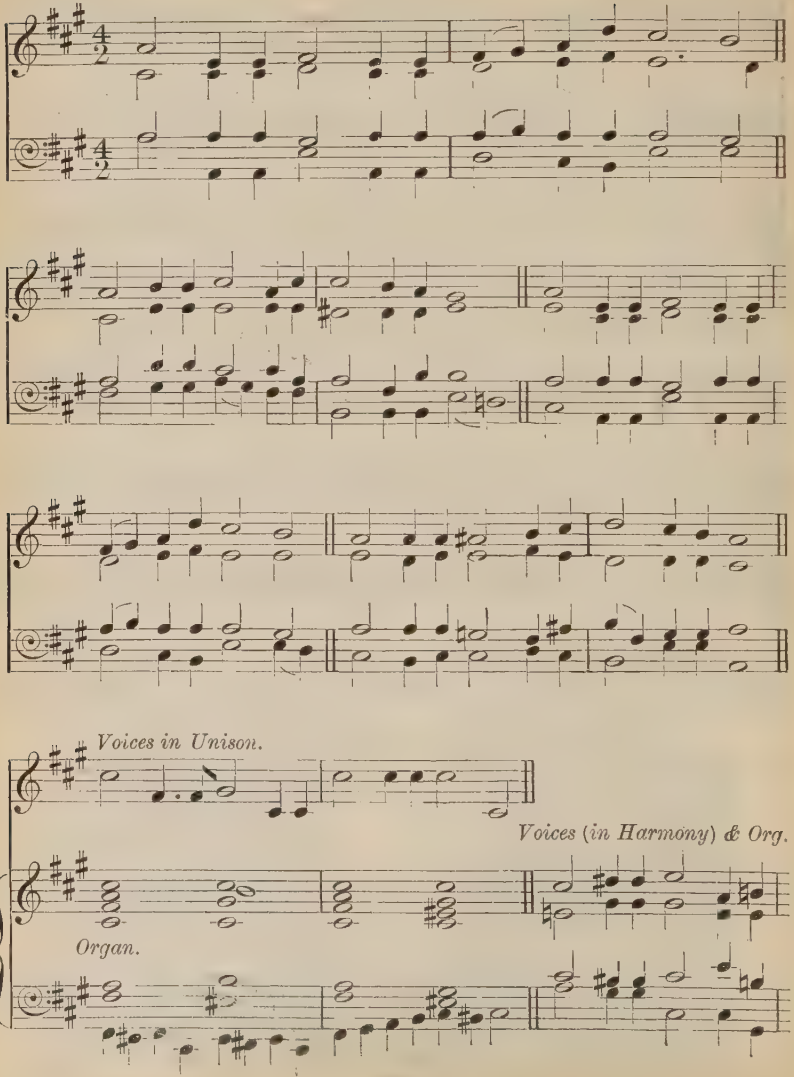
p 2 Man may trouble and distress me;
'T will but drive me to Thy breast:
Life with trials hard may press me:
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
c O 't is not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me!
O 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee!

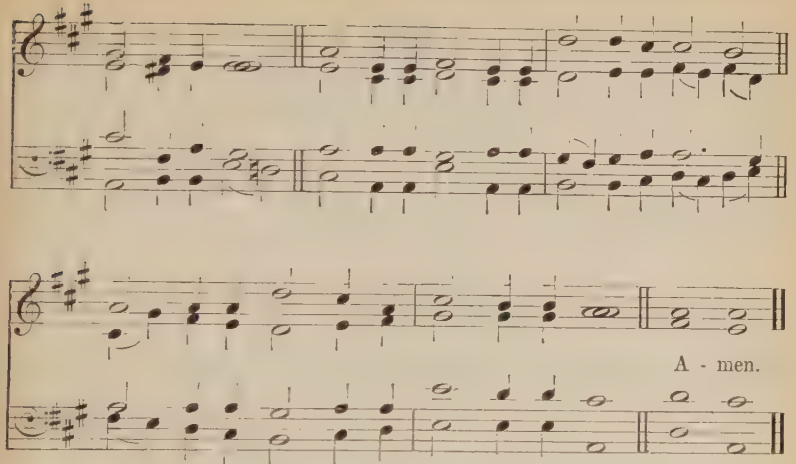
mf 3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear;
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
What a Father's smile is thine,
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

f 4 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.
AMEN.

H. F. Lyte, sel.

Lismore. **354** William Jeater.





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Let your heart therefore be perfect with the Lord our God, to walk in His statutes.

mf TRUE-HEARTED, whole-hearted, faithful, and loyal,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be!
Under Thy standard exalted and royal,
Strong in Thy strength, we will battle for Thee.

f *Peal out the watchword, and silence it never,*
Song of our spirits rejoicing and free:
'True-hearted, whole-hearted, now and for ever,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be!'

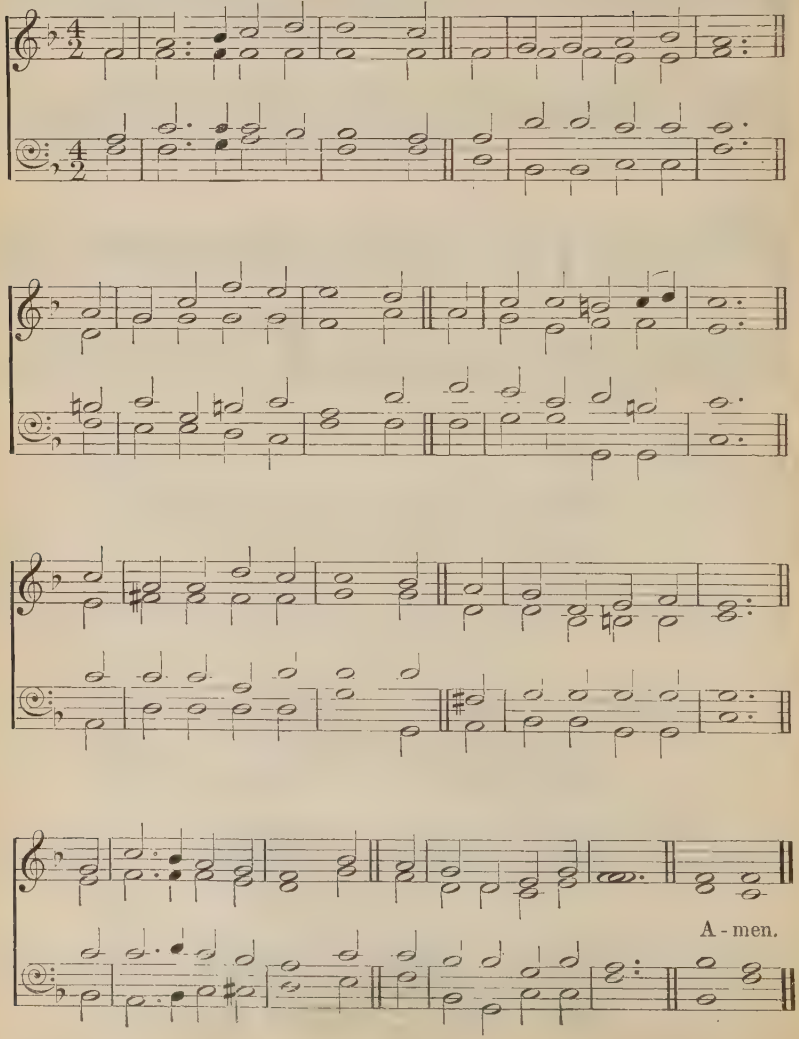
mf 2 True-hearted, whole-hearted! fullest allegiance
Yielding henceforth to our glorious King,
Valiant endeavour and loving obedience
Freely and joyously now would we bring.

p 3 True-hearted! Saviour, Thou knowest our story;
Weak are the hearts that we lay at Thy feet,
Sinful and treacherous; yet, for Thy glory,
Heal them, and cleanse them from sin and deceit.

mf 4 Whole-hearted! Saviour, beloved and glorious,
Take Thy great power and reign Thou alone
Over our wills and affections victorious,
Freely surrendered, and wholly Thine own.

AMEN.

Cœli enarrant gloriam. **355** R. P. Stewart.



He was lost, and is found.

f REDEEMED, restored, forgiven,
Through Jesus' precious blood,
Heirs of His home in heaven,
O praise our pardoning God!
Praise Him in tuneful measures
Who gave His Son to die;
c Praise Him Whose sevenfold treasures
Enrich and sanctify!

p 2 Once on the dreary mountain
We wandered far and wide,
Far from the cleansing fountain,
Far from the pierced side;
c But Jesus sought and found us,
And washed our guilt away;
With cords of love He bound us
To be His own for aye.

mf 3 Dear Master, Thine the glory
Of each recovered soul;
Ah! who can tell the story
Of love that made us whole?
Not ours, not ours the merit;
Be Thine alone the praise,
And ours a thankful spirit
To serve Thee all our days.

mp 4 Now keep us, Holy Saviour,
In Thy true love and fear;
And grant us of Thy favour
The grace to persevere,
c Till in Thy new creation,
Earth's time-long travail o'er,
We find our full salvation,
f And praise Thee evermore. AMEN.

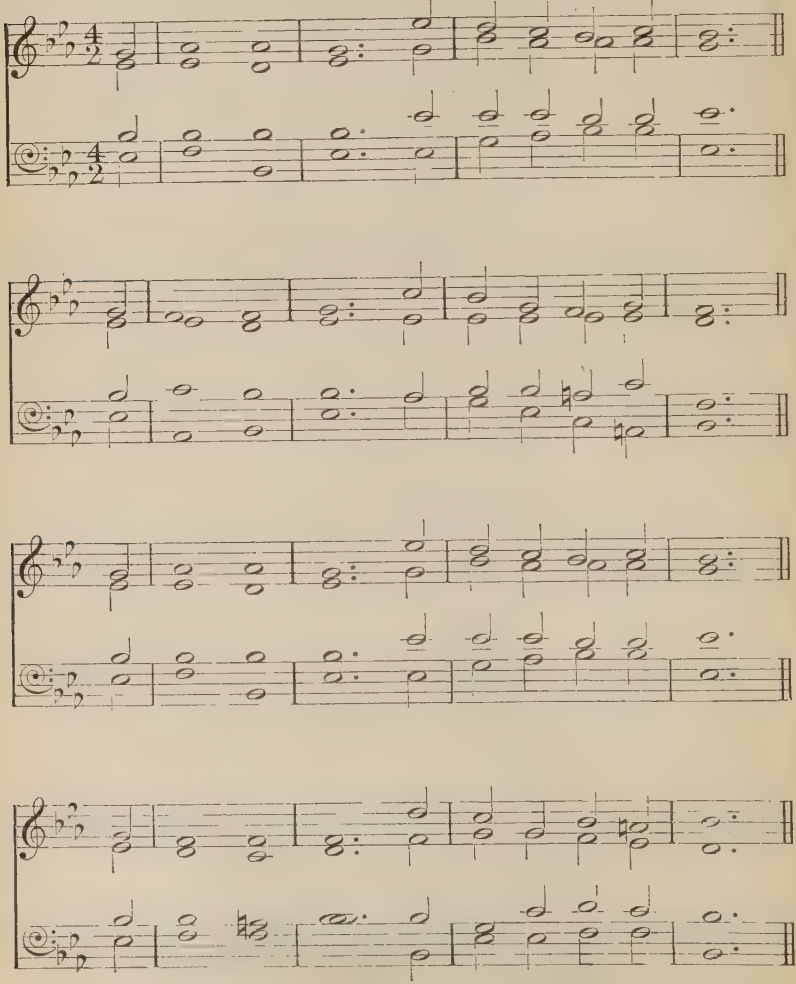
H. W. Baker.

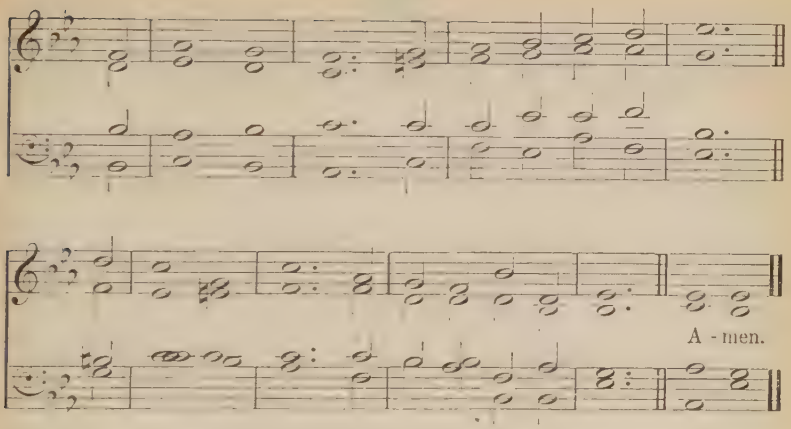
The following also are suitable:—

15 O Lord of heaven and earth and sea.
19 When all Thy mercies, O my God.
51 'Take up thy cross,' the Saviour said.
71 When I survey the wondrous cross.
336 O Love that wilt not let me go.
337 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend.
404 Saviour, Thy dying love.

6.—*SUBMISSION AND COMFORT.*

St. Helen. **356** W. Hately.





Return unto thy rest, O my soul.

Stille, mein Wille; dein Jesus hilft siegen.

mp BE still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side;
Bear patiently the cross of grief and pain;
Leave to thy God to order and provide;
In every change He faithful will remain.
p c Be still, my soul: thy best, thy heavenly Friend
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

mf 2 Be still, my soul: thy God doth undertake
To guide the future as He has the past.
c Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing shake;
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.
p c Be still, my soul: the waves and winds shall know
His voice Who ruled them while He dwelt below.

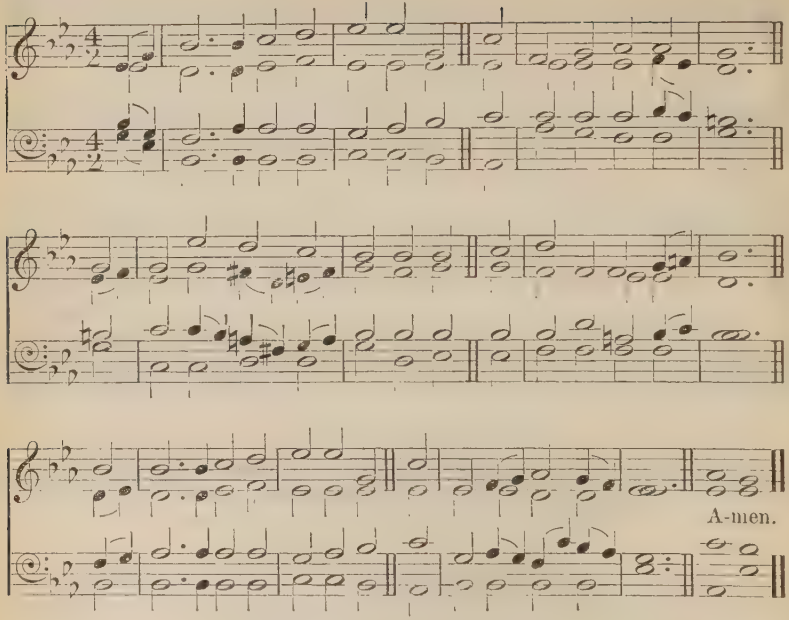
p 3 Be still, my soul: when dearest friends depart,
And all is darkened in the vale of tears,
c Then shalt thou better know His love, His heart,
Who comes to soothe thy sorrow and thy fears.
p c Be still, my soul: thy Jesus can repay
From His own fulness all He takes away.

mf 4 Be still, my soul: the hour is hastening on
When we shall be for ever with the Lord,
f When disappointment, grief, and fear are gone,
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
p c Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past,
All safe and blessèd we shall meet at last. AMEN.

von Schlegel, tr. J. L. Borthwick.

357

Slingsby. J. B. Dykes.



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Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not.

mf FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
p To wipe the weeping eyes,
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

mf 3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

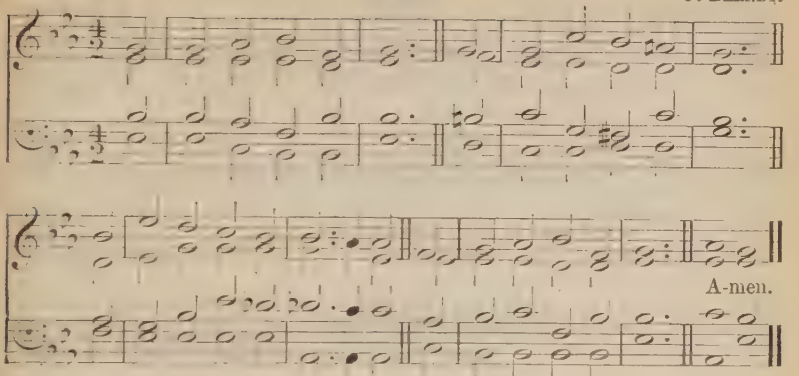
4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on Whom I wait.

5 I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

6 In service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
My inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
A life of self-renouncing love
Is perfect liberty. AMEN.

A. L. Waring, sel. and alt.

St. Andrew. **358** J. Barnby.



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[May be sung to 'Southwell,' No. 286.]

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass.

Befiehl du deine Wege.

mf COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause; His ear
d Attends the softest prayer.

mf 5 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

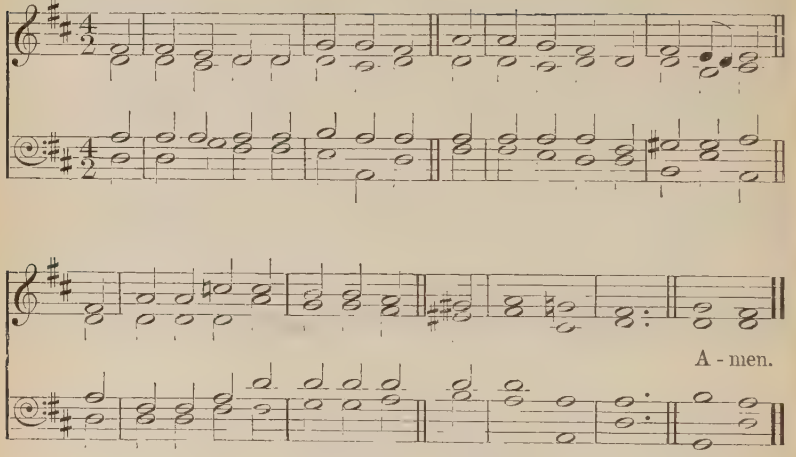
6 Through waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou His time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

7 Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou, wondering, own His way
How wise, how strong His hand. Amen.

Gerhardt, tr. J. Wesley, sel.

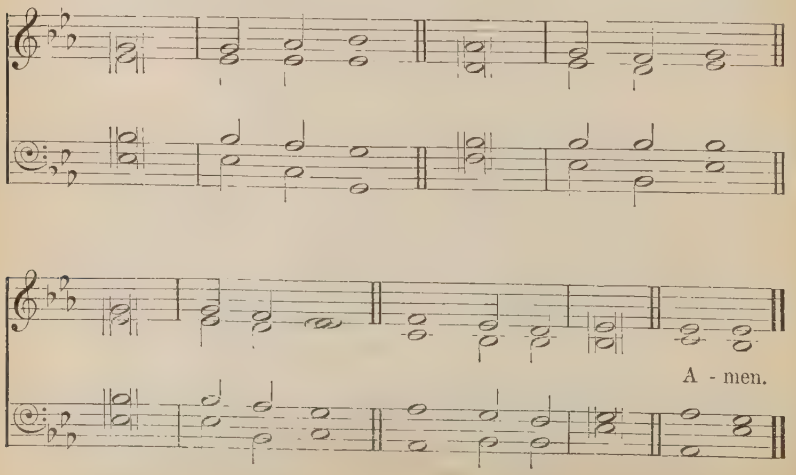
In Memoriam (*1st Tune*). 359

F. C. Maker.



Troyte's Chant (*2nd Tune*).

A. H. D. Troyte.



O My Father, if this cup may not pass away from Me, except I drink it, Thy will be done.

mp MY God and **Fa**ther, | while I stray
Far from my **home**, in | life's rough way,
O teach me **from** my | heart to say,
'Thy will be done.'

2 Though dark my **path** and | sad my lot,
Let me be **still** and | murmur not,
Or breathe the **prayer** di- | vinely taught,
d 'Thy will be done.'

p 3 What though in **lone**ly | grief I sigh
For friends be**loved**, no | longer nigh,
Submissive **still** would | I reply,
'Thy will be done.'

4 If Thou shouldst **call** me | to resign
What most I **prize**, it | ne'er was mine;
I only **yield** Thee | what was Thine:
Thy will be done.

5 Should pining **sick**ness | waste away
My life in **prema**- | ture decay,
My Father, **still** I | strive to say,
'Thy will be done.'

mp 6 Let but my **faint**ing | heart be blest
With Thy sweet **Spi**rit | for its guest;
My God, to **Thee** I | leave the rest:
Thy will be done.

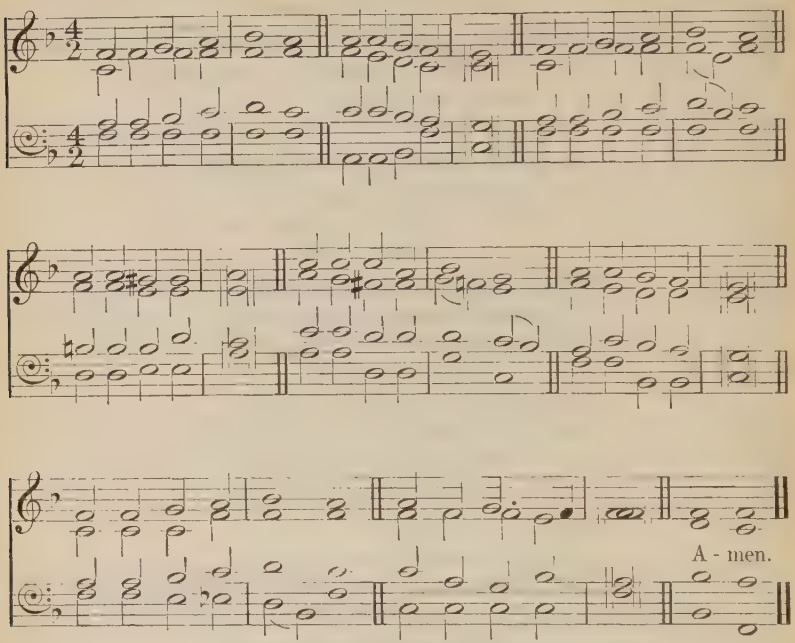
7 Renew my **will** from | day to day;
Blend it with **Thine**; and | take away
All that now **makes** it | hard to say,
'Thy will be done.'

mf 8 Then, when on **earth** I | breathe no more
The prayer oft **mixed** with | tears before,
I 'll sing upon a | happier shore,
f 'Thy will be done.' AMEN.

C. Elliott.

NOTE.—Verses 3–5 may be omitted in congregational singing.

St. Mary Magdalene. 360 J. B. Dykes.



I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.

mp IN the hour of trial,
Jesus, pray for me,
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee;
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favour
Suffer me to fall.

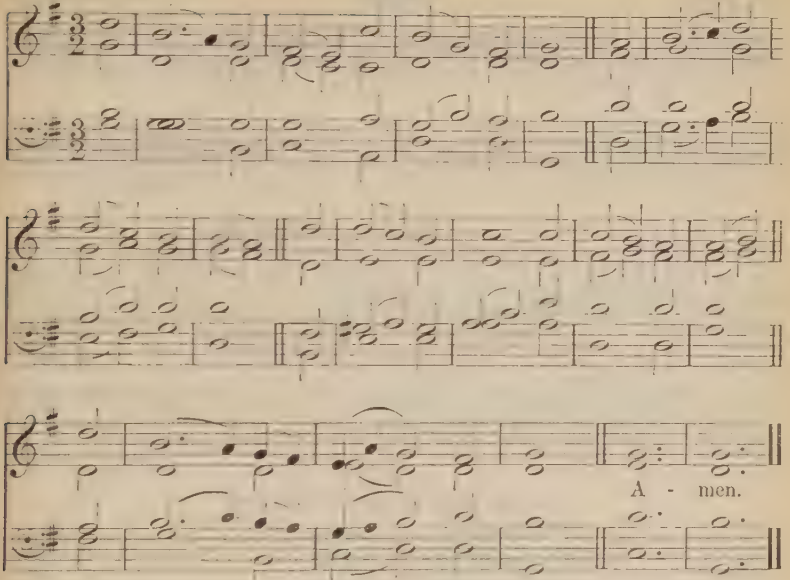
2 With its witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm,—
p Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

mp 3 If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
O'er the sacrifice;
Then, upon Thine altar
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

p 4 When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
c While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
mp On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
c To eternal life. AMEN.

J. Montgomery.

Bishopthorpe. **361** J. Clark.



Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life, or by death.

mf LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To welcome endless day?

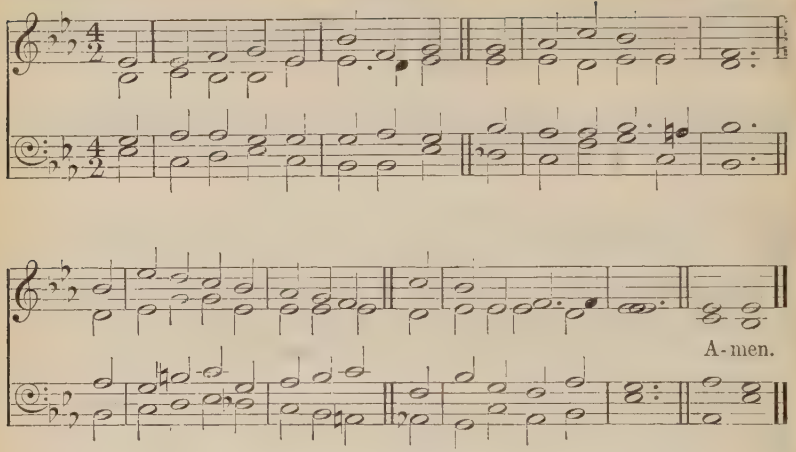
p 3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

mf 4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For, if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

p 5 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
c But 't is enough that Christ knows all,
f And I shall be with Him. Amen.

R. Baxter, sel. and alt.

St. Hugh. **362** E. J. Hopkins.



The Lord do that which seemeth Him good.

mf I WORSHIP thee, sweet will of God,
And all thy ways adore,
And every day I live I seem
To love thee more and more.

2 I have no cares, O blessèd will,
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

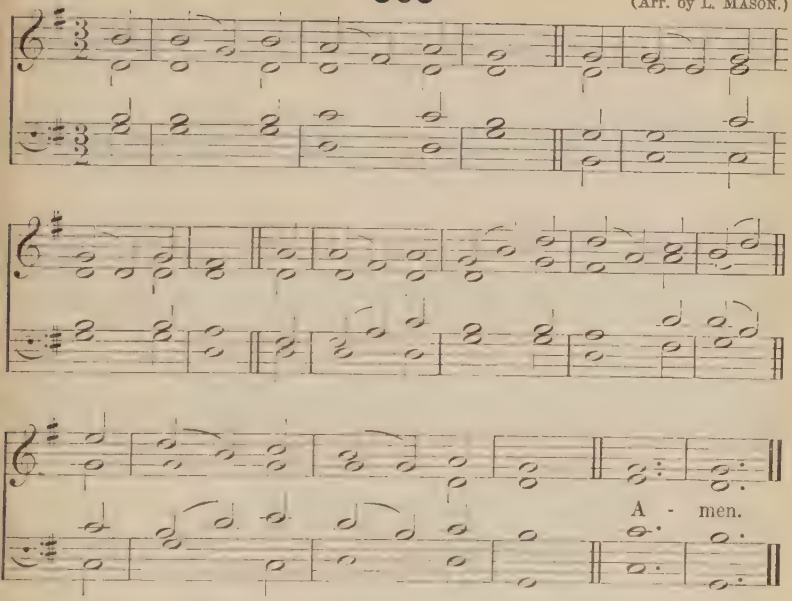
3 Man's weakness waiting upon God
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

4 He always wins who sides with God;
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

5 Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will. Amen.

F. W. Faber, sel.

Dennis. **363** J. G. NÄGELI. (Arr. by L. MASON.)



[May be sung to 'St. Andrew,' No. 358.]

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.

mf MY spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art love Divine.

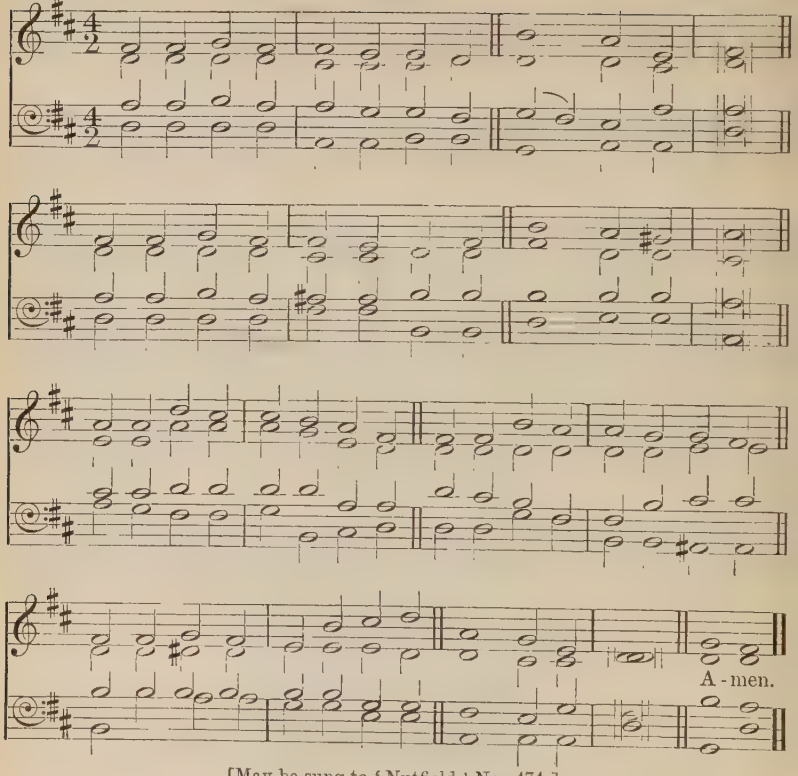
mp 2 In Thee I place my trust;
On Thee I calmly rest;
c I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

mf 3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me,
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee. AMEN.

H. F. Lyte.

Temple. **364** E. J. Hopkins.



[May be sung to 'Nutfield,' No. 474.]

All things work together for good to them that love God.

mf THROUGH the love of God our
All will be well. [Saviour
Free and changeless is His favour;
All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that healed us,
Perfect is the grace that sealed us,
c Strong the hand stretched forth to
All must be well. [shield us;

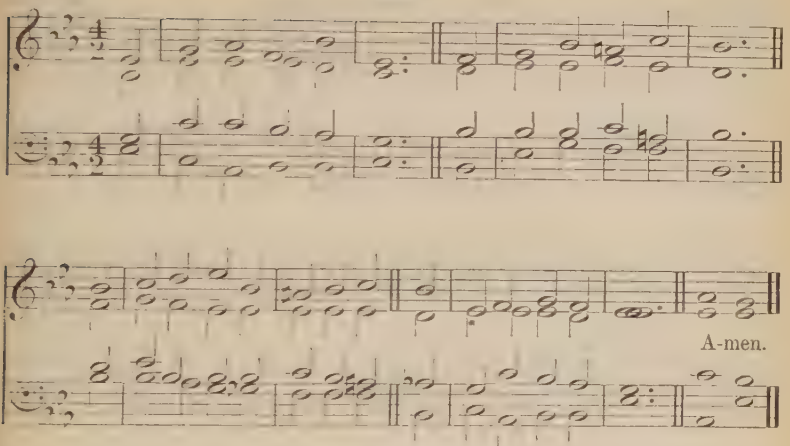
p 2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well.
c Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.

mf Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding;
All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well.
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
f 'All, all is well.'
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living or in dying,
All must be well. Amen.

M. Peters, alt

Clifton. **365** J. Brabham.



[May be sung to 'Franconia,' No. 331.]

My times are in Thy hand.

mf MY times are in Thy hand:
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

mp 2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

mf 3 My times are in Thy hand:
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

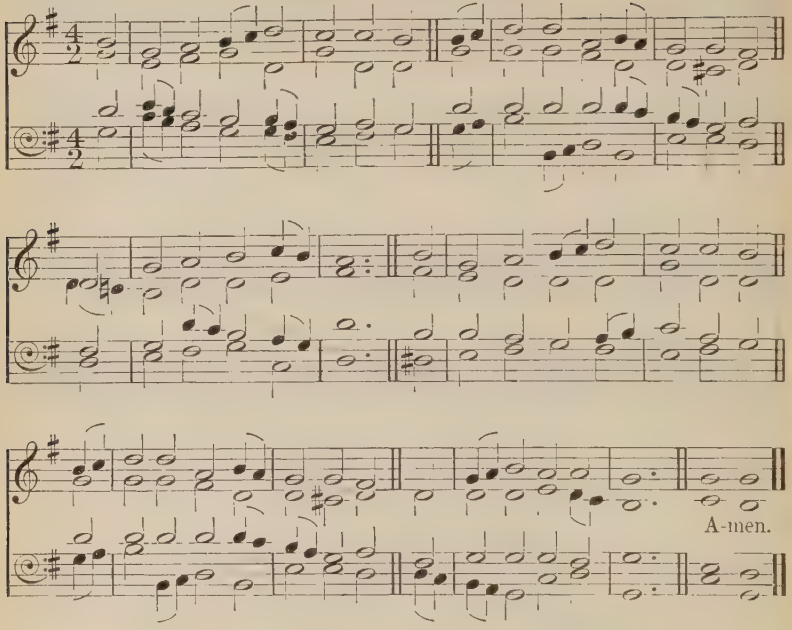
p 4 My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the Crucified;
Those hands my cruel sins had pierced
Are now my guard and guide.

mf 5 My times are in Thy hand:
I'll always trust in Thee;
And, after death, at Thy right hand
I shall for ever be. Amen.

W. F. Lloyd, sel. and alt.

366

Innsbruck. **O Welt, ich muss dich lassen.** H. Isaac.



Be not therefore anxious for the morrow.

mf O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest,
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best!

p 2 How far from this our daily life,
Ever disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden, wild alarms!
c O could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
mf On Thine almighty arms!

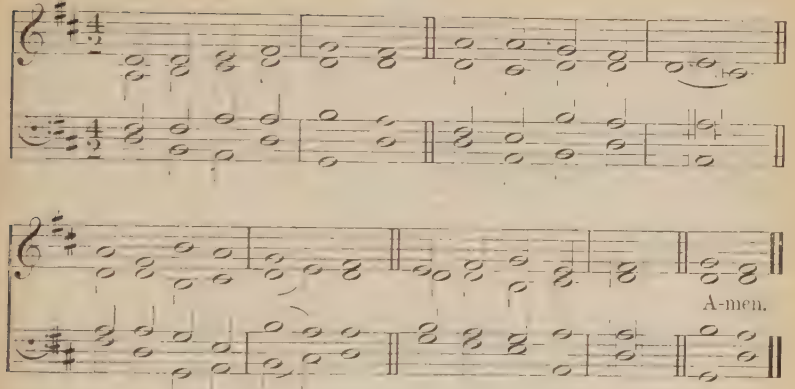
3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
Even while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer,
Sure that the Father, Who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear!

4 We cannot trust Him as we should;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
Yet birds and flowerets round us preach;
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
d And taste, before Him lying still,
Even in affliction, peace. AMEN.

J. Anstice, alt.

Clewer. **367** German.



Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

Wem in Leidenstagen.

mf O LET him whose sorrow
No relief can find
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

p 2 Where the mourner, weeping,
Sheds the secret tear,
c God His watch is keeping,
Though none else be near.

mf 3 God will never leave thee;
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

4 Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

p 5 If in grief thou languish,
c He will dry the tear
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.

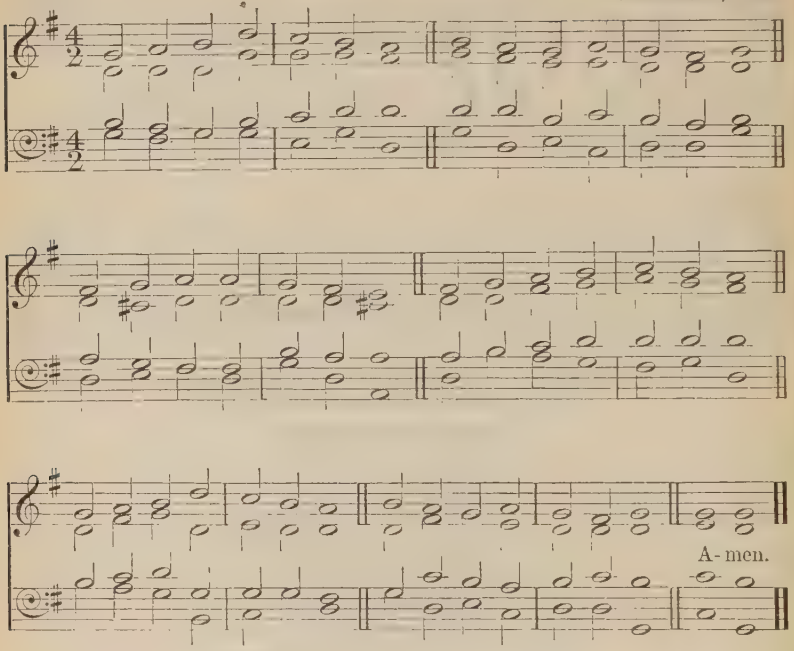
f 6 All thy woe and sadness,
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
Thou in heaven shalt know,

7 When thy gracious Saviour,
In the realms above,
Crowns thee with His favour,
Fills thee with His love. AMEN.

Oswald, tr. F. K. Cox.

368

Cassel. O dū Liebe meiner Liebe. J. THOMMEN'S *Choralbuch*, 1745.



[May be sung to 'Glastonbury,' No. 200.]

My soul is even as a weaned child.

mp QUIET, Lord, my froward heart;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a weanèd child,
c From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

mf 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide
Let me as a child receive,
What to-morrow may betide
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'T is enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

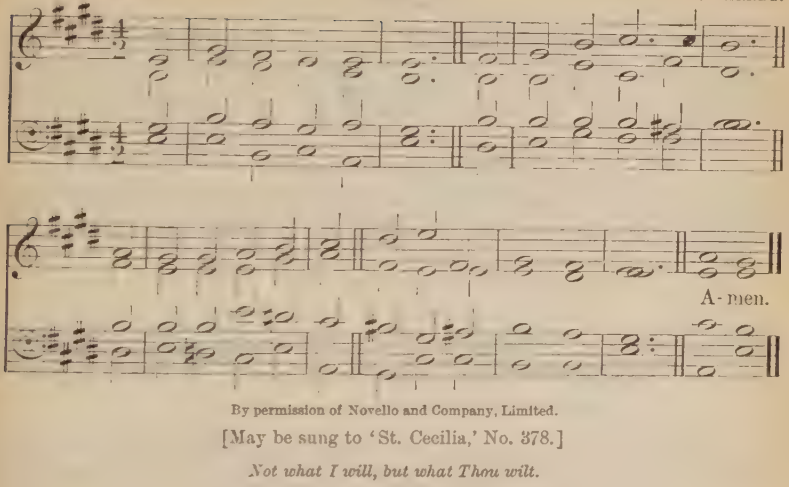
3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he 's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,—
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
c May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

AMEN.

J. Newton.

Via Crucis. **369** J. Barnby.



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[May be sung to 'St. Cecilia,' No. 378.]

Not what I will, but what Thou wilt.

mp THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

p 3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might:
c Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.

mp 4 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

5 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem:
Choose Thou my good and ill;

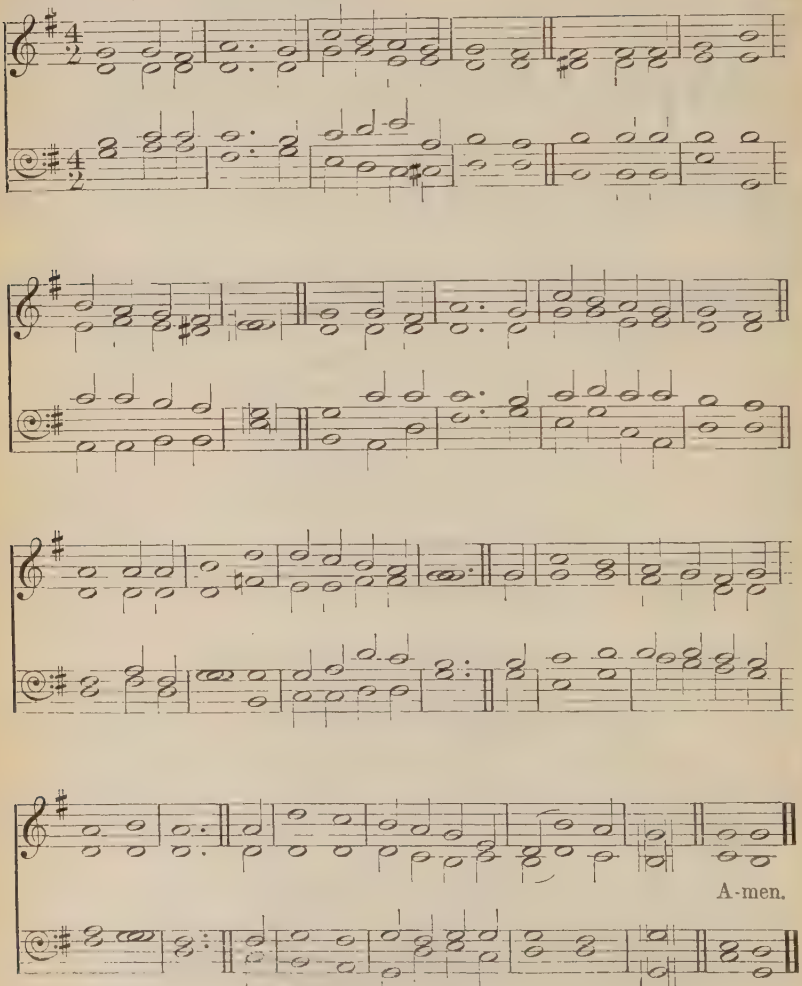
6 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

mf 7 Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small;
c Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All. Amen.

H. Bonar.

370

Warrenne (Thou knowest, Lord). O. R. Barnicott.



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He knoweth the way that I take.

mp THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest;
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed,—
We come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
And lay them at Thy feet: Thou knowest, Lord.

2 Thou knowest all the past: how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed;
c How the good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid,
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain
And brought back life and hope and strength again.

mp 3 Thou knowest all the present: each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to each one assigned of tribulation,
Or to beloved ones than self more dear;
d All pensive memories, as we journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

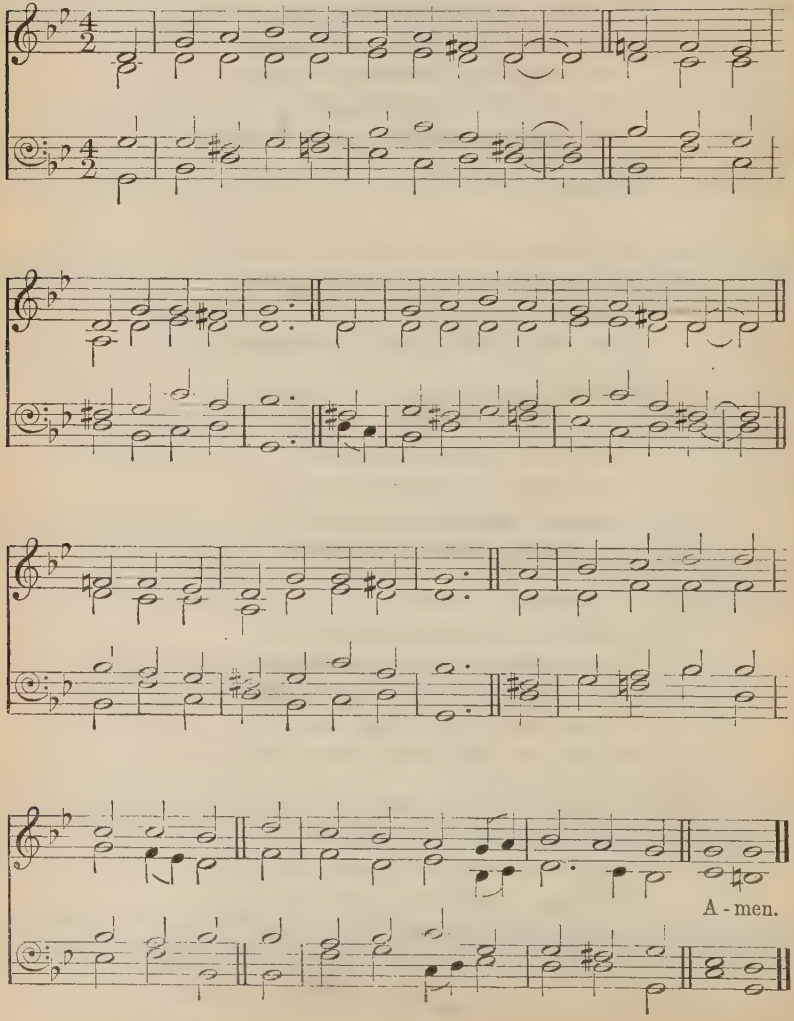
mp 4 Thou knowest all the future: gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
Hours of sweet fellowship, and parting sadness,
p And the dark river to be crossed at last;
c O what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path, but this, 'Thou knowest, Lord'

mf 5 Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy feet,
On everlasting strength our weakness staying,
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete:
c Then rising and refreshed we leave Thy throne,
And follow on to know as we are known. AMEN.

J. L. Borthwick, scl. and alt.

371

Neumark. **Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten.** G. NEUMARK.



In Whom we trust that He will yet deliver us.

mf IF thou but suffer God to guide thee,
And hope in Him through all thy ways,
He 'll give thee strength, whate'er betide thee,
And bear thee through the evil days;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the rock that nought can move.

p 2 What can these anxious cares avail thee,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help if thou bewail thee
O'er each dark moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

mf 3 Only be still, and wait His leisure
In cheerful hope, with heart content
To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
And all-discerning love have sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him Who chose us for His own.

4 All are alike before the Highest;
'T is easy for our God, we know,
To raise thee up though low thou liest,
To make the rich man poor and low;
True wonders still by Him are wrought
Who setteth up and brings to nought.

f 5 Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerving;
So do thine own part faithfully,
And trust His word,—though undeserving,
Thou yet shalt find it true for thee;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed. AMEN.

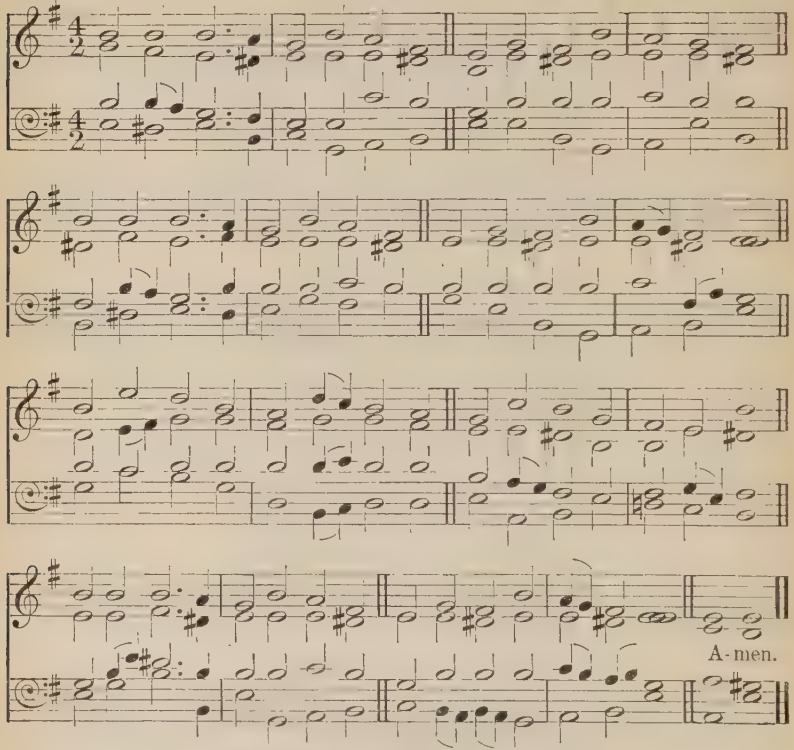
Neumark, tr. C. Winkworth, sel. and alt.

The following also are suitable:—

31 The Lord is King: lift up thy voice.
54 Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep.
163 Come to our poor nature's night.
334 Blest be Thy love, dear Lord.
372 What a Friend we have in Jesus.

7.—ASPIRATION AND PRAYER.

Henryd. **372** J. A. Lloyd.



[May be sung to 'Bethany,' No. 353.]

In nothing be anxious; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.

mf WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
p O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
c All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

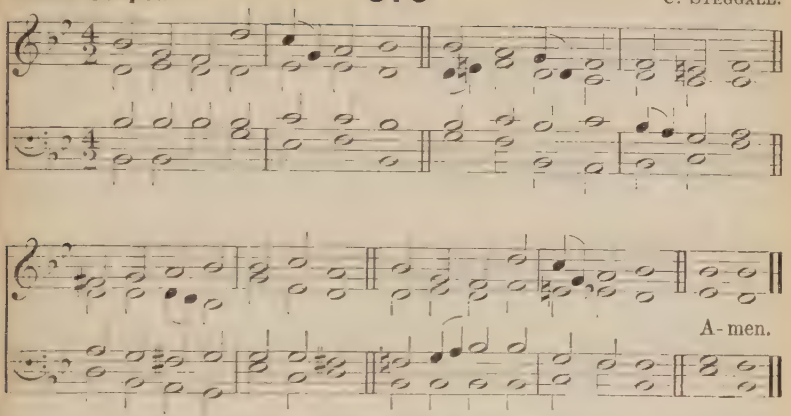
p 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
c We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

mf Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

p 3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
c Precious Saviour, still our refuge!
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
p Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
c Take it to the Lord in prayer:
mf In His arms He'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there. AMEN.

J. Scriven.

Christ Chapel. **373** C. STEGGALL.



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Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do.

mf COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

p 3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

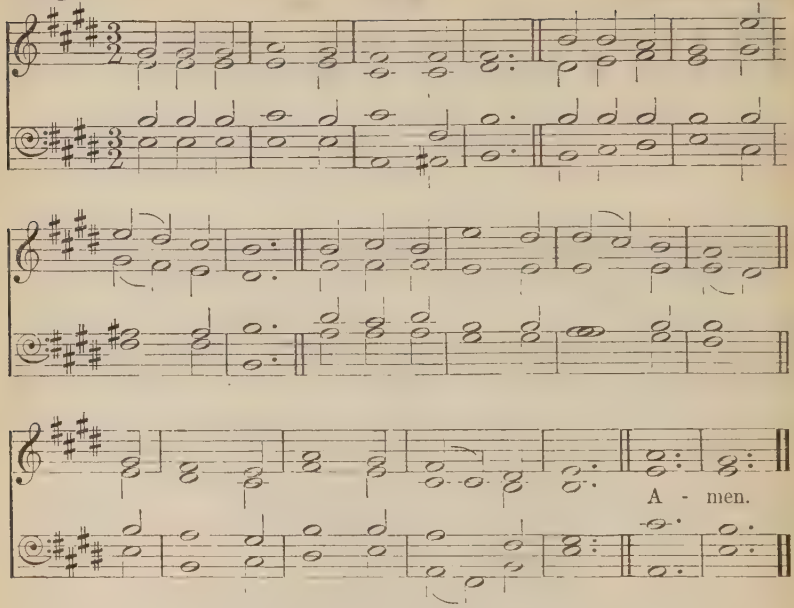
mf 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith;
Let me die Thy people's death. AMEN.

J. Newton, sel.

Maryton. **374** H. P. Smith.



My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God.

mf FOR Thee, my God, for Thee alone,
My spirit longs with ardent love;
On earth beside Thee there is none,
And none but Thee in heaven above.

2 Fulfil, O God, my heart's desires;
While I look up, look down to bless;
Each holy wish Thy grace inspires
May I in Thy deep love possess.

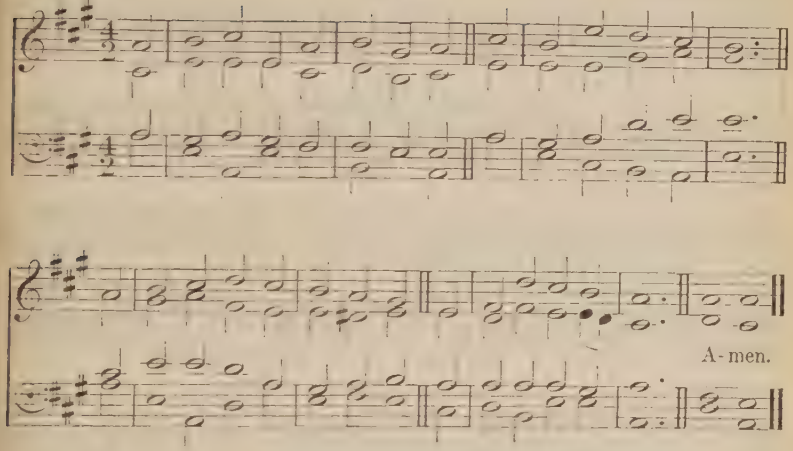
p 3 My soul cleaves heavy to the dust,
c But Thou canst raise and set it free;
And then, in calm and joyful trust,
It soars from earth to heaven and Thee.

p 4 Now in this stillness, as the breath
Of prayer steals upward to the skies,
c O give my soul the wings of faith,
That it to Thee may gladly rise;

mf 5 That, breaking through each fleshly link
Which binds its being to the clod,
c At life's clear wellspring it may drink,
Rejoicing in the smile of God. Amen.

J. D. Burns.

St. Paul. **375** J. CHALMERS's Collection, 1749.



The God of peace . . . make you perfect in every good work to do His will.

mf FATHER of peace and God of love,
We own Thy power to save,
That power by which our Shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave.

2

Him from the dead Thou broughtst again,
When by His sacred blood
Confirmed and sealed for evermore
The eternal covenant stood.

3

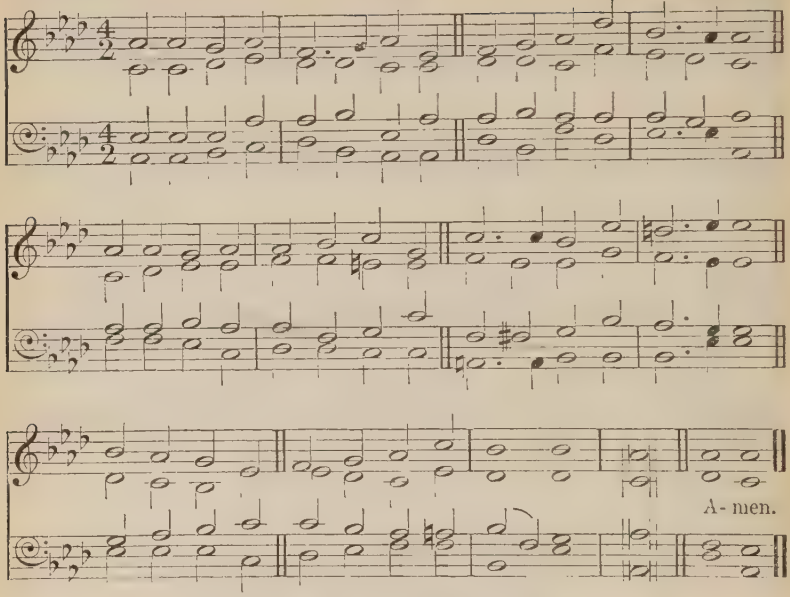
mp O may Thy Spirit seal our souls,
And mould them to Thy will,
That our weak hearts no more may stray,
But keep Thy precepts still;

4

mf That to perfection's sacred height
We nearer still may rise,
And all we think and all we do
Be pleasing in Thine eyes. AMEN.

P. Doddridge and W. Cameron.

St. Raphael. 376 E. J. Hopkins.



Let my supplication come before Thee: deliver me according to Thy word.

mf JESUS, Lord of life and glory,
Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear;
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear:
d By Thy mercy,
c O deliver us, good Lord!

mf 2 From the depth of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
d By Thy mercy,
c O deliver us, good Lord!

p 3 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
d By Thy mercy,
c O deliver us, good Lord!

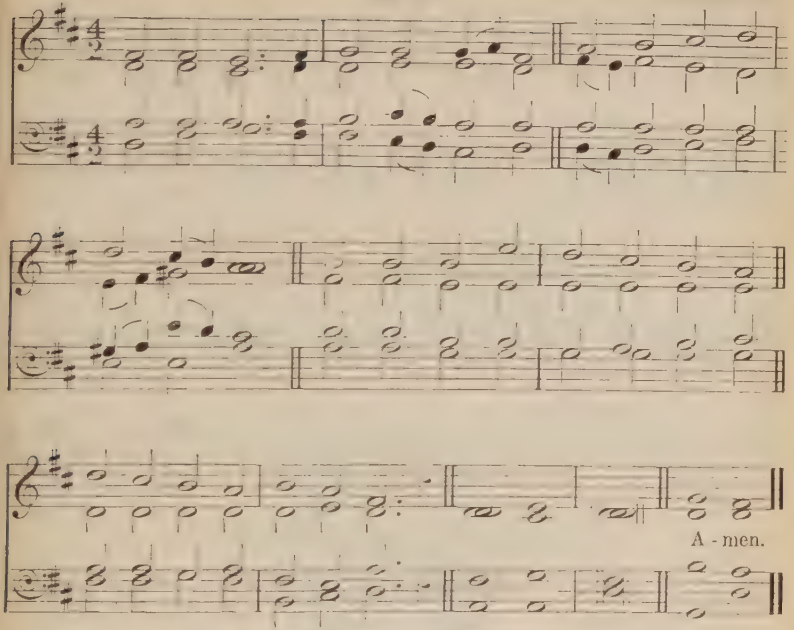
mf 4 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
d By Thy mercy,
c O deliver us, good Lord!

p 5 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
d By Thy mercy,
c O deliver us, good Lord!

pp 6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
c May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our Rock and Stay:
d By Thy mercy,
c O deliver us, good Lord! Amen.

J. J. Cummins, sel.

Etiam et mihi. **377** J. B. Dykes.



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Remember me, O Lord, with the favour that Thou bearest unto Thy people: O visit me with Thy salvation.

mf LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering, full and free, -
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops now fall on me,
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be!
Thou mightst leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favour;
When Thou comest, call for me,
Even me.

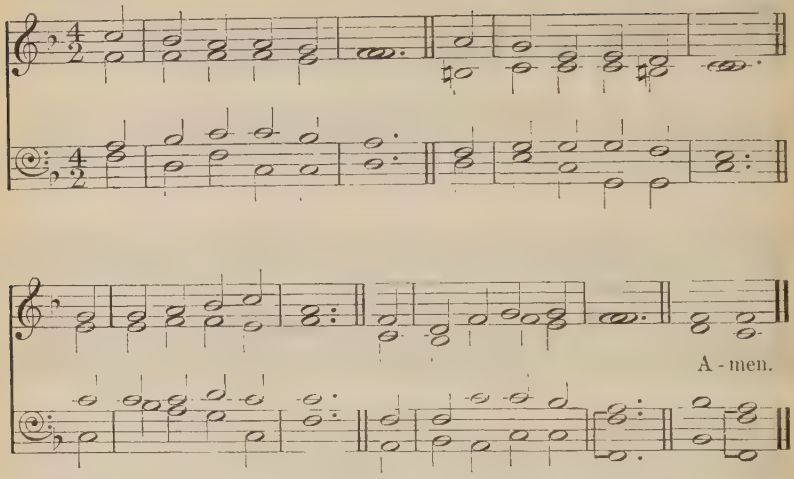
4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

p 5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O forgive and rescue me,
Even me.

mf 6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless, -
Magnify them all in me,
Even me. AMEN.

E. Codner, sel.

St. Cecilia. **378** L. G. Hayne.



We will come unto him, and make Our abode with him.

mp MY spirit longs for Thee
Within my troubled breast,
Though I unworthy be
Of so divine a Guest.

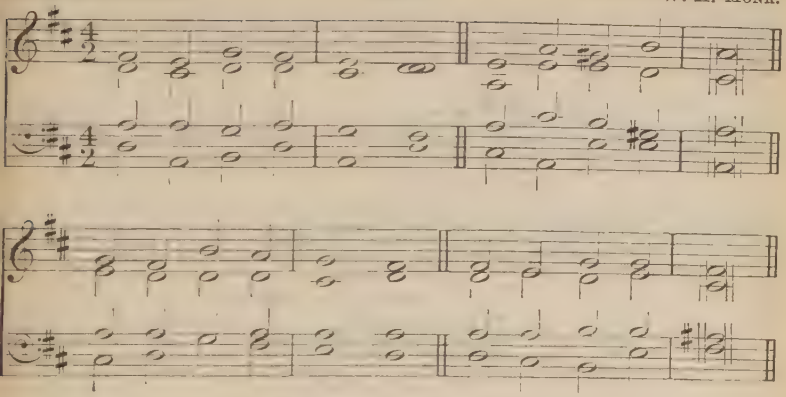
2 Of so divine a Guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest
Unless it come from Thee.

3 Unless it come from Thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found.

4 No rest is to be found
But in Thy blessèd love;
c O let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above. AMEN.

J. Byrom, alt.

St. Constantine. **379** W. H. Monk.



Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.

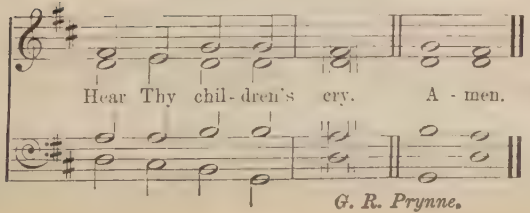
p JESUS, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

mf 2 Pardon our offences;
Loose our captive chains;
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains;

f 3 Give us holy freedom;
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above;

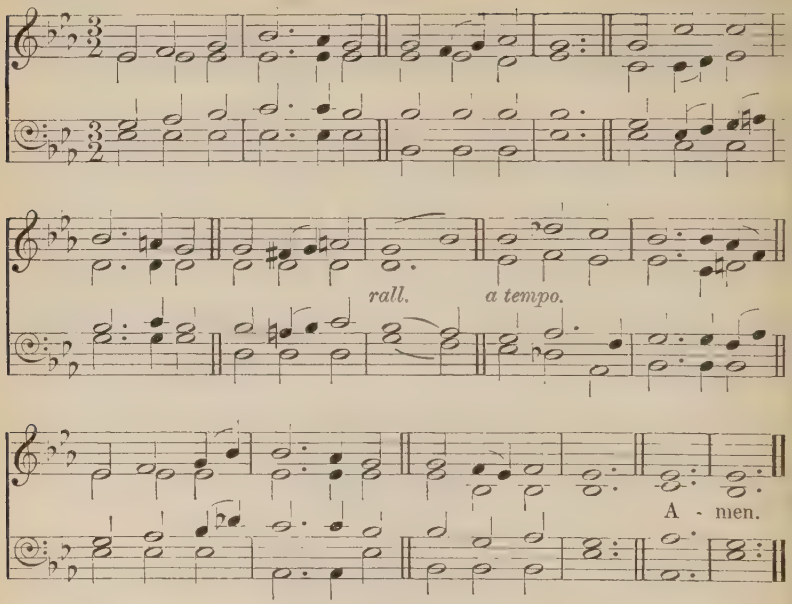
mf 4 Lead us on our journey;
Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

p 5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,

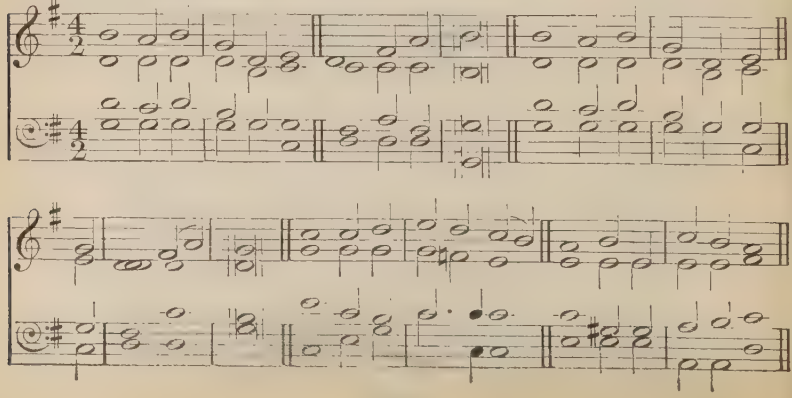


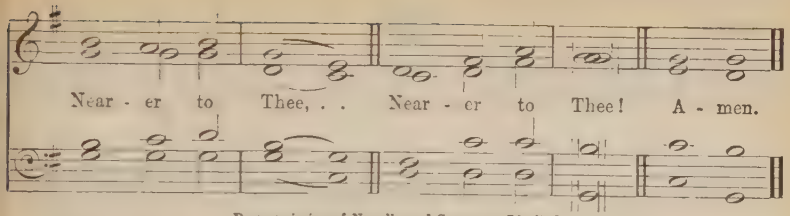
G. R. Prynne.

Horbury (*1st Tune*). **380** J. B. Dykes.



Propior Deo (*2nd Tune*). Arthur Sullivan.





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He dreamed, and behold I a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.

mf NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
c Still all my song would be,
'Nearer, my God, to Thee,
d Nearer to Thee!'

p 2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
c Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
d Nearer to Thee!

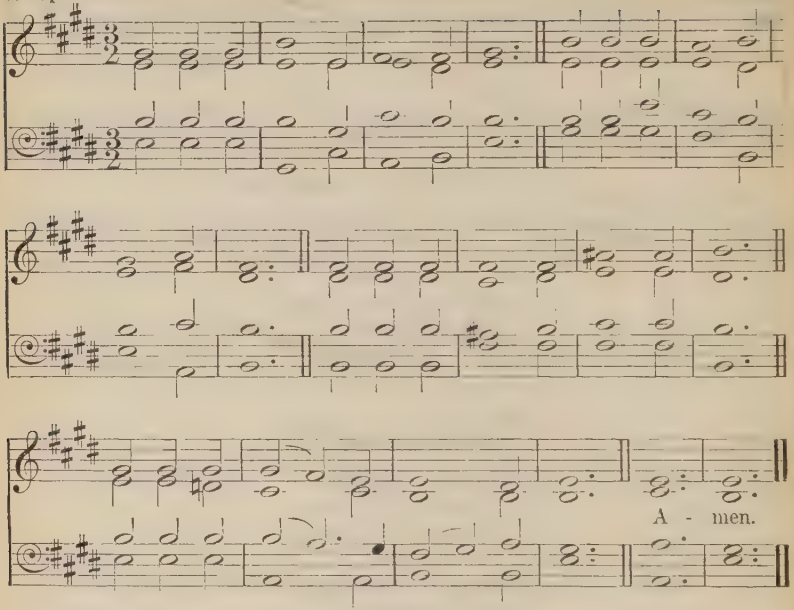
mf 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven,
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
c Nearer, my God, to Thee,
d Nearer to Thee!

mf 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
c So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
d Nearer to Thee!

f 5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
c Still all my song shall be,
'Nearer, my God, to Thee,
d Nearer to Thee!' AMEN.

S. Adams.

Hesperus. **381** H. Baker.



There I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat.

mf FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
p 'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

mf 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all beside more sweet;
p It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

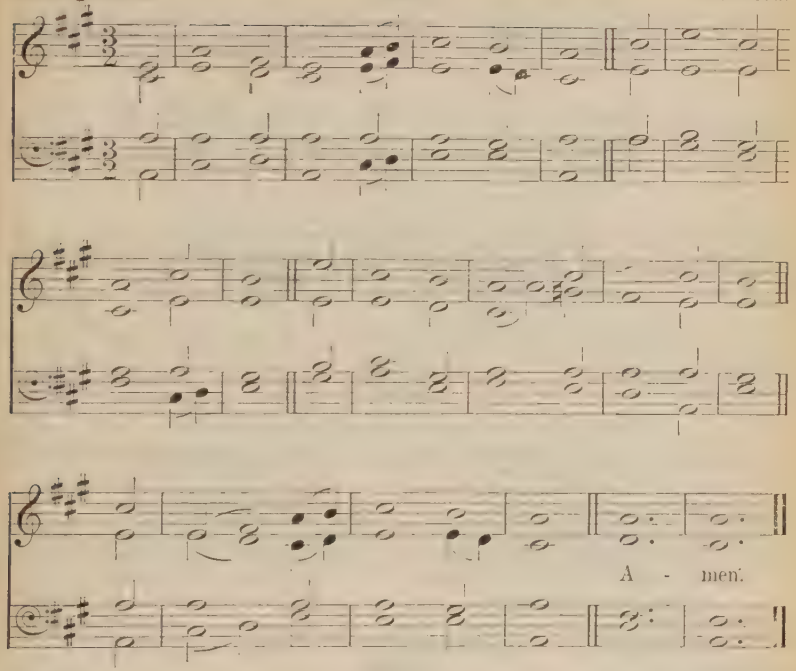
mf 3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

p 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

mf 5 There, there on eagle wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
c And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat. Amen.

H. Stowell, sel.

Martyrdom. 382 H. Wilson.



Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation.

mf O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

p 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
d But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

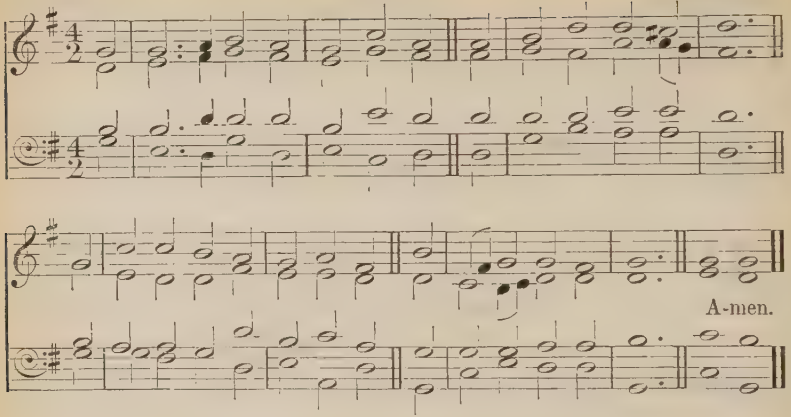
mf 4 Return, O Holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
d I hate the sins that made Thee mourn
And drove Thee from my breast.

mf 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. Amen.

W. Cowper.

Farrant. **383** R. Farrant (?).



Give us help from trouble : for vain is the help of man.

mf O HELP us, Lord ; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give ;
Help us in thought and word and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

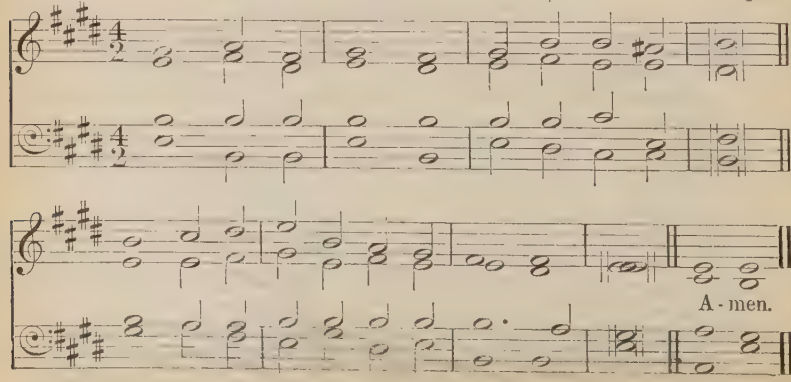
p 2 O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore ;
And, when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more !

mf 3 O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more the servant hath
The more shall he receive.

4 O help us, Saviour, from on high ;
We know no help but Thee ;
O help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be. Amen.

H. H. Milman.

Hispania. **384** Adapted.



Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, Thou That leadest Joseph like a flock.

mp O KING of mercy, from Thy throne on high
Look down in love, and hear our humble cry.

2 Thou tender Shepherd of the blood-bought sheep,
Thy feeble wandering flock in safety keep.

p 3 O gentle Saviour, by Thy death we live;
To contrite sinners life eternal give.

c 4 Thou art the Bread of heaven; on Thee we feed;
Be near to help our souls in time of need.

mf 5 Thou art the mourner's Stay, the sinner's Friend,
Sweet Fount of joy and blessings without end.

6 O come and cheer us with Thy heavenly grace;
Reveal the brightness of Thy glorious face.

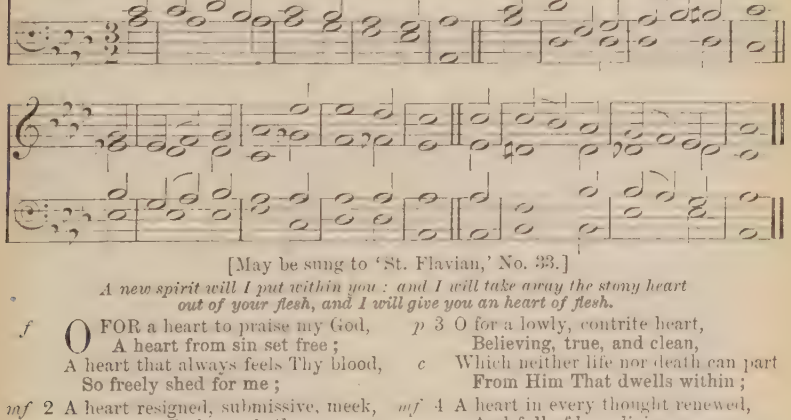
7 In cooling cloud by day, in fire by night,
Be near our steps, and make our darkness light.

8 Go where we go, abide where we abide,
In life, in death, our Comfort, Strength, and Guide.

c 9 O lead us daily with Thine eye of love,
f And bring us safely to our home above. AMEN.

T. R. Birks.

Fazer. **385** A. E. TOZER.



[May be sung to 'St. Flavian,' No. 33.]

A new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh.

f O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely shed for me;

mf 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

p 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,

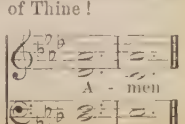
c Which neither life nor death can part
From Him That dwells within;

mf 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect and right and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

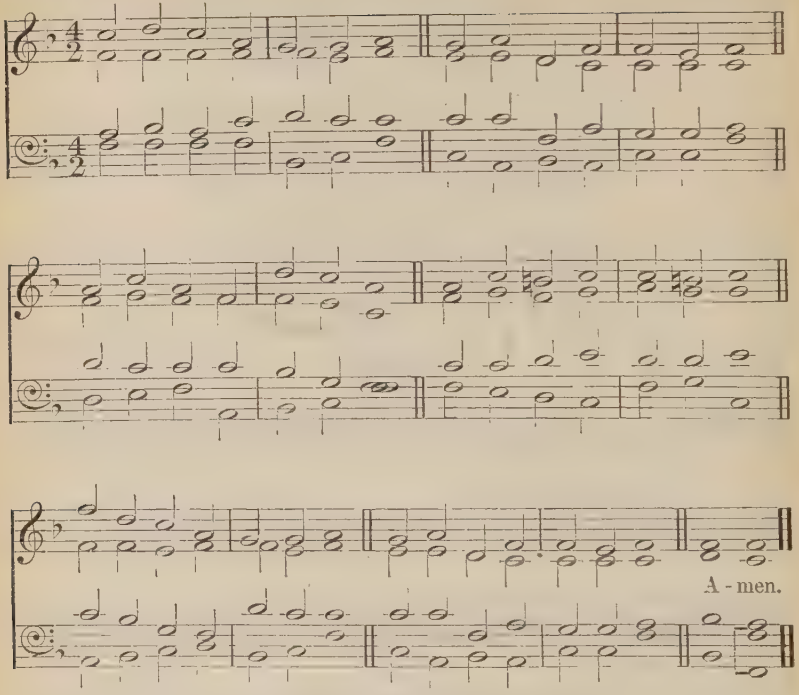
5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;

c Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

C. Wesley, sel. and alt.



St. Clement. **386** C. STEGGALL.



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He will surely be gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry.

mf SON of Man, to Thee I cry:
By the holy mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
c Lord, Thy presence let me see;
Manifest Thyself to me.

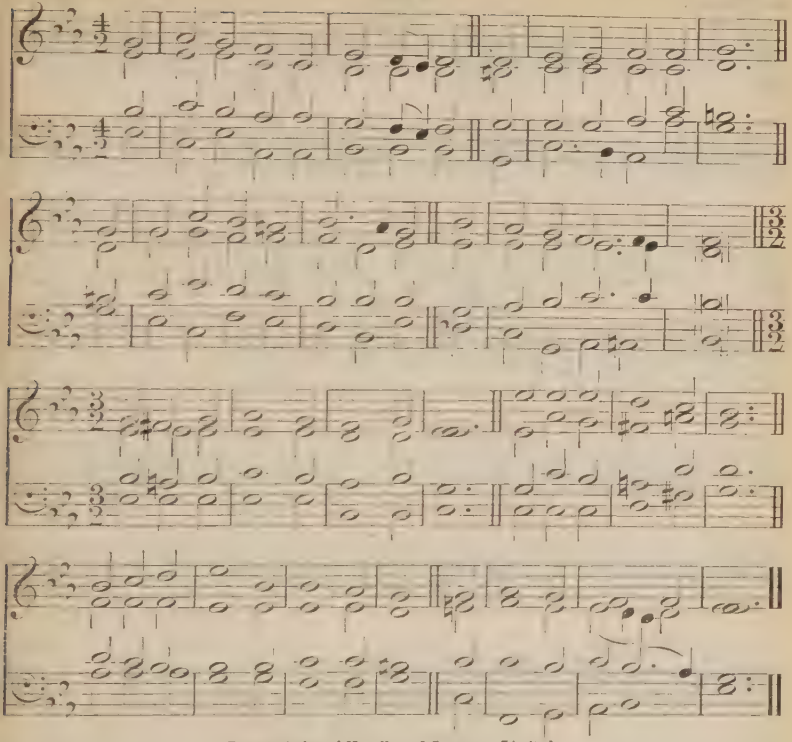
p 2 Lamb of God, to Thee I cry:
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
By Thy spirit's parting groan,
c Lord, Thy presence let me see;
Manifest Thyself to me.

mf 3 Prince of Life, to Thee I cry:
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
c Lord, Thy presence let me see;
Manifest Thyself to me.

f 4 Lord of Glory, God Most High,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill;
Prompt me now to do Thy will;
c Then Thy presence let me see;
Manifest Thyself to me. AMEN.

R. Mant, sel. and alt.

Castle Rising. **387** F. A. J. Hervey.



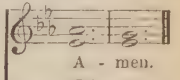
By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.

mf THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
d How fast they fade away!
c O for the pearly gates of heaven,
O for the golden floor,
O for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth never more!

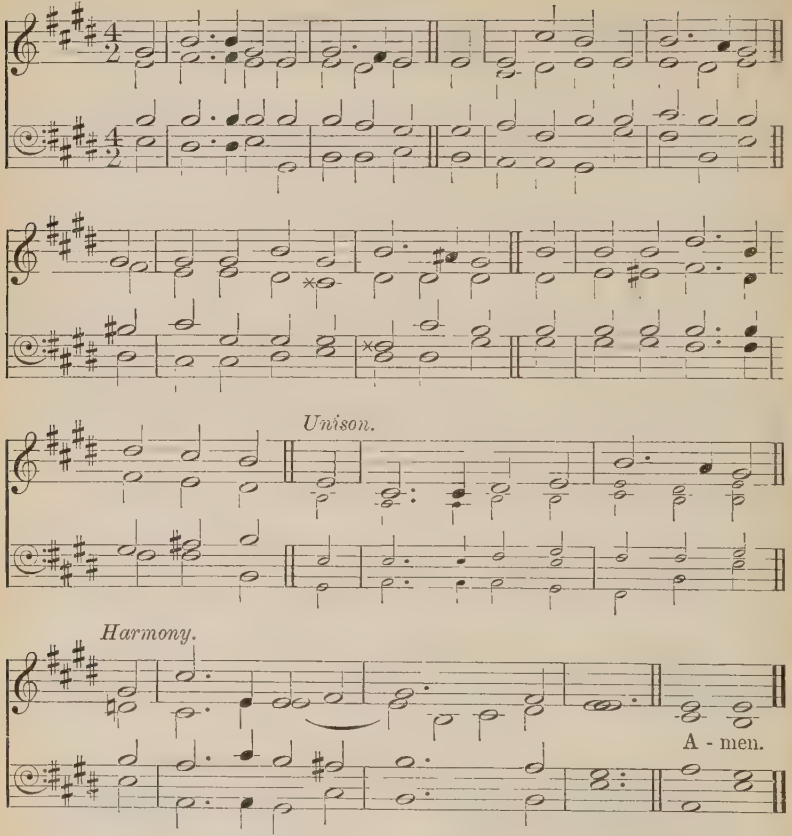
p 2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
c O for a heart that never sins,
O for a soul washed white,
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

mf 3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
p O, by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
O, by Thy life laid down,
c O that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!



455 *C. F. Alexander.*

Kenmore. **388** J. Booth.



[May be sung to 'All Saints' ('Rest'), No. 460.]

My soul followeth hard after Thee.

Verborgne Gottesliebe du.

mf THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in thee.

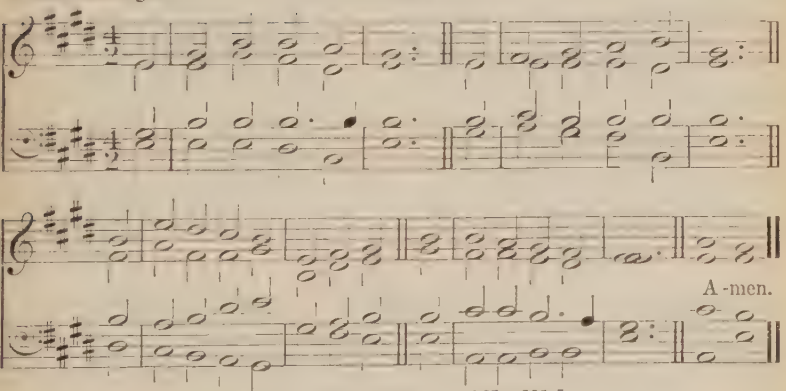
2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but, though my will
Seems fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

3 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
p Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The lord of every motion there;
c Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

mf 4 O Lord, Thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may 'Abba, Father' cry. AMEN.

Tersteegen, tr. J. Wesley, sel.

Westenhanger. **389** C. W. POOLE.



[May be sung to 'Franconia,' No. 331.]

When I awake, I am still with Thee.

mf STILL with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee;

2 With Thee when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer;

3 With Thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, where Time's is loud,
p Speak softly to my heart;

mp 4 With Thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find;

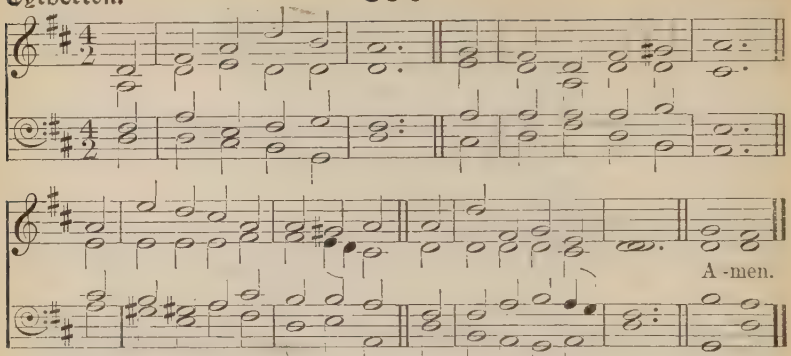
5 With Thee when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

mf 6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding, I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee. AMEN.

J. D. Burns.

Tytherton. 390

L. R. West.



[May be sung to 'St. Michael,' No. 158.]

O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years.

mf REVIVE Thy work, O Lord:
Thy mighty arm make bare;
c Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.

mf 2 Revive Thy work, O Lord:
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smouldering embers now
By Thine almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord:
Create soul-thirst for Thee;
And hungering for the bread of life
O may our spirits be!

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord:
Exalt Thy precious name;
And by the Holy Ghost our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

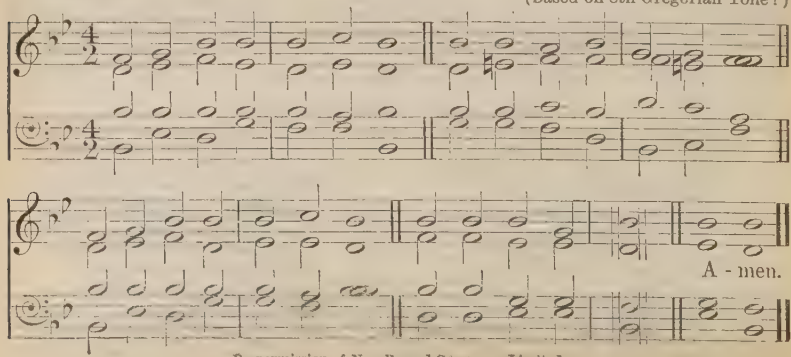
5 Revive Thy work, O Lord:
Give power unto Thy word;
Grant that Thy blessed gospel may
In living faith be heard.

f 6 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours! AMEN.

A. Midlane, alt.

St. Ambrose. 391

H. J. Gauntlett.
(Based on 8th Gregorian Tone?)



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Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord.

mp THOU Who didst on Calvary bleed,
Thou Who dost for sinners plead,
Help me in my time of need;
c Jesus, hear my cry.

p 2 In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I, who am of sinners chief,
c Lift to Thee mine eye.

p 3 Foes without and fears within,
With no plea Thy grace to win
But that Thou canst save from sin,
c To Thy cross I fly.

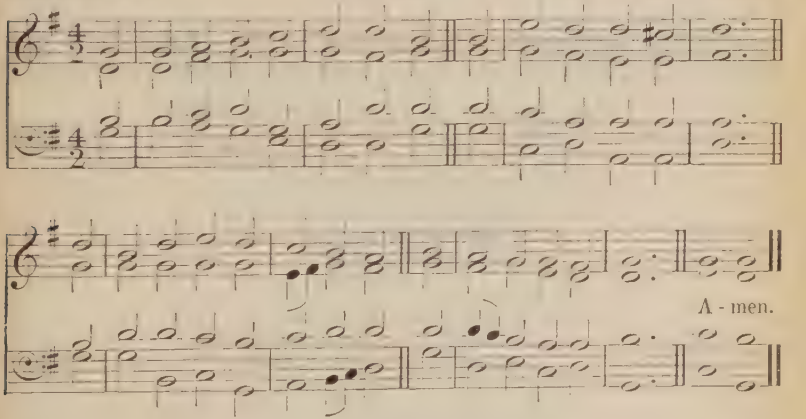
mp 4 Others, long in fetters bound,
There deliverance sought and found,
Heard the voice of mercy sound;
c Surely so may I!

mf 5 There on Thee I cast my care:
There to Thee I raise my prayer;
Jesus, save me from despair,—
c Save me, or I die!

mf 6 When the storms of trial lower,
When I feel temptation's power,
d In the last and darkest hour,
c Jesus, be Thou nigh. AMEN.

J. D. Burns.

Dunfermline. **392** *Scottish Psalter*, 1615.



The apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our faith.

mf O FOR a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by many a foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of poverty or woe;

p 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Can lean upon its God;

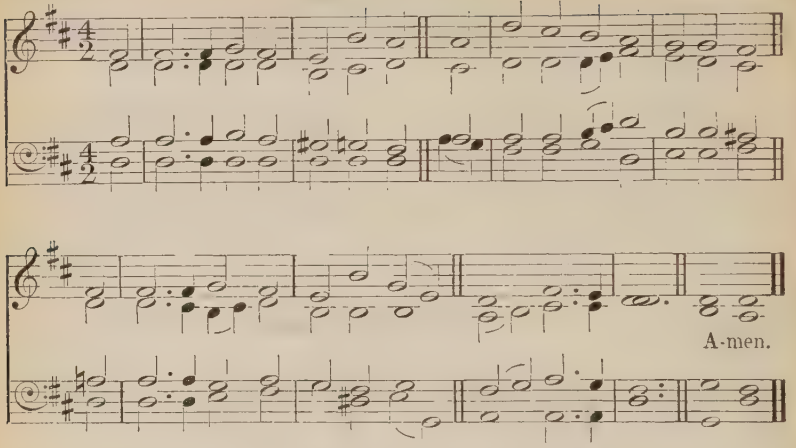
mf 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without,
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last spark is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed!

5 Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I taste even now the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home. AMEN.

W. H. Bathurst, sel.

Shoreham. **393** J. B. Dykes.



By permission of the Proprietors of 'Congregational Church Music.'

[May be sung to 'Hanford,' No. 433.]

Create in me a clean heart, O God.

mf ONE thing I of the Lord desire,
For all my way hath miry been:
Be it by water or by fire,
p O make me clean!

mf 2 If clearer vision Thou impart,
Grateful and glad my soul shall be;
But yet to have a purer heart
Is more to me.

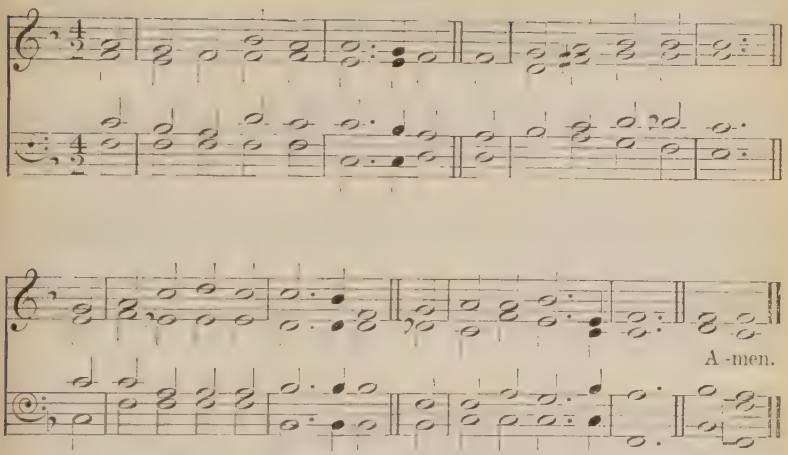
3 Yea, only as the heart is clean
May larger vision yet be mine,
For mirrored in its depths are seen
The things divine.

4 I watch to shun the miry way,
And stanch the spring of guilty thought;
p But, watch and wrestle as I may,
Pure I am not.

mf 5 So wash Thou me without, within,
Or purge with fire, if that must be,—
No matter how, if only sin
Die out in me. AMEN.

W. C. Smith.

Dalcburst. **394** A. Cottman.



[May be sung to 'St. John, Westminster,' No. 269.]

According to Thy mercy remember Thou me, for Thy goodness' sake, O Lord.

mf O THOU from Whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
c Good Lord, remember me.

mp 2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart;
c Good Lord, remember me.

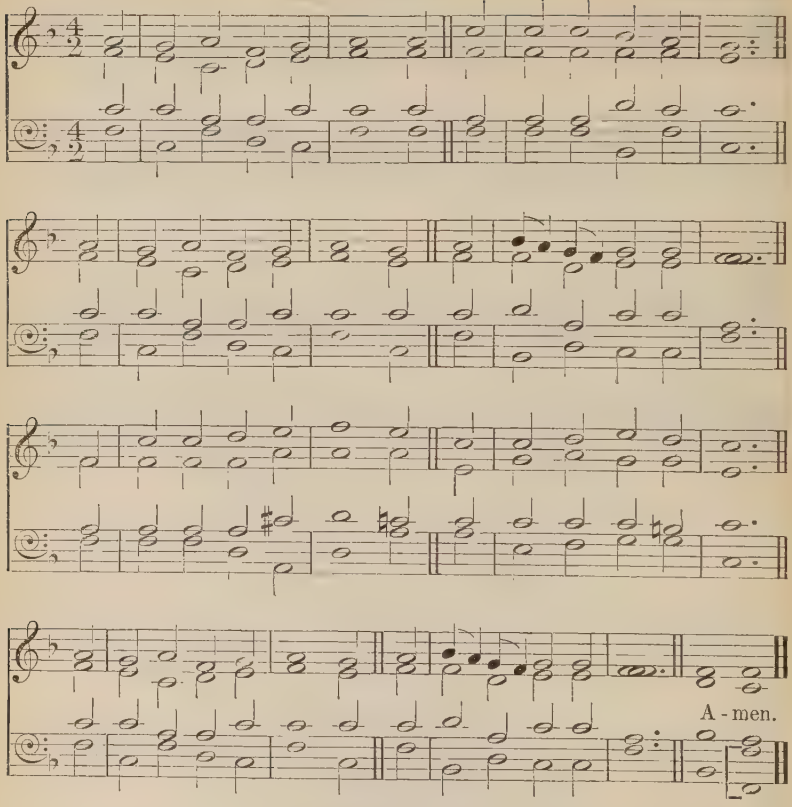
mp 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Then let my strength be as my day;
c Good Lord, remember me.

mp 4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
c Good Lord, remember me.

p 5 And O, when in the hour of death
I bow to Thy decree,
Jesus, receive my parting breath;
c Good Lord, remember me. Amen.

T. Haweis, alt.

Arcadelt. **395** J. Arcadelt (?).



Your life is hid with Christ in God.

mp O LAMB of God, still keep me
Close to Thy piercèd side;
'T is only there in safety
And peace I can abide.

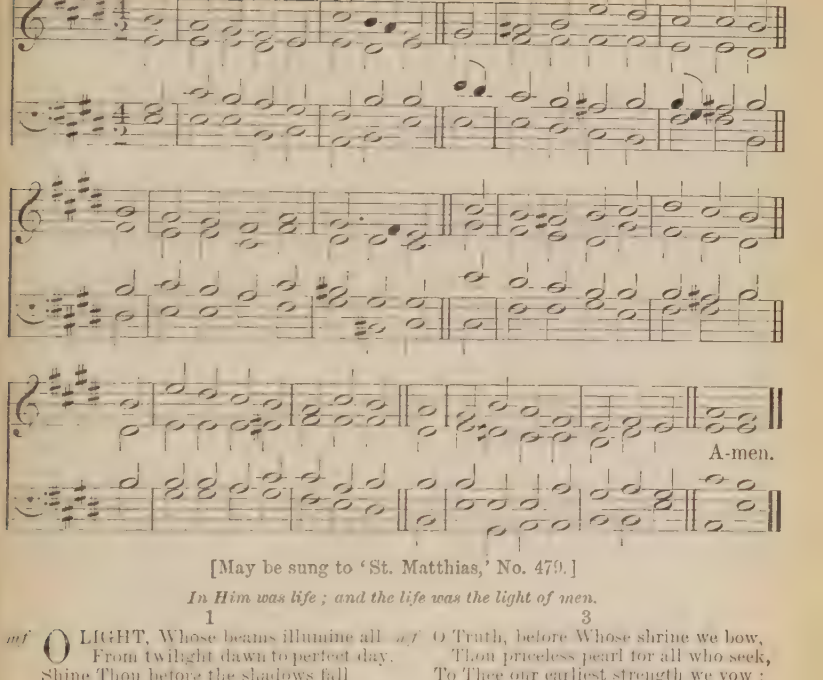
mf What foes and snares surround me,
What lusts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me
Alone can keep me clean.

mp 2 'T is only in Thee hiding
I feel myself secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure.

mf Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its cares and woe.

f 3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee
With rapture face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace.
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above. AMEN.

St. Justin. **396** J. Barnby.



[May be sung to 'St. Matthias,' No. 479.]

In Him was life; and the life was the light of men.

1

mf O Light, Whose beams illumine all
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine Thou before the shadows fall
That lead our wandering feet astray:
c At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,
That youth may love, and age adore.

2

mf O Way, through Whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease,
c In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.

3

mf O Truth, before Whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow;
Thy love will bless the pure and meek;
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
c Turn Thou our darkness into light.

4

mf O Life, the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy power to bless what seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme what words can paint?
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
c Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

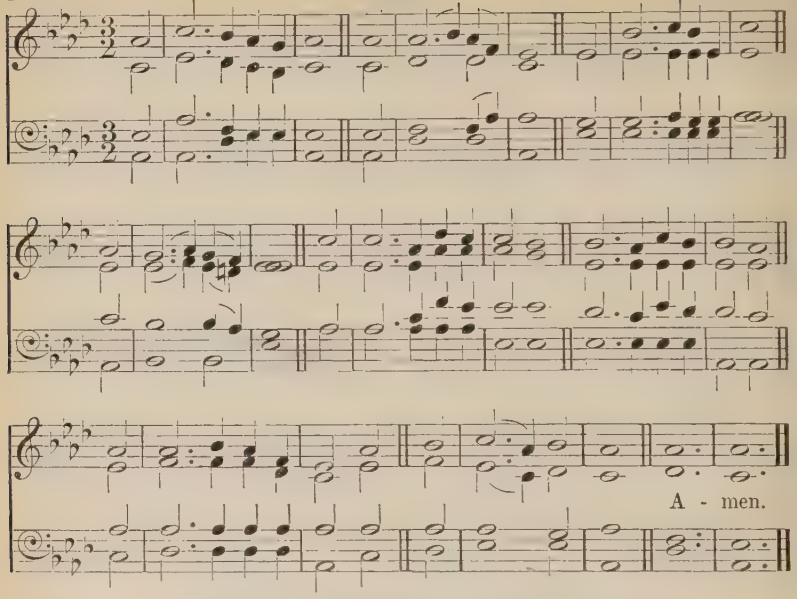
5

f O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O Jesus, born mankind to save,
d Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;
c Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,
f Lord of the living and the dead. Amen.

E. H. Plumptre, sel.

I need Thee. 397

R. Lowry.



Bow down Thine ear, O Lord, hear me: for I am poor and needy.

mf I NEED Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

c *I need Thee; O, I need Thee;*
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour;
I come to Thee.

mf 2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

mp 3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

mf 4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will,
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

AMEN.

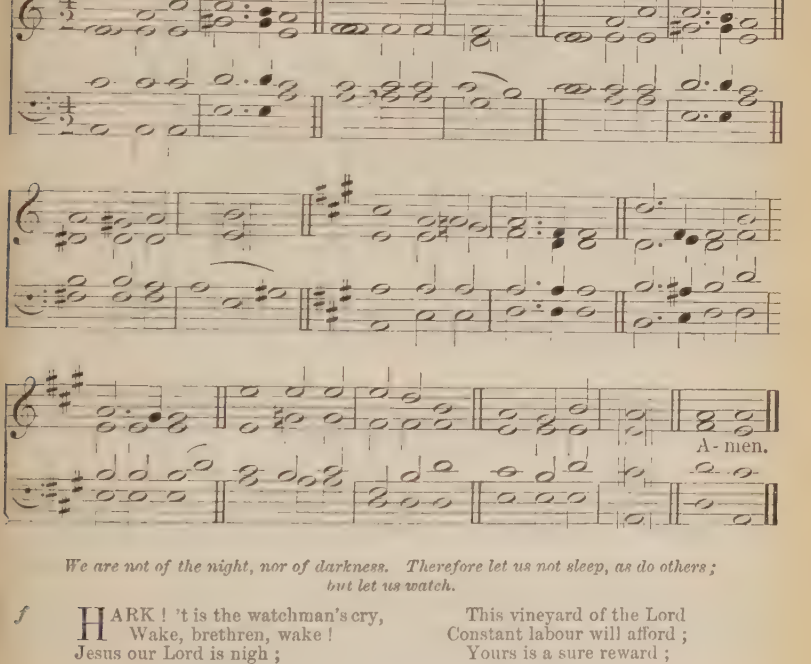
A. S. Hawks, sel.

The following also are suitable:—

152—168 Hymns on The Holy Spirit.
25 Lord of all being, throned afar.
107 Love Divine, all loves excelling.
127 Saviour, blessèd Saviour.
288 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat.
331 Blest are the pure in heart.
412 O Lord of life, and love, and power.

8.—*SERVICE AND BENEFICENCE.*

Vigil. **398** A. PATTON.



We are not of the night, nor of darkness. Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch.

f HARK! 't is the watchman's cry,
Wake, brethren, wake!
Jesus our Lord is nigh;
Wake, brethren, wake!
Sleep is for sons of night;
Ye are children of the light;
Yours is the glory bright;
Wake, brethren, wake!

mf 2 Call to each waking band,
Watch, brethren, watch!
Clear is our Lord's command;
Watch, brethren, watch!
Be ye as men that wait
Always at the Master's gate,
Even though He tarry late;
Watch, brethren, watch!

3 Heed we the Master's call,
Work, brethren, work!
There 's room enough for all;
Work, brethren, work!
This vineyard of the Lord
Constant labour will afford;
Yours is a sure reward;
Work, brethren, work!

mp 4 Hear we the Saviour's voice,
Pray, brethren, pray!
Would ye His heart rejoice?
Pray, brethren, pray!
Sin calls for constant fear;
Weakness needs the Strong One near,
Long as ye struggle here;
Pray, brethren, pray!

f 5 Sound now the final chord,
Praise, brethren, praise!
Thrice holy is our Lord;
Praise, brethren, praise!
What more befits the tongues
Soon to join the angels' songs,
While heaven the note prolongs?
Praise, brethren, praise! AMEN.

Anon., alt.

399

St. Leonards. H. Hiles.

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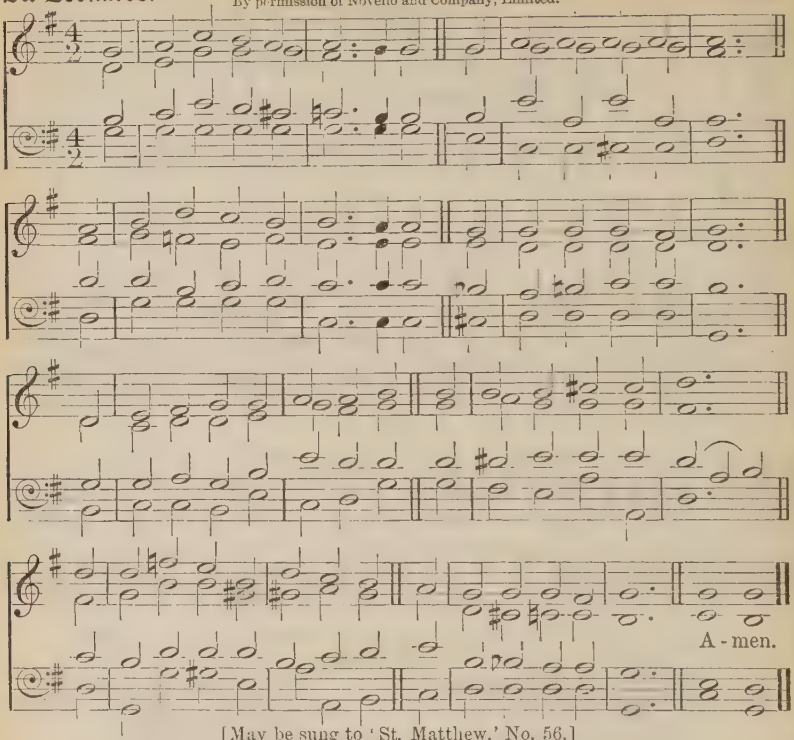


[May be sung to 'St. Matthew,' No. 56.]

O Lord, truly I am Thy servant: . . . Thou hast loosed my bonds.

O hochbeglückte Seele.

mf HOW blessèd, from the bonds of sin
And earthly fetters free,
In singleness of heart and aim
Thy servant, Lord, to be;
The hardest toil to undertake
With joy at Thy command,
The meanest office to receive
With meekness at Thy hand;

2 With willing heart and longing eyes
To watch before Thy gate,
Ready to run the weary race,
To bear the heavy weight;
No voice of thunder to expect,
But follow calm and still;
For love can easily divine
The one Beloved's will!

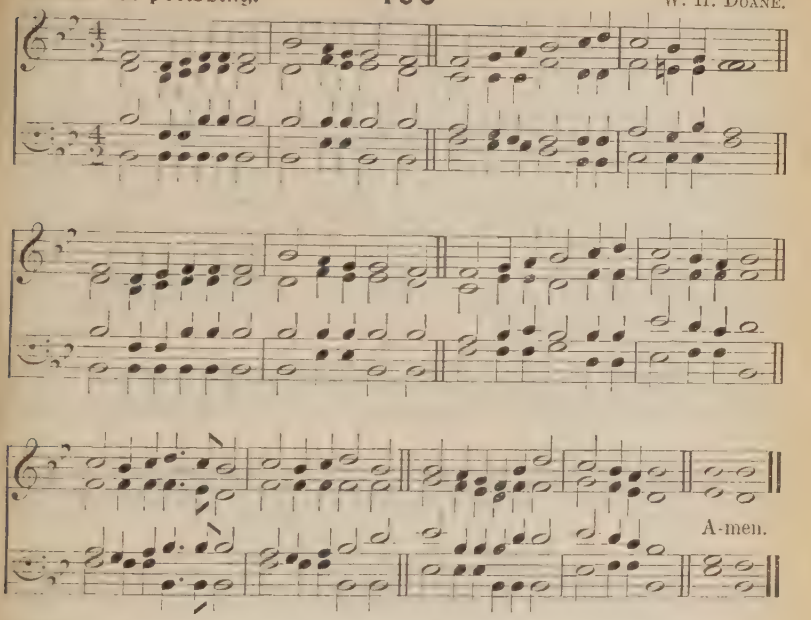
p 3 Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord;
Thus ever Thine alone,
My soul and body given to Thee,
The purchase Thou hast won;
Through evil or through good report
Still keeping by Thy side;
c And by my life, or by my death,
Let Christ be magnified.

mf 4 How happily the working days
In this dear service fly!
How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest, draws nigh,
c When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company,
And ever where the Master is
Shall His blest servants be! AMEN

Spitta, tr. J. L. Borthwick, alt.

Rescue the perishing. 400

W. H. Doane.



Go out into the highways and hedges, and constrain them to come in, that My house may be filled.

mf RESCUE the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen;
c Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.
f *Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;*
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

mf 2 Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive;
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.

p 3 Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,
c Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

mf 4 Rescue the perishing! duty demands it:
Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

Amen.

F. J. Van Alstyne.

401

Creation.

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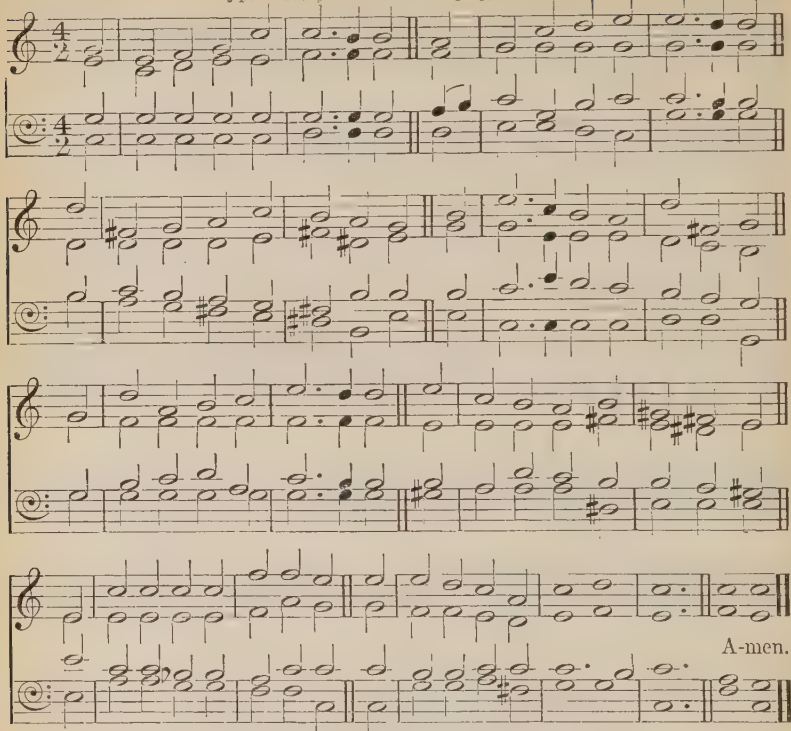
J. Goss.



[May be sung to 'St. Anselm,' No. 402.]

Let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

mf GO, labour on; spend and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went:
Should not the servant tread it still?
Go, labour on; your hands are weak,
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
c Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown.

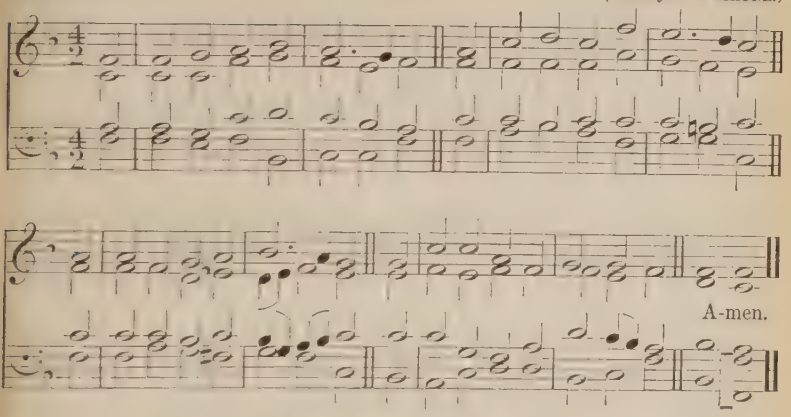
mf 2 Go, labour on while it is day; [on;
The world's dark night is hastening
Speed, speed thy work; cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.
p Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
c Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

mf 3 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
c Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.
f Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, 'Behold, I come!'

AMEN.

H. Bonar, sel.

St. Anselm. **402** Ancient Melody. (Arr. by L. G. HAYNE.)



If any man minister, let him do it as of the ability which God giveth.

mf LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
d Thy erring children lost and lone.

mf 2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

f 3 O strengthen me, that, while I stand
Firm on the rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

mf 4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

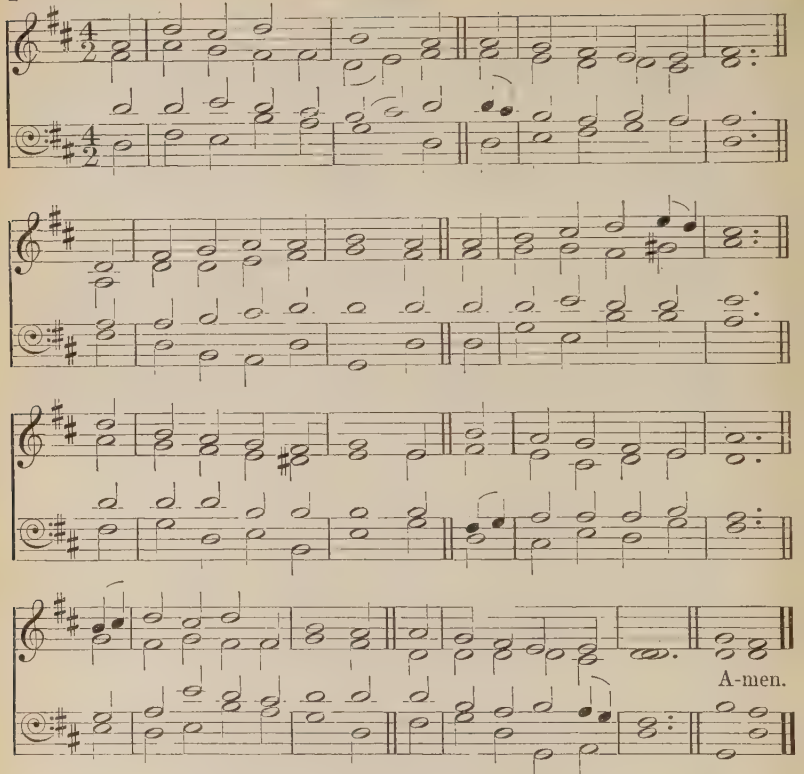
p 5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

c 6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

mf 7 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
c Until Thy blessèd face I see,
f Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share. AMEN.

F. R. Havergal.

Pearsall. **403** R. L. DE PEARSALL.



[May be sung to 'St. Catharine,' No. 514.]

He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal.

mf LORD of the living harvest
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain,
Accept these hands to labour,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

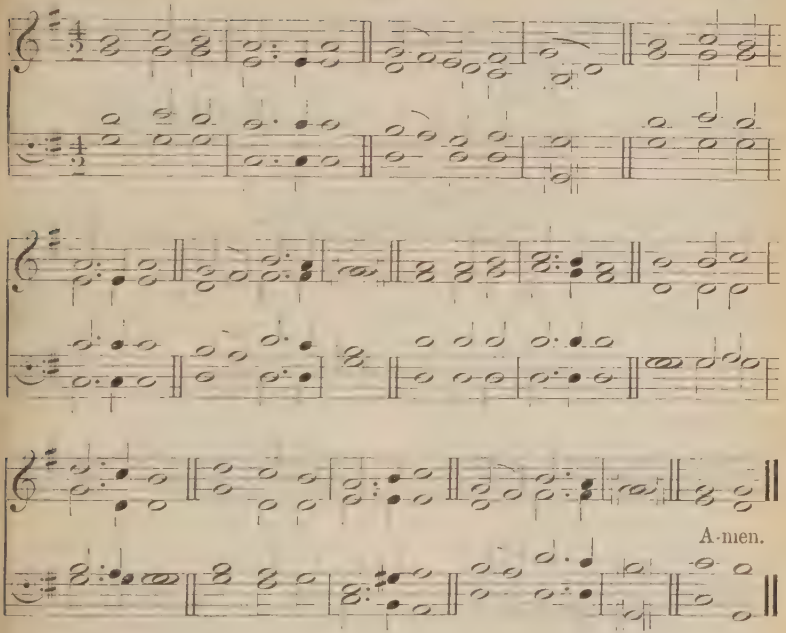
2 As labourers in Thy vineyard,
Lord, send us out to be,
d Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee,
p Content to ask no wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
That makes Thy kingdom come.

mf 3 Be with us, God the Father,
Be with us, God the Son,
Be with us, God the Spirit,
O blessèd Three in One!
c. Make us a royal priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore,
f And fill us with Thy fulness,
Now and for evermore. AMEN.

J. S. B. Monsell.

Consecration. 404

R. Lowry.



What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?

p SAVIOUR, Thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
My Lord, from Thee;
c In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

p 2 At the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee:
c Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

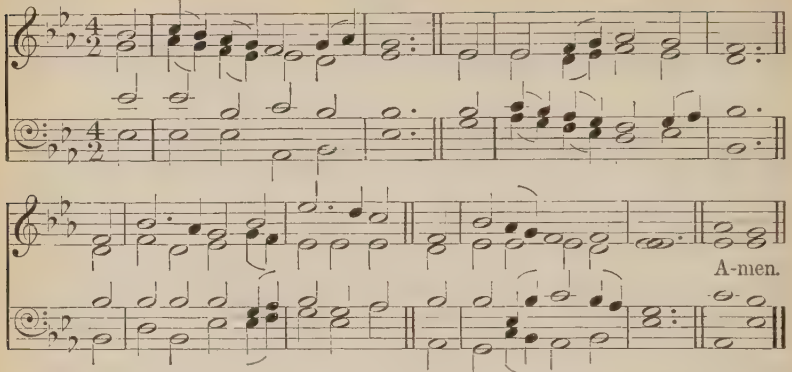
mf 3 Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
p Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

f 4 All that I am and have—
Thy gifts so free—
In joy, in grief, through life,
O Lord, for Thee!
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee. Amen.

S. D. Phelps, alt.

405

Venice. W. Amps.



[May be sung to 'Day of Praise,' No. 241.]

All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee.

mf WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

p 3 O, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled
Are straying from the fold;

c 4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

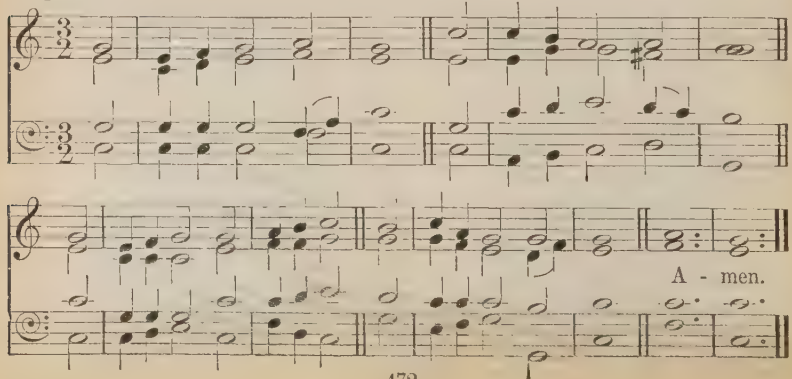
mf 5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,—
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee. AMEN.

W. W. How.

406

Boylston. L. Mason.



Son, go work to-day in my vineyard.

mf WORK while it is to-day!
This was our Saviour's rule;
With docile minds let us obey,
As learners in His school.

mp 2 Lord Christ, we humbly ask
Of Thee the power and will,
With fear and meekness, every task
Of duty to fulfil;

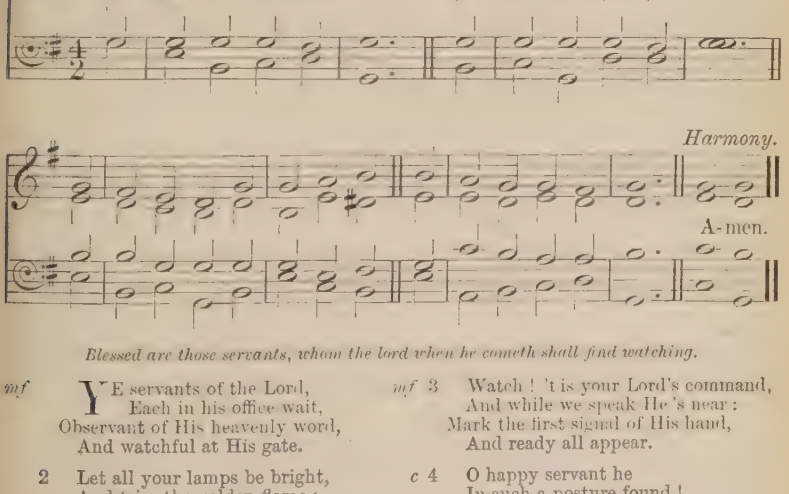
mf 3 At home, by word and deed,
Adorn redeeming grace;
And sow abroad the precious seed
Of truth in every place;

c 4 That thus the wilderness
May blossom like the rose,
And trees spring up of righteousness
Where'er life's river flows.

mf 5 For Thee our all to spend,
Still may we watch and pray,
And, persevering to the end,
Work while it is to-day. AMEN.

J. Montgomery, sel.

St. Michael. **407** *Genevan Psalter*, 1543.



Blessed are those servants, whom the lord when he cometh shall find watching.

mf YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
p For awful is His name.

mf 3 Watch! 't is your Lord's command,
And while we speak He 's near:
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

c 4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

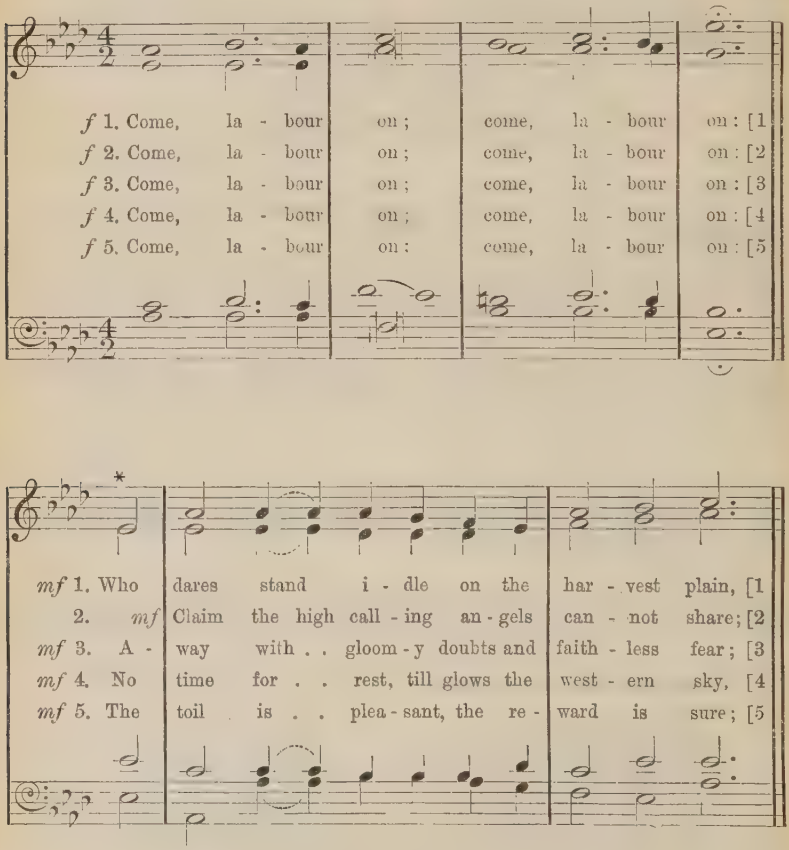
Unis. f 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band. AMEN.

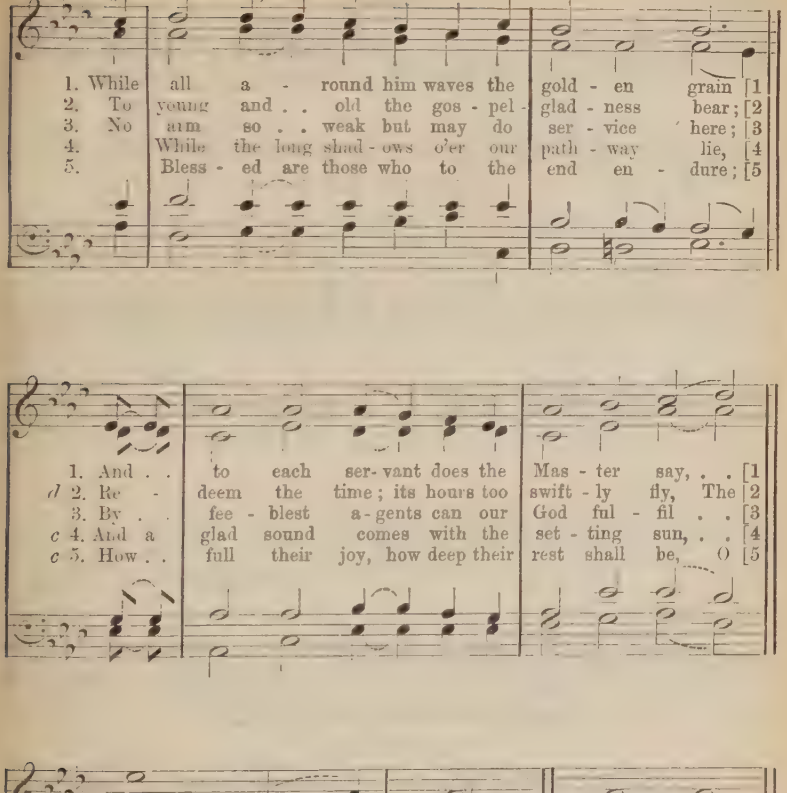
P. Doddridge, alt.

408

Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest.

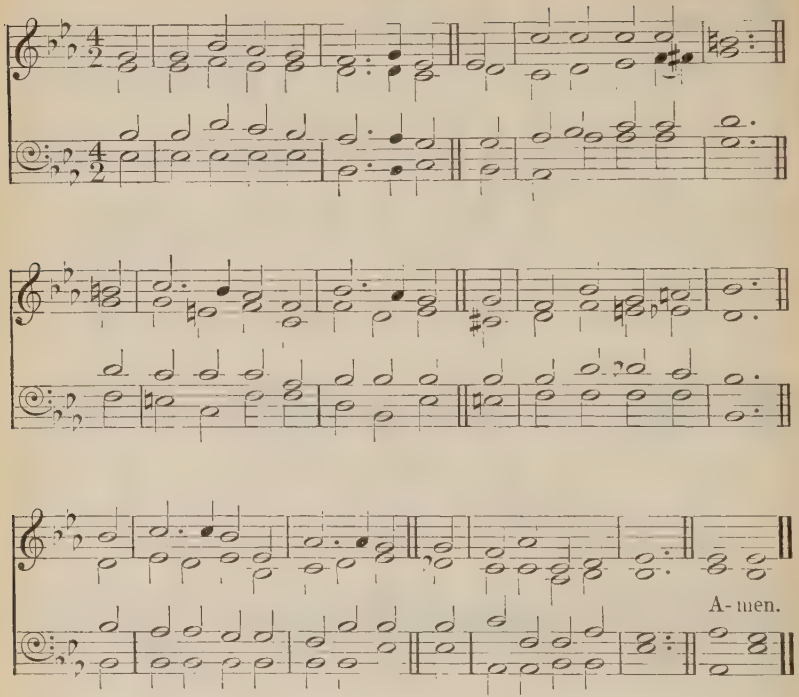
Come, labour on.

T. FACER.

f 1. Come, la - bour on; come, la - bour on: [1
f 2. Come, la - bour on; come, la - bour on: [2
f 3. Come, la - bour on; come, la - bour on: [3
f 4. Come, la - bour on; come, la - bour on: [4
f 5. Come, la - bour on: come, la - bour on: [5
mf 1. Who dares stand i - dle on the har - vest plain, [1
2. mf Claim the high call - ing an - gels can - not share; [2
mf 3. A - way with . . gloom - y doubts and faith - less fear; [3
mf 4. No time for . . rest, till glows the west - ern sky, [4
mf 5. The toil is . . plea - sant, the re - ward is sure; [5

* NOTE.—Chords marked with an asterisk are to be omitted in some of the verses.

1. While all a - round him waves the gold - en grain [1
2. To young and . . old the gos - pel - glad - ness bear; [2
3. No arm so . . weak but may do ser - vice here; [3
4. While the long shad - ows o'er our path - way lie, [4
5. Bless - ed are those who to the end en - dure; [5
1. And . . to each ser - vant does the Mas - ter say, . . [1
d 2. Re - deem the time; its hours too swift - ly fly, The [2
3. By . . fee - blest a - gents can our God ful - fil . . [3
c 4. And a glad sound comes with the set - ting sun, . . [4
c 5. How . . full their joy, how deep their rest shall be, O [5
1. 'Go, work to - - day'?
2. night draws . . nigh.
3. His right - eous will.
4. 'Ser - vants, well done!'
5. Lord, with . . Thee! A - men.

J. L. Borthwick, sel.

Wootton. **409** M. J. Partridge.



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To every man his work.

mp DISMISS me not Thy service, Lord,
But train me for Thy will;
c For even I, in fields so broad,
Some duties may fulfil;
And I will ask for no reward,
Except to serve Thee still.

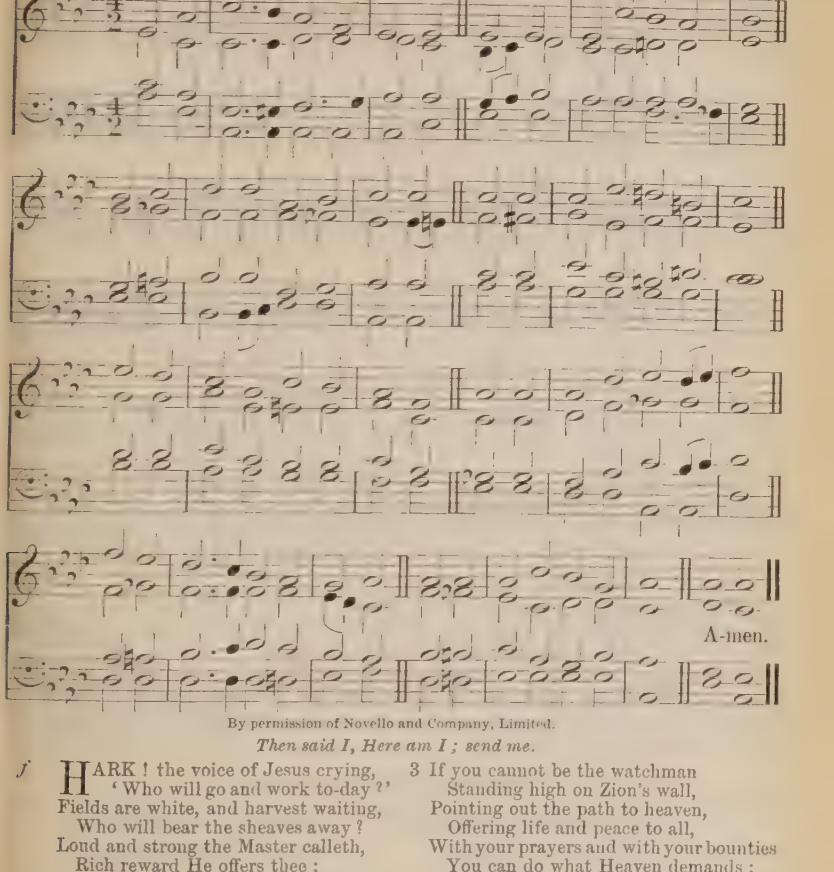
mf 2 How many serve! how many more
May to the service come!
To tend the vines, the grapes to store,
Thou dost appoint for some;
Thou hast Thy young men at the war
Thy little ones at home.

3 All works are good, and each is best
As most it pleases Thee;
Each worker pleases when the rest
He serves in charity;
And neither man nor work unblest
Wilt Thou permit to be.

4 Our Master all the work hath done
He asks of us to-day;
Sharing His service, every one
Share too His sonship may:
d Lord, I would serve and be a son;
p Dismiss me not, I pray. Amen.

T. T. Lynch, sel.

Sanctuary. **410** J. B. Dykes.



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Then said I, Here am I; send me.

f HARK! the voice of Jesus crying,
'Who will go and work to-day?'
Fields are white, and harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and strong the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers thee;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
'Here am I; send me, send me'?

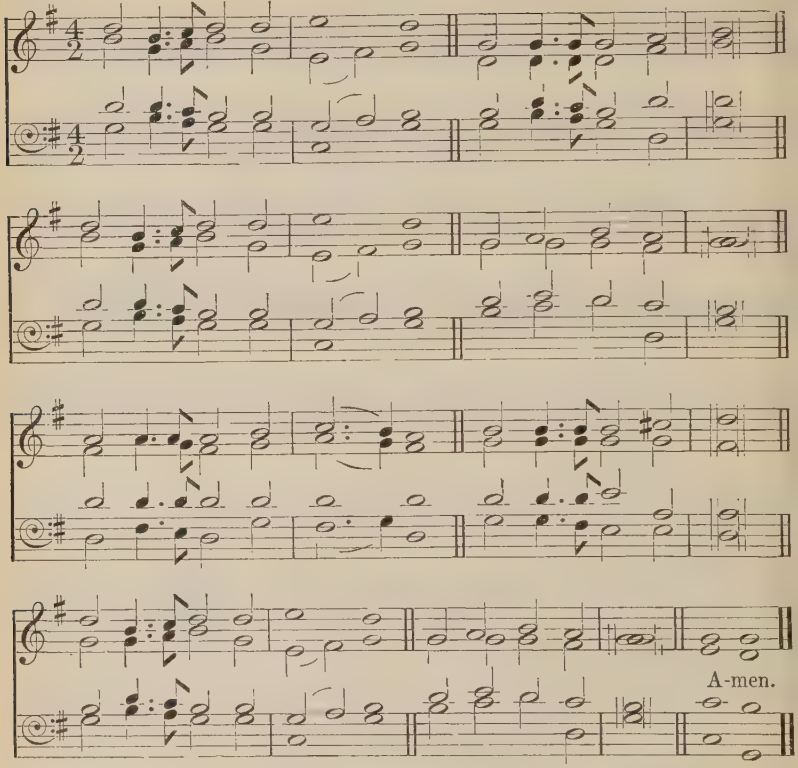
mf 2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
And the least you do for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you cannot be the watchman
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all,
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what Heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron
Holding up the prophet's hands.

4 Let none hear you idly saying,
'There is nothing I can do,'
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
f Take the task He gives you gladly;
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
'Here am I; send me, send me.' AMEN.

D. March, sel. and alt.

Diligence. **411** L. MASON.



The night cometh, when no man can work.

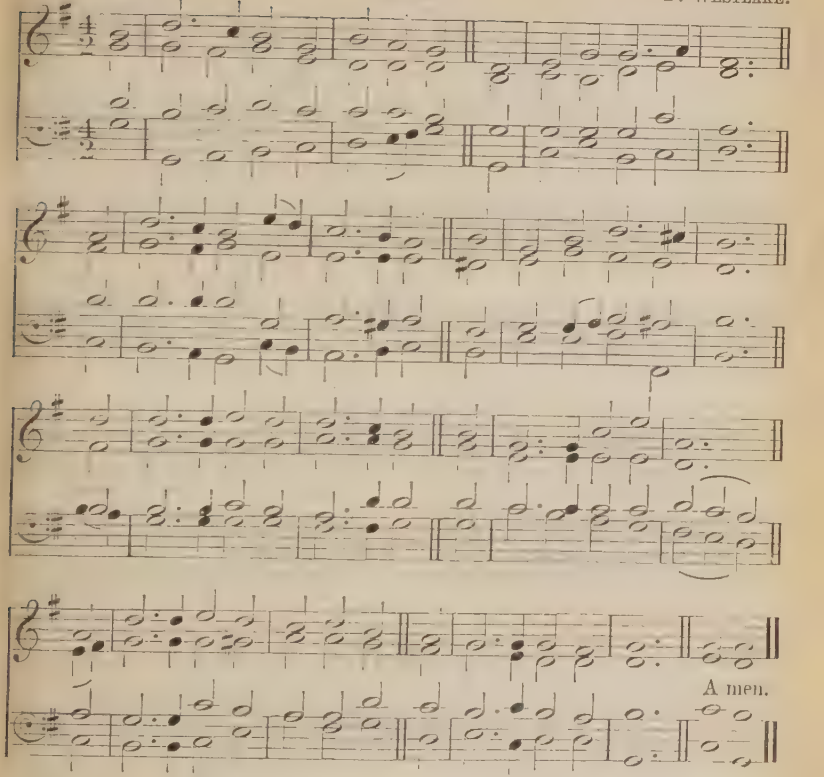
mf WORK, for the night is coming!
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling;
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Under the glowing sun;
d Work, for the night is coming,
p When man's work is done.

mf 2 Work, for the night is coming!
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill the bright hours with labour;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give to each flying minute
Something to keep in store;
d Work, for the night is coming,
p When man works no more.

mf 3 Work, for the night is coming!
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
d Work, while the night is darkening
p When man's work is o'er. AMEN.

A. L. Coghill.

St. Ursula. **412** F. Westlake.



My servants shall sing for joy of heart.

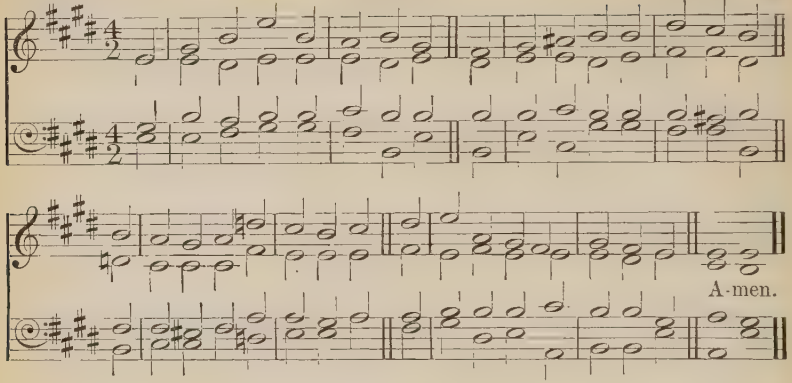
mf O LORD of life, and love, and power,
How joyful life would be
If in Thy service every hour
We lived and moved with Thee,
If youth in all its bloom and might
By Thee were sanctified,
And manhood found its chief delight
In working at Thy side!

2 'Tis ne'er too late, while life shall last,
A new life to begin;
'Tis ne'er too late to leave the past,
And break with self and sin:
c And we this day, both old and young,
Would earnestly aspire
For hearts to nobler purpose strung,
And purified desire.

mf 3 Nor for ourselves alone we plead,
But for all faithful souls
Who serve Thy cause by word or deed,
Who e names Thy book enrols.
c O speed Thy work, victorious King,
And give Thy workers might,
That through the world Thy truth may ring,
And all men see Thy light. Amen.

E. S. Armitage.

Thanksgiving. 413 J. B. Dykes.



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Work: for I am with you.

mf O MASTER, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Thy secret tell; help me to bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

mp 2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

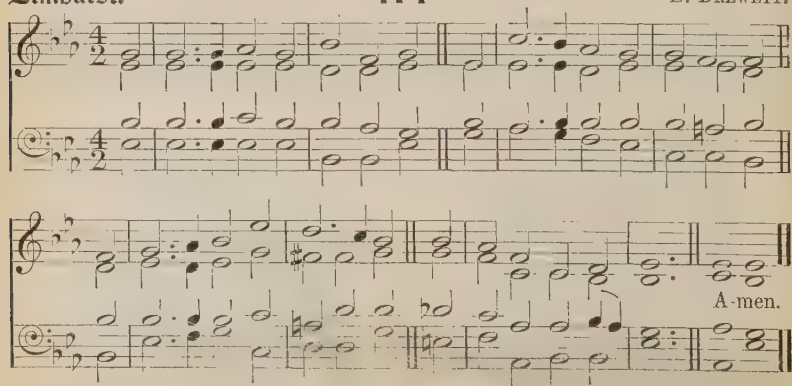
mf 3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

AMEN.

W. Gladden, alt.

Elmhurst. 414 E. Drewett.



[May be sung to 'Trust,' No. 305.]

This commandment have we from Him, that he who loveth God love his brother also.

mf O GOD of mercy, God of might,
In love and pity infinite
Teach us, as ever in Thy sight,
To live our life to Thee.

p 2 And Thou, Who camest on earth to die
That fallen man might live thereby,
c O hear us, for to Thee we cry,
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.

mf 3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,
To feel for those Thy blood hath bought,
That every word and deed and thought
May work a work for Thee.

4 For all are brethren, far and wide,
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died;
Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,
To love them all in Thee.

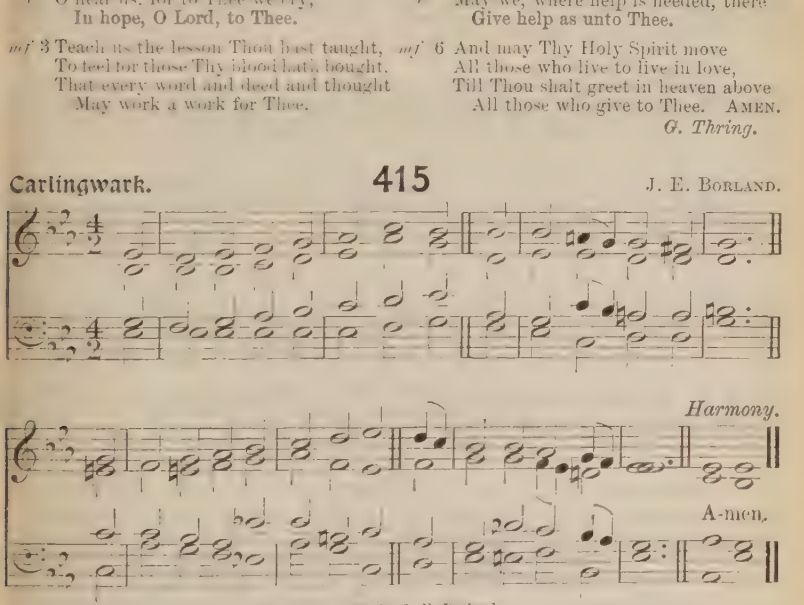
mp 5 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;
c May we, where help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.

mf 6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live to live in love,
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above
All those who give to Thee. AMEN.

G. Thring.

415

Carlingwark. J. E. BORLAND.



Copyright, 1907, by J. E. Borland.

We must work the works of Him That sent Me, while it is day.

mf THE toil of brain, or heart, or hand
Is man's appointed lot;
He who God's call can understand
Will work, and murmur not.

2 Toil is no thorny crown of pain,
Bound round man's brow for sin;
c True souls from it all strength may gain,
High manliness may win.

mf 3 O God, Who workest hitherto,
Working in all we see,
Fain would we be, and bear, and do
As best it pleaseth Thee.

4 Where'er Thou sendest we will go,
Nor any question ask,
And what Thou biddest we will do,
Whatever be the task.

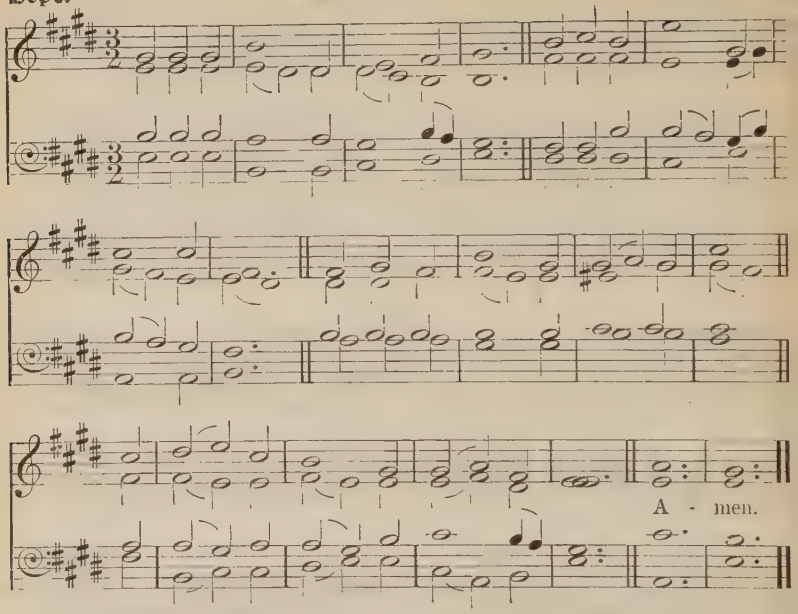
5 Our skill of hand and strength of limb
Are not our own, but Thine;
We link them to the work of Him
Who made all life divine.

Unis. p 6 Our Brother-Friend, Thy holy Son,
Shared all our lot and strife;
c And nobly will our work be done
f If moulded by His life. AMEN.

T. W. Freckleton.

416

Hope. H. S. Irons.



Look therefore carefully how ye walk, not as unwise, but as wise; redeeming the time.

mf HE liveth long who liveth well:
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

2 He liveth long who liveth well:
All else is being flung away;
f He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

3 Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine:
mp Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

mf 4 Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

5 Sow truth if thou the true wouldst reap;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

6 Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

AMEN.

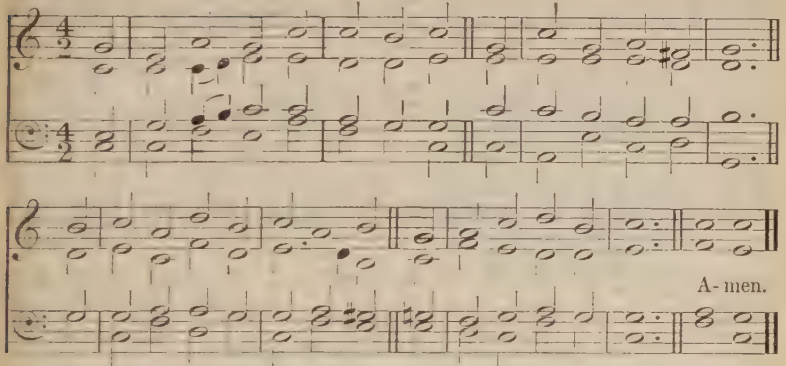
H. Bonar, sel.

The following also are suitable:—

15 O Lord of heaven and earth and sea.
346 Jesus, Master, Whom I serve.
351 Take my life, and let it be.
357 Father, I know that all my life.
467 Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go.

9.—*WARFARE AND VICTORY.*

St. Anne. **417** Ascribed to W. Croft.



They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death.

Full. Unis. *mf* THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
c Who follows in His train?

Full. Har. *p* Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below,
c He follows in His train.

Tenors & Basses. Unis. *mp* 2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save;

Full. Har. Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
c Who follows in his train?

Sopranos & Altos. Unis. *mf* 3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew
And mocked the cross and flame;

Tenors & Basses. Unis. They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
d They bowed their necks the death to feel:
c Who follows in their train?

Full. Har. *mf* 4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;

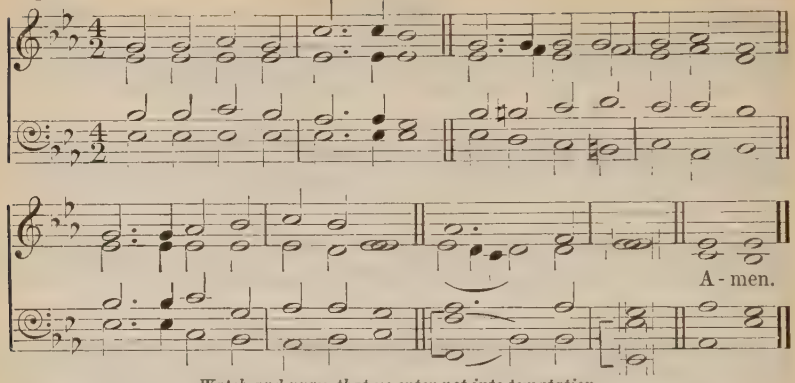
Full. Unis. *f* They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:

Full. Har. *mp* O God, to us may grace be given
rall To follow in their train! Amen.

R. Heber.

418

Vigilate. W. H. Monk.



Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.

mf CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose ;
Cast thy dreams of ease away ;
Thou art in the midst of foes :
p Watch and pray.

mf 2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours :
p Watch and pray.

mf 3 Gird thy heavenly armour on ;
Wear it ever, night and day ;
Ambushed lies the evil one :
p Watch and pray.

mf 4 Hear the victors who o'ercame ;
Still they mark each warrior's way ;
c All with one sweet voice exclaim,
'Watch and pray.'

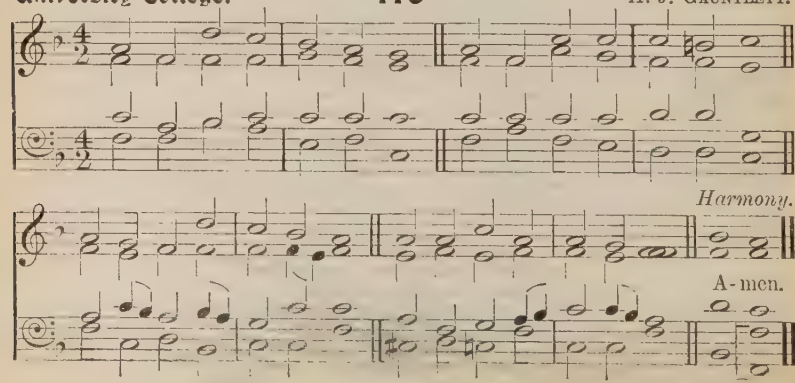
mf 5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey ;
p Hide within thy heart His word,
'Watch and pray.'

mf 6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day ;
Pray, that help may be sent down :
Watch and pray. AMEN.

C. Elliott, alt.

419

University College. H. J. Gauntlett.



Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

mf MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go!
Fight the fight, though worn with strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

f 2 Onward, Christians, onward go!
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not! much doth yet remain,
Dreary is the long campaign.

3 Shrink not, Christians! will ye yield!
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

mf 4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victory soon shall tune your song.

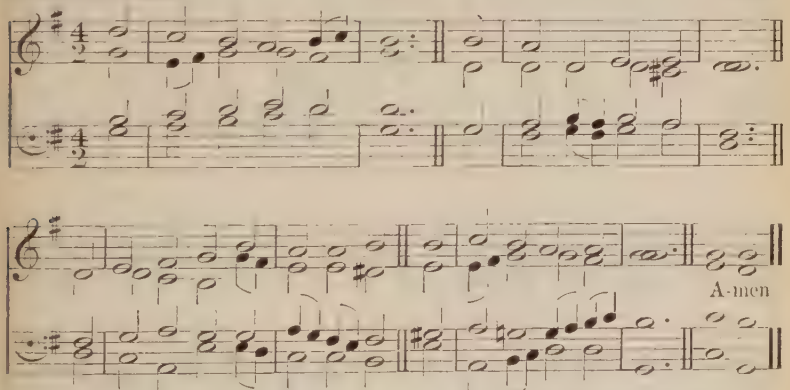
mf 5 Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry:
Let not fears your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

Cuis.

f 6 Onward then to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go! AMEN.

H. K. White & F. S. Colquhoun, alt.

St. Ethelwald. **420** W. H. MONK.



Take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

f SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

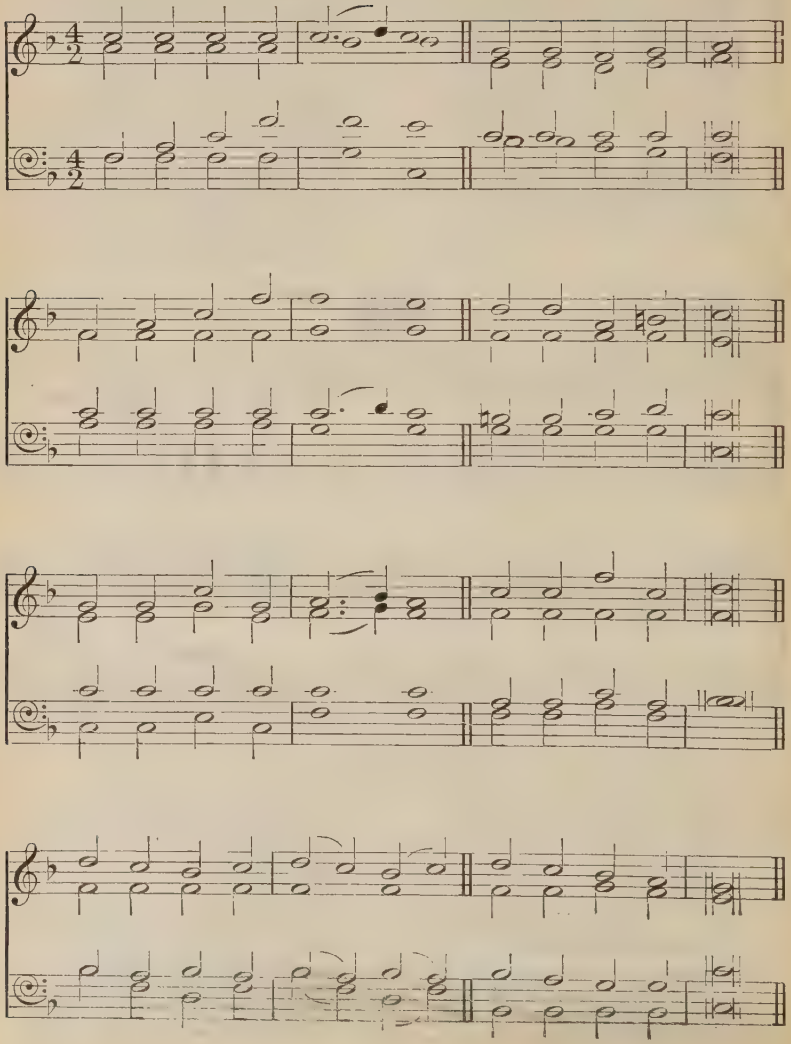
4 To keep your armour bright
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

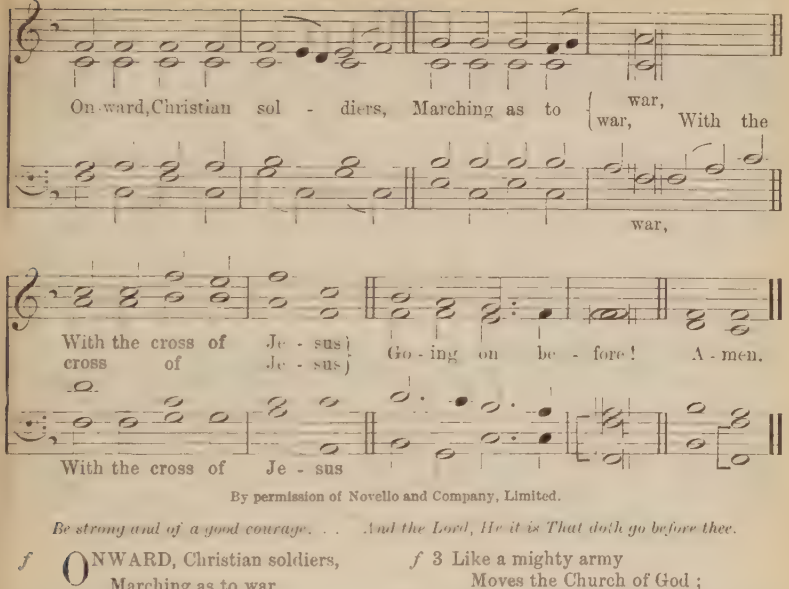
mf 5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day,—

6 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
c Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
f And stand complete at last. AMEN.

C. Wesley, sel.

St. Gertrude. **421** Arthur Sullivan.




On-ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, war, With the
war,
With the cross of Je - sus
cross of Je - sus
Go - ing on be - fore! A - men.
With the cross of Je - sus

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Be strong and of a good courage. . . And the Lord, He it is That doth go before thee.

f ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See! His banners go.

ff *Onward, Christian soldiers,*
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!

f 2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee:
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

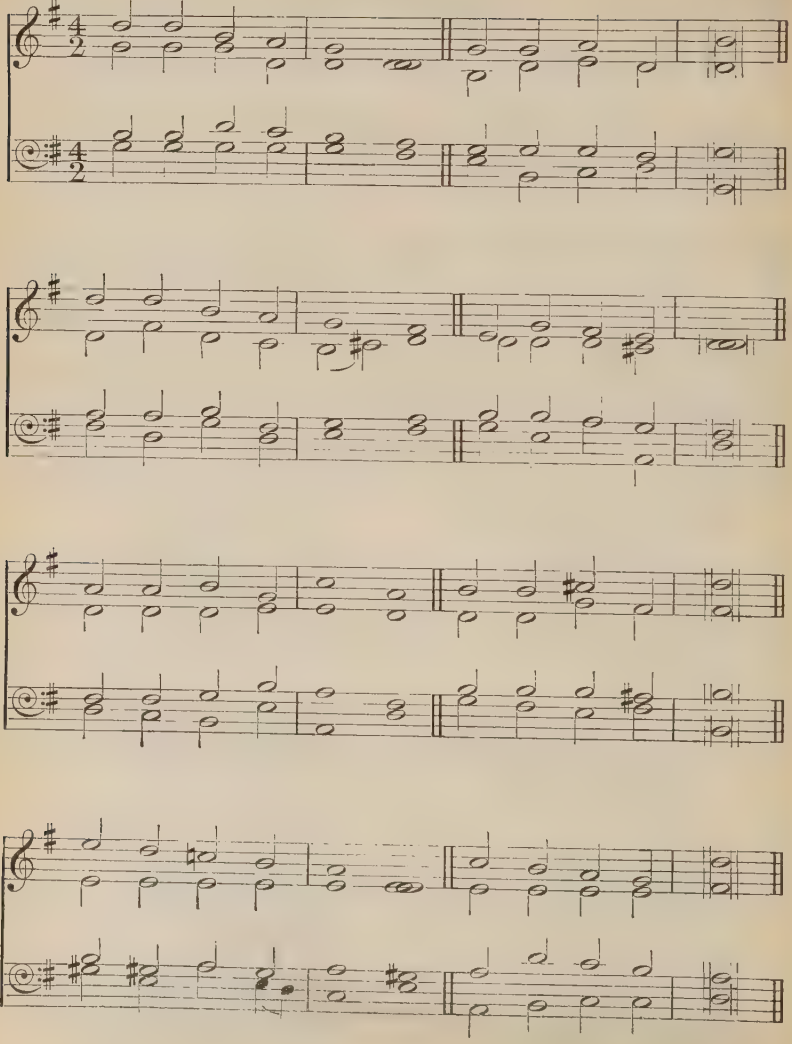
f 3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
mf Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided:
All one body we,—
c One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.

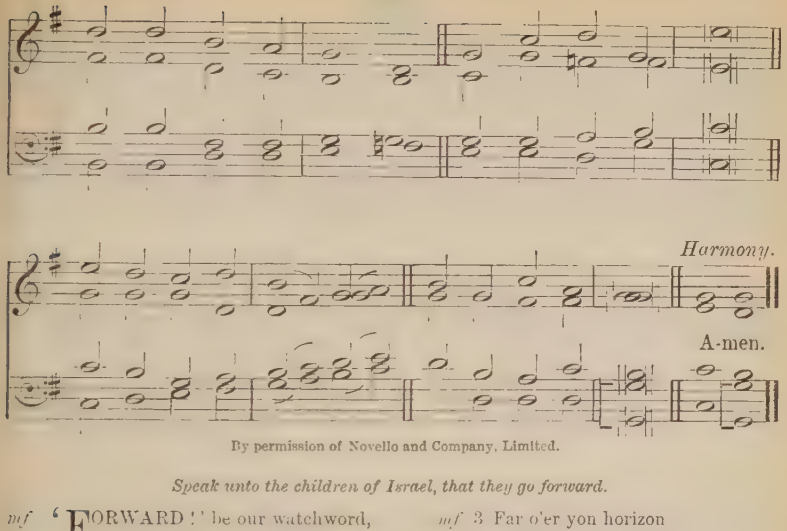
p 4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
c But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
f Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

f 5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song:
'Glory, laud, and honour
Unto Christ the King!'
This, through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.
AMEN.

S. Baring-Gould, sel.

Smart. **422** H. Smart.





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Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.

mf 'FORWARD!' be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind:
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
f Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight;
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light.

mf 2 Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind:
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace;
Faint not, till in glory
Gleams the Father's face.
f Forward, all the life-time:
Climb from height to height,
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light.

mf 3 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold,
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold.
f Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might;
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

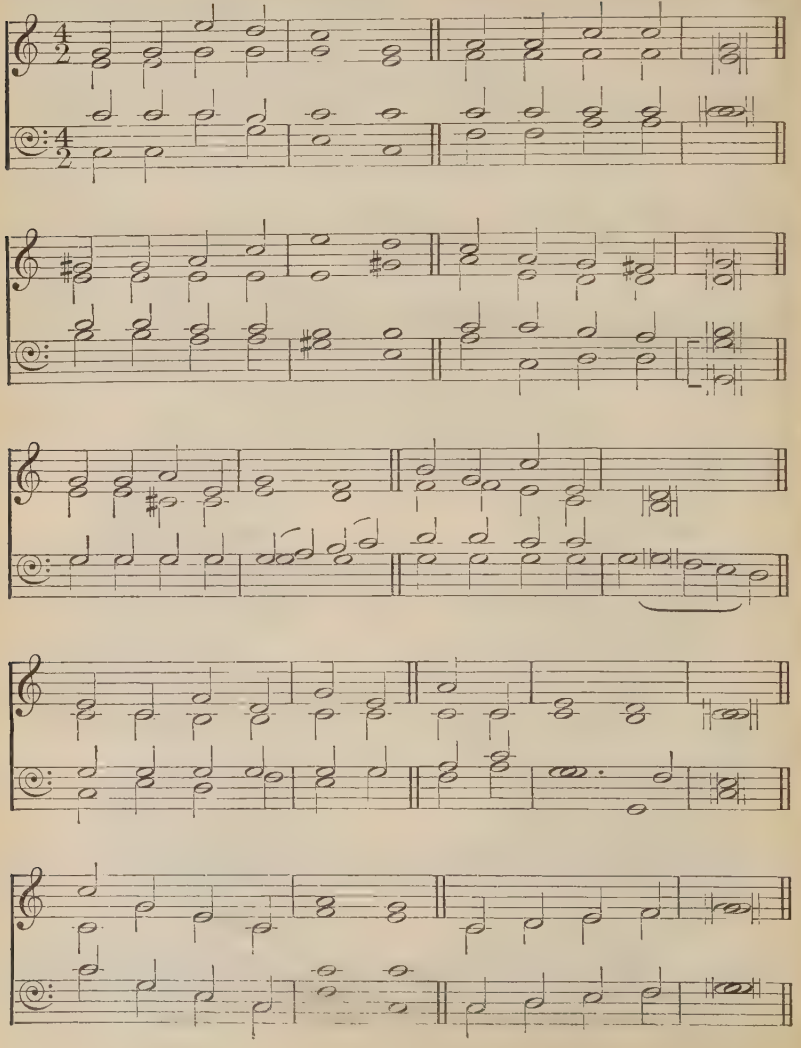
Unis. 4 To the eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise,
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise;
To the Lord of glory,
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honour done.
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night;
o Forward into triumph,
ff Forward into light!
AMEN.

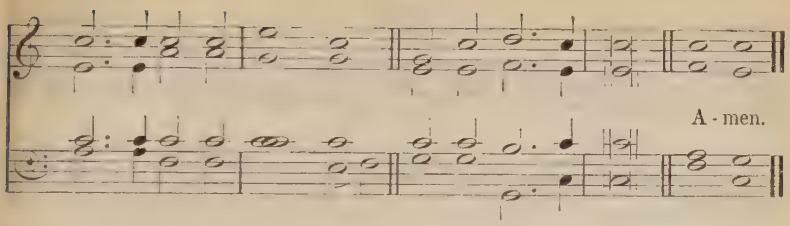
H. Alford, sel. and alt.

R*

423

Armageddon. Wenn ich Ihn nur habe. Adapted by J. Goss.





Who is on the Lord's side?

f WHO is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for Him will go?
p By Thy call of mercy,
c By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
f Saviour, we are Thine.

mf 2 Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm,
p But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died;
c He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side.
f By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

p 3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood
c For Thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
f By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

mf 4 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
c But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure,
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
f Joyfully enlisting,
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

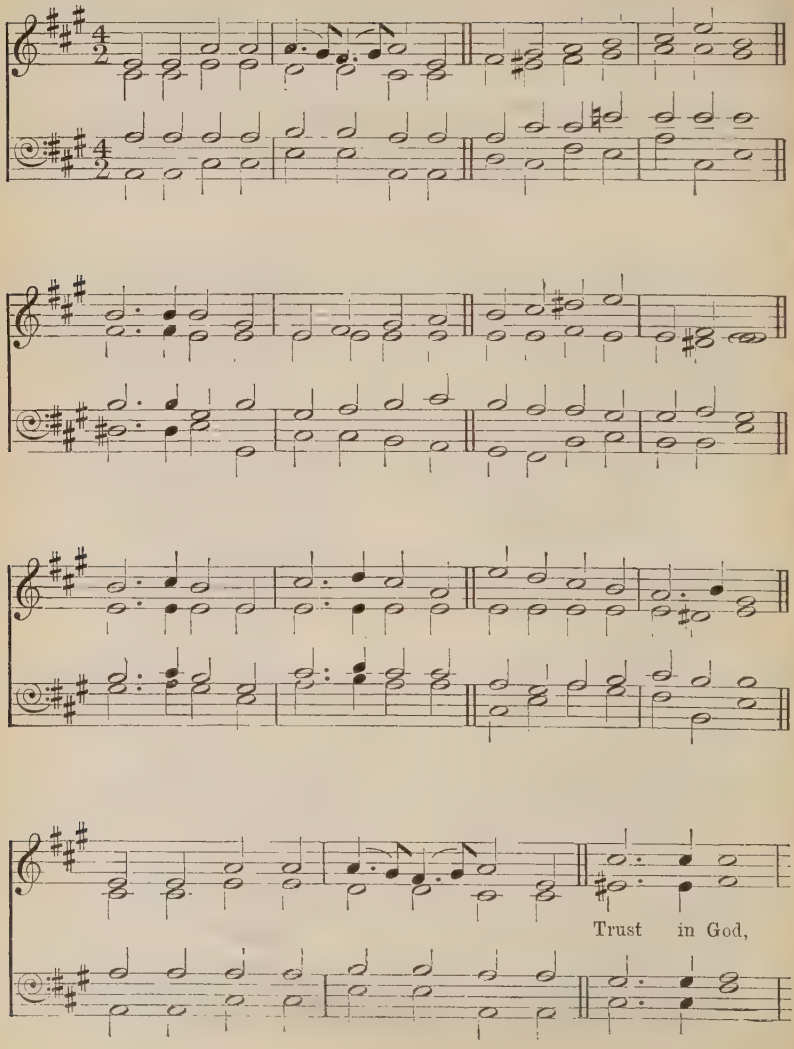
mf 5 Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
Chosen, called, and faithful,
For our Captain's band,
In the service royal
Let us not grow cold;
f Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
mf Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace Divine,
c Always on the Lord's side,
f Saviour, always Thine.

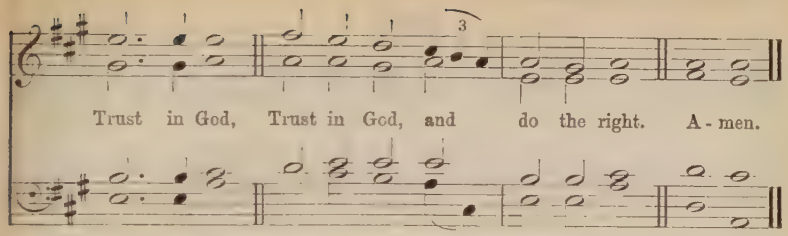
AMEN.

F. R. Havergal, sel.

Courage, Brother. 424

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.





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Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.

f COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
mf There's a star to guide the humble:
'Trust in God, and do the right.'
Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
f Foot it bravely; strong or weary,
Trust in God, and do the right.

mf 2 Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right.
Trust no party, sect, or faction;
Trust no leaders in the fight;
f But in every word and action
Trust in God, and do the right.

mf 3 Trust no lovely forms of passion,—
Fiends may look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion:
Trust in God, and do the right.
Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee:
f Trust in God, and do the right.

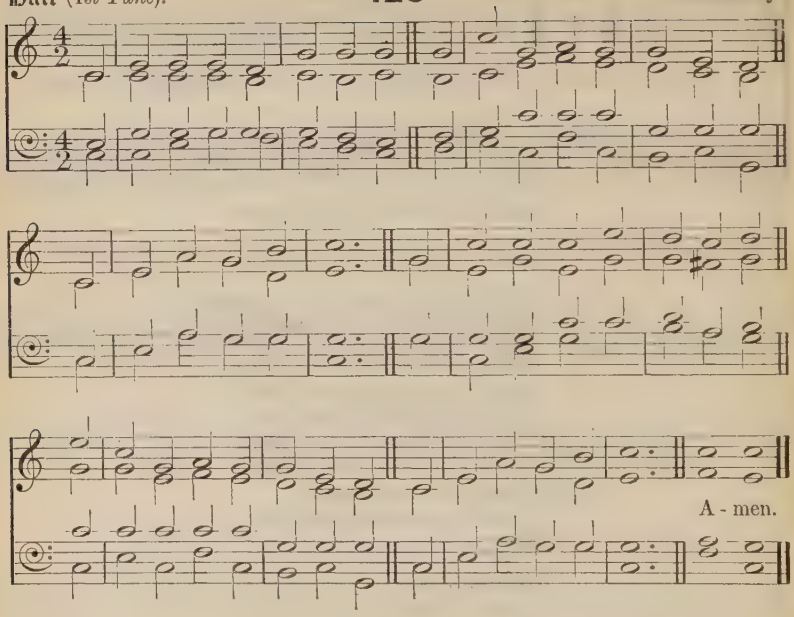
mf 4 Simple rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace, and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding,—
Trust in God, and do the right.
f Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble:
'Trust in God, and do the right.' AMEN.

N. Macleod, alt.

Hull (*1st Tune*).

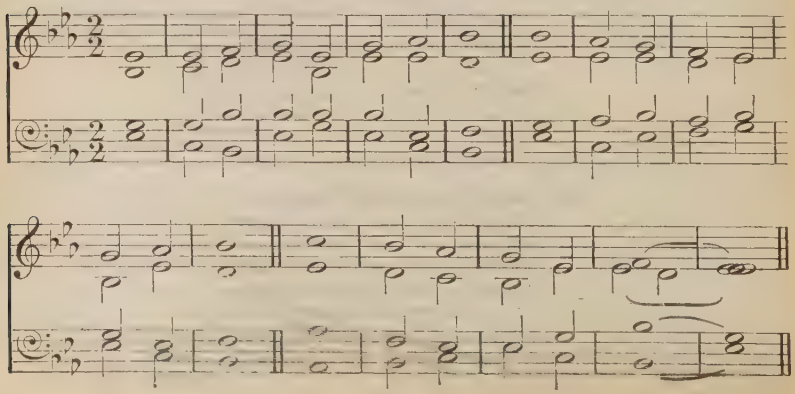
425

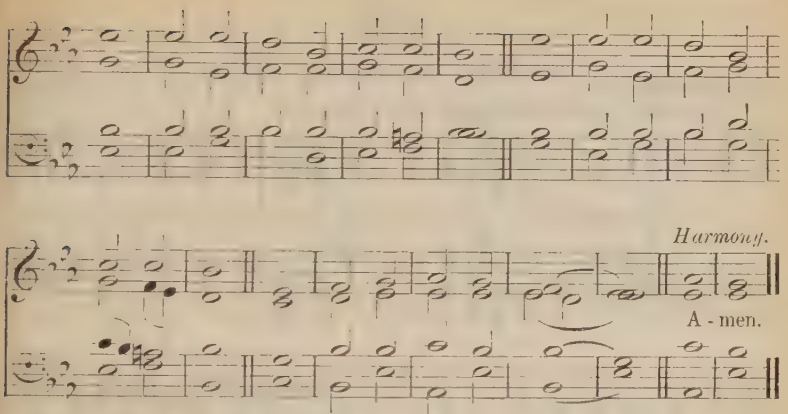
Old Melody.



Westminster College (*2nd Tune*).

Abridged from KÖPPHEL'S *Psalmen und Geistliche Lieder, Strasburg*, 1537. (Ps. 113.)





[When the second tune is sung, the last verse may be in unison.]

Shall not God avenge His own elect, which cry day and night unto Him?

Verzage nicht, du Häuflein klein.

mf FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power;
What though your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

2 Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To Him Who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave it to Him, our Lord:
Though hidden yet from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us and His word.

f 3 As true as God's own word is true,
Nor earth nor hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail:
A jest and byword are they grown;
God is with us, we are His own;
Our victory cannot fail.

mf 4 Amen! Lord Jesus, grant our prayer;
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare,
Fight for us once again;
ff So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end. Amen. AMEN.

Altenburg, tr. C. Winkworth.

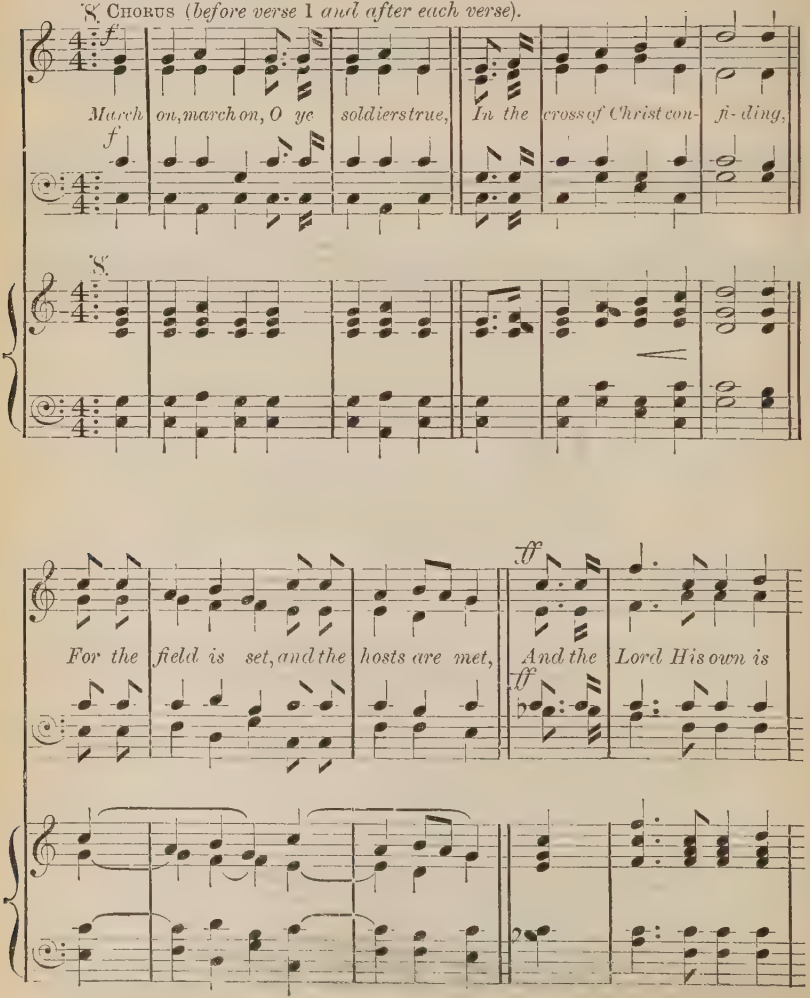
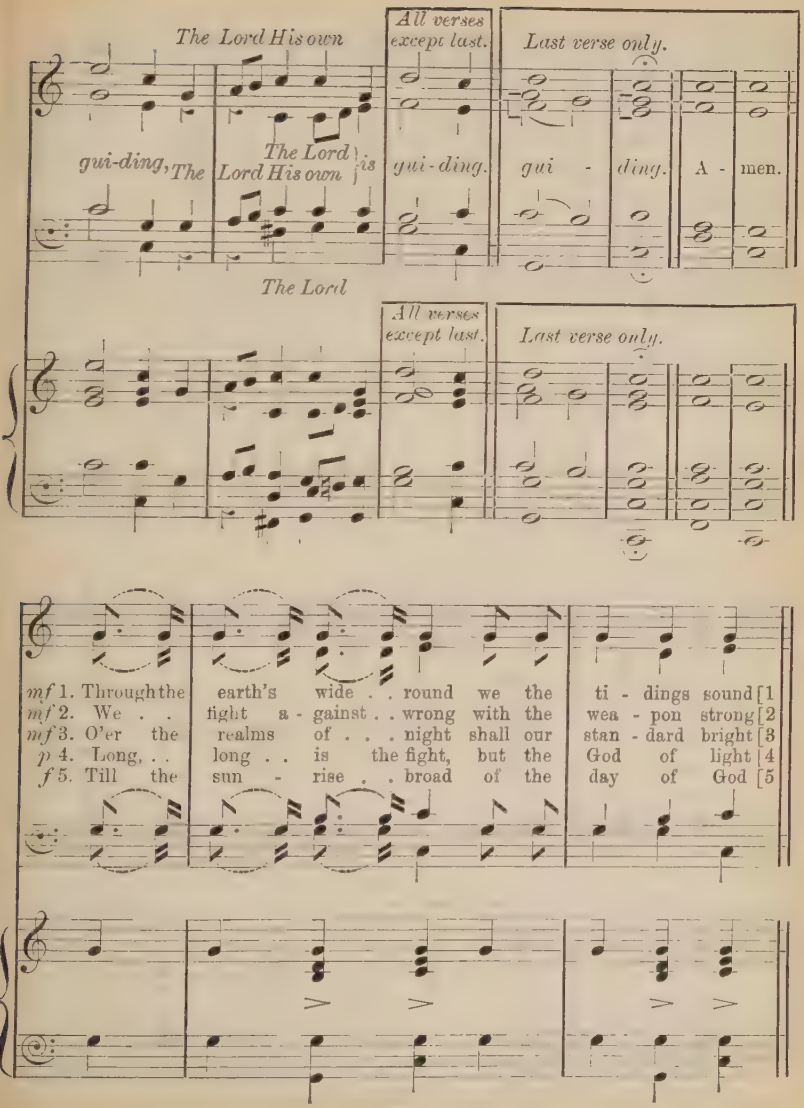
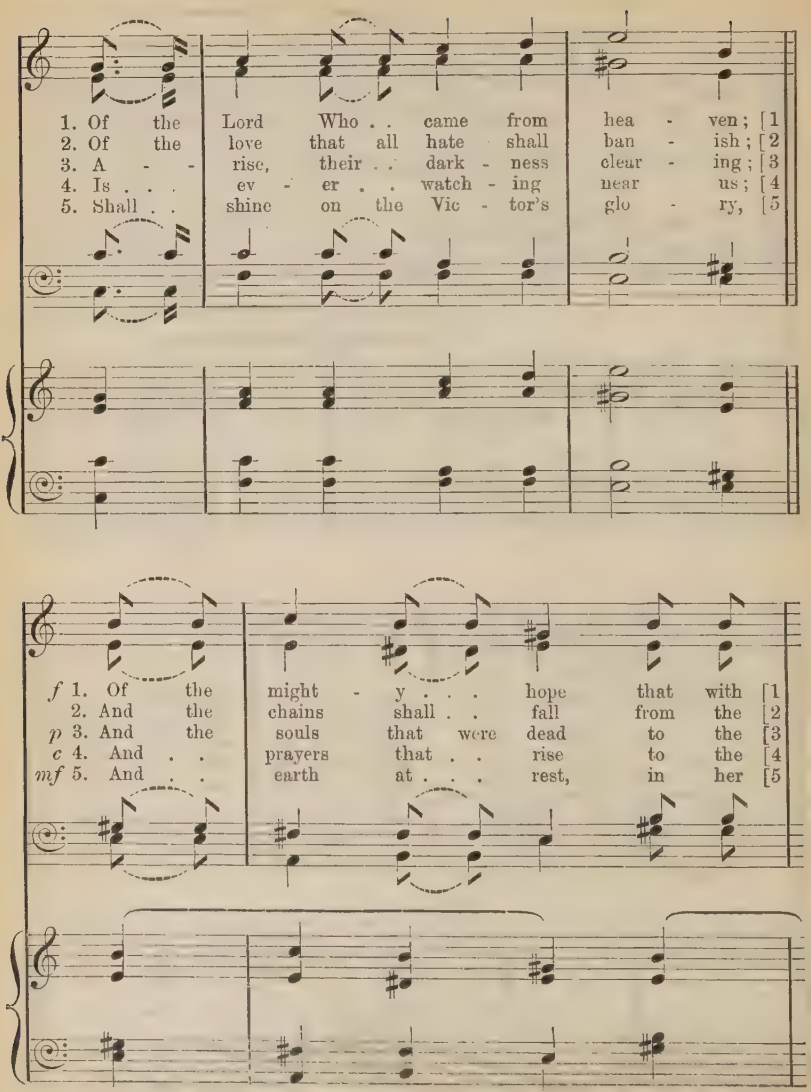
426

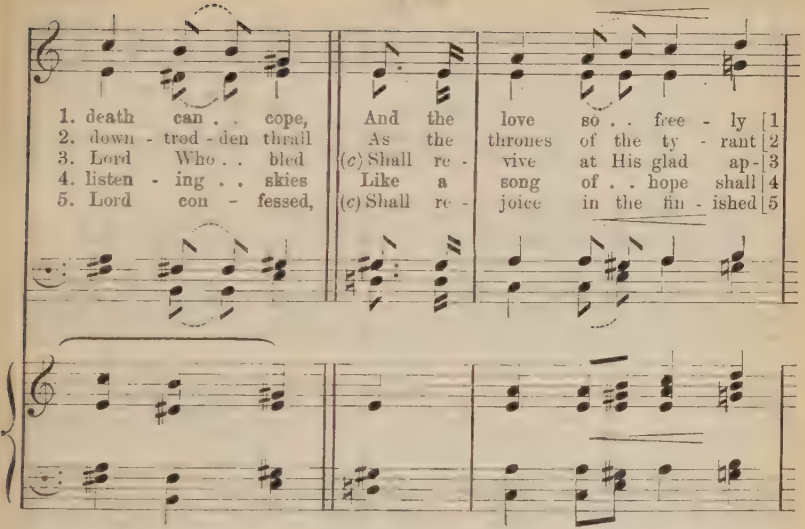
They shall fight, because the Lord is with them.

The Good Fight.

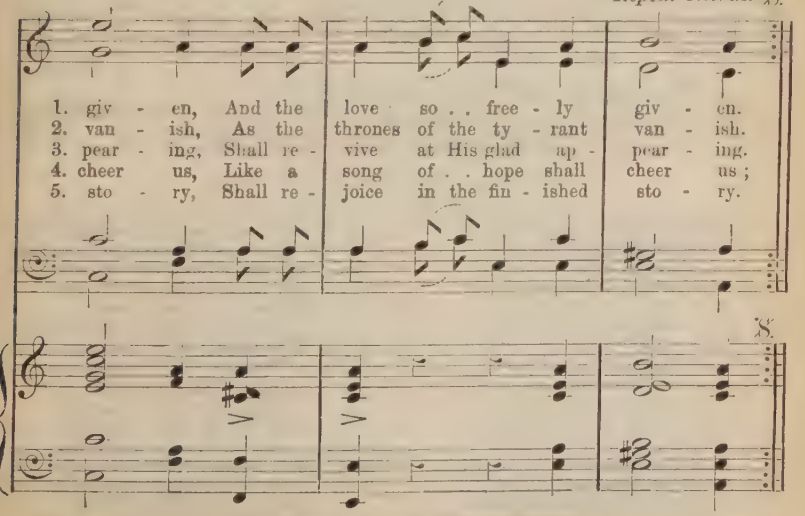
J. BARNBY.

𝄋 CHORUS (*before verse* 1 *and after each verse*).


f
March on, march on, O ye soldiers true, In the cross of Christ con- fi- ding,
f
For the field is set, and the hosts are met, And the Lord His own is
ff
ff

The Lord His own
All verses except last.
Last verse only.
gui-ding, The
The Lord His own
is
gui-ding.
gui - ding.
A - men.
The Lord
All verses except last.
Last verse only.
mf 1. Through the earth's wide . . round we the ti - dings sound [1
mf 2. We . . fight a - gainst . . wrong with the wea - pon strong [2
mf 3. O'er the realms of . . . night shall our stan - dard bright [3
p 4. Long, . . long . . is the fight, but the God of light [4
f 5. Till the sun - rise . . broad of the day of God [5

1. Of the Lord Who . . came from hea - ven; [1
2. Of the love that all hate shall ban - ish; [2
3. A - - rise, their . . dark - ness clear - ing; [3
4. Is . . . ev - er . . watch - ing near us; [4
5. Shall . . shine on the Vic - tor's glo - ry, [5
f 1. Of the might - y . . . hope that with [1
2. And the chains shall . . fall from the [2
p 3. And the souls that were dead to the [3
c 4. And . . prayers that . . rise to the [4
mf 5. And . . earth at . . . rest, in her [5


1. death can . . cope, And the love so . . free - ly [1
2. down - trod - den thrall As the thrones of the ty - rant [2
3. Lord Who . . bled (c) Shall re - vive at His glad ap- [3
4. listen - ing . . skies Like a song of . . hope shall [4
5. Lord con - fessed, (c) Shall re - joice in the fin - ished [5

Repeat Chorus. S.


1. giv - en, And the love so . . free - ly giv - en.
2. van - ish, As the thrones of the ty - rant van - ish.
3. pear - ing, Shall re - vive at His glad ap - pear - ing.
4. cheer us, Like a song of . . hope shall cheer us;
5. sto - ry, Shall re - joice in the fin - ished sto - ry.
S.

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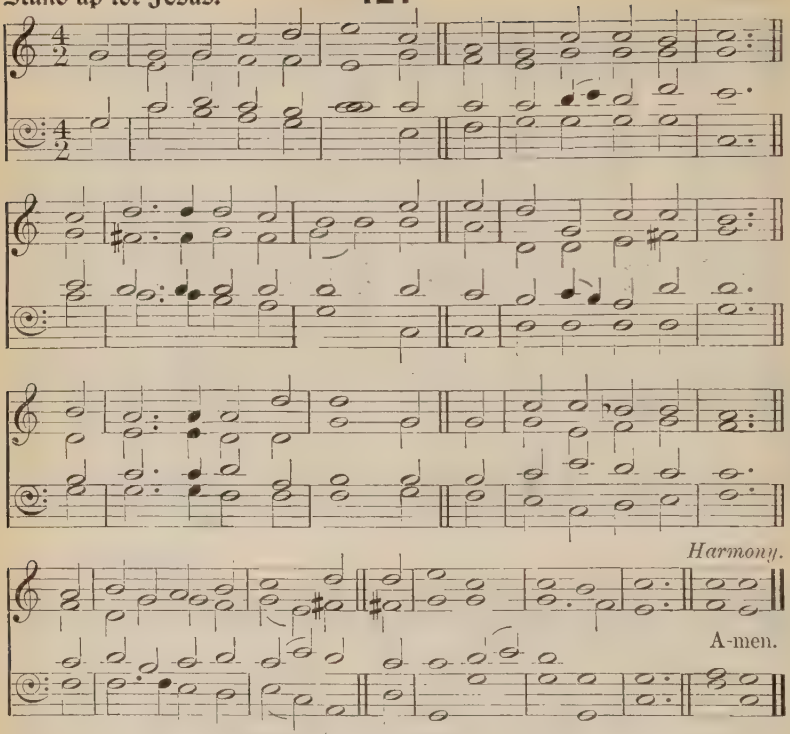
E. S. Armitage, sel.

Stand up for Jesus. 427

J. Barnby.



[May be sung to 'Morning Light,' No. 224.]

Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.

mf STAND up, stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.
f From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

mf 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet-call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day!
Ye that are men, now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
f Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

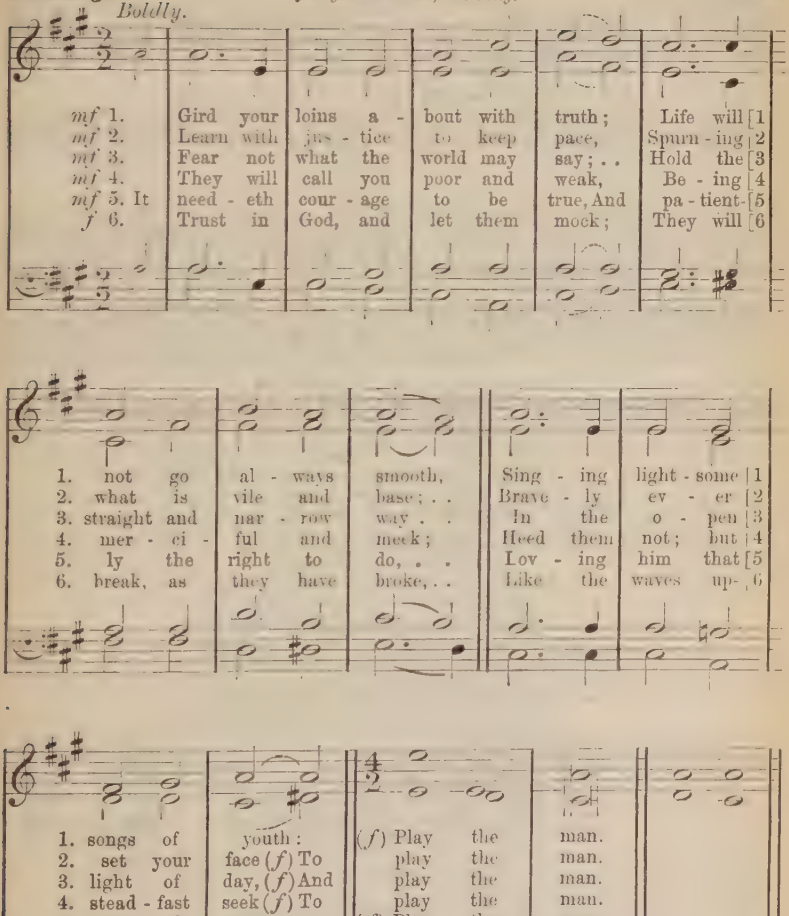
mf 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone:
d The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own.
f Put on the gospel armour;
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

mf 4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
Unis. f To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally. Amen.

G. Duffield, sel.

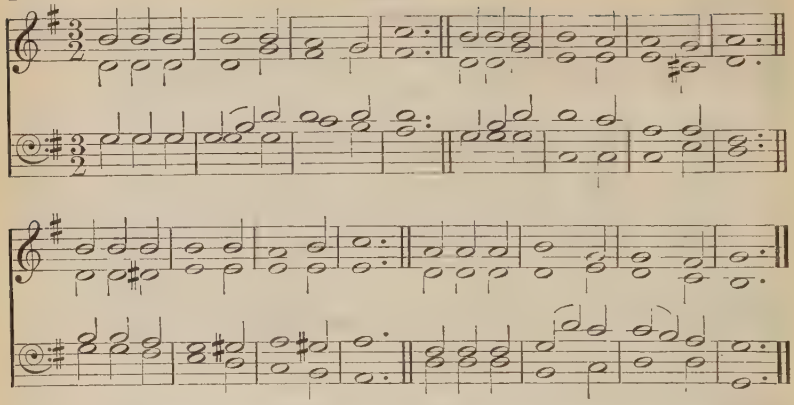
428

Buckley. *Quit you like men, be strong.* J. R. Griffiths.

Boldly.

mf 1. Gird your loins a - bout with truth; Life will [1
mf 2. Learn with jus - tice to keep pace, Spurn - ing [2
mf 3. Fear not what the world may say; . . Hold the [3
mf 4. They will call you poor and weak, Be - ing [4
mf 5. It need - eth cour - age to be true, And pa - tient- [5
f 6. Trust in God, and let them mock; They will [6
1. not go al - ways smooth, Sing - ing light - some [1
2. what is vile and base; . . Brave - ly ev - er [2
3. straight and nar - row way . . In the o - pen [3
4. mer - ci - ful and meek; Heed them not; but [4
5. ly the right to do, . . Lov - ing him that [5
6. break, as they have broke, . . Like the waves up- [6
1. songs of youth:
2. set your face (f) To
3. light of day, (f) And
4. stead - fast seek (f) To
5. wrong - eth you: . .
6. on the rock: . .
(f) Play the man.
play the man.
play the man.
play the man.
(f) Play the man.
Play the man. A - men.

W. C. Smith.

Pentecost. **429** W. Boyd.

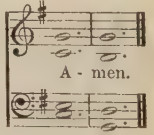


I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

mf FIGHT the good fight
With all thy might;
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right.
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race
Through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies;
c Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

mf 3 Cast care aside;
Upon thy Guide
Lean, and His mercy will provide,—
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

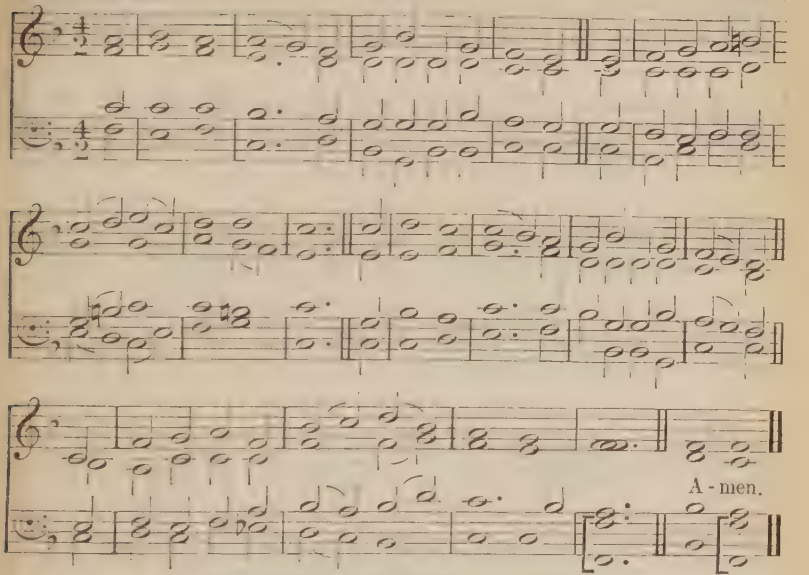
4 Faint not, nor fear;
His arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
c Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

J. S. B. Monsell.

The following also are suitable:—

174 Lord of our life, and God of our salvation.
229 Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass.
236 Soldiers of the cross, arise!
296 A safe stronghold our God is still.
461 Who are these, like stars appearing?
687 Now Israel may say (Ps. 124).

10.—*PILGRIMAGE AND REST.*

Marlborough. **430** Anon.



[May be sung to 'O Perfect Love,' No. 529.]

Again a little while, and ye shall see Me.

mf O FOR the peace which floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
O for the faith to grasp heaven's bright 'for ever,'
Amid the shadows of earth's 'little while':—

p 2 A little while for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong;
A little while, to sow the seed with weeping,
c Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song;

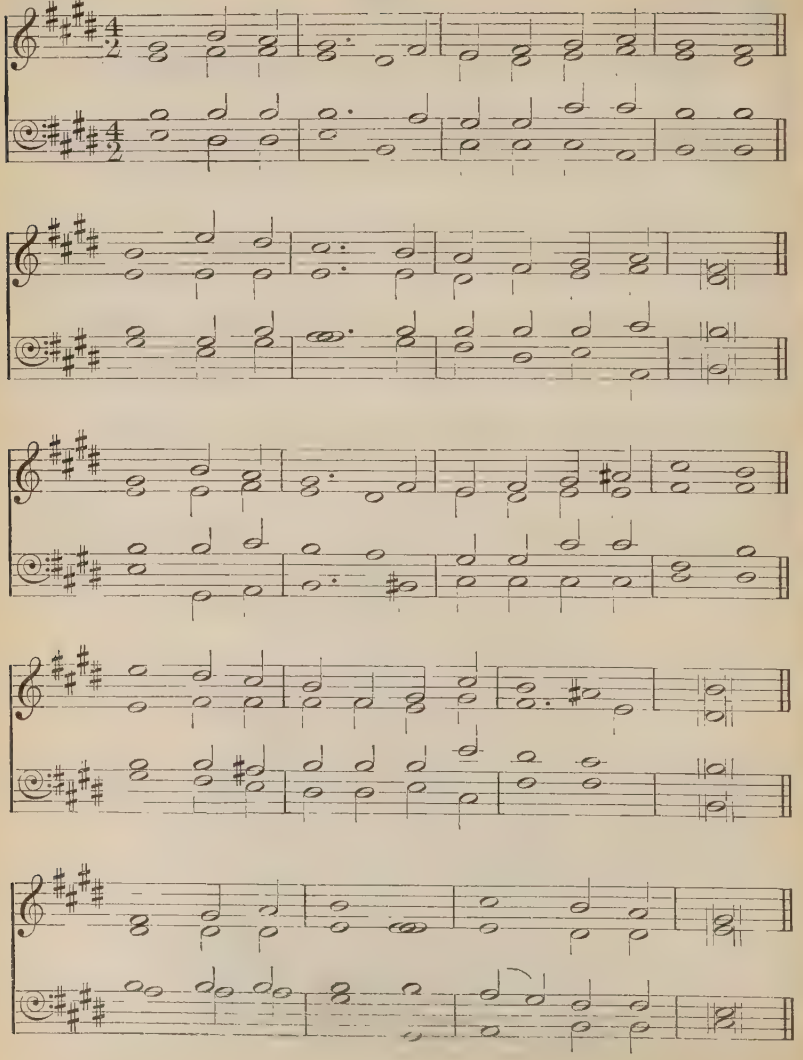
mf 3 A little while, the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed;
Then the cool lip its thirst for ever slaking
Beside the fulness of the fountain-head;

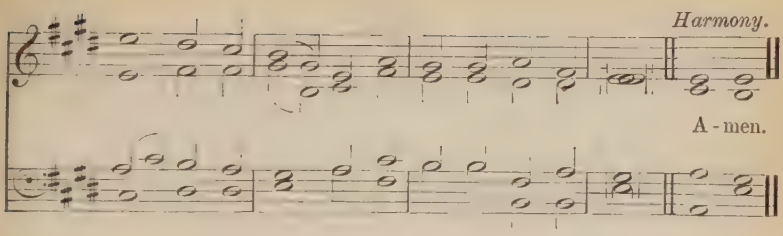
4 A little while, to keep the oil from failing;
A little while, faith's flickering lamp to trim,—
c And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
f To haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

mf 5 And He Who is Himself the Gift and Giver,
The future glory and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad 'for ever'
Will light the shadows of the 'little while.' AMEN.

J. Crewdson, sel.

Pilgrims. **431** H. Smart.





With gladness and rejoicing shall they be led: they shall enter into the King's palace.

mf HARK! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

p *Angels of Jesus, angels of light,*
c *Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.*

mf 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
p 'Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come':
mf And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

p 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
c Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

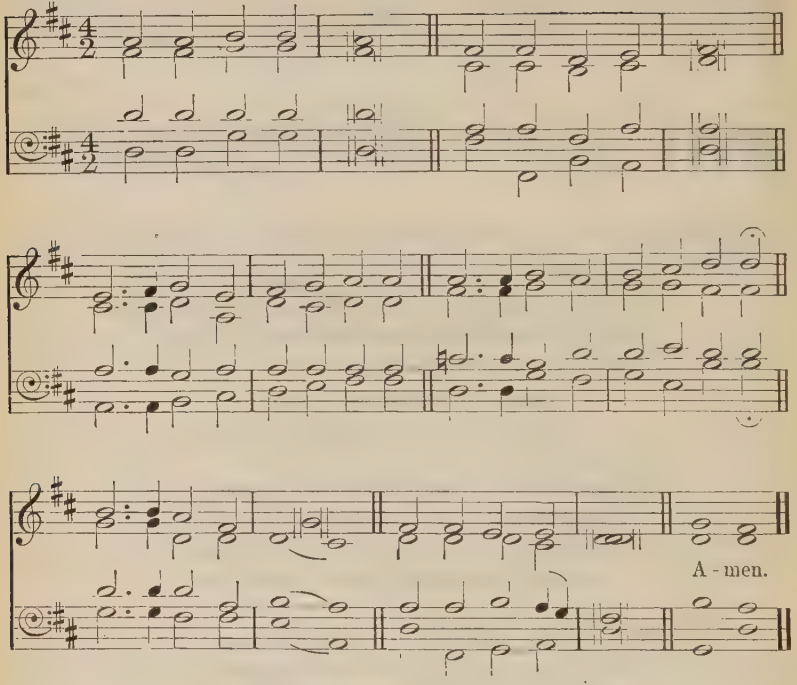
mf 4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
c And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Unis. mf 5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
c Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

AMEN.

F. W. Faber, sel. and alt.

St. Hubert. **432** L. Darwall.



My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.

Jesu, geh' voran.

mf JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And, although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless;
Guide us by Thy hand
To our fatherland.

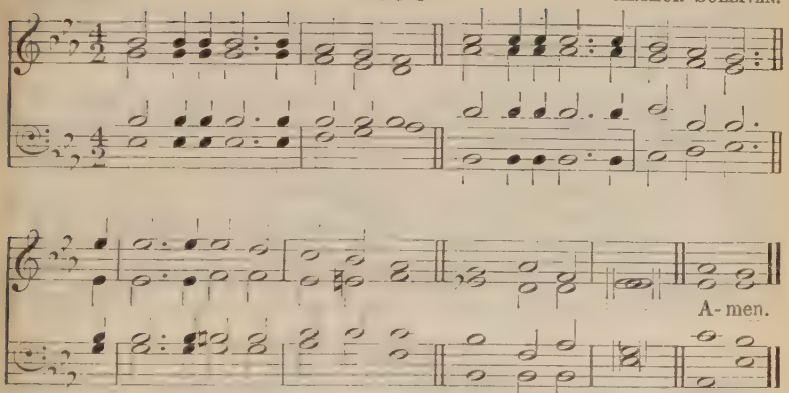
p 2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
c Let not faith and hope forsake us
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

p 3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppressed by new temptations,
c Lord, increase and perfect patience;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

mf 4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won:
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland. AMEN.

von Zinzendorf, tr. J. L. Borthwick.

Banford. **433** Arthur Sullivan.



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They forsook all, and followed Him.

mf THROUGH good report and evil, Lord,
Still guarded by Thy faithful word,
Our staff, our buckler, and our sword,
We follow Thee.

2 In silence of the lonely night,
In the full glow of day's clear light,
Through life's strange windings, dark or bright,
We follow Thee.

3 Strengthened by Thee, we forward go,
'Mid smile or scoff of friend or foe;
Through pain or ease, through joy or woe
We follow Thee.

p 4 With enemies on every side,
We lean on Thee, the Crucified;
Forsaking all on earth beside,
We follow Thee.

mf 5 Great Master, point Thou out the way,
Nor suffer Thou our steps to stray;
Then, in the path that leads to day,
We follow Thee.

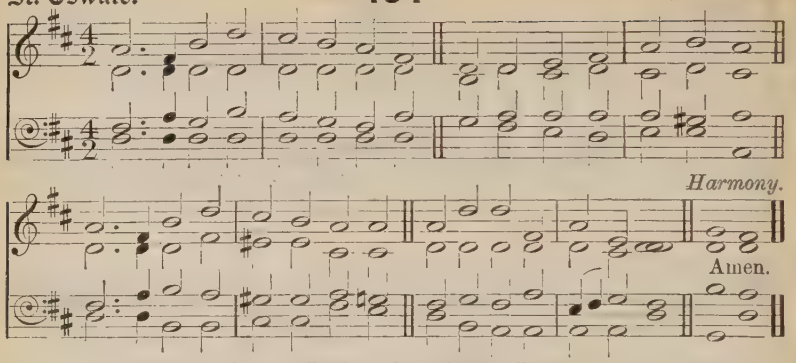
6 Thou hast passed on before our face;
Thy footsteps on the way we trace;
O keep us, aid us by Thy grace:
We follow Thee.

7 Whom have we in the heaven above,
Whom on this earth, save Thee, to love?
c Still in Thy light we onward move:
We follow Thee. Amen.

H. Bonar.

434

St. Oswald. J. B. Dykes.



Ye are called in one hope of your calling.

Igjennem Nat og Trængsel.

mf THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.

2 Clear before us, through the darkness,
Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night;

3 One the light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread;

4 One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires;

f 5 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
d One the conflict, one the peril;
c One the march in God begun;

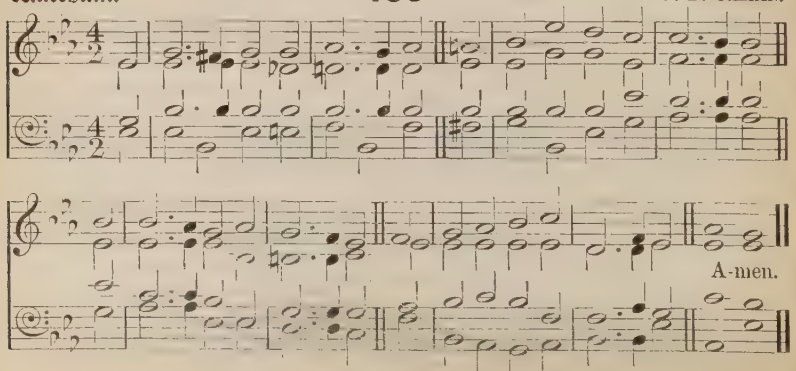
Unis. f 6 One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the one almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

AMEN.

Ingemann, tr. S. Baring-Gould, sel.

435

Waltham. J. B. Calkin.



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Thou leddest them in the day by a cloudy pillar; and in the night by a pillar of fire.

Har.

mf WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out of the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
p An awful Guide, in smoke and flame.

mf 2 By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow:
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Unis. Returned the fiery column's glow.

f 3 There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen,
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.

p 4 No portents now their foes amaze;
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Their fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

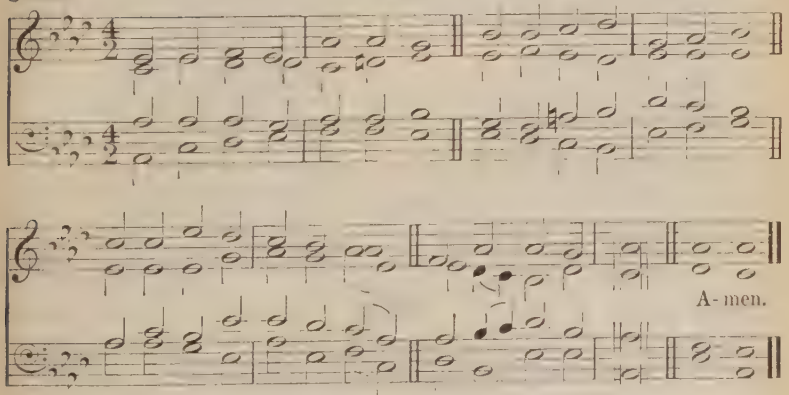
mf 5 But present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray;

p 6 And O, when stoops on Judah's path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
c Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!
AMEN.

W. Scott, sel. and alt.

436

Irene. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.



At Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

mp WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one
Rest for evermore.

2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled,—
Peace for evermore.

3 When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of Thy day,
c Bid us hail the cheering ray,—
Light for evermore.

mp 4 When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
c Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore.

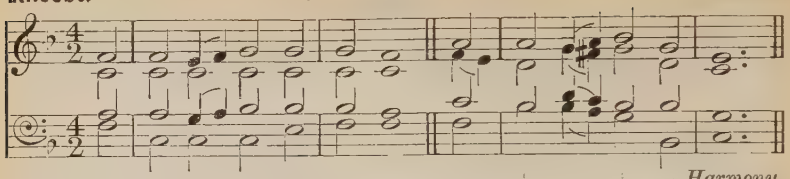
p 5 When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
c Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love for evermore.

pp 6 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
c Lord of Life, be ours Thy crown,—
f Life for evermore. AMEN.

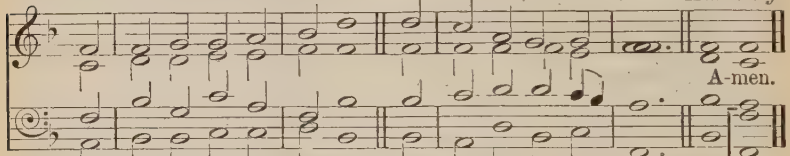
J. Ellerton.

437

Knecht. **Der niedern Menschheit Hülle.** J. H. KNECHT.



Harmony.



As the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ.

mf O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow
To Jesus as your Head!

2 O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men;
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

p 3 The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due;
c The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

mf 4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,—

5 What are they but the heralds
To lead you to His sight?
What are they save the effluence
Of uncreated light?

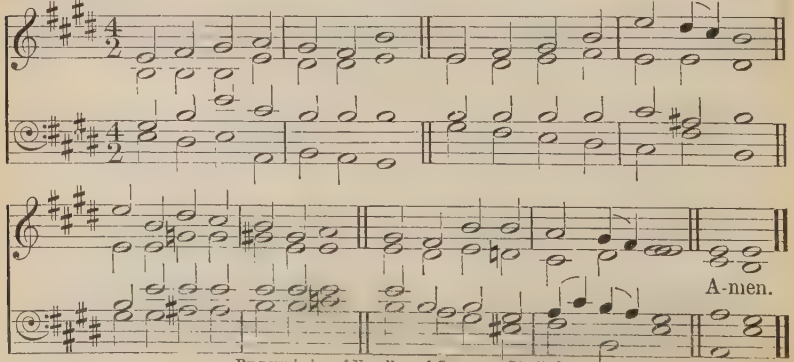
mp 6 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,—

c 7 What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

Unis. f 8 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize. AMEN.

J. M. Neale.

Laudate Pueri. **438** F. G. EDWARDS.



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The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion.

mf CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

Unis. f 3 Shout, ye little flock and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

Har. mf 4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light;
Zion's city is in sight:
There our endless home shall be;
There our Lord we soon shall see.

Unis. f 5 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

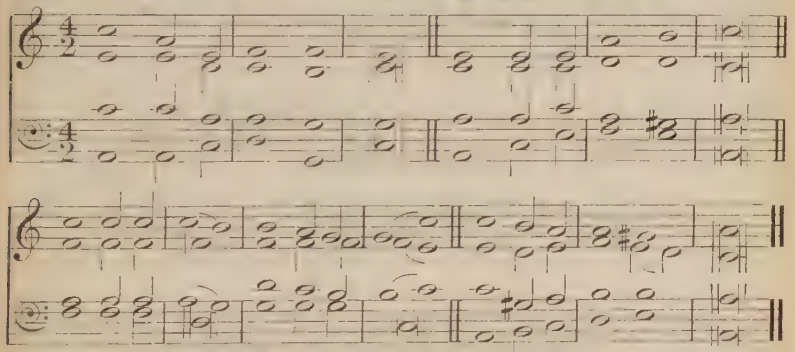
Har. mf 6 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

AMEN.

J. Cennick, sel.

439

Lyte. J. WILKES.

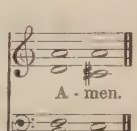


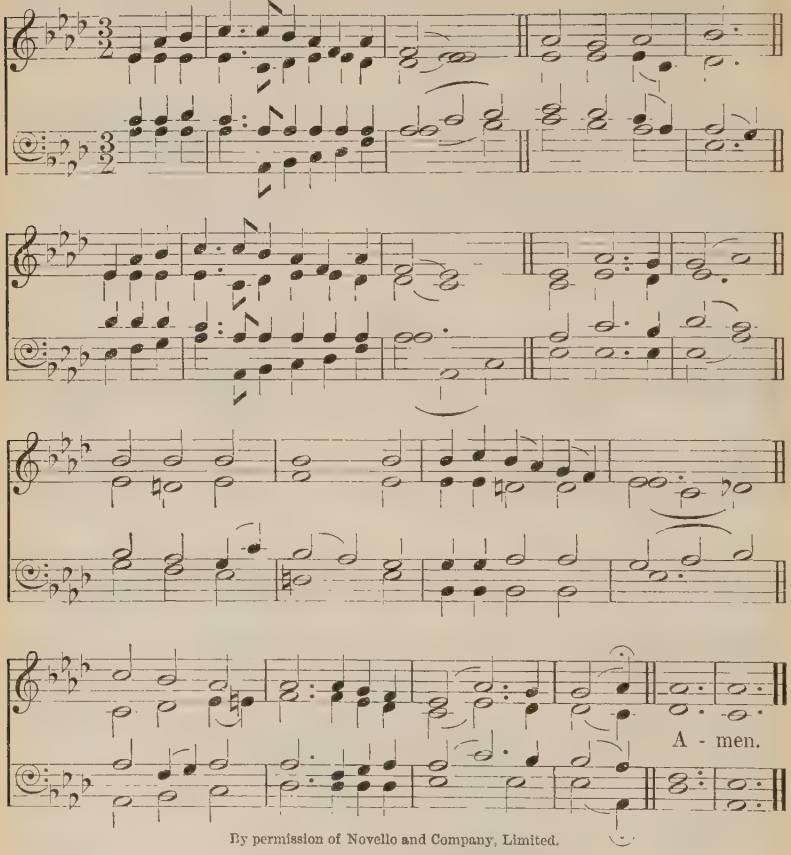
My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

p FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
c Fainting I cry, 'Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest.'

p 2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns
When I remember thee.

mf 3 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

mp 4 God of my life, be near;
On Thee my hopes I cast;
c O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last!

H. F. Lyte, sel.

Lux Benigna (*1st Tune*). **440** J. B. Dykes.

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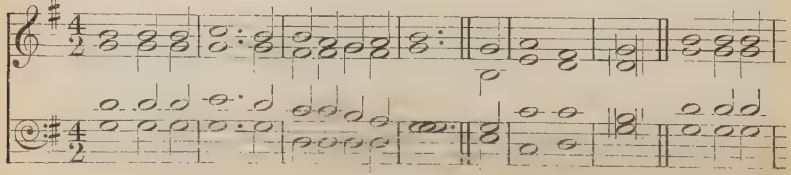
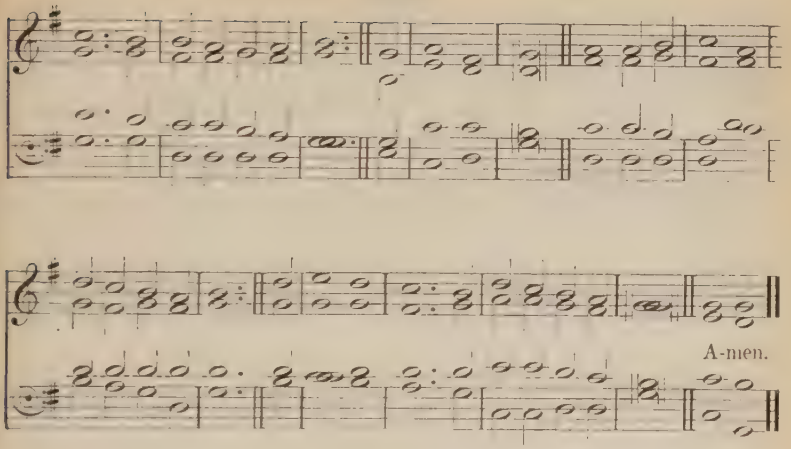
Sandon (*2nd Tune*). C. H. Purday.





I am the light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.

mf LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
mp The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on.
mf Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene: one step enough for me.

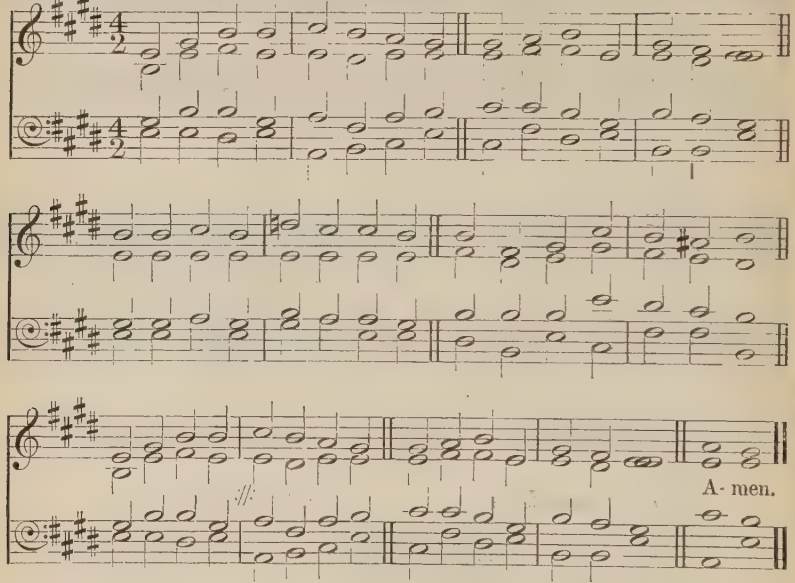
2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: (*p*) remember not past years.

mf 3 So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
c And with the morn those angel faces smile
d Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile. AMEN.

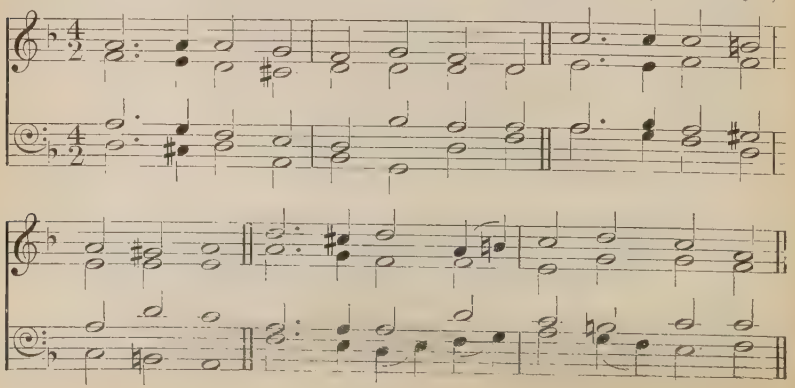
J. H. Newman.

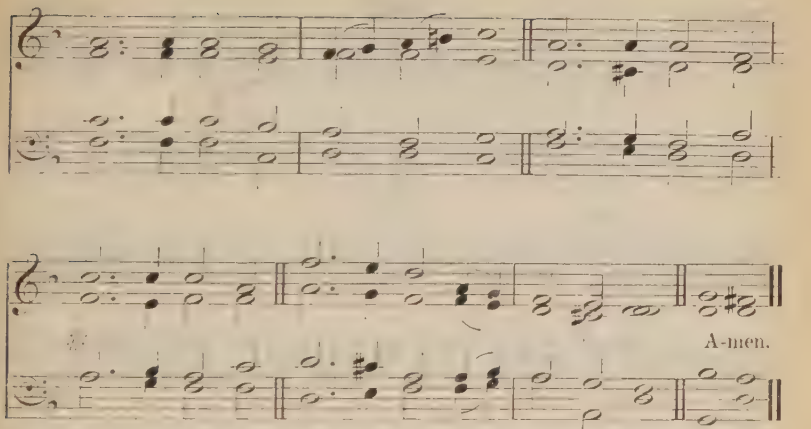
441

Mannheim (*1st Tune*). Auf, auf, weil der Tag erschienen. F. Filitz.



Arduduwy (*2nd Tune*). J. Roberts (Ieuan Gwyllt).





This God is our God for ever and ever: He will be our guide even unto death.

Arglwydd, arwain trwy'r anialwch.

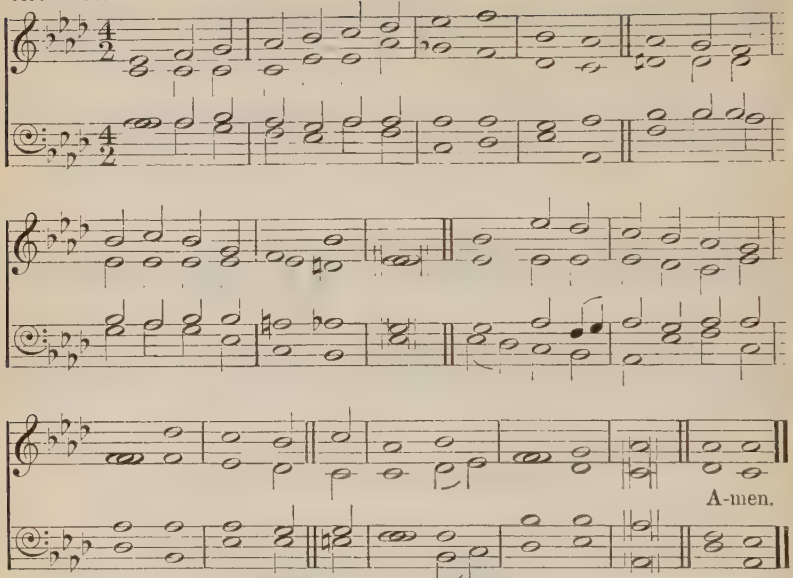
mf GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
c Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

p 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
c Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
f Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee. AMEN.

W. Williams, tr. P. & W. Williams, alt.

Whittier. **442** F. K. March.



Copyright, 1905, by W. Garrett Horder.

If the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens.

mp WHEN on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

2 Thou Who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
c O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay.

mp 3 Be near me when all else is from me drifting,—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

4 I have but Thee, my Father; let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

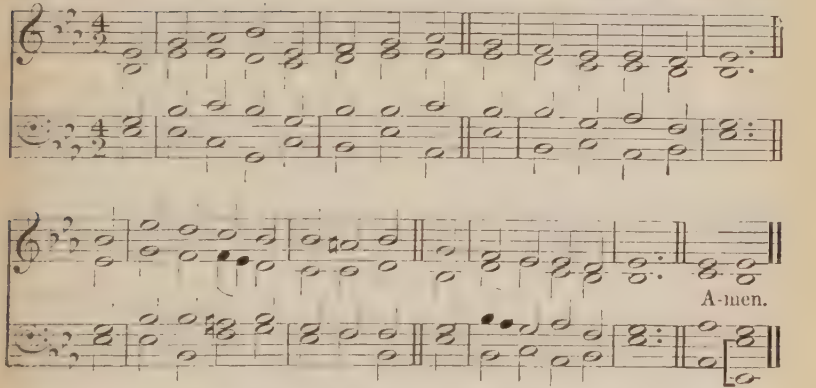
5 Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place,—

6 Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
c And flows for ever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

mf 7 There from the music round about me stealing
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long. AMEN.

J. G. Whittier.

French. **443** *Scottish Psalter*, 1615.



The Lord our God be with us, as He was with our fathers.

mf O GOD of Bethel, by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led,

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
c God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

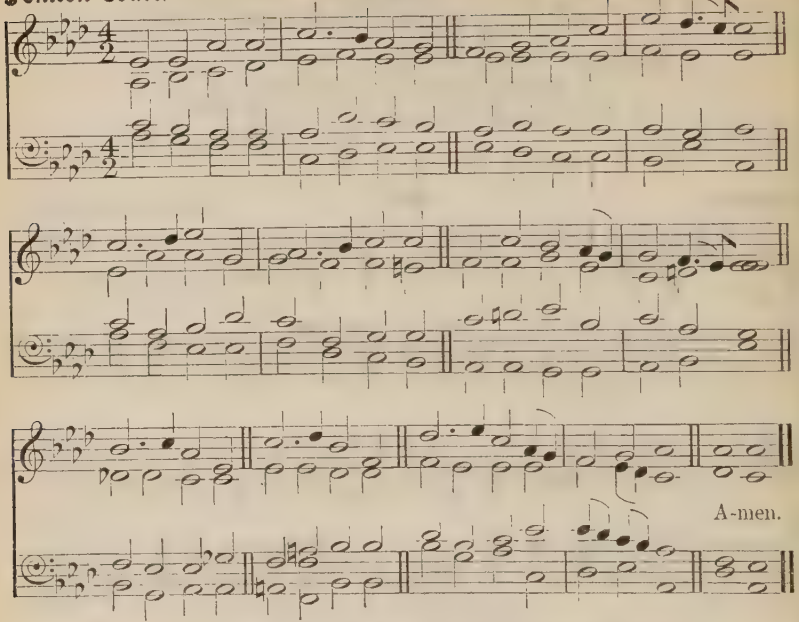
p 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
c Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

mf 4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore,
f And Thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion evermore. AMEN.

P. Doddridge, alt.

Feniton Court. **444** E. J. Hopkins.



My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

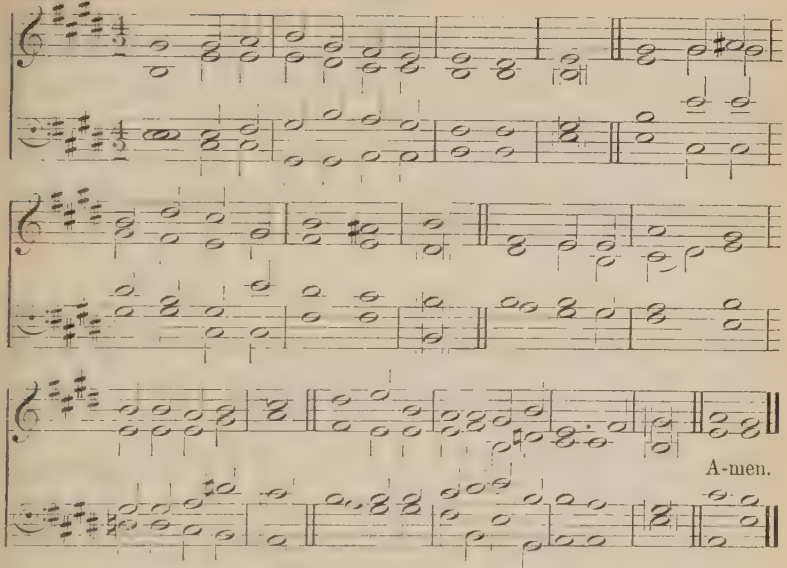
mf LEAD us, Heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee,
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

p 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

mf 3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
cresc. Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy. AMEN.

J. Edmeston.

Longwood. **445** J. Barnby.



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[May be sung to 'Ellers,' No. 274.]

Teach me Thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

mf LEAD us, O Father, in the paths of peace:
mp Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appal, and sorrows still increase;
mf Lead us through Christ, the true and living Way.

2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth:
mp Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope.
While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on uncheered by faith or hope.

mf 3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right:
mp Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darkening night;
mf Only with Thee we journey safely on.

4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the pathway be,
c Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee. Amen.

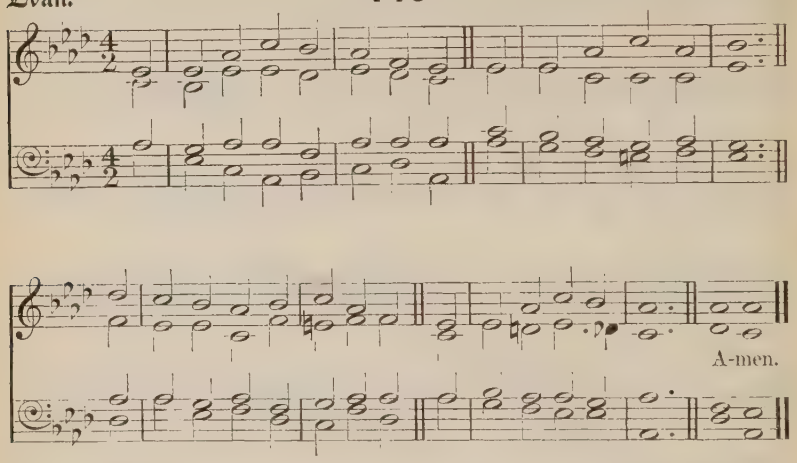
W. H. Burleigh, alt.

The following also are suitable:—

305 O holy Saviour, Friend unseen.
322 Your harps, ye trembling saints.
369 Thy way, not mine, O Lord.
370 Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow.
384 O King of mercy, from Thy throne on high.
453 For ever with the Lord.
508 A few more years shall roll.
677 Praise God, for He is good (Ps. 107).

11.—*DEATH AND RESURRECTION.*

Evan. **446** W. H. HAVERGAL.



If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.

mp TAKE comfort, Christians, when your friends
In Jesus fall asleep;
Their better being never ends;
Why then dejected weep?

c 2 Why inconsolable, as those
To whom no hope is given?
Death is the messenger of peace,
And calls the soul to heaven.

mf 3 As Jesus died, and rose again
Victorious from the dead,
So His disciples rise, and reign
With their triumphant Head.

4 The time draws nigh when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend,
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.

5 Then they who live shall changèd be,
And they who sleep shall wake;
The graves shall yield their ancient charge,
And earth's foundations shake.

f 6 The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high:
The heavenly hosts with praises loud
Shall meet them in the sky.

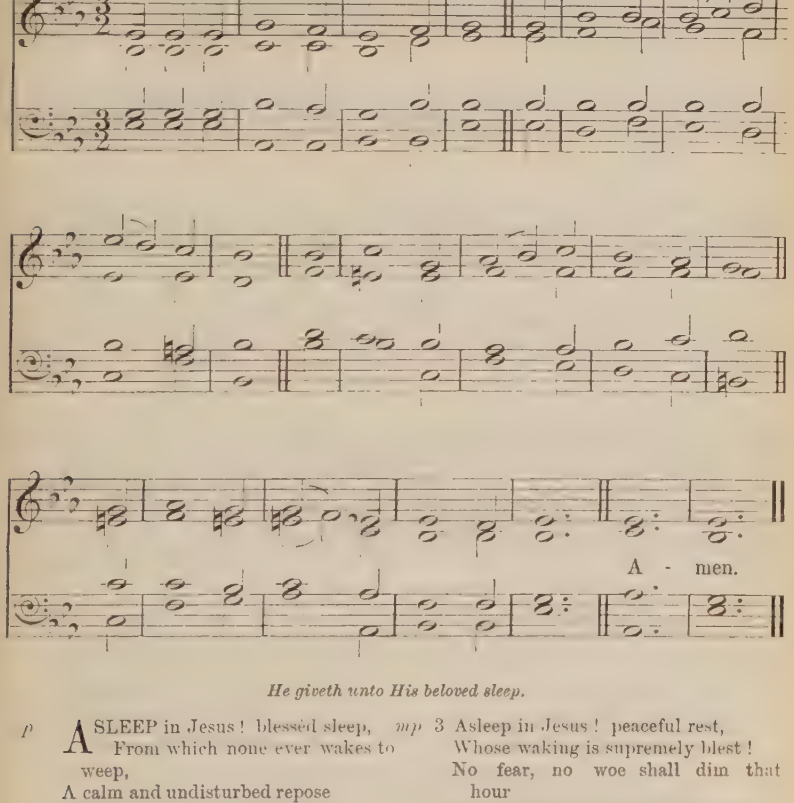
mf 7 Together to their Father's house
With joyful hearts they go,
And dwell for ever with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of woe.

8 A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore
Where death-divided friends at last
Shall meet, to part no more.

AMEN.

J. Logan.

He derelinquas me. **447** C. H. Lloyd.



He giveth unto His beloved sleep.

p ASLEEP in Jesus! blessèd sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep,
A calm and undisturbed repose
Unbroken by the last of foes!

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet,
c With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting!

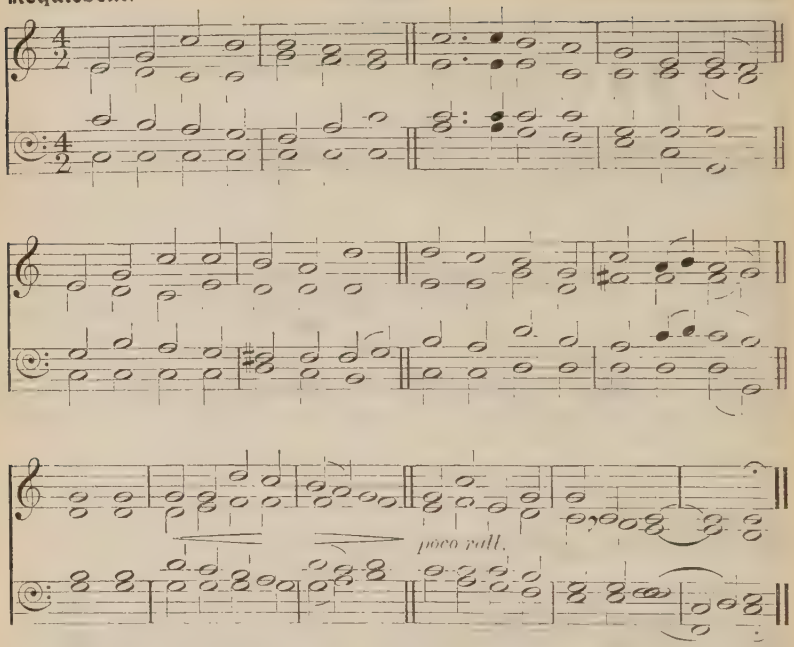
mp 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
c Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

p 5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
c But thine is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep. Amen.

M. Mackay, sel.

Requiescat. **448** J. B. Dykes.



Into Thine hand I commit my spirit: Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.

mp NOW the labourer's task is o'er:
Now the battle-day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.

p *Father, in Thy gracious keeping*
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

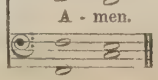
mp 2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.

mp 3 There the sinful souls that turn
To the cross their dying eyes
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise.

cresc. 4 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He Who died for their release.

p 5 'Earth to earth, and dust to dust,'
mp Calmly now the words we say;
Leaving *him* to sleep in trust
Till the resurrection day.

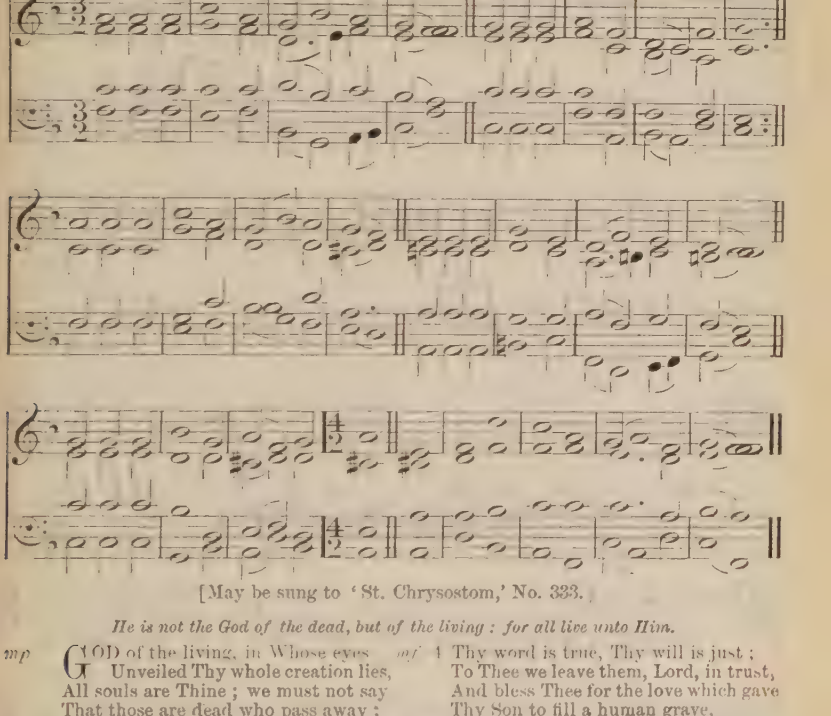
J. Ellerton.



God of the living. 449

E. Hulton.

Unison.



[May be sung to 'St. Chrysostom,' No. 333.

He is not the God of the dead, but of the living: for all live unto Him.

mp GOD of the living, in Whose eyes
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies,
All souls are Thine; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto Thee.

2 Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours;
c For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee;

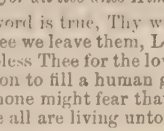
mp 3 Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;
Not left to lie like fallen tree;
c Not dead, but living unto Thee.

mf 4 Thy word is true, Thy will is just;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust,
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
c That none might fear that world to see
Where all are living unto Thee.

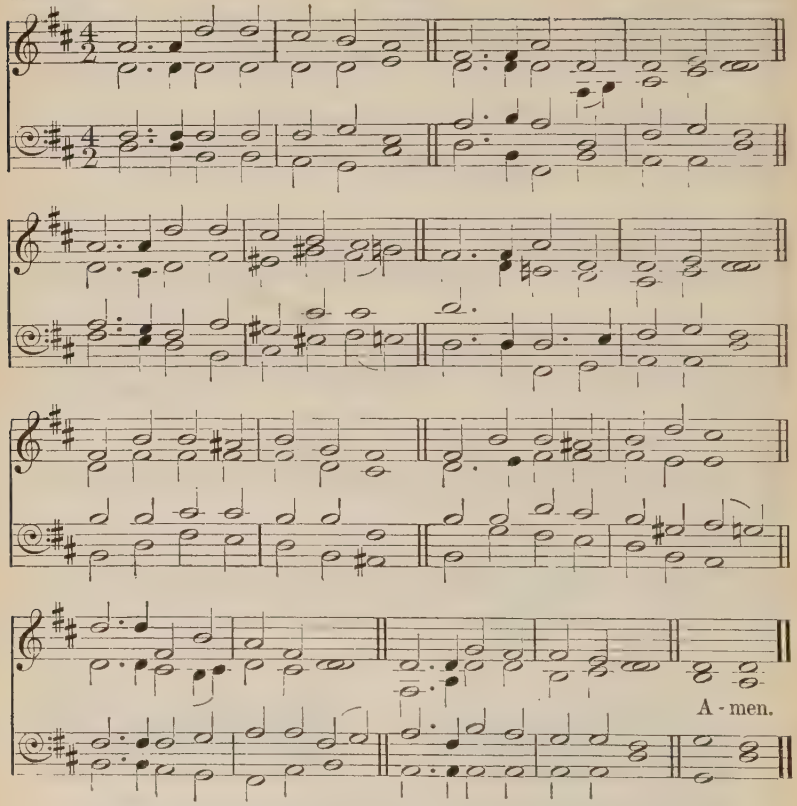
mf 5 O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin,
c That body, soul, and spirit be
For ever living unto Thee.

J. Ellerton.

Harmony.



Ramoth. **450** J. B. CALKIN.



Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well.

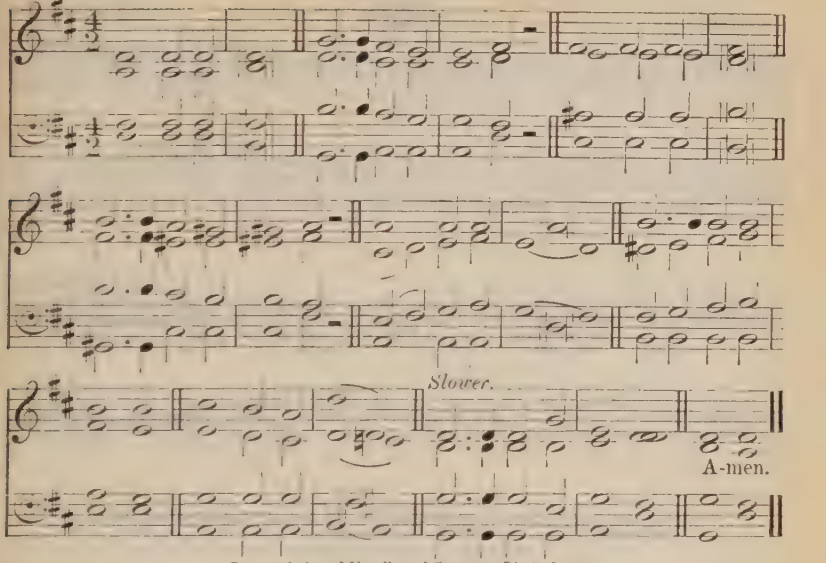
mp SAFELY, safely gathered in,
No more sorrow, no more sin,
No more childish griefs or fears,
No more sadness, no more tears;
For the life, so young and fair,
Now hath passed from earthly care;
c God Himself the soul will keep,
Giving His beloved sleep.

mp 2 Safely, safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
Passed beyond all grief and pain,
Death for thee is truest gain:
c For our loss we must not weep,
Nor our loved one long to keep
From the home of rest and peace,
Where all sin and sorrow cease.

mp 3 Safely, safely gathered in,
No more sorrow, no more sin;
God has saved from weary strife,
In its dawn, this young fresh life,
Which awaits us now above,
Resting in the Saviour's love.
Jesus, grant that we may meet
There, adoring at Thy feet. AMEN.

H. O. Dobree.

Requiem. **451** J. BARNBY.



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They that dwell under His shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn.

p SLEEP thy last sleep.
Free from care and sorrow;
Rest, where none weep,
Till the eternal morrow;
Though dark waves roll
O'er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul
Jesus can deliver.

mp 2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin, its sadness;
c Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness.
p Under thy sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

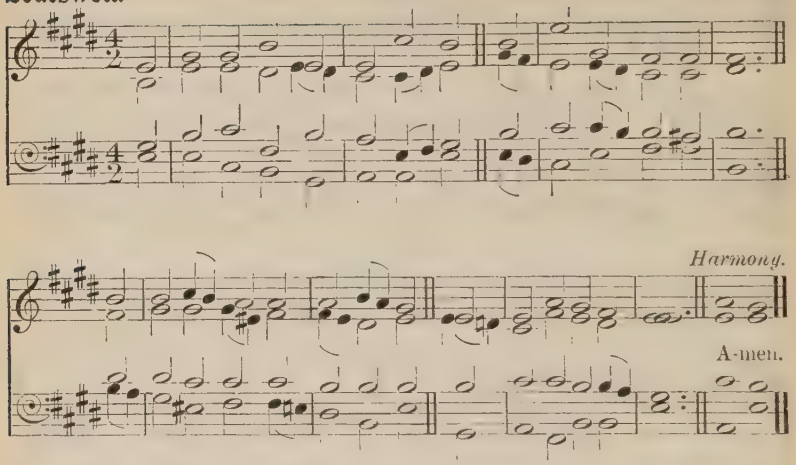
mp 3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
c They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest;
mf Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping. AMEN.

E. A. Dayman.

The following also are suitable:—

68 By Jesus' grave, on either hand.
436 When the day of toil is done.
442 When on my day of life the night is falling.
453 For ever with the Lord!
510 Jesus, infinite Redeemer.
632 The Lord 's my Shepherd (Ps. 23).

Southwell. **452** H. S. Irons.



He looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

mf JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end
In joy and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

p 4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
c I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

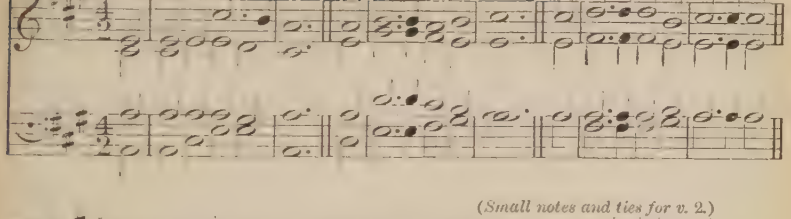
mf 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Unis. f 6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see. Amen.

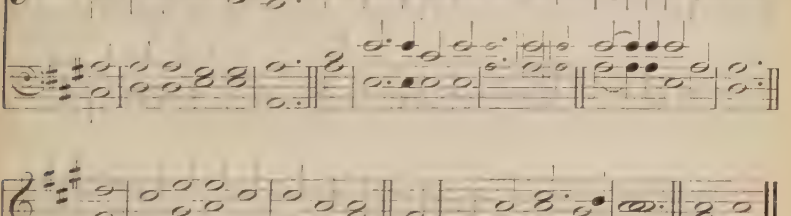
J. Montgomery (?), *sel.*

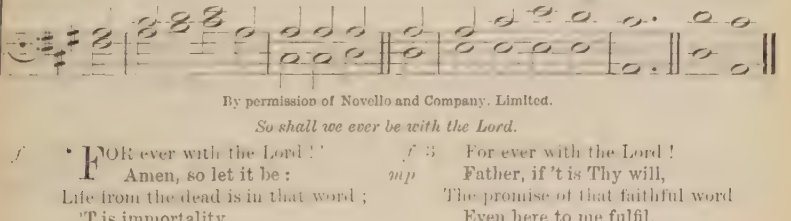
Nearer Home. 453

I. B. Woodbury.
(Har. by Arthur Sullivan.)



(*Small notes and ties for v. 2.*)





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So shall we ever be with the Lord.

f 'FOR ever with the Lord!'
Amen, so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word;
'T is immortality.

mf Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,

c Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

mf 2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

mp Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,

c The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

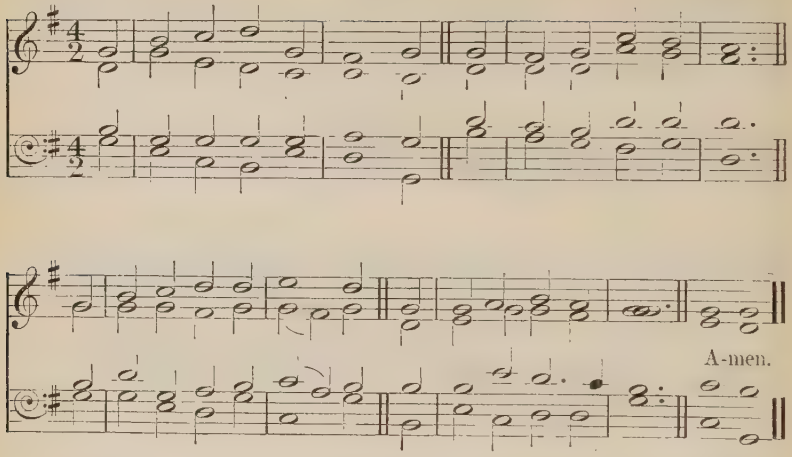
f 3 For ever with the Lord!
mp Father, if 't is Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.

c Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

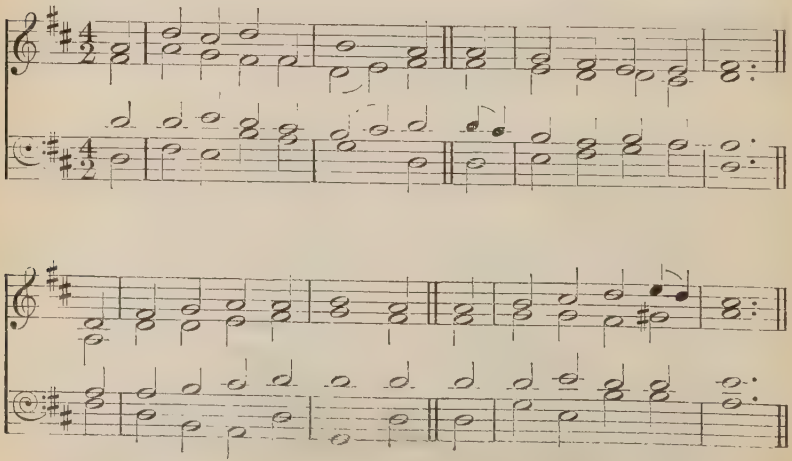
p 4 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
c By death I shall escape from death,
f And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
'For ever with the Lord'! Amen

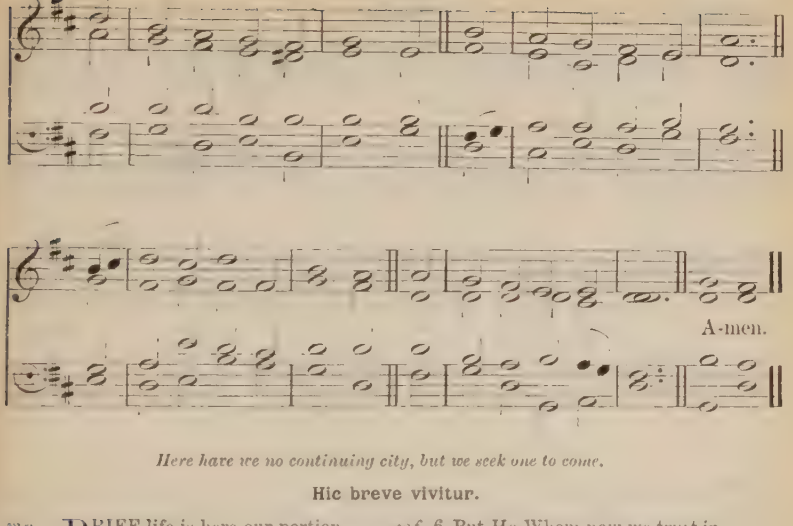
J. Montgomery, sel.

St. Alphege (*1st Tune*). **454** H. J. Gauntlett.



Pearsall (*2nd Tune*). R. L. de Pearsall.





Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.

Hic breve vivitur.

mp BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
c The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

mf 2 O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

3 There grief is turned to pleasure,
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.

4 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

p 5 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Zion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope;

mf 6 But He Whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
c And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

f 7 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

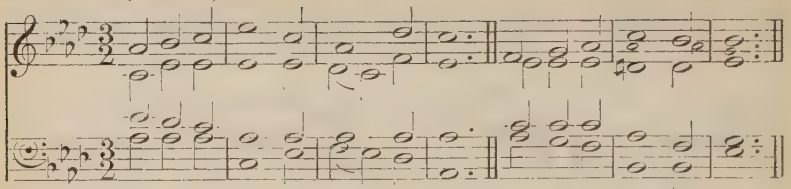
8 Yes! God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

mf 9 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!

p 10 Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
c Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest. AMEN.

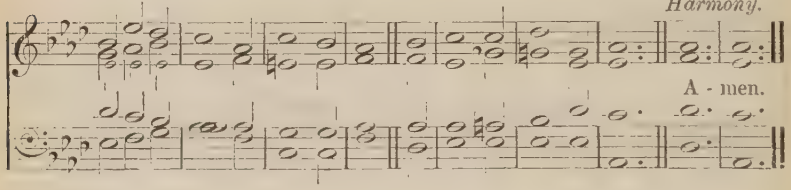
Bernard of Cluny, tr. J. M. Neale, scl. and alt.

Beatitudo (*1st Tune*). **455** J. B. Dykes.

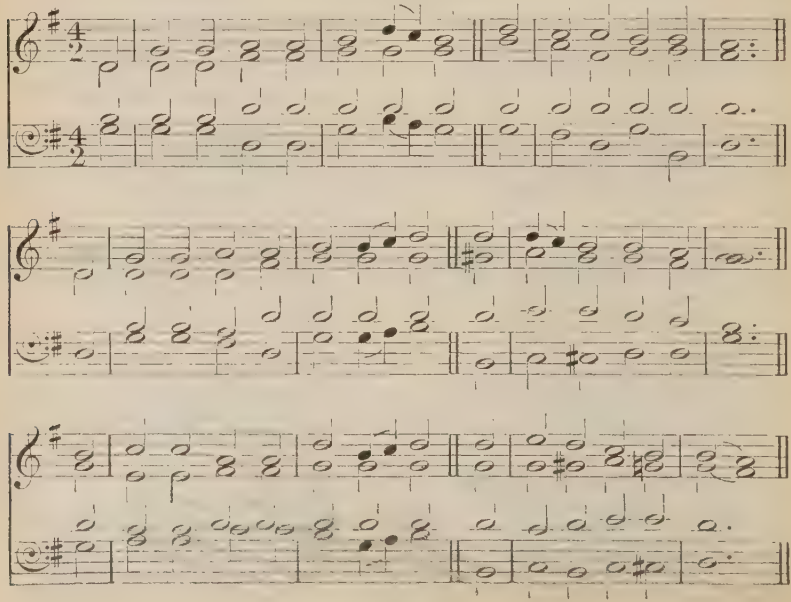


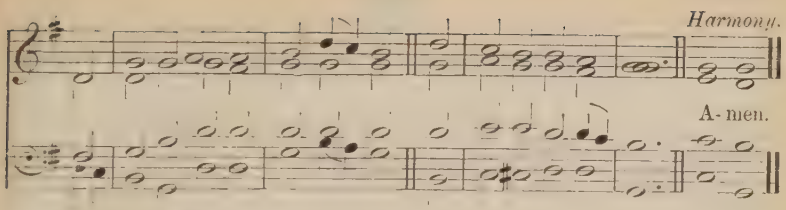
Harmony.

A - men.



St. Asaph (*2nd Tune*). G. M. Giornovichi.





These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

mf HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

p 2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

Unis. c 3 Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

mf 4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

Har. 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their Sun, Whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

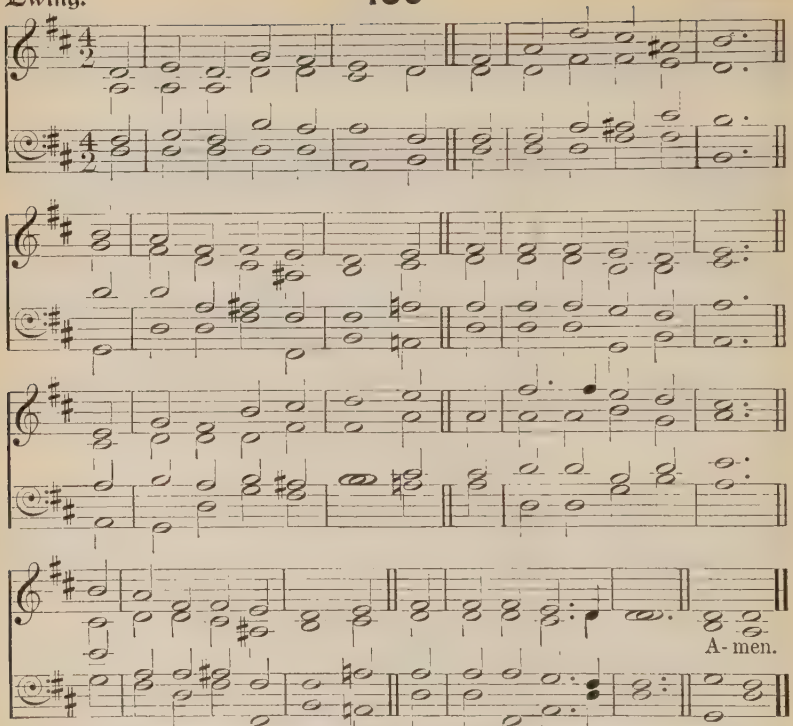
6 The Lamb Which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside.
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

7 'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
d And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

Unis. f 8 To Him Who sits upon the throne,
The God Whom we adore,
And to the Lamb That once was slain,
Be glory evermore! AMEN.

I. Watts, alt.

Ewing. **456** A. Ewing.



He . . . shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God.

Urbs Syon aurea.

mp JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blessed,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed :
c I know not, O I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

mf 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng ;
The Prince is ever in them ;
The daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

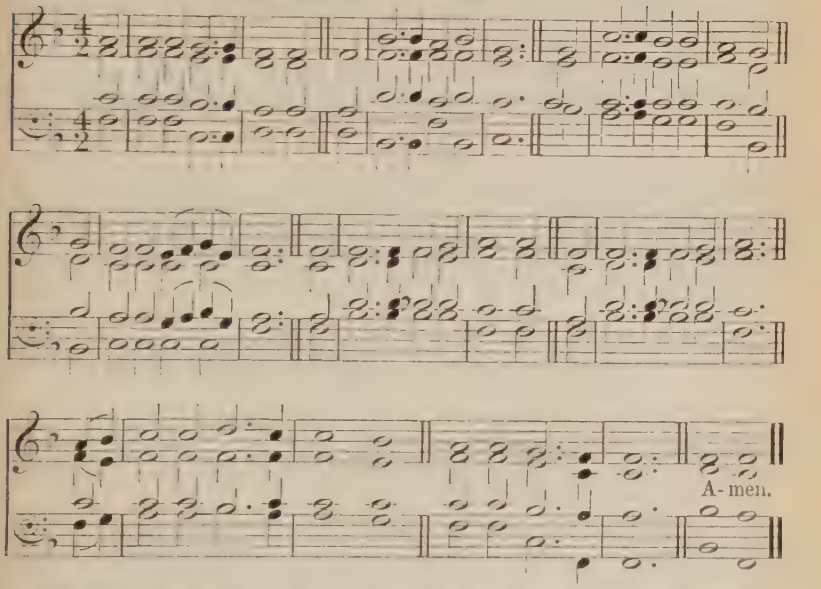
f 3 There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast :
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

p 4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect !
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect !
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
e Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

532 *Bernard of Cluny, tr. J. M. Neale, alt.*

457

Rutherford. Eternel, O mon Dieu, j'implore ta clémence. C. URHAN.



Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off.

mf THE sands of time are sinking;
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn, awakes.

p Dark, dark hath been the midnight:
c But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

p 2 O Christ! He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well, of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above:

c There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
f And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

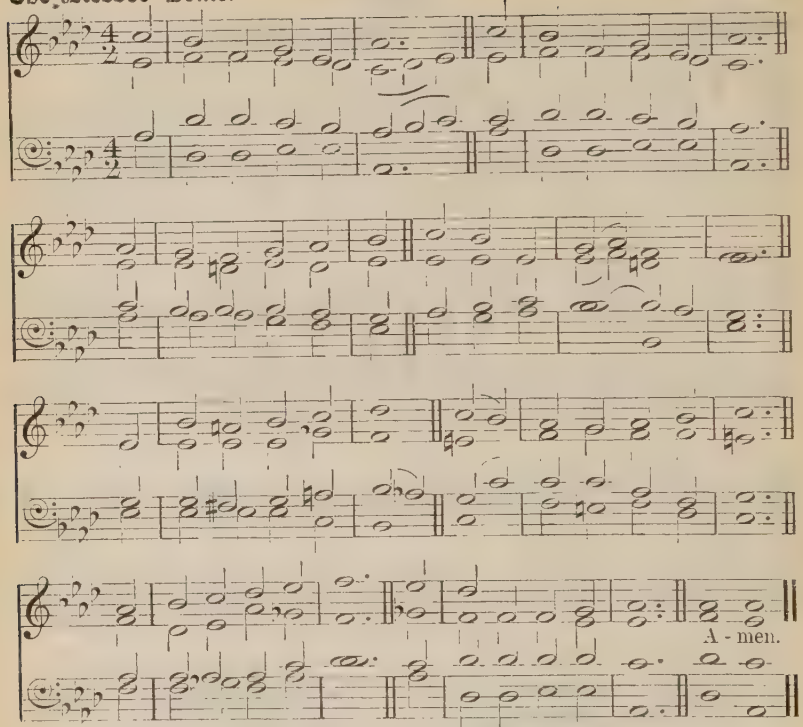
mf 3 O I am my Belovèd's,
And my Beloved is mine;
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His house of wine;
I stand upon His merit;
I know no other stand,
Not even where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

1 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face:
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace,
Not at the crown He giveth,
d But on His pierced hand:
c The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

mf 5 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred by His love;
c I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
f When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land. AMEN.

A. R. Cousin, sel.

The Blessed Home. 458 J. STAINER.



The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; . . . . . they shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

mf THERE is a blessèd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
c Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

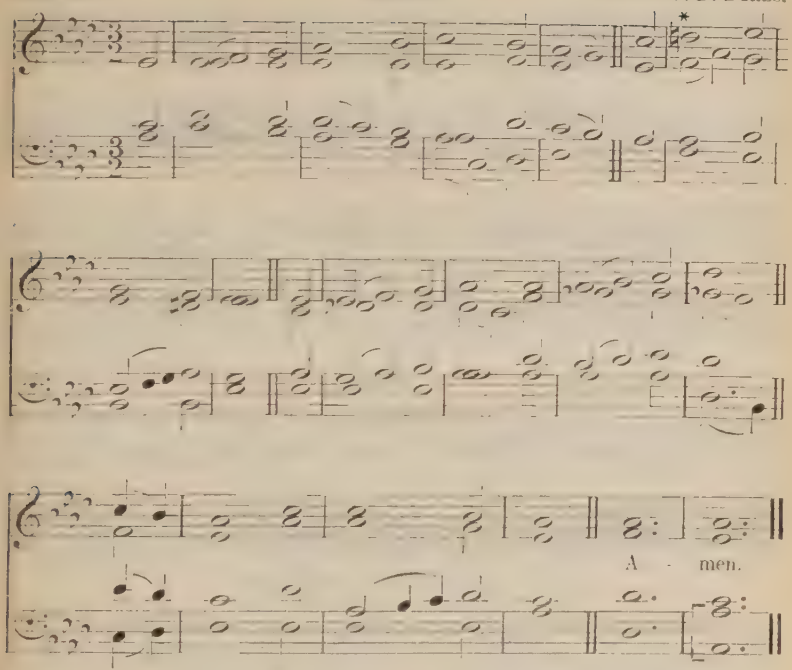
mf 2 There is a land of peace;
Good angels know it well;
c Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
f Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father one
And Spirit, evermore.

mp 3 O joy, all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb Who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands and feet and side;
c To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done!

mf 4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
p Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
c His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above. AMEN.

534 *H. W. Baker.*

Canaan. **459** J. B. Dykes.



* This bar altered from original by permission.

Let me go over, and see the good land that is beyond Jordan.

mf THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
cl Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

mf 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

p 4 But timorous mortals start, and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

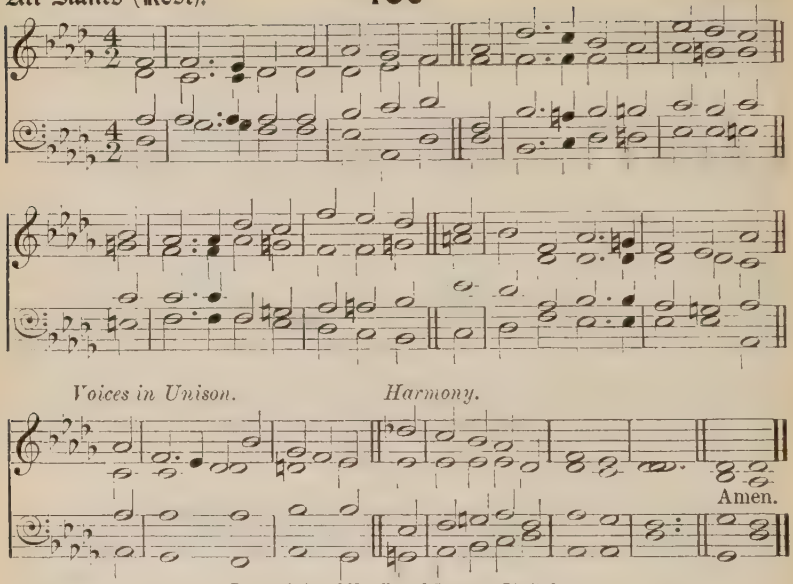
mf 5 O could we make our doubts remove—
Those gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes,

cr 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood
f Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

AMEN.

I. Watts.

All Saints (Rest). **460** J. STAINER.



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[May be sung to 'Saints of God,' No. 58.]

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours.

mf THE saints of God! their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword:
They cast them down before their Lord:
c O happy saints! for ever blest,
At Jesus' feet how safe your rest!

mf 2 The saints of God! their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:
c O happy saints! for ever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest!

mf 3 The saints of God! life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
c O happy saints! for ever blest
In that calm haven of your rest!

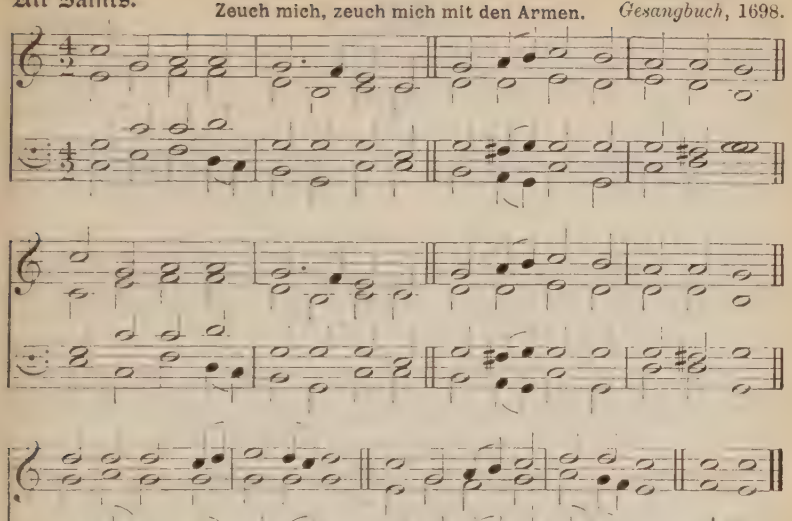
p 4 The saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
c Till from the dust they too shall rise,
And soar triumphant to the skies:
f O happy saints! rejoice and sing;
He quickly comes, your Lord and King.

mf 5 O God of saints, to Thee we cry;
O Saviour, plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost, our Guide and Friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end,—
c That with all saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee. AMEN.

W. D. Maclagan.

All Saints. **461** *Darmstadt Gesangbuch*, 1698.

Zeuch mich, zeuch mich mit den Armen.



What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

Wer sind die vor Gottes Throne?

mf WHO are these, like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing:
Who are all this glorious band?
f Alleluia! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

mf 2 Who are these of dazzling brightness,
These in God's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand;
Whence comes all this glorious band?

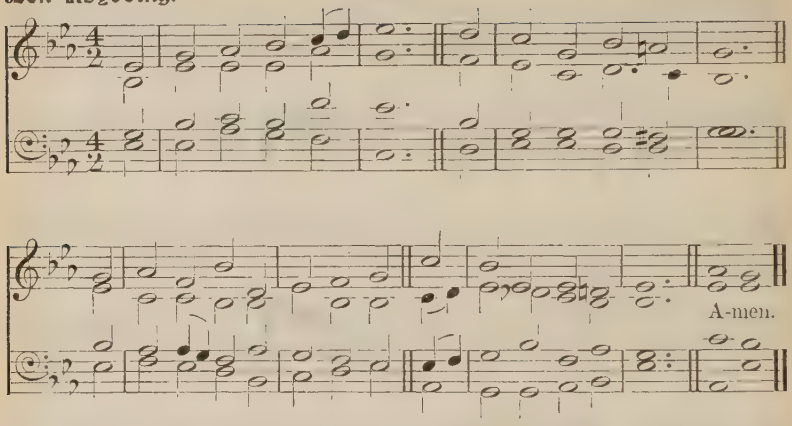
f 3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph through the Lamb have gained.

p 4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
mf Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

5 These are they who watched and waited,
Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night to serve Him still;
f Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before His face. AMEN.

Schenk, tr. F. E. Cox, sel. & alt.

Ben Rhydding. **462** A. R. Reinagle.



Death shall be no more; neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain, any more.

mf THERE is no night in heaven:
In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.

2 There is no grief in heaven:
There all is perfect day;
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

3 There is no sin in heaven,
Amid that blessèd throng;
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song.

p 4 There is no death in heaven:
For they who gain that shore
c Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.

mf 5 Lord Jesus, be our Guide;
O lead us safely on,
Till night and grief and sin and death
Are past, and heaven is won. AMEN.

F. M. Knollis, sel. & alt.

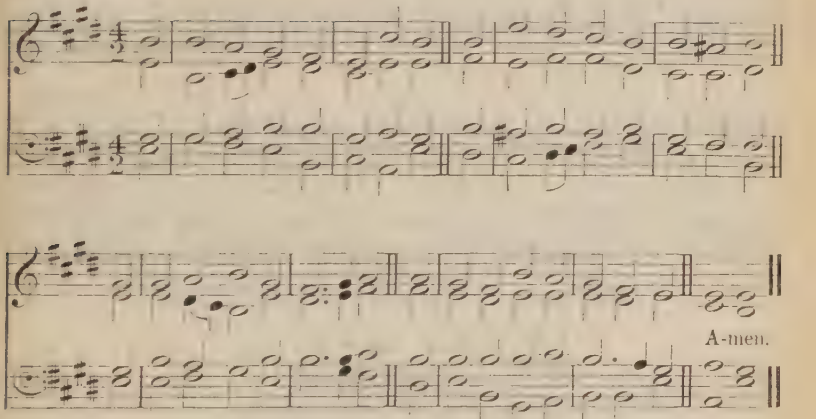
The following also are suitable:—

29 Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise.
147 Ten thousand times ten thousand.
170 For all the saints who from their labours rest.
175 Come, let us join our friends above.
387 The roseate hues of early dawn.

VIII.—Times and Seasons.

1.—*MORNING.*

Melcombe. **463** S. WEBBE.



His compassions fail not. They are new every morning.

mf ( ) TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise,
Eyes that the beam celestial view
Which evermore makes all things new!

c 2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and [thought.

mf 3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray,
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

4 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

5 We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work fare well,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky;

f 6 The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask,
d Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

mf 7 Seek we no more; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go:
The secret this of rest below.

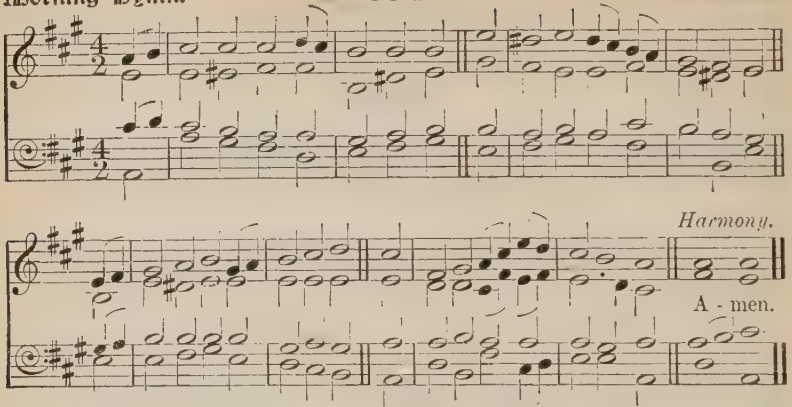
p 8 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
c And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

AMEN.

J. Keble, sel.

Morning Hymn. 464

F. H. Barthélémon.



Awake, psaltery and harp: I myself will awake right early.

mf AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Thy precious time misspent redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noontide clear;
d Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

mf 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

5 All praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept!
mp Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

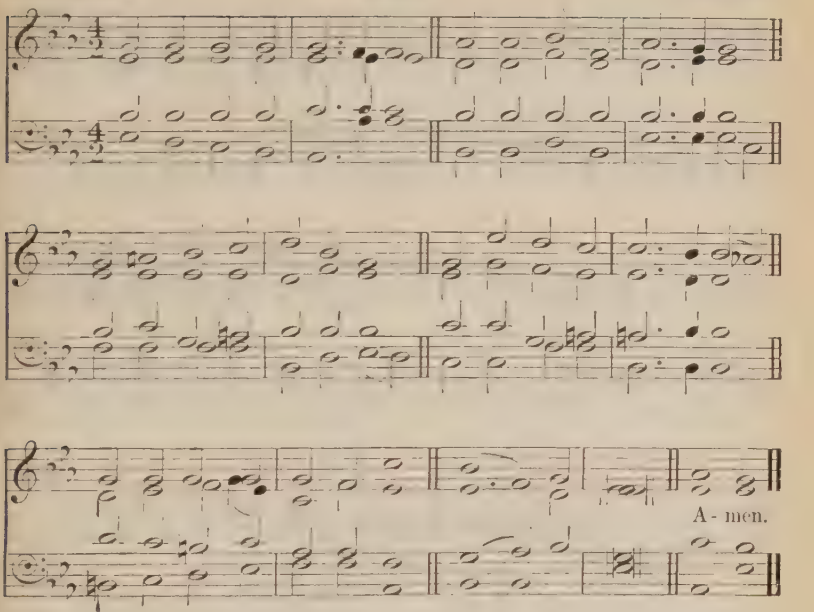
p 6 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

c 7 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Unis. f 8 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. AMEN.

T. Ken, sel.

Lux Prima. **465** G. A. Macfarren.



His going forth is sure as the morning: and He shall come unto us as the rain.

Morgenglanz der Ewigkeit.

mf JESUS, Sun of Righteousness,
Brightest Beam of love Divine,
With the early morning rays
Do Thou on our darkness shine
And dispel with purest light
All our night.

p 2 As on drooping herb and flower
Falls the soft refreshing dew,
c Let Thy Spirit's grace and power
All our weary souls renew,
Showers of blessing over all
p Softly fall.

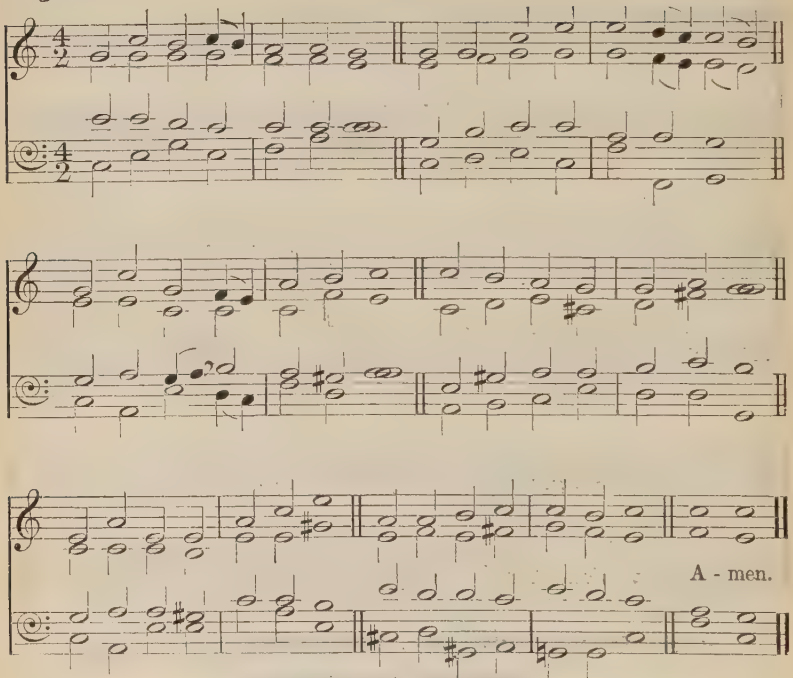
mf 3 Like the sun's reviving ray,
May Thy love, with tender glow,
All our coldness melt away,
Warm and cheer us forth to go,
Gladly serve Thee and obey
All the day.

4 O our only Hope and Guide,
Never leave us nor forsake;
Keep us ever at Thy side
Till the eternal morning break,
Moving on to Zion hill,
Homeward still!

mp 5 Lead us all our days and years
In Thy straight and narrow way;
Lead us through the vale of tears
c To the land of perfect day,
Where Thy people, fully blest,
Safely rest. Amen.

von Rosenroth, tr. J. L. Borthwick.

Day-Star. **466** S. S. Wesley.



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Unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings.

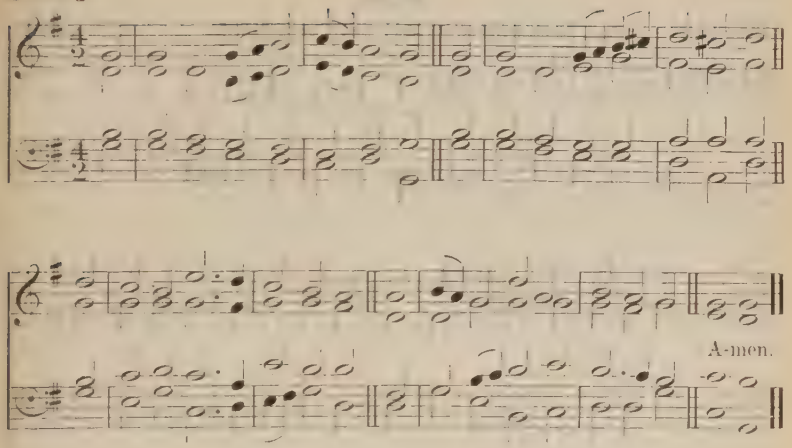
mf CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

p 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see,
c Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

mf 3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
c More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day. AMEN.

C. Wesley.

Illsley. **467** J. Bishop.



I will go in the strength of the Lord God.

mf FORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil,
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy acceptable will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
p Whose eyes my inmost substance see,
c And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

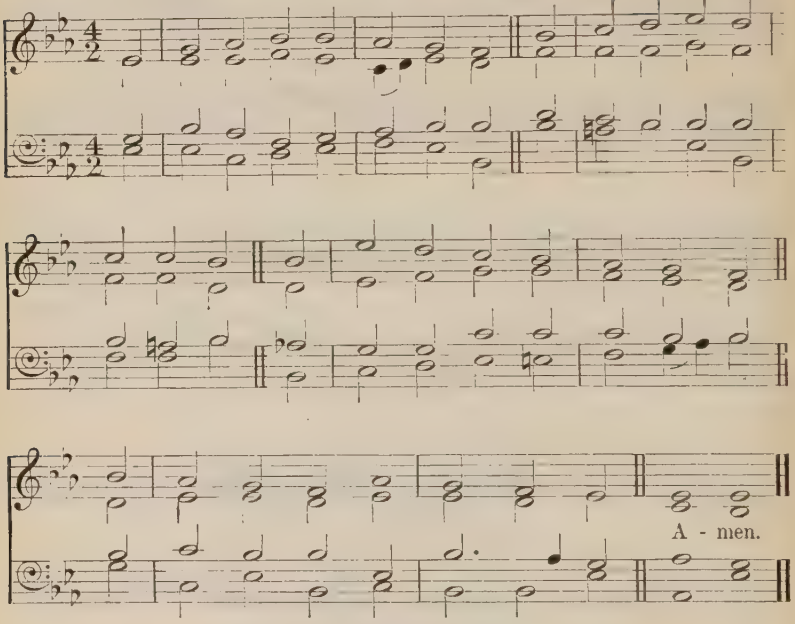
mf 4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day;

5 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven. Amen.

C. Wesley, sel.

468

Eisenach. **Mach's mit mir, Gott, nach deiner Güt'.** J. H. Schein.



I am the light of the world.

Splendor paternæ gloriæ.

mf O JESUS, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light, [night,
Whose beams disperse the shades of

2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3 And we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious name;
His powerful succour we implore,
That we may stand, to fall no more.

mp 4 May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness,
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And bring us to a prosperous end.

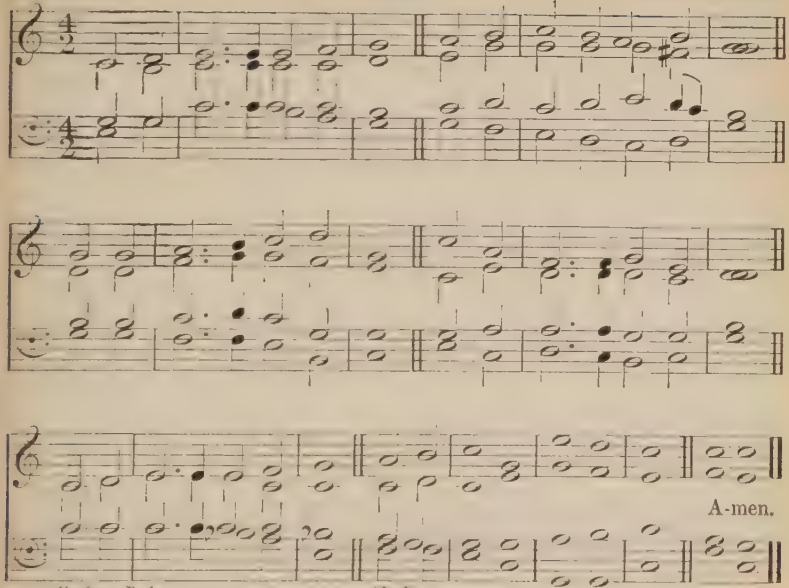
5 May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

6 O hallowed be the approaching day;
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noontide light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

mf 7 O Christ, with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
O may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee. AMEN.

Ambrose, tr. J. Chandler, sel.

Yarmouth. **469** W. MACFARREN.



[May be sung to 'Dix,' No. 36.]

O Lord, ... send me, I pray Thee, good speed this day.

mf AT Thy feet, O Christ, we lay
Thine own gift of this new day;
Doubt of what it holds in store
Makes us crave Thine aid the more,
Lest it prove a time of loss,
Mark it, Saviour, with Thy cross.

2 If it flow on calm and bright,
Be Thyself our chief delight;
p If it bring unknown distress,
Good is all that Thou canst bless;
Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

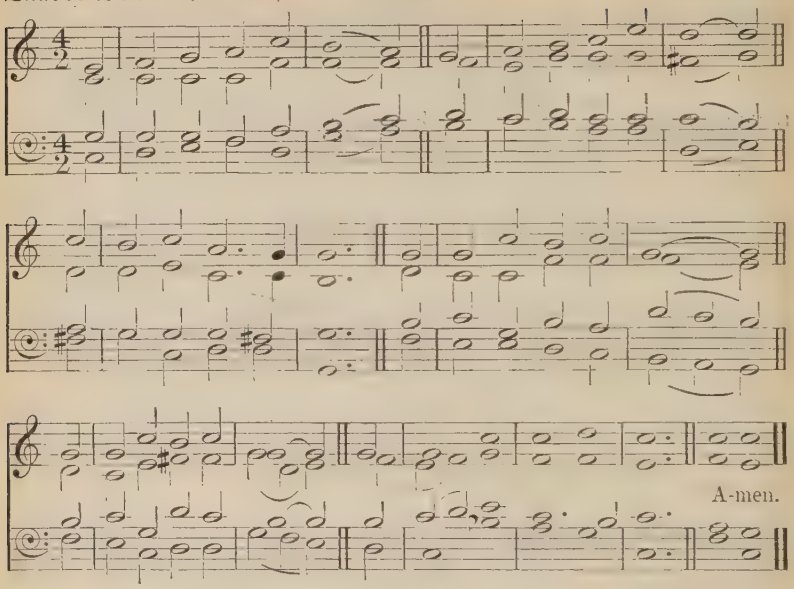
mf 3 We in part our weakness know,
And in part discern our foe;
Well for us, before Thine eyes
All our danger open lies;
p Turn not from us, while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.

mf 4 Fain would we Thy word embrace,
Live each moment on Thy grace,
All our selves to Thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in Thine,
Think, and speak, and do, and be
Simply that which pleases Thee.

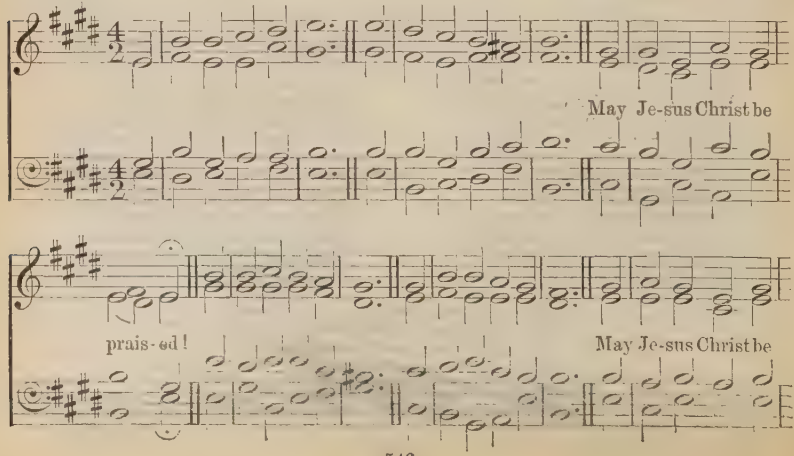
5 Hear us, Lord, and that right soon;
Hear, and grant the choicest boon
That Thy love can e'er impart,
Loyal singleness of heart;
f So shall this and all our days,
Christ our God, show forth Thy praise. AMEN.

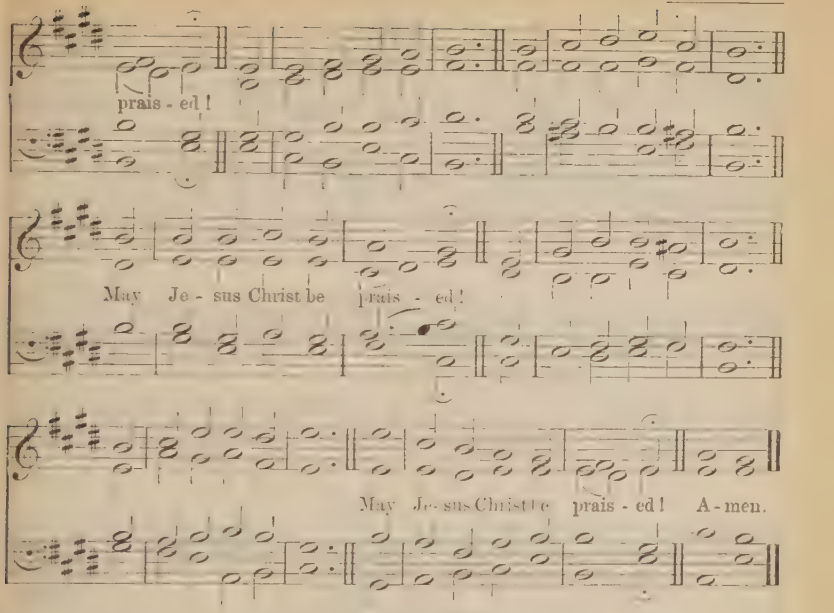
W. Bright.

Laudes Domini (*1st Tune*). **470** J. Barnby.



O Seigneur (*2nd Tune*). *Genevan Psalter*, 1551.





Daily shall He be praised.

Beim fruhen Morgenlicht.

mf WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair:
c May Jesus Christ be praised!

mp 2 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
p When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
c May Jesus Christ be praised!

p 3 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
c May Jesus Christ be praised!
p Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
c May Jesus Christ be praised!

mf [4 *In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
c May Jesus Christ be praised!]

f 5 To God, the Word, on high
The host of angels cry,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let mortals, too, upraise
Their voice in hymns of praise:
May Jesus Christ be praised!

ff 6 Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let air and sea and sky,
From depth to height, reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

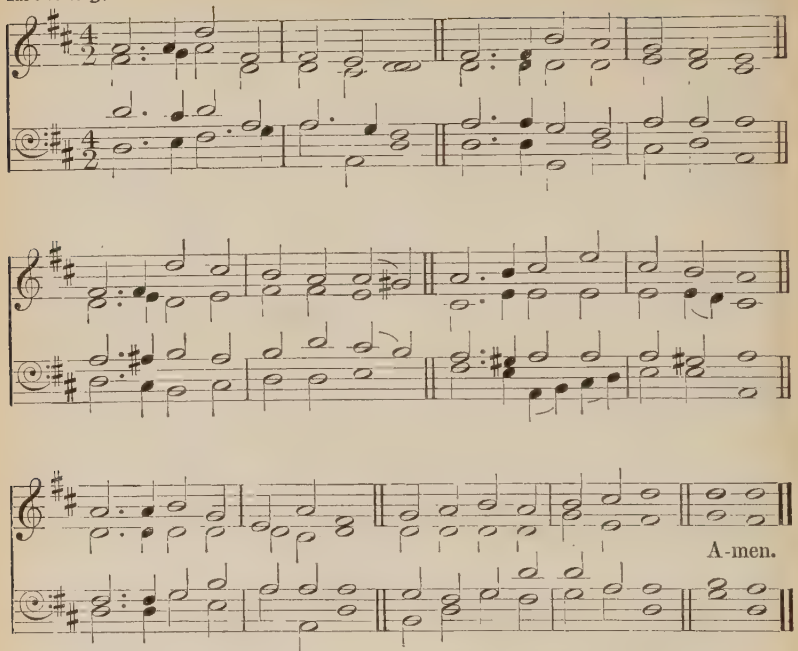
mf 7 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
f May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this the eternal song
Through all the ages long,
c May Jesus Christ be praised!

AMEN.

German, tr. E. Caswall, sel. & alt.

* Omit this verse when the 2nd tune is used.

Morning. 471 W. H. Monk.



[May be sung to 'Heathlands,' No. 215.]

I will sing aloud of Thy mercy in the morning.

mf EVERY morning mercies new
Fall as fresh as early dew;
Every morning let us pay
Tribute with the early day:
For Thy mercies, Lord, are sure;
Thy compassion doth endure.

2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove,
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast,
Gives unbought to those who pray
Strength to stand in evil day.

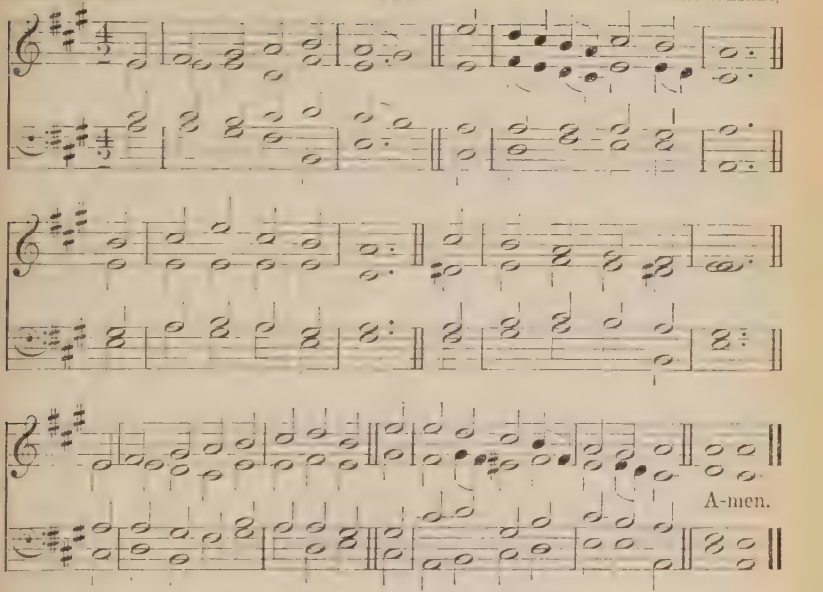
mp 3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Every morning, for the strife,
Feed us with the bread of life.

mf 4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendour burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever-blessèd Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise
In unfailing prayer and praise.

AMEN.

G. Phillimore, alt.

Barewood. **472** S. S. Wesley.



[May be sung to 'St. John,' No. 624.]

If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.

*Ατερ ἀρχῆς ἀπέραντον.

f O LIGHT That knew no dawn,
That shines to endless day,
All things in earth and heaven
Are lustred by Thy ray;
No eye can to Thy throne ascend,
Nor mind Thy brightness comprehend.

mp 2 Thy grace, O Father, give,
That I may serve in fear;
Above all boons, I pray,
Grant me Thy voice to hear;
From sin Thy child in mercy free,
And let me dwell in light with Thee;

mf 3 That, cleansed from filthy stain,
I may meet homage give,
And, pure in heart, behold
And serve Thee while I live,
Clean hands in holy worship raise,
And Thee, O Christ my Saviour, praise.

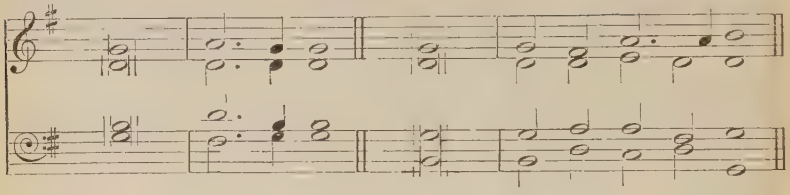
mp 4 In supplication meek
To Thee I bend the knee;
O Christ, when Thou shalt come,
In love remember me,
And in Thy kingdom, by Thy grace,
Grant me a humble servant's place.

mf 5 Thy grace, O Father, give,
I humbly Thee implore;
c And let Thy mercy bless
Thy servant more and more.
f All grace and glory be to Thee
From age to age eternally. Amen.

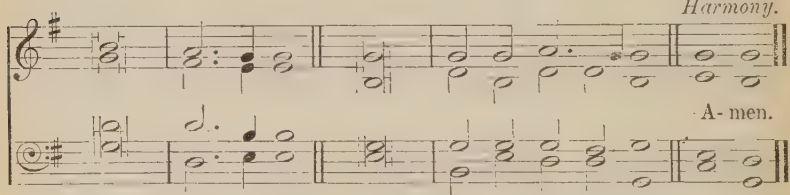
Gregory Nazianzen, tr. J. Brownlie.

473

Jam Lucis. Jam lucis orto sidere. Plainsong Melody.



Harmony.



O Lord, in the morning shalt Thou hear my voice; in the morning will I order my prayer unto Thee, and will keep watch.

Unis. mf NOW that the **daylight** | fills the sky.
We **lift** our | hearts to God on high,
That He, in **all** we | do or say,
Would **keep** us | free from harm to-day,—

Har. 2 Would guard our **hearts** and | tongues from strife,
From **anger's** | din would hide our life,
From all ill **sights** would | turn our eyes,
Would **close** our | ears from vanities,

mp 3 Would keep our **inmost** | conscience pure,
Our **souls** from | folly would secure,
Would bid us **check** the | pride of sense
With **due** and | holy abstinence.

Unis. mf 4 So we, when **this** new | day is gone
And **night** in | turn is drawing on,
c With conscience **by** the | world unstained,
Shall **praise** His | name for victory gained. AMEN.

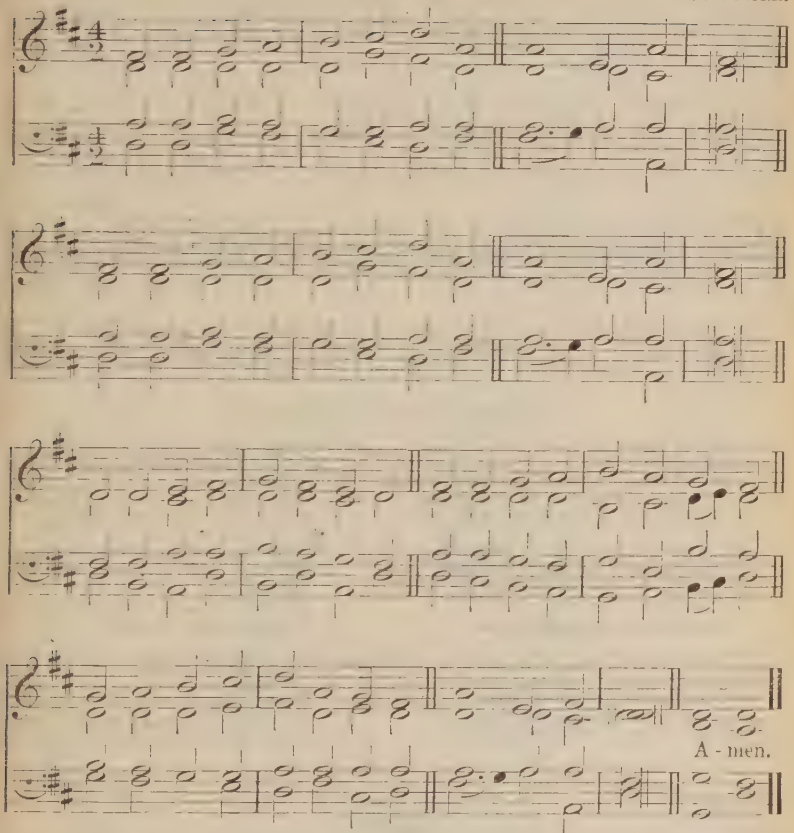
Latin, tr. J. M. Neale.

The following also are suitable :—

1 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
137 Light of the world ! for ever, ever shining.
389 Still with Thee, O my God.

2.—*EVENING.*

Rutfield. **474** W. H. Monk.



Thou shalt take thy rest in safety. Also thou shalt lie down, and none shall make thee afraid.

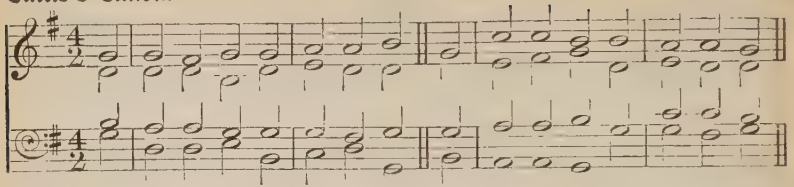
mf GOD, That madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light,
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night,
May Thine angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And, when we die,
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
d All peaceful lie. [us,
p When the last dread trump shall wake
Do not Thou, our Lord, forsake us,
c But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high. Amen.

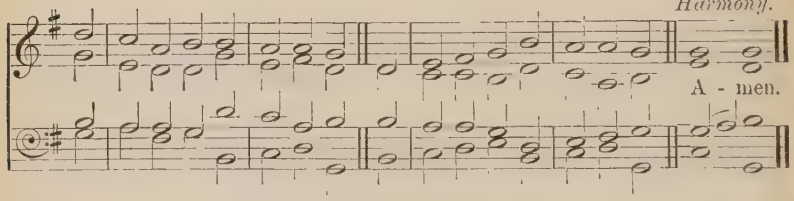
**R. Heber and R. Whately.*

475

Tallis's Canon. T. Tallis.



Harmony.



Thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.

mf ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thy own almighty wings.

p 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
c Rise glorious at the awful day.

mf 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close,— [make
Sleep that may me more vigorous
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Unis. f 6 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
AMEN.

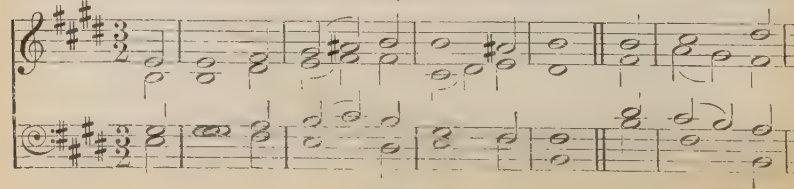
T. Ken, sel.

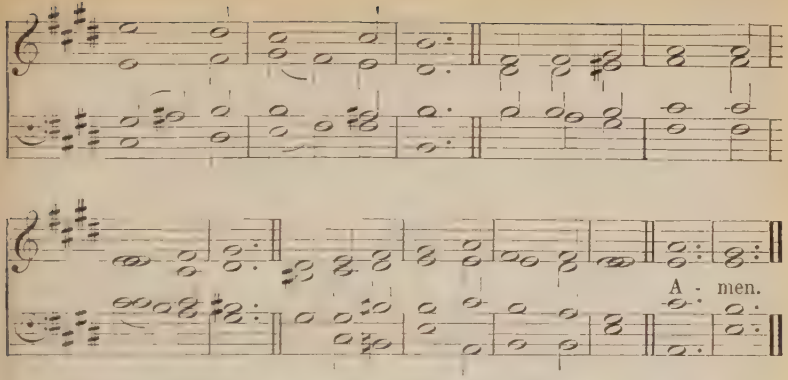
476

Angelus.

Komm mein Herze, komm mein Schatz.

Derived from G. Joseph.





When the sun was setting, all they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto Him; and He laid His hands on every one of them, and healed them.

mf AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
p O in what divers pains they met!
c O with what joy they went away!

mf 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near:
What if Thy form we cannot see,
We know and feel that Thou art here.

mp 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel:
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

4 And some are pressed with worldly care
And some are tried with sinful doubt;
And some such grievous passions tear
That only Thou canst cast them out;

5 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;

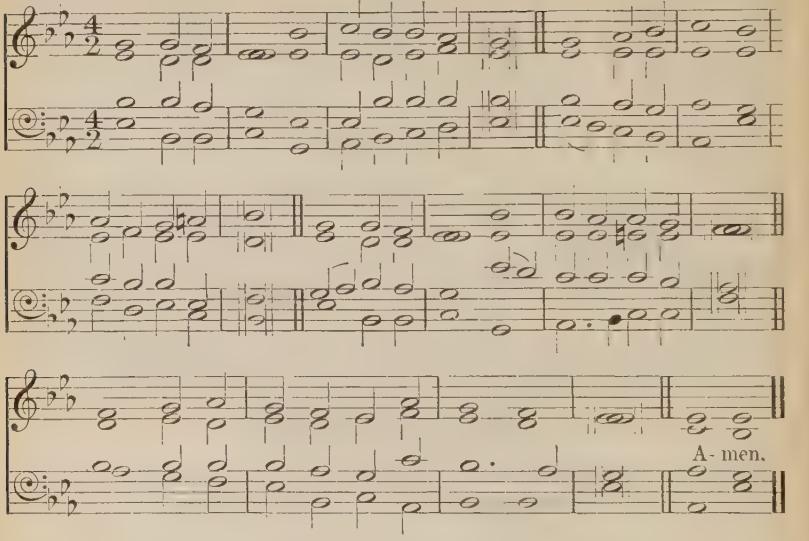
6 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

p 7 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

Unis. c 8 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall:
Har. d Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
p And in Thy mercy heal us all. AMEN.

H. Twells.

Eventide. **477** W. H. Monk.



Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is now far spent.

mp ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

p 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.

mp 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
But, as Thou dwelledst with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me.

4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings,
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea:
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus 'bide with me.

5 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
p And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
c On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

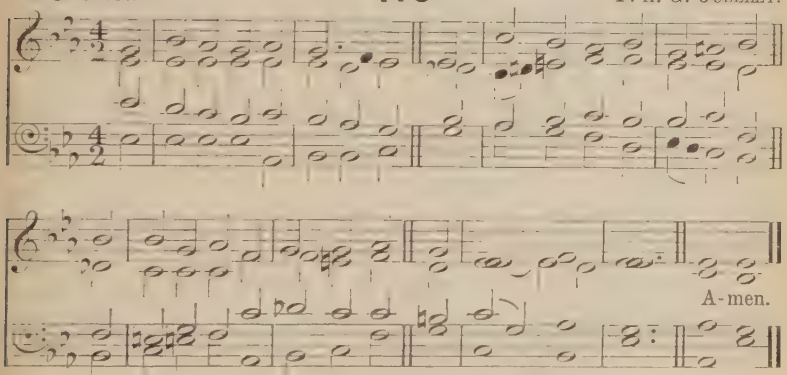
mf 6 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

Unis. 7 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
f Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Har. p 8 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
c Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
f Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
d rall In life and death, O Lord, abide with me. AMEN.

H. F. Lyte.

St. Gabriel. **478** F. A. G. OUSELEY.



[May be sung to 'Wimbledon,' No. 292.]

There shall be no night there; . . . . . for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

mf THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
p Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but an autumn sun,
Its glorious noon how quickly past;
c Lead us, O Christ, our life-work done,
Safe home at last.

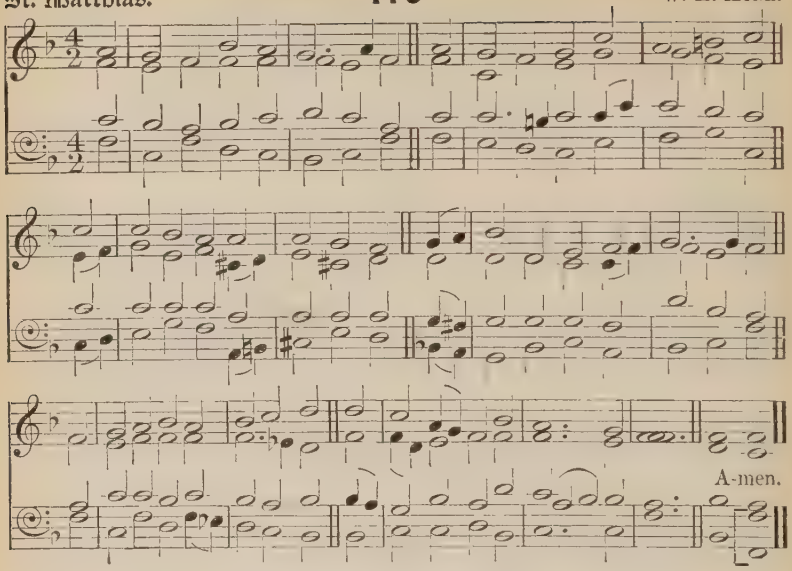
mf 3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high:
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,—

c 4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

f 5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall;
Where Thou, Eternal Light of light,
Art Lord of all. AMEN.

G. Thring.

St. Matthias. **479** W. H. Monk.



[May be sung to 'Stella,' No. 326.]

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?

mf SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.

mp *Through life's long day and death's dark night,*
c *O gentle Jesus, be our Light.*

p 2 The day is done; its hours have run;
And Thou hast taken count of all,—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

mf 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace.

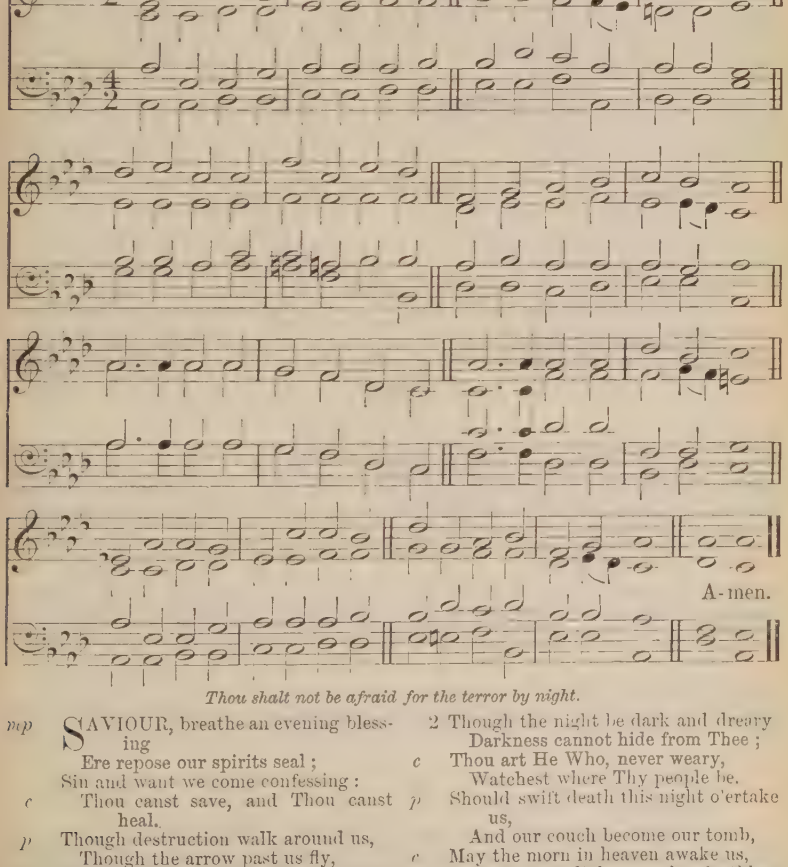
f 4 Do more than pardon: give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.

mf 5 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Let not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.

p 6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
c O let Thy mercy make us glad;
f Thou art our Jesus and our All.
AMEN.

F. W. Faber, sel.

Salvator. **480** J. P. JEWSON.



Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night.

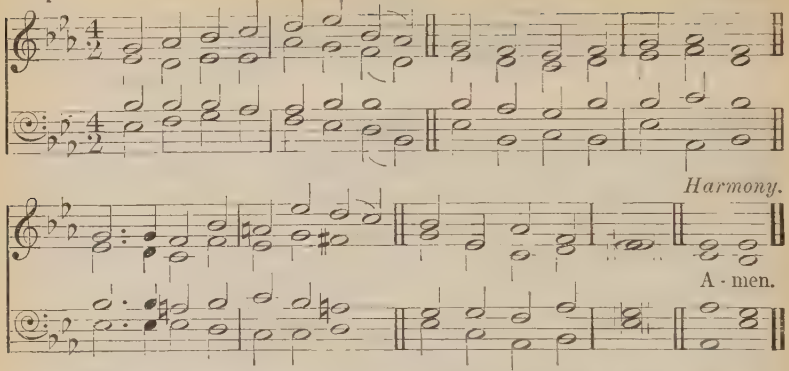
mp SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing:
c Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
p Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
mf Angel guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
c Thou art He Who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.
p Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
c May the morn in heaven awake us,
f Clad in light and deathless bloom. AMEN.

J. Edmeston.

481

Vesper. J. STAINER.



At evening time it shall be light.

mf HOLY Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray;
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening time.

2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us in our latter years
Light at evening time.

p 3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us when we come to die
Light at evening time.

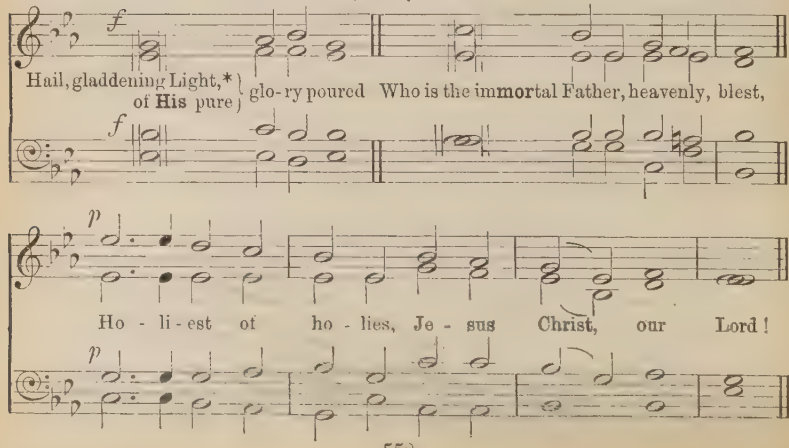
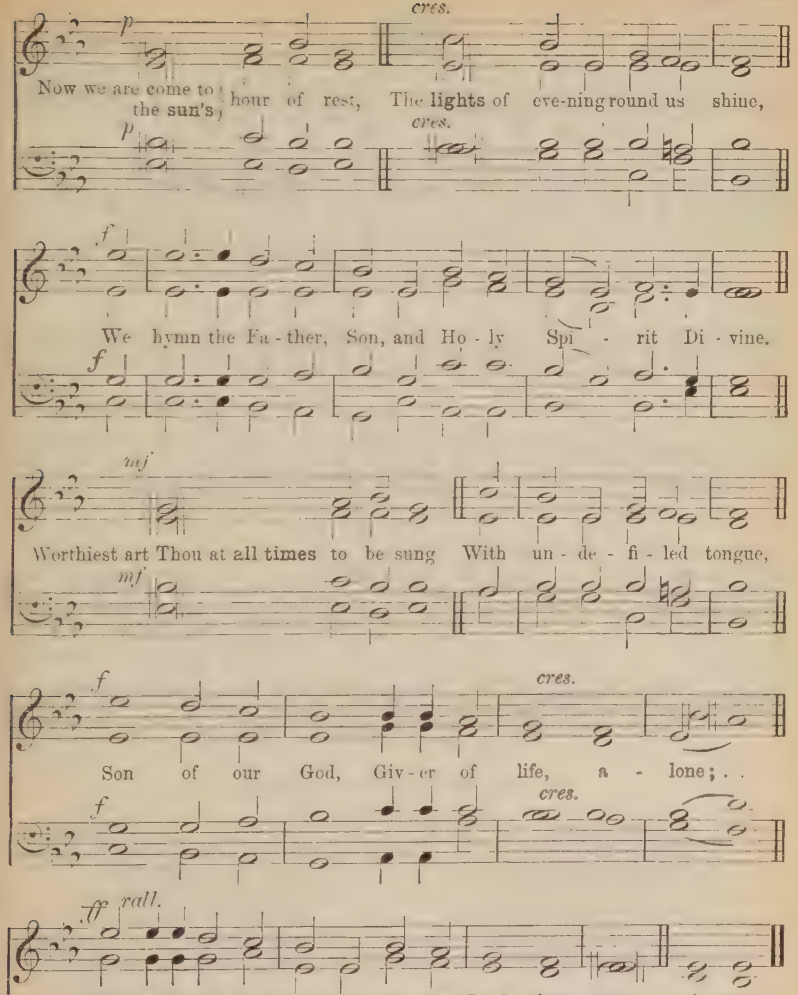
Unis. mf 4 Holy, blessèd Trinity,
c Darkness is not dark with Thee;
Those Thou keepest always see
f Light at evening time. AMEN.

R. H. Robinson.

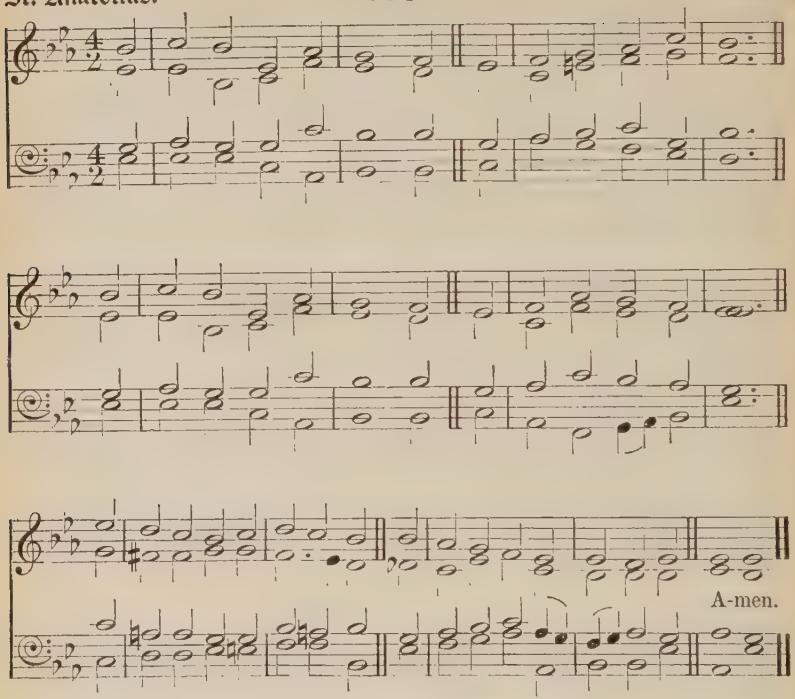
482

The true light now shineth.

Sebaste. Φῶς ἱλαρὸν ἁγίας δόξης. J. STAINER.


f
Hail, gladdening Light,* of His pure glo-ry poured Who is the immortal Father, heavenly, blest,
f
p
Ho - li - est of ho - lies, Je - sus Christ, our Lord!
p

Greek, tr. J. Keble.

St. Anatolius. **483** A. H. Brown.



When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid.

Τὴν ἡμέραν διελθών.

mf THE day is past and over:
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
I pray Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
p O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
c And save me through the coming night.

mf 2 The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee,
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of dark may be.
p O Jesus, make their darkness light,
c And save me through the coming night.

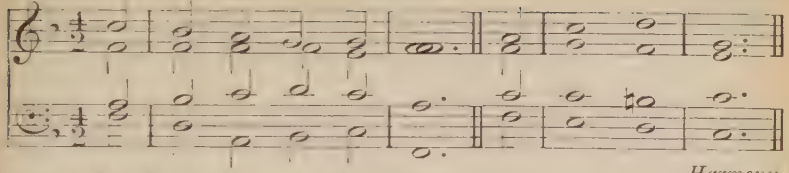
mf 3 The toils of day are over:
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be.
p O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight, [night.
c And guard me through the coming

p 4 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
O God, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
c Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

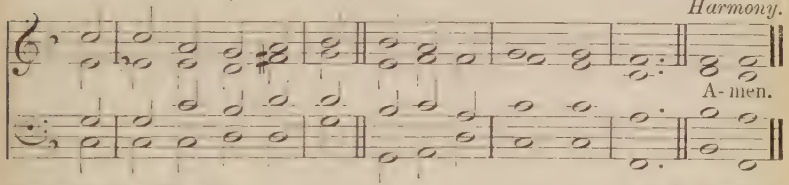
AMEN.

560 *Anatolius, tr. J. M. Neale, sel.*

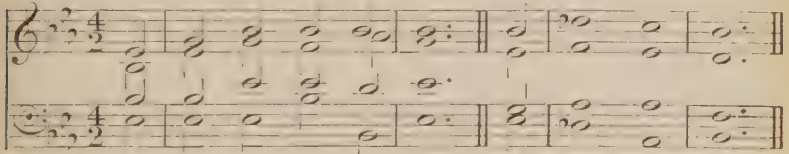
St. Columba (*1st Tune*). **484** H. S. Irons.



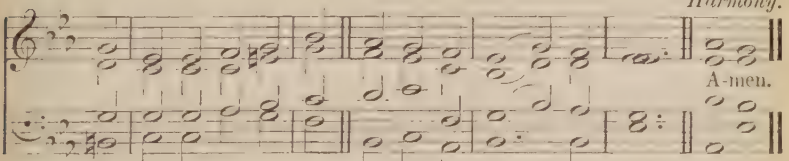
Harmony.



Vespers (*2nd Tune*). R. P. Stewart.



Harmony.



Into Thine hand I commend my spirit.

Sol præceps rapitur.

mp THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

p 2 As Christ, upon the cross
In death reclined,
Into His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,

c 3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live,

mp 4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest—
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

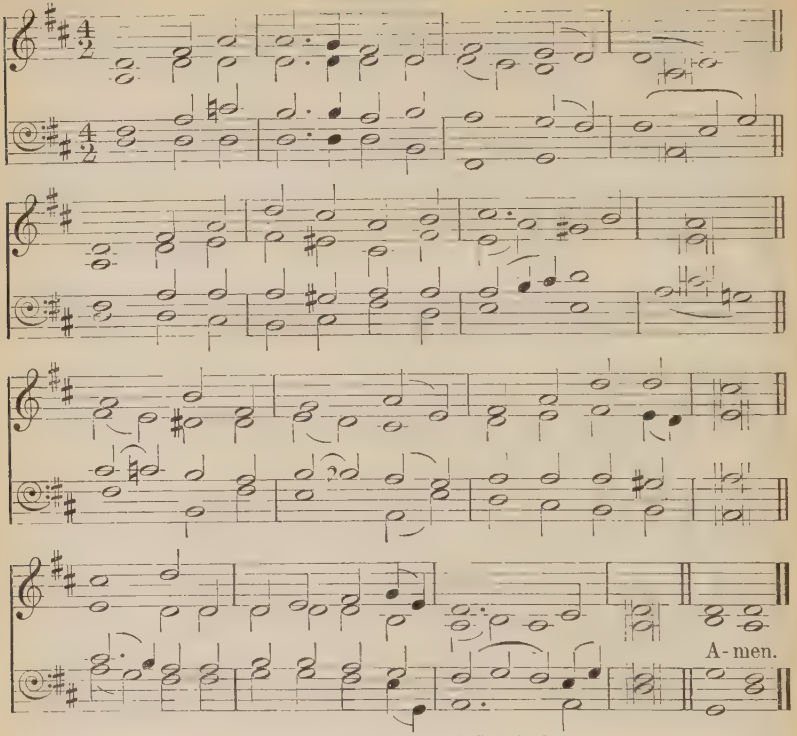
5 Save that His will be done
Whate'er betide—
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

mf 6 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His power and love,
Henceforth alive in me,

Unis. f 7 One sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine;
Myself for ever His,
And He for ever mine. Amen.

561 *Latin, tr. E. Caswall.*

Pax Dei. **485** J. B. Dykes.



[May be sung to 'Ellers,' No. 274.]

The Lord will bless His people with peace.

mf SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
d Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

mf 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

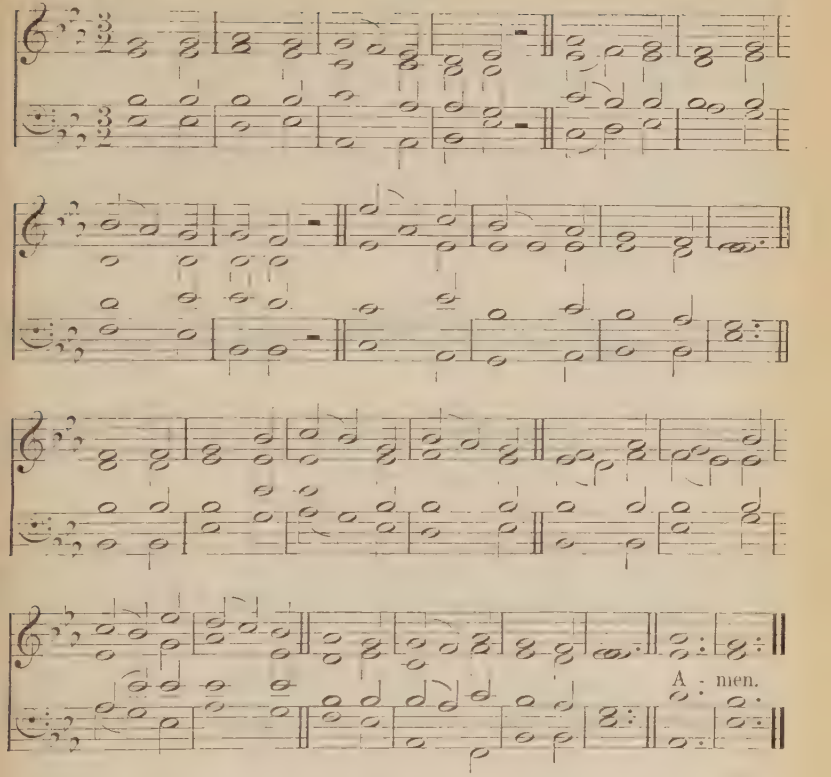
p 3 Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night;
c Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
p From harm and danger keep Thy children free;
c For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

p 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
c Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife:
mf Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
d Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. AMEN.

562 *J. Ellerton.*

Evening Hymn. 486

W. Jackson.



Thou hast made the Most High thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee.

mf FATHER, in high heaven dwelling,
May our evening song be telling
Of Thy mercy large and free;
Through the day Thy love has fed us,
Through the day Thy care has led us,
With divinest charity.

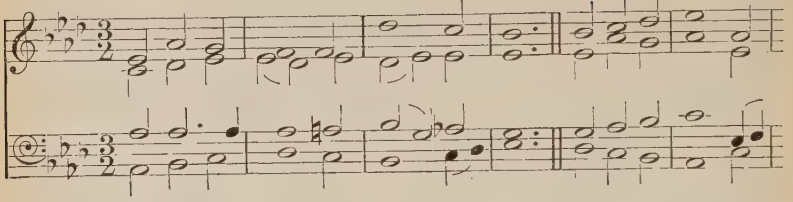
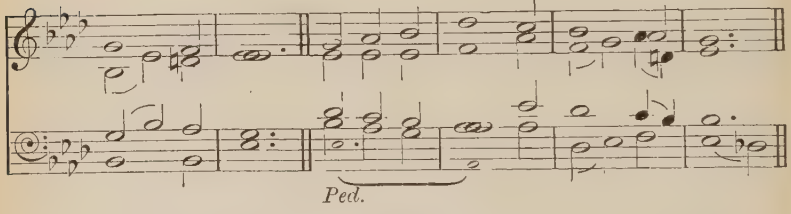
p 2 This day's sins O pardon, Saviour,
Evil thoughts, perverse behaviour,
Envy, pride, and vanity;
From the world, the flesh, deliver,
Save us now, and save us ever,
O Thou Lamb of Calvary.

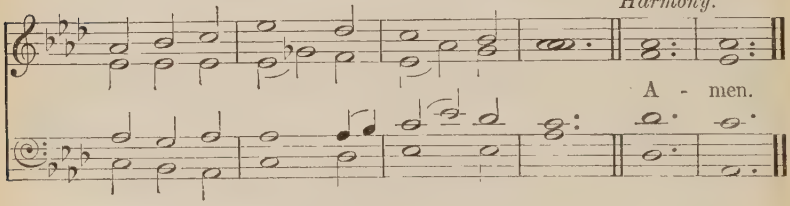
mf 3 From enticements of the devil,
From the might of spirits evil
Be our shield and panoply;
Let Thy power this night defend us,
And a heavenly peace attend us,
And angelic company.

p 4 While the night dews are distilling,
Holy Ghost, each heart be filling
From Thine own infinity.
Softly let the eyes be closing,
Loving souls on Thee reposing,
Ever-blessèd Trinity. AMEN.

G. Rawson.

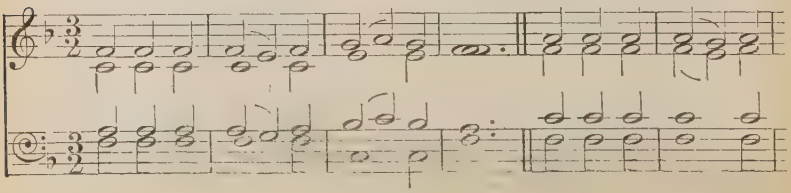
Abends (*1st Tune*). **487** H. S. Oakeley.

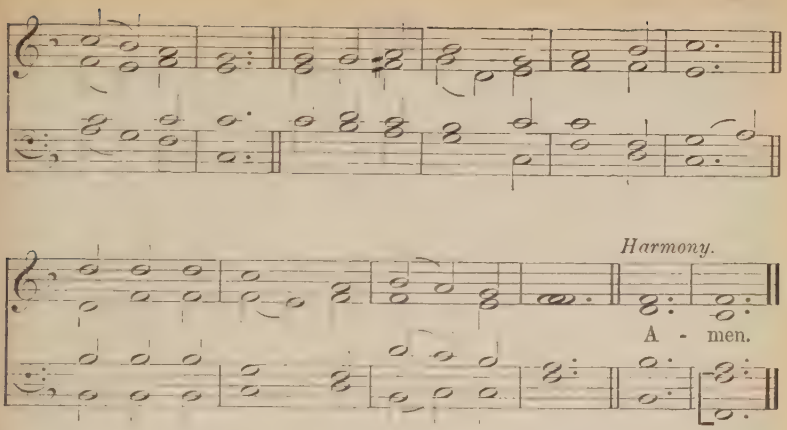




Bursley (*2nd Tune*). *Katholisches Gesangbuch*, 1774 (?).

Grosser Gott, wir loben dich.





The Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory.

mf SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
d Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

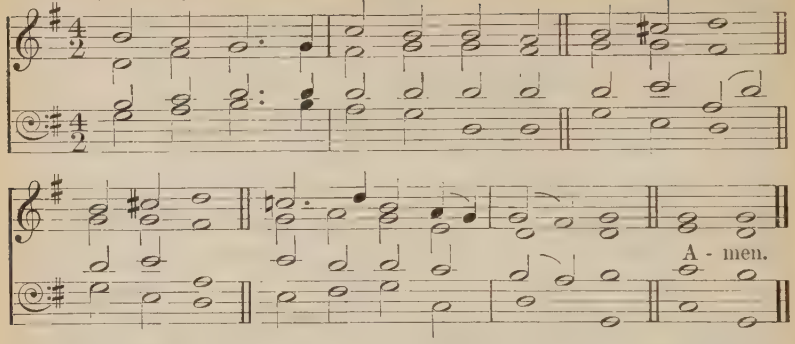
p 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice Divine,
c Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

mf 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
p Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

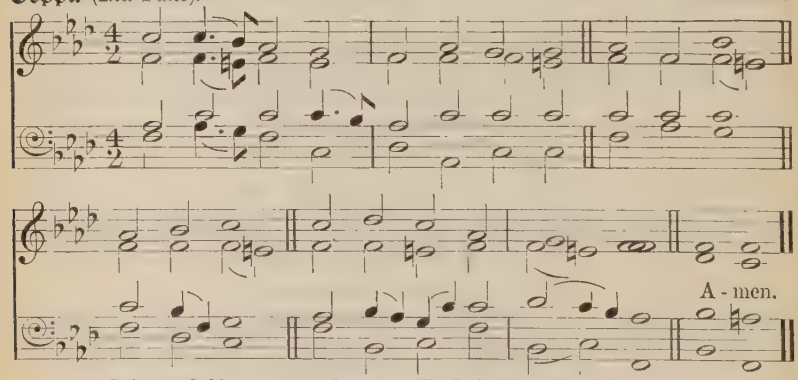
Unis. mf 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
c Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above. AMEN.

J. Keble, sel.

Thanet (*1st Tune*). **488** J. JOWETT.



Goppa (*2nd Tune*). J. ROBERTS.



It is a good thing . . . . to show forth Thy lovingkindness in the morning, and Thy faithfulness every night.

mf ERE I sleep, for every favour
This day showed
By my God
I will bless my Saviour.

2 O my Lord, what shall I render
To Thy name,
Still the same,
Gracious, good, and tender?

3 Thou hast ordered all my goings
In Thy way,
Heard me pray,
Sanctified my doings.

p 4 Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let Thy peace
Be my bliss,
Till Thou hence remove me.

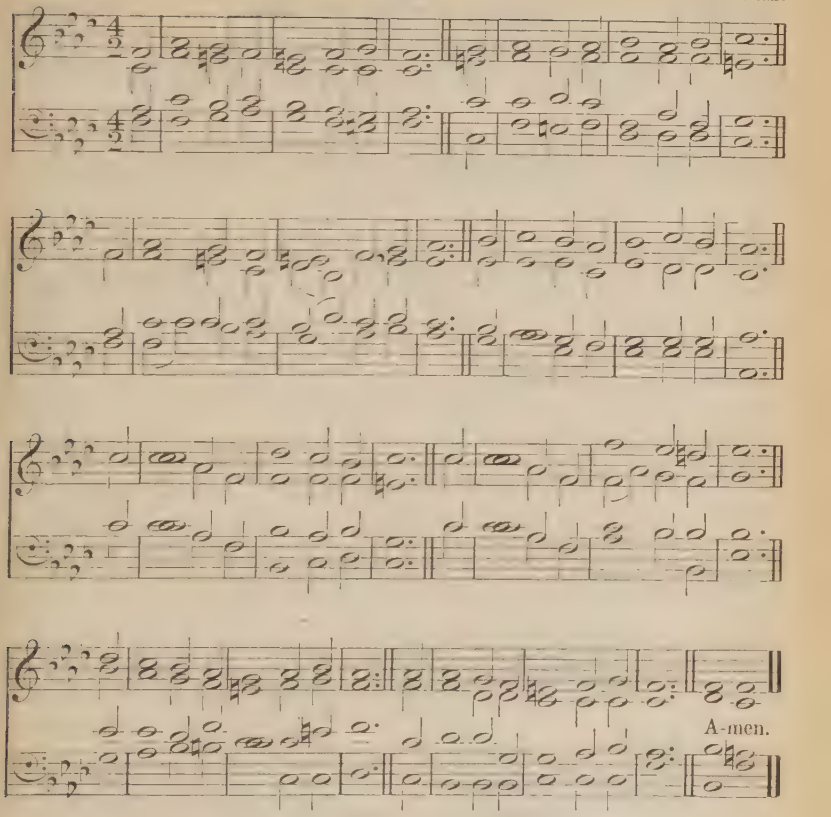
mf 5 Visit me with Thy salvation;
Let Thy care
Now be near
Round my habitation.

f 6 Thou my Rock, my Guard, my Tower,
Safely keep,
While I sleep,
Me, with all Thy power.

p 7 So, whene'er in death I slumber,
c Let me rise
With the wise,
Counted in their number. AMEN.

566 *J. Cennick.*

Trewen. **489** D. Emlyn Evans.



The Lord shall keep thee from all evil; He shall keep thy soul.

f A SOVEREIGN Protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.
He smiles, and my comforts abound;
His grace as the dew shall descend,
And walls of salvation surround
The soul He delights to defend.

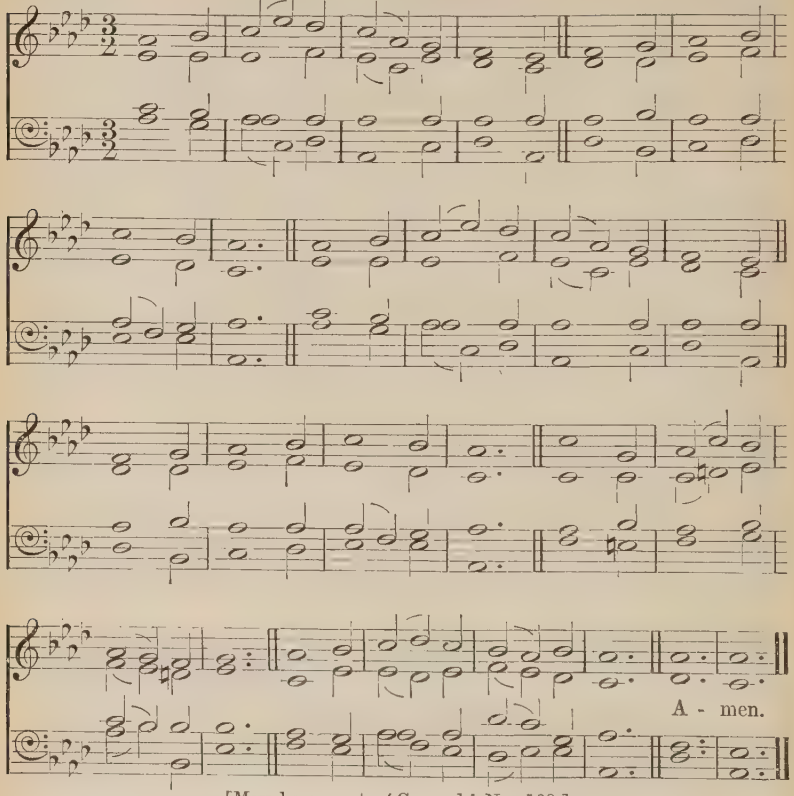
mf 2 Inspirer and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine,
My all to Thy covenant care
I sleeping and waking resign.
If Thou art my Shield and my Sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

Amen.

A. M. Toplady, alt.

490

Godesberg. **Gott des Himmels und der Erden.** H. ALBERT.



[May be sung to 'Gounod,' No. 108.]

In Whom also after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise.

mp SAVIOUR, now the day is ending,
And the shades of evening fall,
Let Thy Holy Dove, descending,
Bring Thy mercy to us all.
c *Set Thy seal on every heart;*
Jesus, bless us ere we part.

mp 2 Bless the gospel message, spoken
In Thine own appointed way;
Give each longing soul a token
Of Thy tender love to-day.

p 3 Comfort those in pain and sorrow:
Watch each sleeping child of Thine;
mp Let us all arise to-morrow
Strengthened by Thy grace Divine.

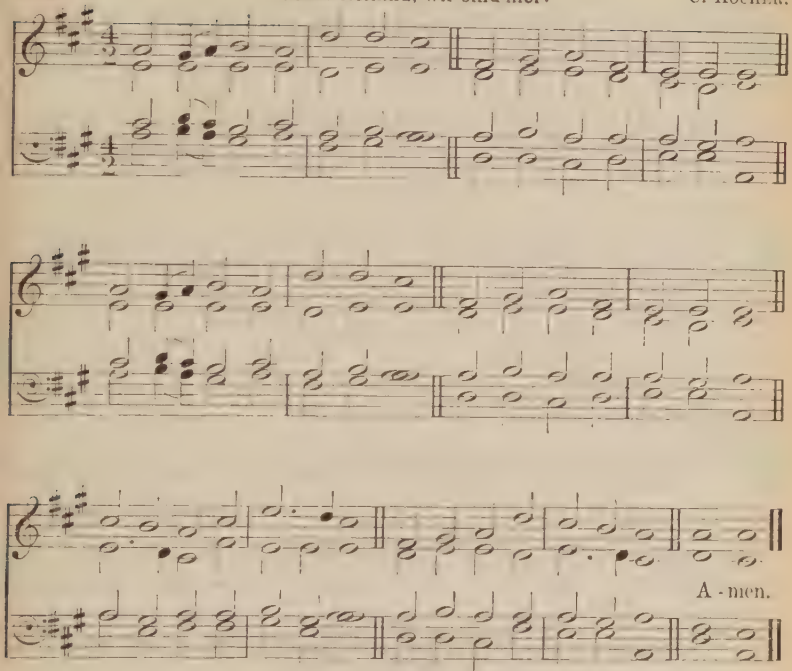
p 4 Pardon Thou each deed unholy;
Lord, forgive each sinful thought;
Make us contrite, pure, and lowly,
By Thy great example taught.

AMEN.

S. Doudney, sel.

491

Dir. Treuer Heiland, wir sind hier. C. Kocher.



[May be sung to 'Morning,' No. 471.]

O that Thou wouldest bless me indeed.

mf LORD of power, Lord of might,
God and Father of us all,
Lord of day, and Lord of night,
Listen to our solemn call:
Listen, whilst to Thee we raise
Songs of prayer, and songs of praise.

2 Light, and love, and life are Thine,
Great Creator of all good;
Fill our souls with light divine;
Give us with our daily food
Blessings from Thy heavenly store,
Blessings rich for evermore.

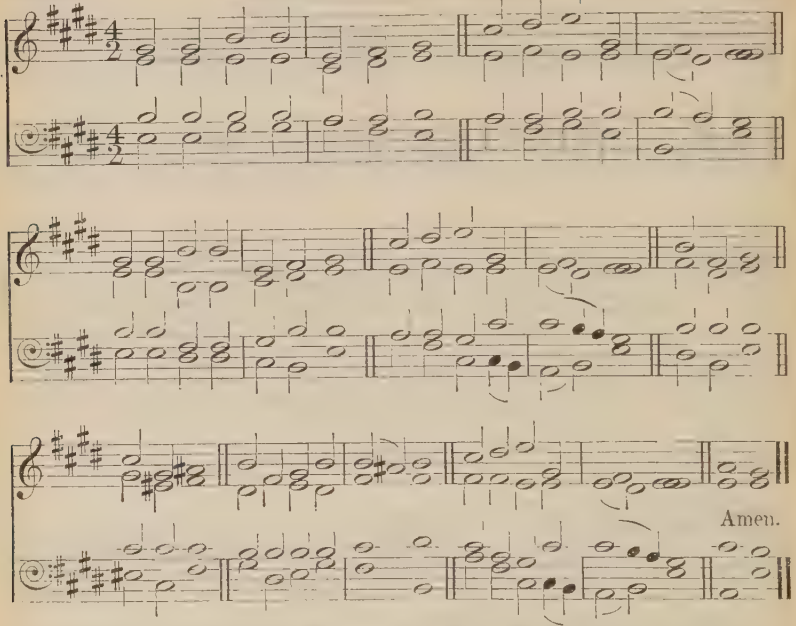
3 Graft within our heart of hearts
Love undying for Thy name;
Bid us ere the day departs
Spread afar our Maker's fame;
Young and old together bless;
Clothe our souls with righteousness.

4 Full of years, and full of peace,
May our life on earth be blest;
When our trials here shall cease,
d And at last we sink to rest,
c Fountain of eternal love,
Call us to our home above. AMEN.

G. Thring.

492

Nassau. Straf mich nicht in deinem Zorn. J. Rosenmüller (?).



Let my prayer be set forth as incense before Thee; the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.

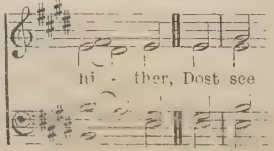
1

mf GOD'S bright temple in the skies
Night is opening slowly;
Let our song like incense rise
From a priesthood holy.
Sacred flame,
In Christ's name,
In our censers laying,
We come humbly praying.

2

For our loved ones all we pray;
Thou, God, looking hither,*
Dost see the near and far away
In one glance together;
Seen by Thee,
They and we,
Both that one eye under,
Are not far asunder.

* *To be sung as follows:—*



3

Where the sailor on the deep
Rests on his rude pillow,
Rocked a little while to sleep
On the heaving billow,
Save, Lord, save
From storm wave,
Guide with gentle motion
Through the pathless ocean.

4

Where the sick lie wearily,
Tossing in their sorrow,
Murmuring oft the plaintive cry,
p 'Would that it were morrow!'
cresc. O repress
Sore distress;
mf Give them calm sweet sleeping
In their night of weeping.

5

Where the tempted may have strayed
Into scenes of danger,
Let not virtue be betrayed;
Rise, Lord, to avenge her;
With strong arm
Shield from harm,
Or from trial rather
Keep them, Holy Father.

6

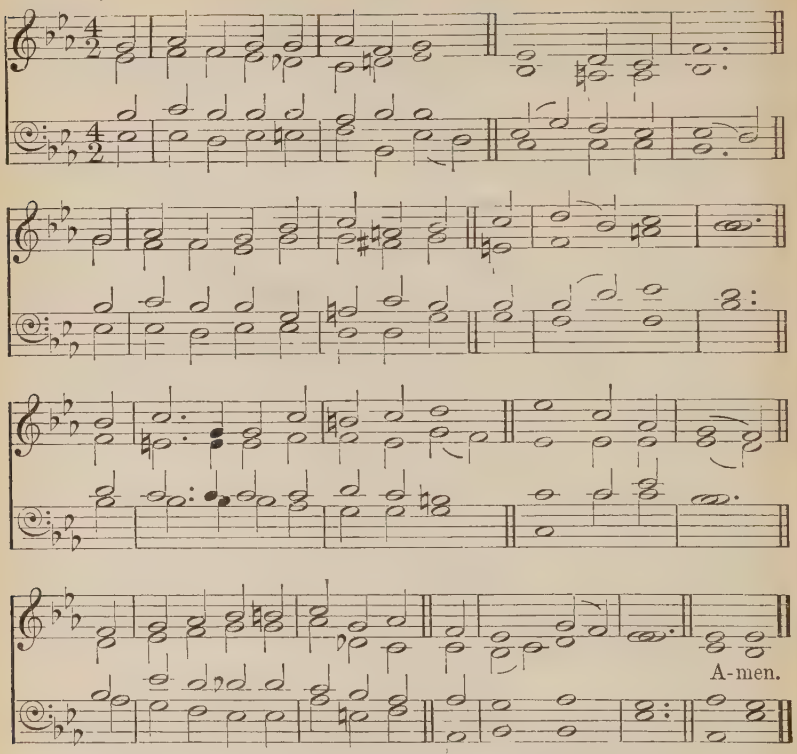
rall. Where the penitent has gone
To his chamber weeping,
Leave, O leave him not alone,
Bitter vigil keeping;
Breathe, O Lord,
Some soft word,
All that true peace speaking
His vexed heart is seeking.

7

mf Star lamps now are filled with fire,
Heaven's broad dome revealing:
Lord, we are a lowly choir,
At Thy threshold kneeling;
Yet our song,
Even among
Angels' songs ascending,
Holds Thine ear attending. AMEN.

W. B. Robertson.

Gloaming. 493 J. Stainer.



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Every morning to thank and praise the Lord, and likewise at even.

mp THE sun declines; o'er land and sea
Creeps on the night;
The twinkling stars come one by one
To shed their light;

c With Thee there is no darkness, Lord;
With us abide,
And 'neath Thy wings we rest secure
This eventide.

mp 2 Forgive the wrong this day we've done,
Or thought, or said;
Each moment with its good or ill
To Thee has fled;
O Father, in Thy mercy great
Will we confide;
Thy benediction now bestow
This eventide.

mf 3 And when with morning light we rise,
Kept by Thy care,
We'll lift to Thee, with grateful hearts,
Our morning prayer.

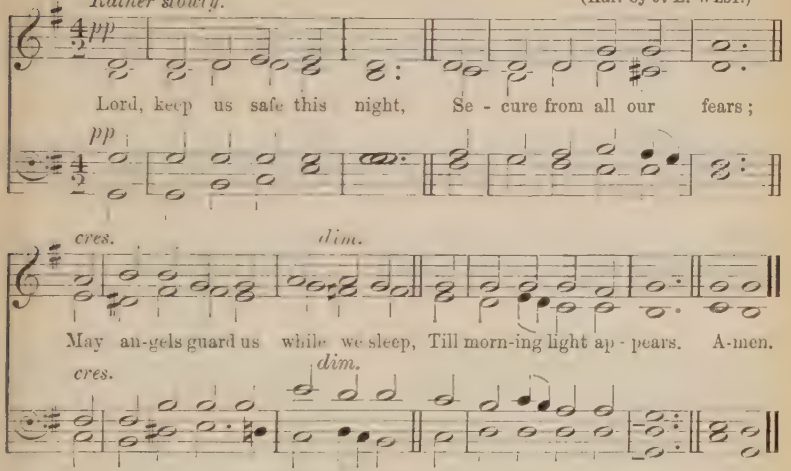
f Be Thou through life our Strength and Stay,
Our Guard and Guide
To that dear home where there will be
No eventide. AMEN.

R. Walmsley.

494

(*VESPER VERSE.*)

Adapted from BEETHOVEN.
(Har. by J. E. WEST.)


Rather slowly.
pp
Lord, keep us safe this night, Se - cure from all our fears;
cres.
dim.
May an-gels guard us while we sleep, Till morn-ing light ap - pears. A-men.

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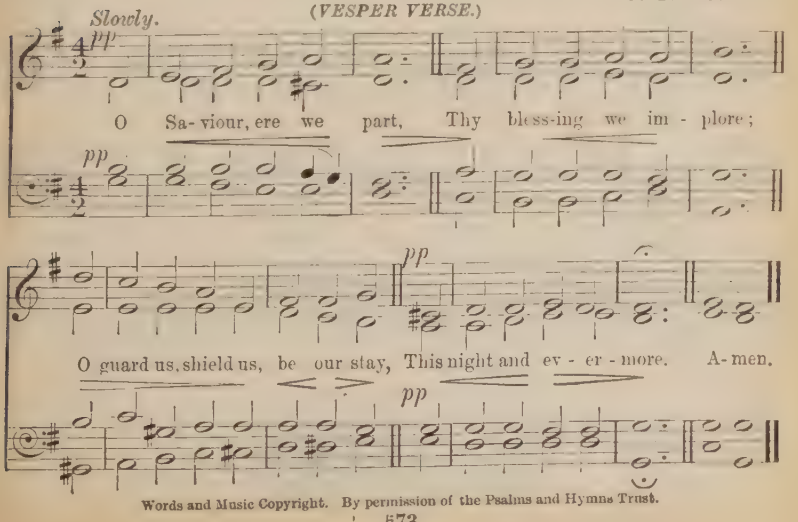
495

(*VESPER VERSE.*)

J. T. MUSGRAVE.



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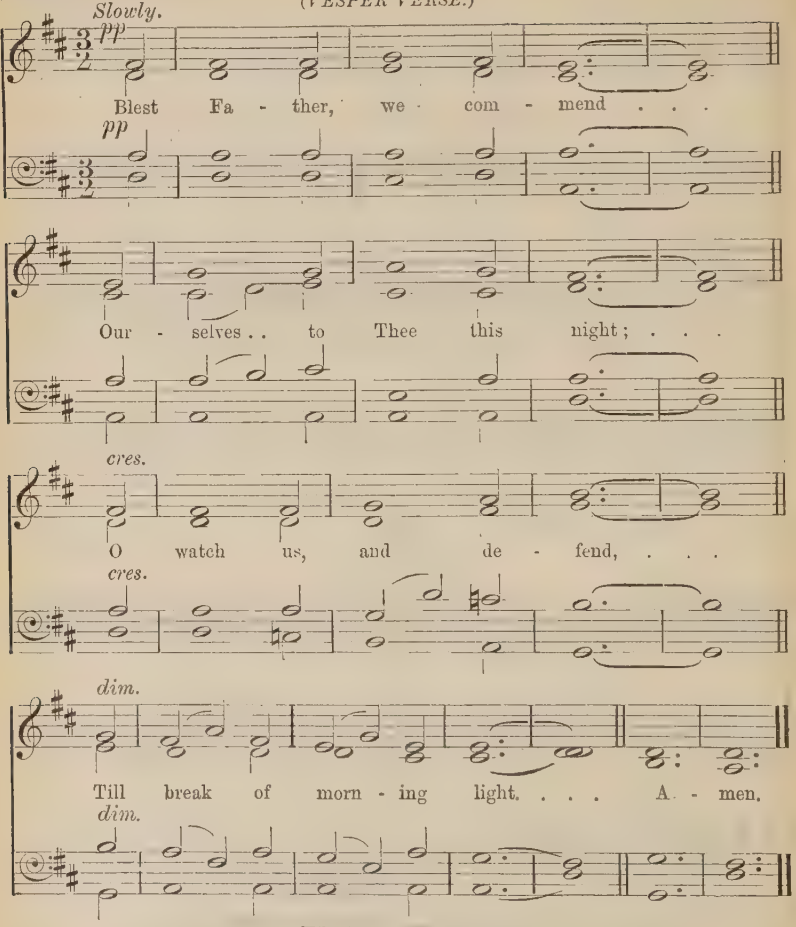
496

Dolomite Chant. (*VESPER VERSE.*)

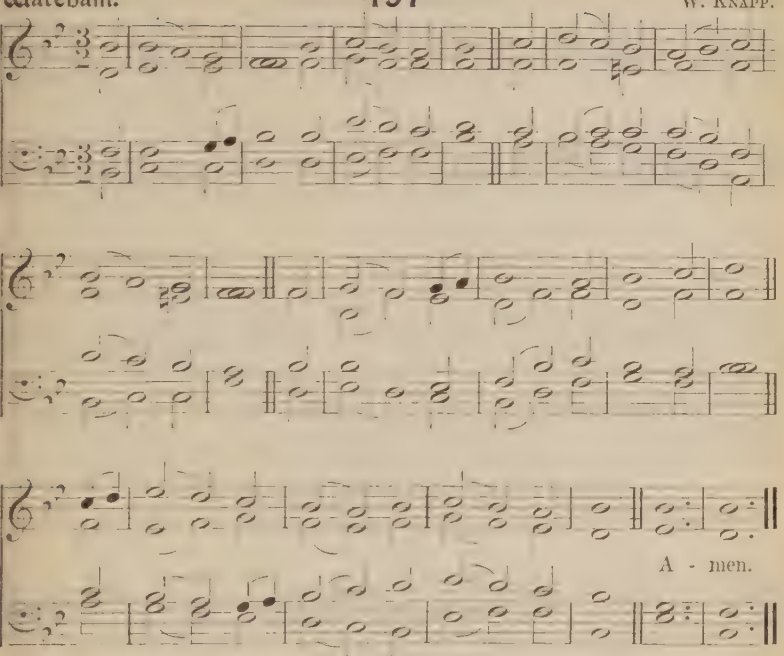

Slowly.
pp
Blest Fa - ther, we com - mend . . .
pp
Our - selves . . to Thee this night; . . .
cres.
O watch us, and de - fend, . . .
cres.
dim.
Till break of morn - ing light. . . . A - men.
dim.

The following also are suitable :—

92 Jesus, Lord, Redeemer.
241 Our day of praise is done.
242 The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended.
260 Again, as evening's shadow falls.
389 Still with Thee, O my God.

3.—*THE SEASONS.*

Warebam. **497** W. KNAPP.



Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day.

[ALL SEASONS.]

mf GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows,
That mercy crowns it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God,
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

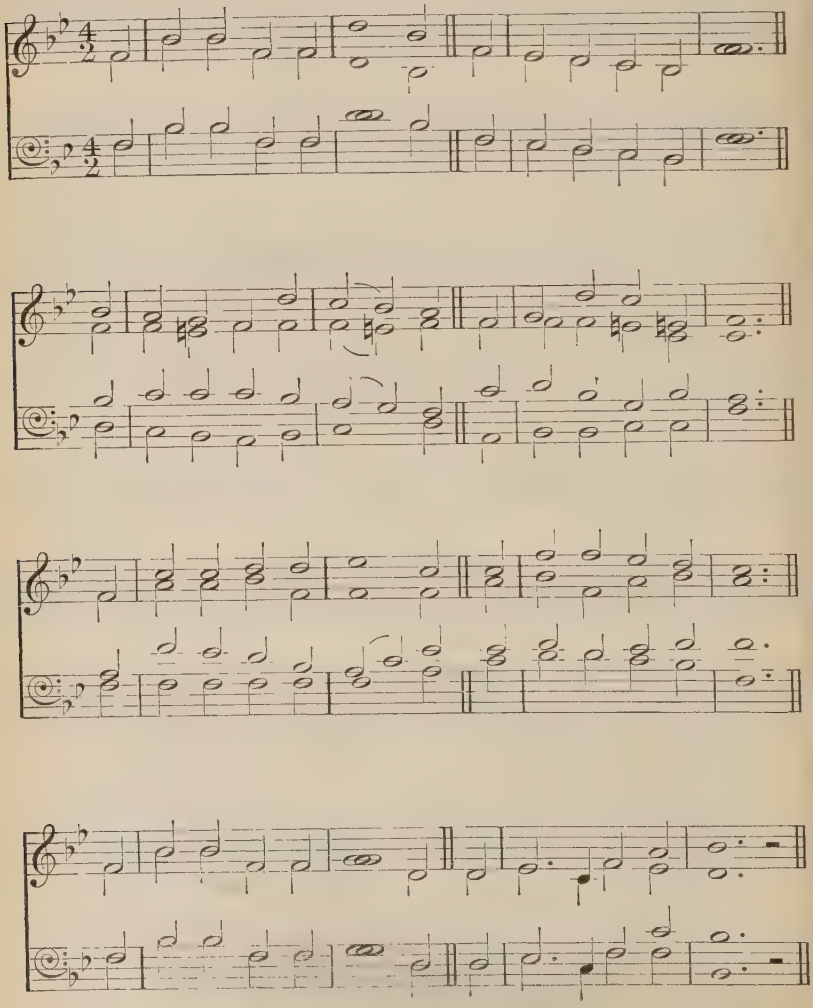
4 In scenes exalted or depressed
Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest:
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

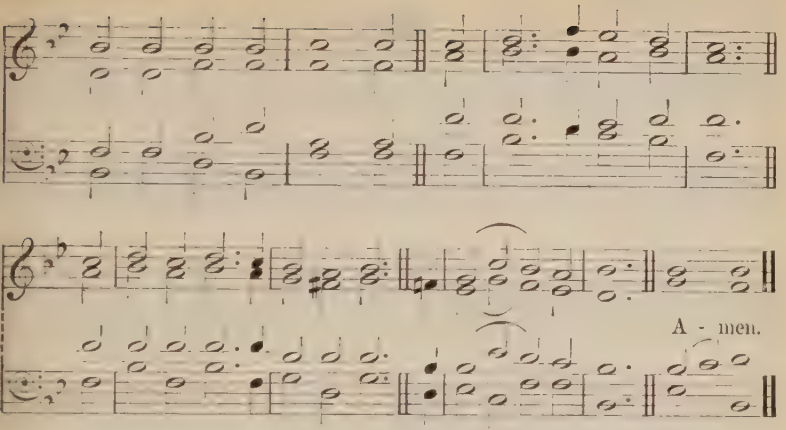
p 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
c Our Helper God, in Whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls and guard our dust. AMEN.

P. Doddridge, alt.

498

Dresden. Wir pflügen und wir streuen. J. A. P. Schulz.





He did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness.

Im Anfang war's auf Erden.

[ALL SEASONS.]

mf WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine
p And soft refreshing rain.

f *All good gifts around us*
Are sent from heaven above;
ff *Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord*
For all His love.

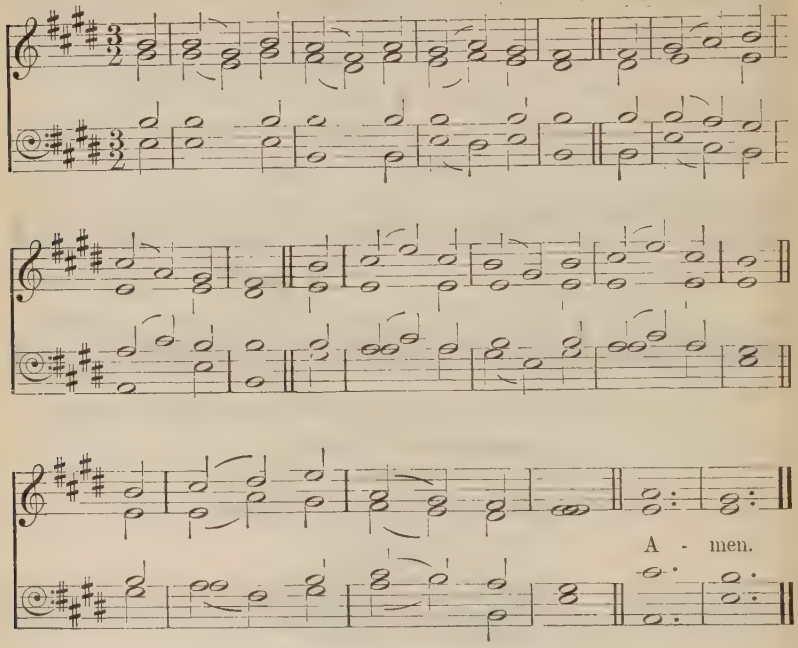
mf 2 He only is the Maker
Of all things, near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him;
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.

f 3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
mf No gifts have we to offer
For all Thy love imparts,
d But that which Thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

AMEN.

 Claudius, tr. J. M. Campbell.

Arnold. **499** S. Arnold.



Thou renewest the face of the earth.

[Spring.]

mf THE glory of the spring how sweet!
The new-born life how glad!
What joy the happy earth to greet,
In new, bright raiment clad!

2 Divine Renewer, Thee I bless;
I greet Thy going forth;
I love Thee in the loveliness
Of Thy renewed earth.

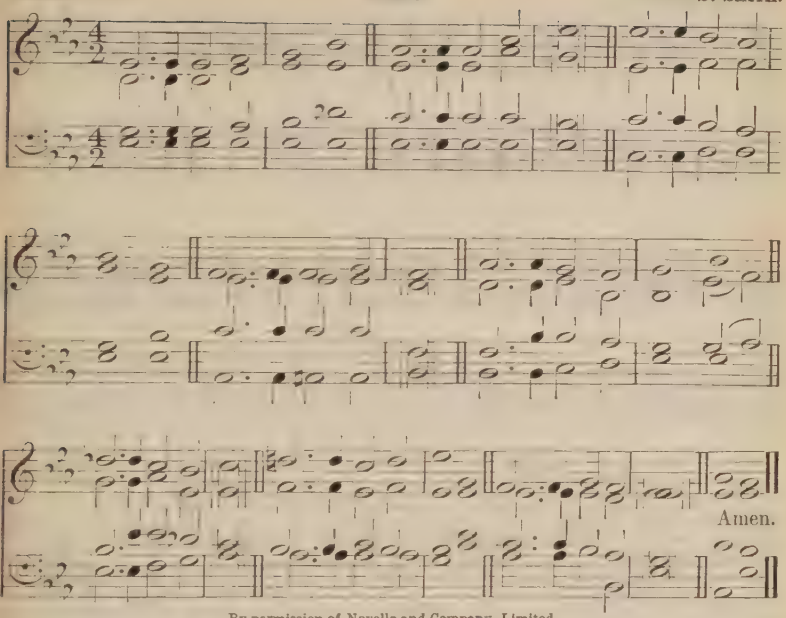
3 But O these wonders of Thy grace,
These nobler works of Thine,
These marvels sweeter far to trace,
These new births more divine,

4 This new-born glow of faith so strong,
This bloom of love so fair,
This new-born ecstasy of song
And fragrancy of prayer!

mp 5 Creator Spirit, work in me
These wonders sweet of Thine;
Divine Renewer, graciously
Renew this heart of mine. Amen.

T. H. Gill, sel.

Ruth. **500** S. SMITH.



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Thou hast prepared the light and the sun. . . . . Thou hast made summer.

[SUMMER.]

mf SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea;
Happy light is flowing,
Bountiful and free.
Every thing rejoices
In the mellow rays;
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

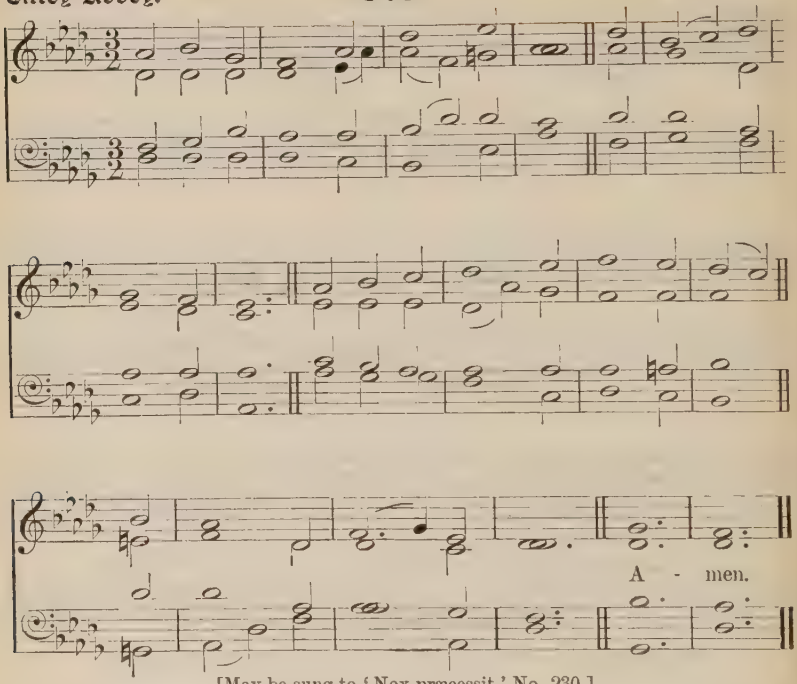
2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth,
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious,
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

p 3 Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
mf For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more;
p And, when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
c Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

mf 4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light:
p Life is dark without Thee;
c Death with Thee is bright.
f Light of light, shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way;
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day. AMEN.

W. W. How.

Tiltey Abbey. **501** A. H. Brown.



[May be sung to 'Nox præcessit,' No. 230.]

While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest . . . . . shall not cease.

[Harvest.]

mf FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich Thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence was Thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.

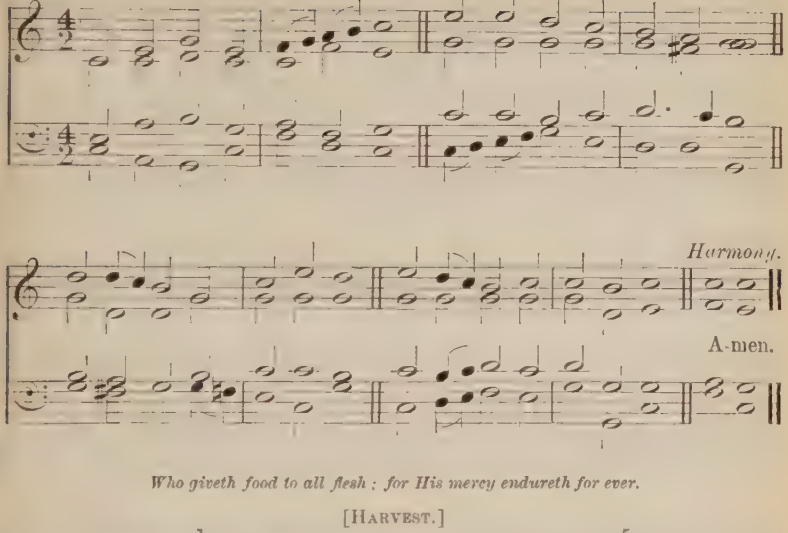
c 4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
f A yellow harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

mf 5 Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone
Thou dost on man bestow;
Let him not then forget to own
From Whom his blessings flow.

f 6 Fountain of love, our praise is Thine;
To Thee our songs we 'll raise,
And all created nature join
In sweet harmonious praise. Amen.

A. Flowerdew.

Monkland. **502** Arr. by J. Wilkes.



Who giveth food to all flesh ; for His mercy endureth for ever.

[Harvest.]

1

f PRAISE, O praise our God and King ;
Hymns of adoration sing ;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2

mf Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run ;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure ;

3

And the silver moon, by night
Shining with her gentle light ;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4

Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain ;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure ;

5

And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield ;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6

f Praise Him for our harvest-store ;
He hath filled the garner floor ;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure ;

7

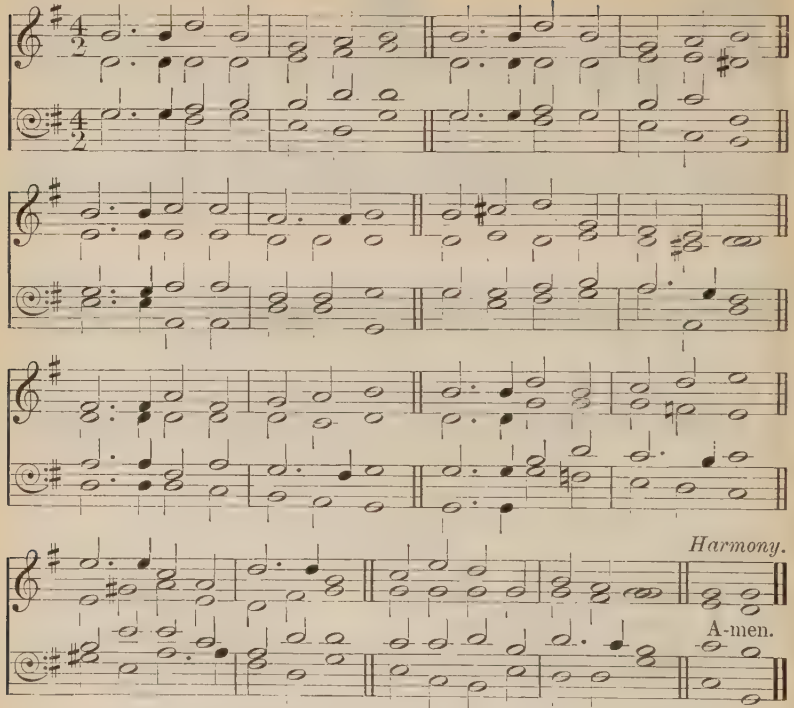
p And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss ;
c For His mercies still endure,
f Ever faithful, ever sure.

8

Unis. ff Glory to our bounteous King !
Glory let creation sing,
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One !
Amen.

H. W. Baker.

St. George's, Windsor. **503** G. J. Elvey.



The harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels.

[Harvest.]

f COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home:
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home.

mf 2 We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
mp Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
c From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
p Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
c But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

Unis.

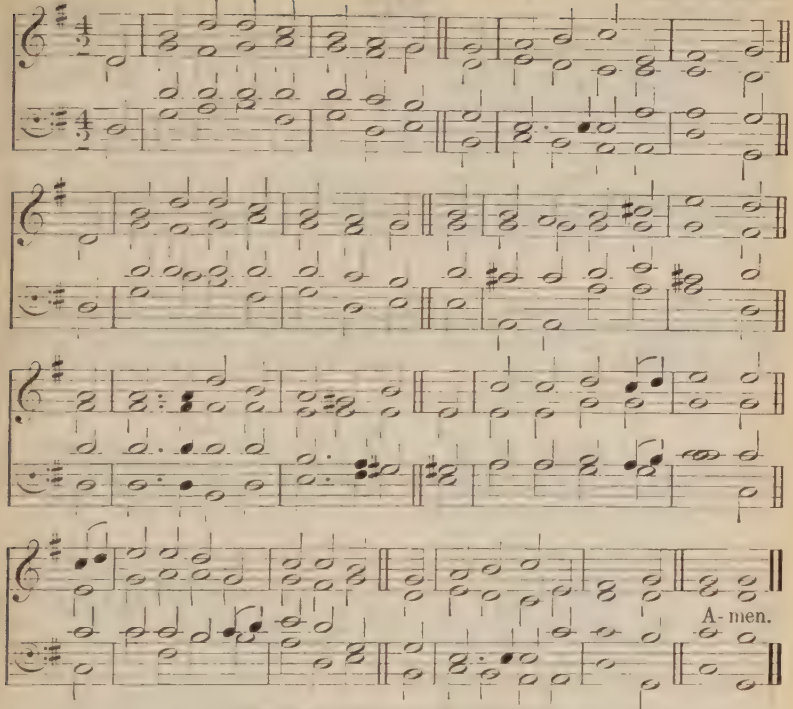
mf 4 Then, thou Church triumphant, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home;
c All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
There, for ever purified,
In God's garner to abide:
f Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

Amen.

H. Alford.

Golden Sheaves. 504

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



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Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness: and Thy paths drop fatness.

[HARVEST.]

f TO Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise
In hymns of adoration,
To Thee bring sacrifice of praise
With shouts of exultation;
Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
The hills with joy are ringing,
The valleys stand so thick with corn
That even they are singing.

mf 2 And now, on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing.
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal;
Thou Who dost give us daily bread,
Give us the bread eternal.

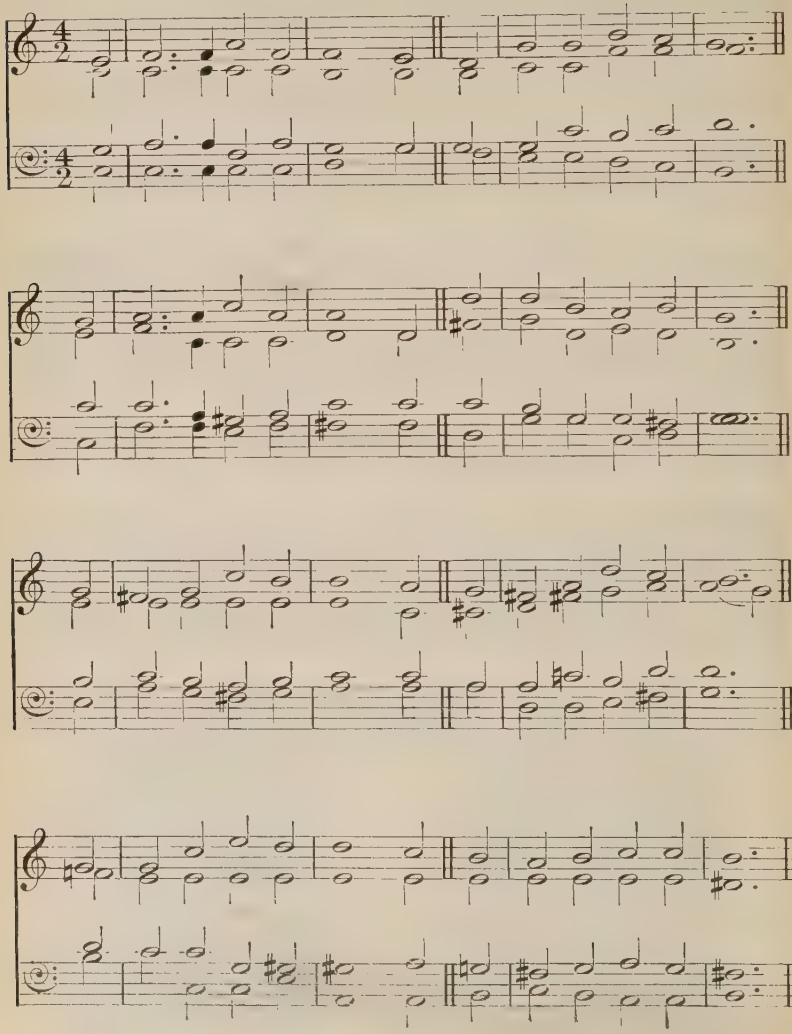
p 3 We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary,
But labour ends with sunset ray,
And rest is for the weary;
mf May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garners bright elected.

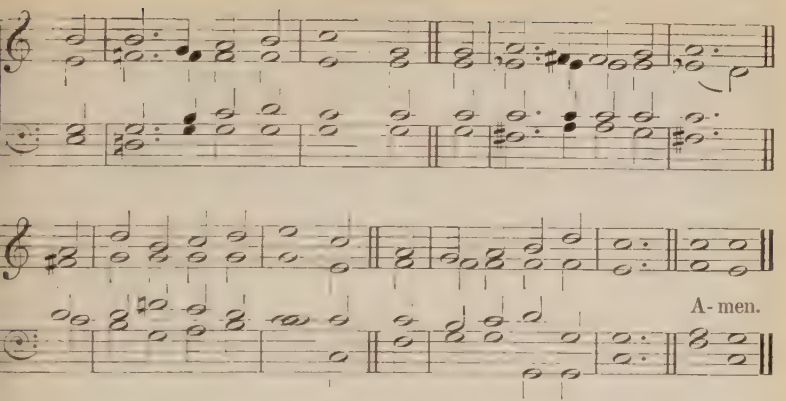
4 O blessèd is that land of God
Where saints abide for ever, [broad,
Where golden fields spread fair and
Where flows the crystal river.
The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending;
f Thrice blessèd is that harvest-song
Which never hath an ending.

AMEN.

W. C. Dix.

St. Beatrice. **505** J. F. Bridge.





He That soweth the good seed is the Son of Man; . . . . . the harvest is the end of the world.

[HARVEST.]

mf THE sower went forth sowing;
The seed in secret slept
Through weeks of faith and patience,
Till out the green blade crept;
And, warmed by golden sunshine
And fed by silver rain,
At last the fields were whitened
To harvest once again.

f O praise the heavenly Sower,
Who gave the fruitful seed,
And watched and watered duly,
And ripened for our need.

mf 2 Behold! the heavenly Sower
Goes forth with better seed,
The word of sure salvation,
With feet and hands that bleed;
Here in His Church 't is scattered,
Our spirits are the soil;
Then let an ample fruitage
Repay His pain and toil.

f O beauteous is the harvest
Wherein all goodness thrives,
And this the true thanksgiving,
The first-fruits of our lives.

p 3 Within a hallowed acre
He sows yet other grain,
When peaceful earth receiveth
The dead He died to gain;

c For, though the growth be hidden,
We know that they shall rise;
Yea, even now they ripen
In sunny Paradise.

mf O summer land of harvest,
O fields for ever white
With souls that wear Christ's raiment
With crowns of golden light!

4 One day the heavenly Sower
Shall reap where He hath sown,
And come again rejoicing,
And with Him bring His own;

pp And then the fan of judgment
Shall winnow from His floor
The chaff into the furnace
That flameth evermore.

p O holy, awful Reaper,
Have mercy in the day
Thou puttest in Thy sickle,

rall And cast us not away. AMEN.

W. St. H. Bourne.

The following also are suitable:—

15 O Lord of heaven and earth and sea.
125 For the beauty of the earth.

506

Clarence.

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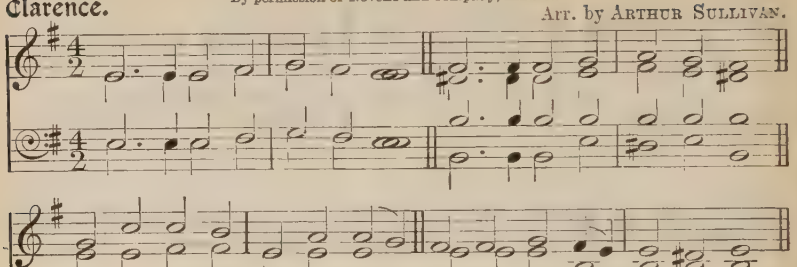
Arr. by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



Thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust. Thou sendest forth Thy spirit, they are created: and Thou renewest the face of the earth.

[WINTER.]

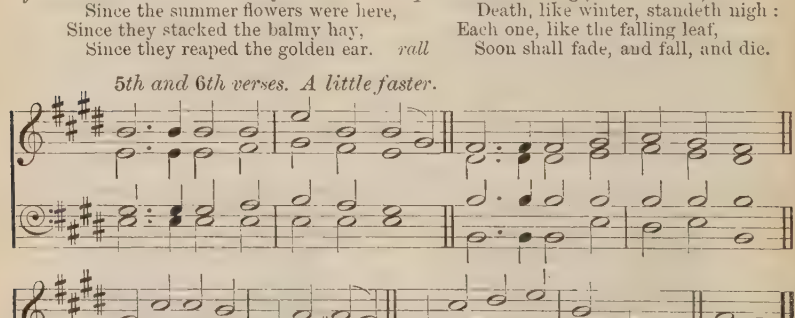
mp WINTER reigneth o'er the land,
Freezing with its icy breath;
Dead and bare the tall trees stand;
All is chill and drear as death.

mf 2 Yet it seemeth but a day
Since the summer flowers were here,
Since they stacked the balmy hay,
Since they reaped the golden ear.

mp 3 Sunny days are past and gone;
So the years go, speeding fast,
Onward ever, each new one
Swifter speeding than the last.

p 4 Life is waning; life is brief;
Death, like winter, standeth nigh:
Each one, like the falling leaf,
rall Soon shall fade, and fall, and die.

5th and 6th verses. A little faster.



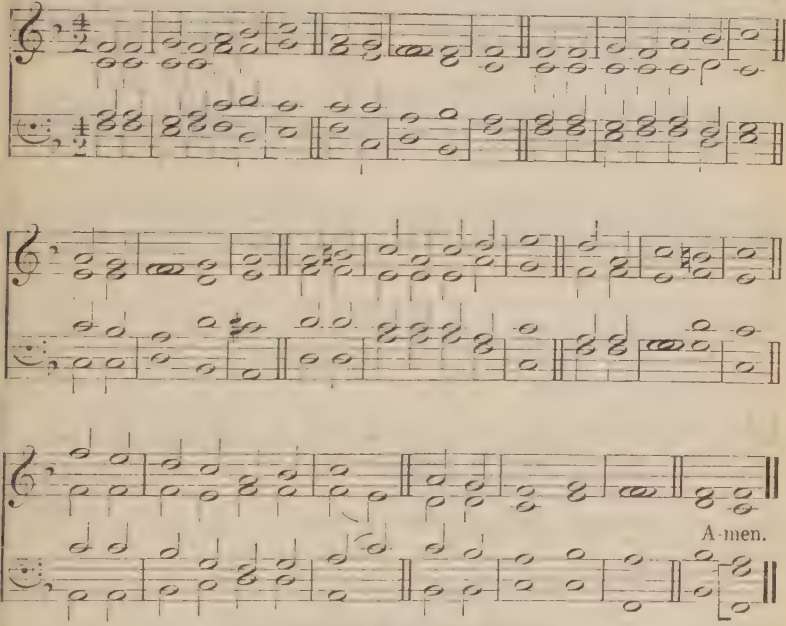
f 5 But the sleeping earth shall wake;
New-born flowers shall burst in bloom,
And all nature, rising, break
Glorious from its wintry tomb.

6 So the saints, from slumber blest,
Rising, shall awake and sing;
And our flesh in hope shall rest
Till there breaks the endless spring.
AMEN.

W. W. How.

4.—*OLD YEAR AND NEW.*

St. Ignatius. **507** J. Barnby.



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Father, glorify Thy name.

mf FATHER, let me dedicate
All this year to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wouldst have me be;
Not from sorrow, pain, or care
Freedom dare I claim;
This alone shall be my prayer,
c 'Glorify Thy name!'

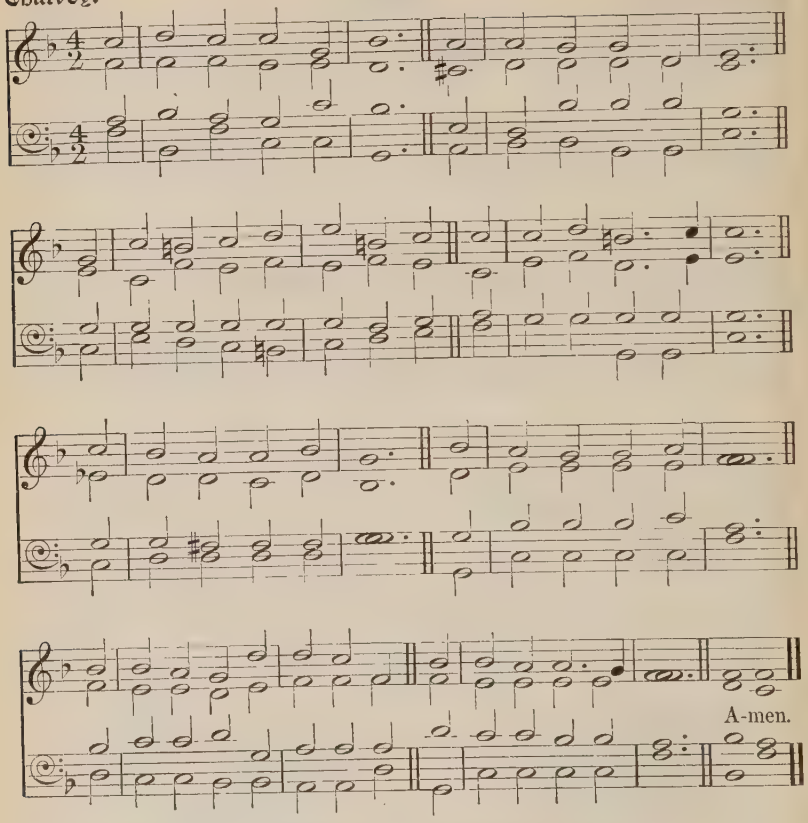
mf 2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy name.

3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine,
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine,
f Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy name.

p 4 If Thou callest to the cross
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home,
mf Let me think how Thy dear Son
To His glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
p 'Glorify Thy name.' AMEN.

L. Tuttiett.

Chalvey. **508** L. G. Hayne.



Lift up your heads ; for your redemption draweth nigh.

mp A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb :
p Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day ;
c O wash me in Thy precious blood,
p And take my sins away.

mp 2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
c And we shall be where suns are not,—
A far serener clime :
p Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day ;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
p And take my sins away.

mp 3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
c And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
p Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
c O wash me in Thy precious blood,
p And take my sins away.

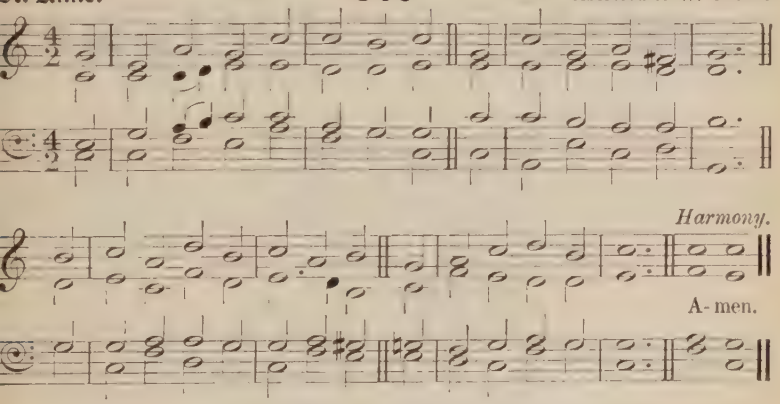
4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
c And we shall weep no more:
p Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
c O wash me in Thy precious blood,
p And take my sins away.

mf 5 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day:
p Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
c O wash me in Thy precious blood,
p And take my sins away.

mf 6 'T is but a little while
And He shall come again
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign:
p Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
c O wash me in Thy precious blood,
p And take my sins away. AMEN.

H. Bonar.

St. Anne. **509** Ascribed to W. CROFT.



Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

Unis. mf OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Har. 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

f 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

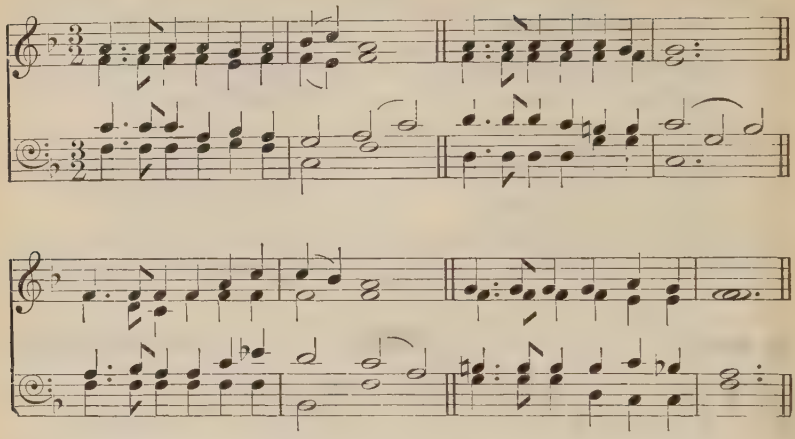
mp 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

mf 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
d They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Unis. mf 6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
c Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.
AMEN.

I. Watts, sel.

St. Sylvester. **510** J. B. Dykes.



So teach us to number our days, that we may get us an heart of wisdom.

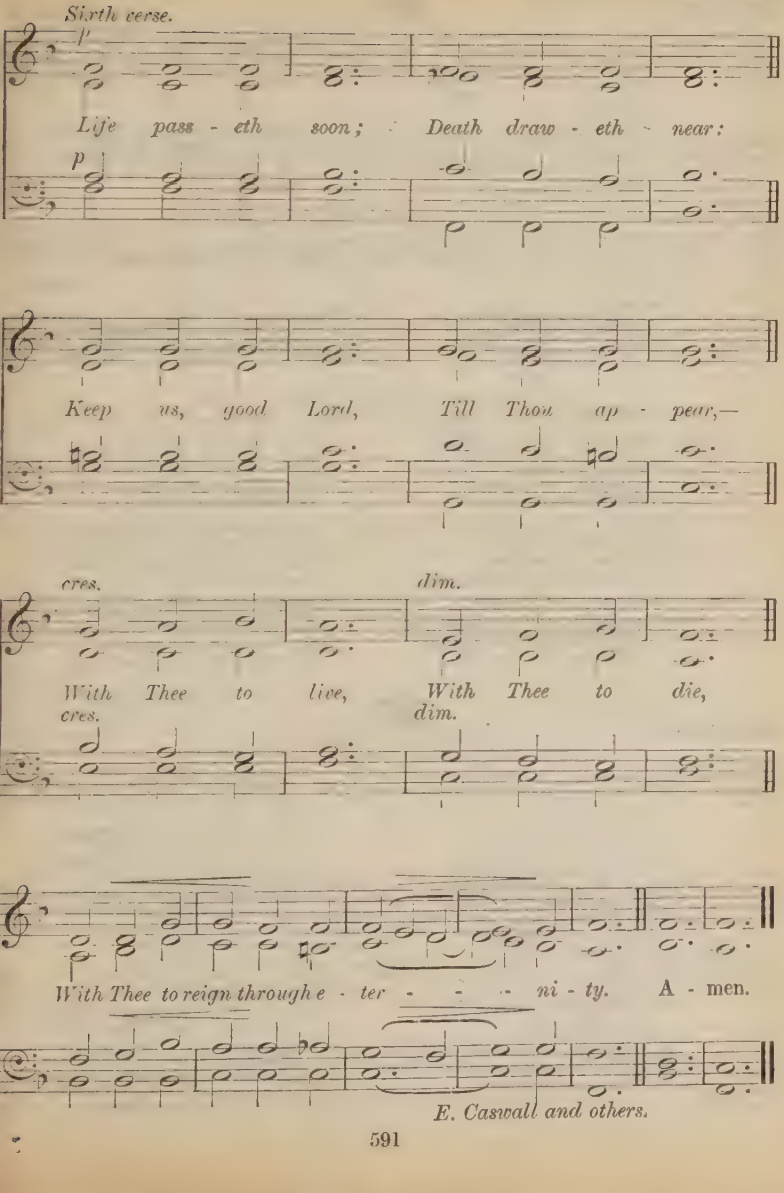
mp JESUS, infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame,
Teach, O teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came.

2 As a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapour, so it flies;
For the by-gone years retreating
Pardon grant, and make us wise,—

3 Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin,
Stay not in our work, nor slumber,
Till Thy holy rest we win.

mf 4 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
c Wake, O wake each idle dreamer
Now to make the eternal choice.

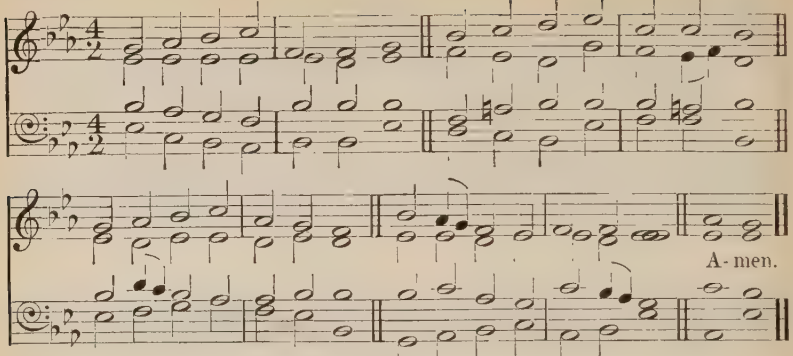
p 5 Soon before the Judge all-glorious
We with all the dead shall stand;
c Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then at Thy right hand.


Sixth verse.
Life pass - eth soon; Death draw - eth near:
Keep us, good Lord, Till Thou ap - pear,—
cres.
dim.
With Thee to live, With Thee to die,
With Thee to reign through e - ter - - - ni - ty. A - men.
E. Caswall and others.

Gibbons.

511

O. Gibbons.



[May be sung to 'Christ Chapel,' No. 373.]

This God is our God for ever and ever: He will be our Guide even unto death.

mf FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness:
Jesus, our Redeemer, hear.

2 Lo! our sins on Thee we cast,
Thee, our perfect sacrifice,
c And, forgetting all the past,
Press towards our glorious prize.

mf 3 Dark the future; let Thy light
Guide us, Bright and Morning Star:
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight;
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

4 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

p 5 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

mf 6 Keep us faithful; keep us pure;
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

AMEN.

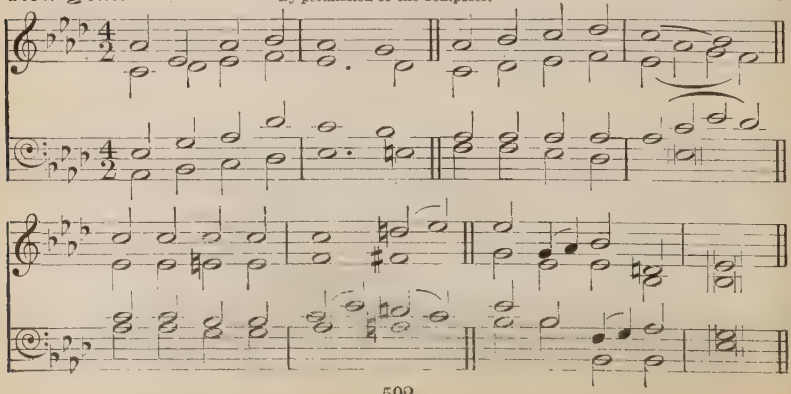
H. Downton, sel.

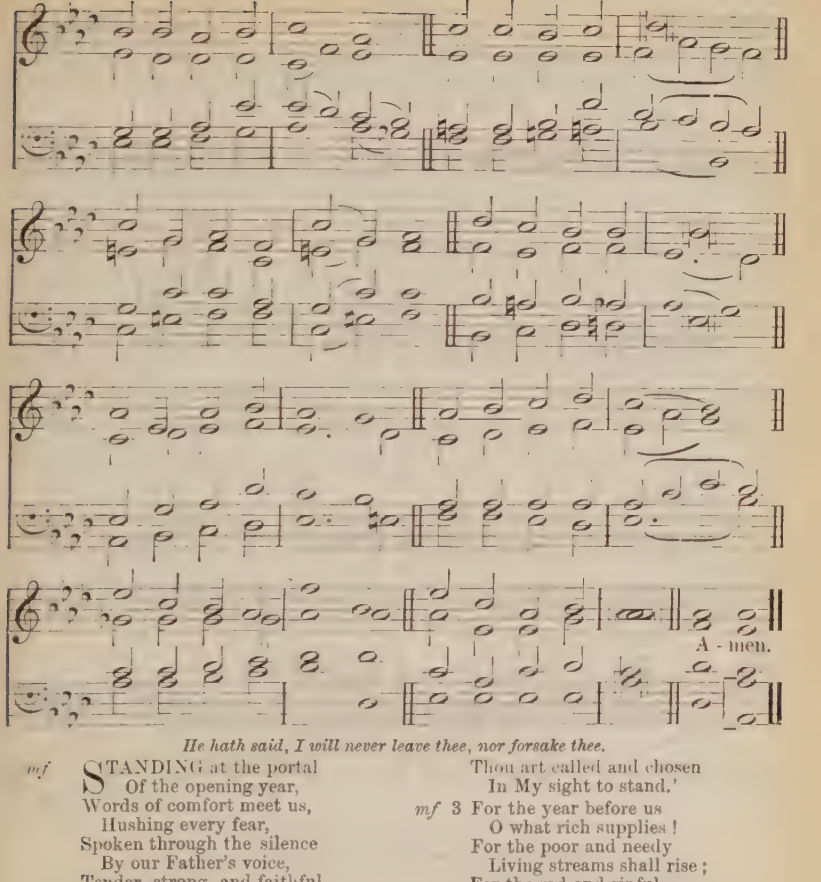
New Year.

512

By permission of the Composer.

A. H. Mann.





He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.

mf STANDING at the portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing every fear,
Spoken through the silence
By our Father's voice,
Tender, strong, and faithful,
Making us sejoice.

f *Onward, then, and fear not,*
Children of the day,
For His word shall never,
Never pass away.

mp 2 'I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid;
I will help and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed;
Yea, I will uphold thee
With My own right hand;
Thou art called and chosen
In My sight to stand.'

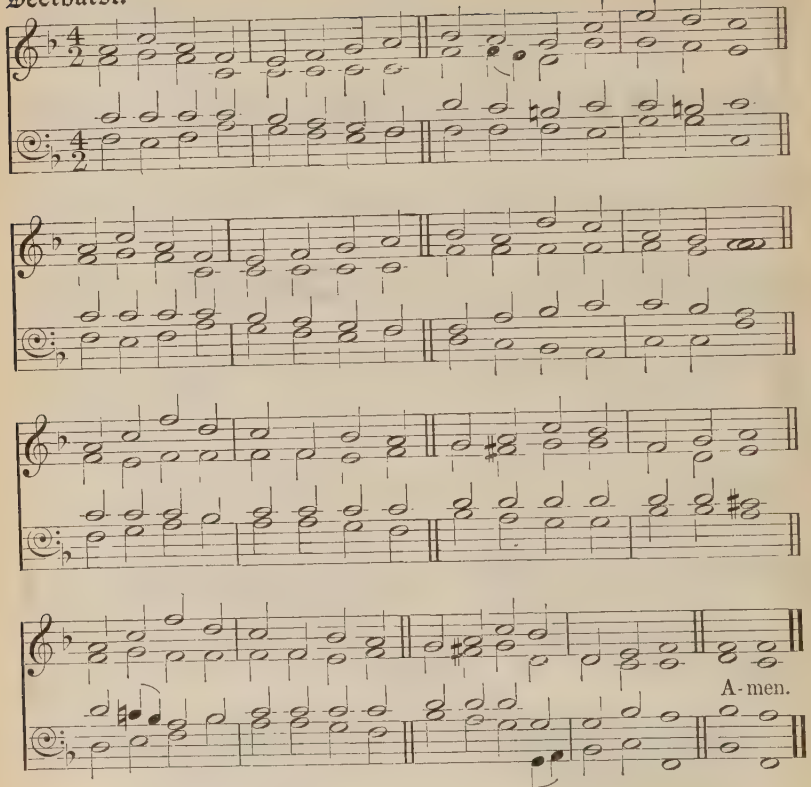
mf 3 For the year before us
O what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise;
For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound,
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.

4 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break.
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.

AMEN.

F. R. Havergal.

Deerhurst. **513** J. LANGRAN.



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The Lord hath been mindful of us: He will bless us.

mf AT Thy feet, our God and Father,
Who hast blessed us all our days,
We with grateful hearts would gather
To begin the year with praise,—
c Praise for light so brightly shining
On our steps from heaven above,
Praise for mercies daily twining
Round us golden cords of love.

p 2 Jesus, for Thy love most tender,
On the cross for sinners shown,
c We would praise Thee, and surrender
All our hearts to be Thine own.

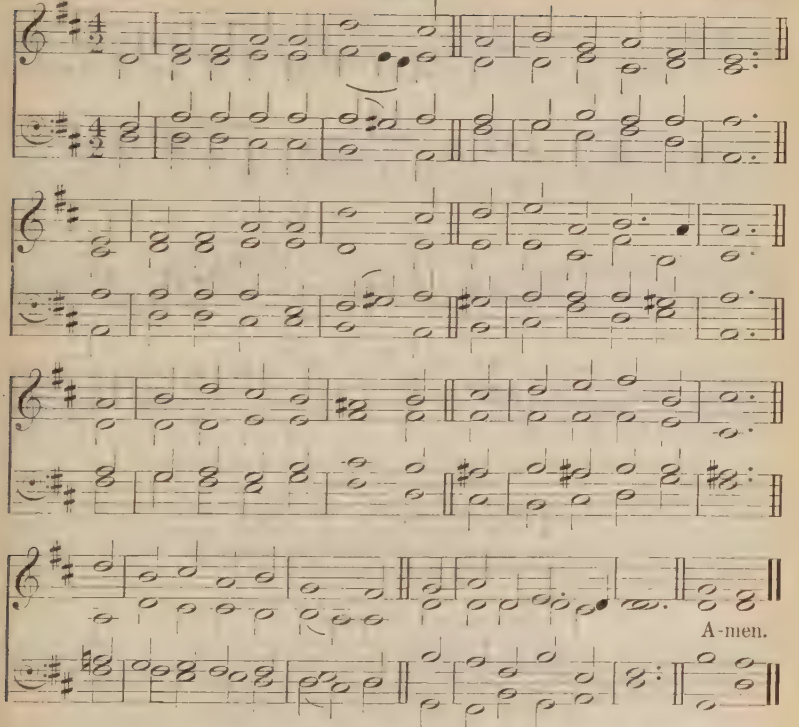
mf With so blest a Friend provided
We upon our way would go,
Sure of being safely guided,
Guarded well from every foe.

3 Every day will be the brighter
When Thy gracious face we see;
Every burden will be lighter
When we know it comes from Thee.
c Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us;
Give us strength to serve and wait,
f Till the glory breaks before us
Through the city's open gate.

AMEN.

J. D. Burns.

St. Catharine. **514** R. F. Dale.



Ye are not as yet come to the rest and to the inheritance, which the Lord your God giveth you.

mf STILL on the homeward journey
Across the desert plain,
Beside another landmark,
We pilgrims meet again;
We meet in cloud and sunshine
Beneath a changeful sky,
With calm and storm before us,
As in the days gone by.

2 We meet with loving greetings,
Fond wishes from the heart,
As brothers often parted
And soon again to part.
p With tender recollections,
With many a gentle tear
We meet, for some are wanting;
All loved ones are not here.

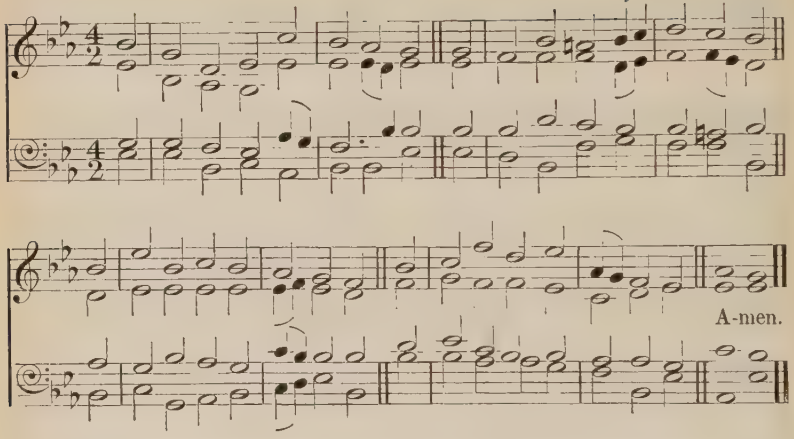
mf 3 Safe in the home of Jesus,
With Him for ever blest,
How glorious is their portion,
How undisturbed their rest!
How gladly will they greet us,
When, all our journey past,
We reach the better country,
The Father's house, at last!

4 Thus round the silent landmark,
Here on the desert plain,
We pilgrims meet together
With loving hearts again.
c The storm may gather round us,
But Christ has gone before;
f We follow in His footsteps,
And doubt and fear no more.

AMEN.

J. L. Borthwick.

Kent. **515** J. F. LAMPE.



Thou shalt rejoice in all the good which the Lord thy God hath given unto thee, and unto thine house.

mf THOU gracious God, Whose mercy lends
The light of home, the smile of friends,
Our gathered flock Thine arms enfold,
As in the peaceful days of old.

2 Wilt Thou not hear us while we raise,
In sweet accord of solemn praise,
The voices that have mingled long
In joyous flow of mirth and song?

mp 3 For all the blessings life has brought,
For all its sorrowing hours have taught,
For all we mourn, for all we keep,
The hands we clasp, the loved that sleep,

4 The noontide sunshine of the past,
These brief, bright moments fading fast,
The stars that gild our darkening years,
The twilight ray from holier spheres,

mf 5 We thank Thee, Father; let Thy grace
Our loving circle still embrace,
Thy mercy shed its heavenly store,
Thy peace be with us evermore. AMEN.

O. W. Holmes, alt.

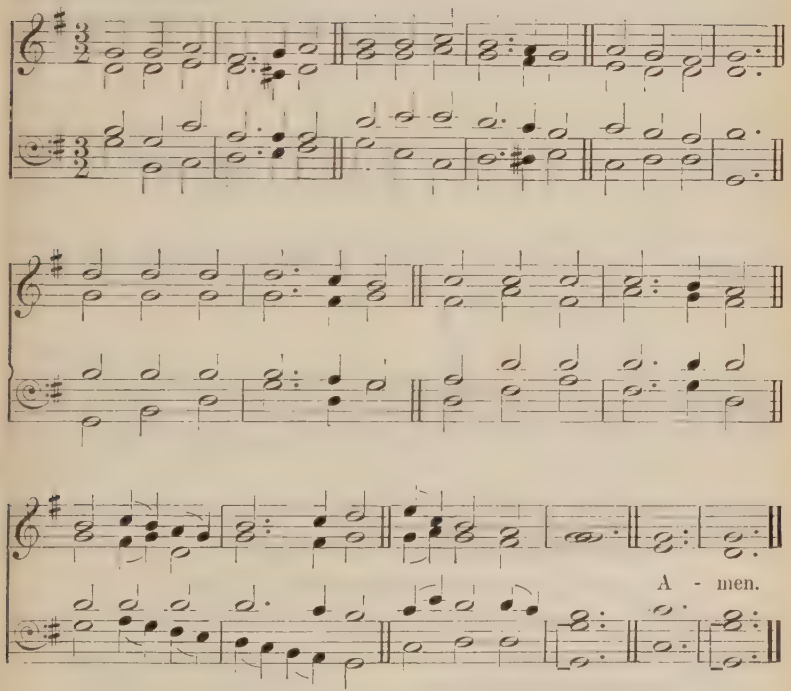
The following also are suitable :—

14 O God, the Rock of Ages.
497 Great God, we sing that mighty hand.
665 Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place (Ps. 90).

IX.—Special Occasions.

1.—*NATIONAL HYMNS.*

National Anthem. **516**

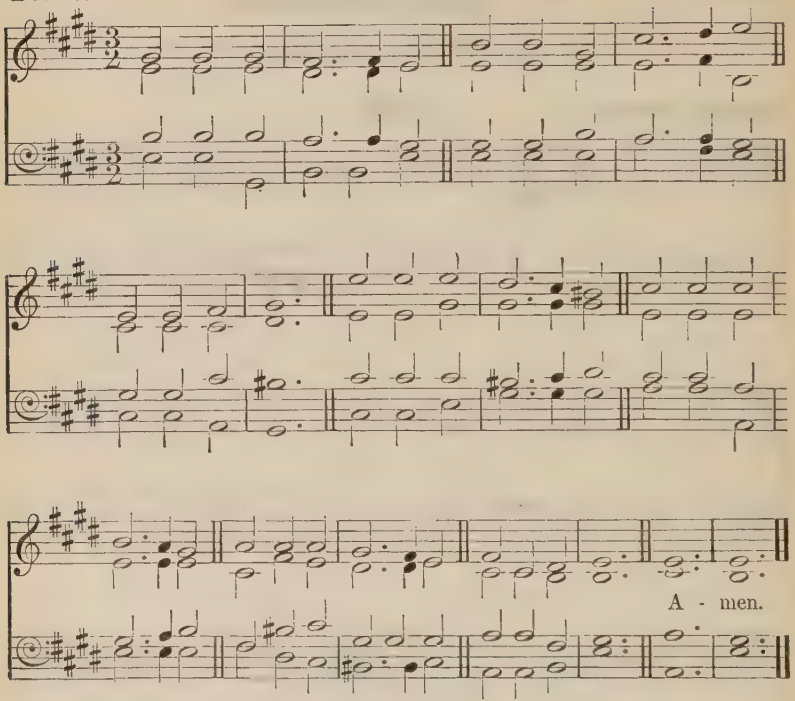


All the people shouted, and said, God save the King.

mf GOD save our gracious King;
Long live our noble King;
God save the King!
c Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
f God save the King!

2 Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign;
c May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
ff 'God save the King!' AMEN.

Hermon. **517** J. G. Braun.



[May also be sung to 'National Anthem,' No. 516.]

Happy is that people, whose God is the Lord.

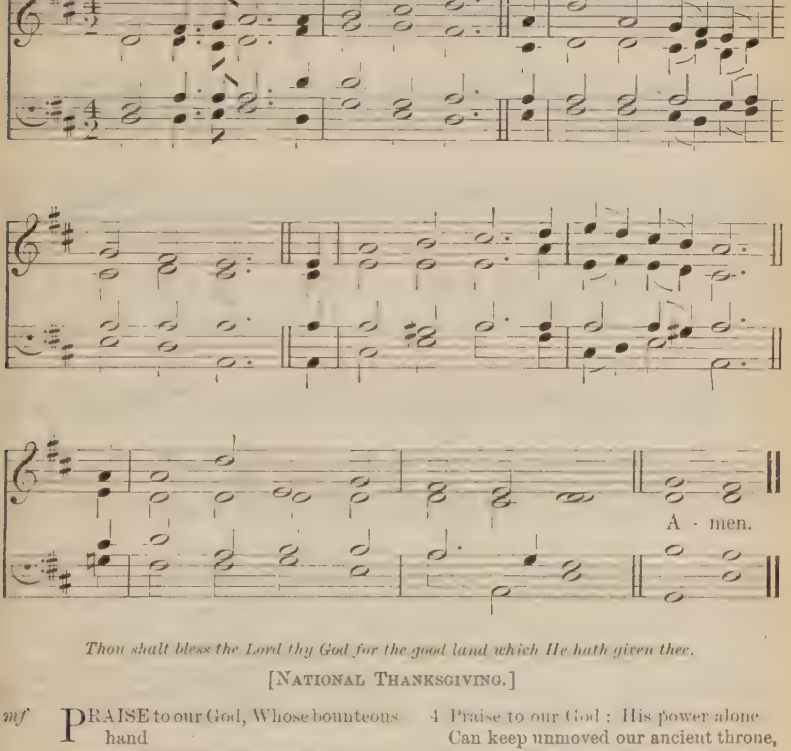
mf GOD bless our native land:
Her strength and glory stand
Ever in Thee!
Her faith and laws be pure,
Her throne and hearths secure,
And let her name endure—
Home of the free.

2 God guard our sea-girt land,
And save by Thy right hand
From all her foes;
The reign of peace prolong,
Till freedom's rising song
Loud tells the end of wrong
And nature's throes.

3 God smile upon our land,
And countless as the sand
Her blessings be!
c Arise, O Lord, Most High;
And call her children nigh,
Till heart and voice reply,
f Glory to Thee. Amen.

Anon.

Truro. **518** *Psalmodia Evangelica*, 1790.



Thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which He hath given thee.

[National Thanksgiving.]

mf PRAISE to our God, Whose bounteous hand
Prepared of old our glorious land,—
A garden fenced with silver sea,
A people prosperous, strong, and free.

2 Praise to our God: through all our past
His mighty arm hath held us fast,
Till wars and perils, toils and tears,
Have brought the rich and peaceful years.

3 Praise to our God: the vine He set
Within our coasts is fruitful yet;
On many a shore her seedlings grow;
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.

4 Praise to our God: His power alone
Can keep unmoved our ancient throne,
Sustained by counsels wise and just,
And guarded by a people's trust.

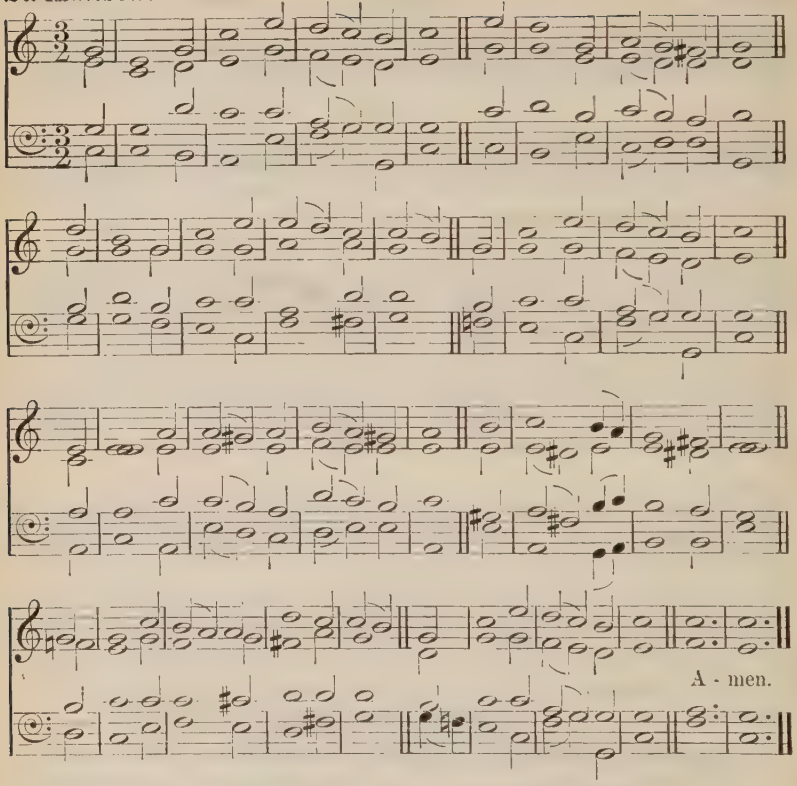
5 Praise to our God, Who still forbears,
p Who still this guilty nation spares,
c And lengthens out our day of grace.

f 6 Praise to our God: though chastenings stern
Our evil dross should throughly burn,
His rod and staff, from age to age,
Shall rule and guide His heritage.

AMEN.

J. Ellerton.

St. Matthew. **519** W. Croft.



We have sinned against the Lord our God, we and our fathers.

[National Humiliation.]

mp GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer,
While at Thy feet we fall,
And humbly, with united cry,
To Thee for mercy call.

p The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine;
O turn us not away,

c But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
And help us when we pray.

p 2 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own;

c Yet wondrously from age to age
Thy goodness hath been shown.

mf When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,

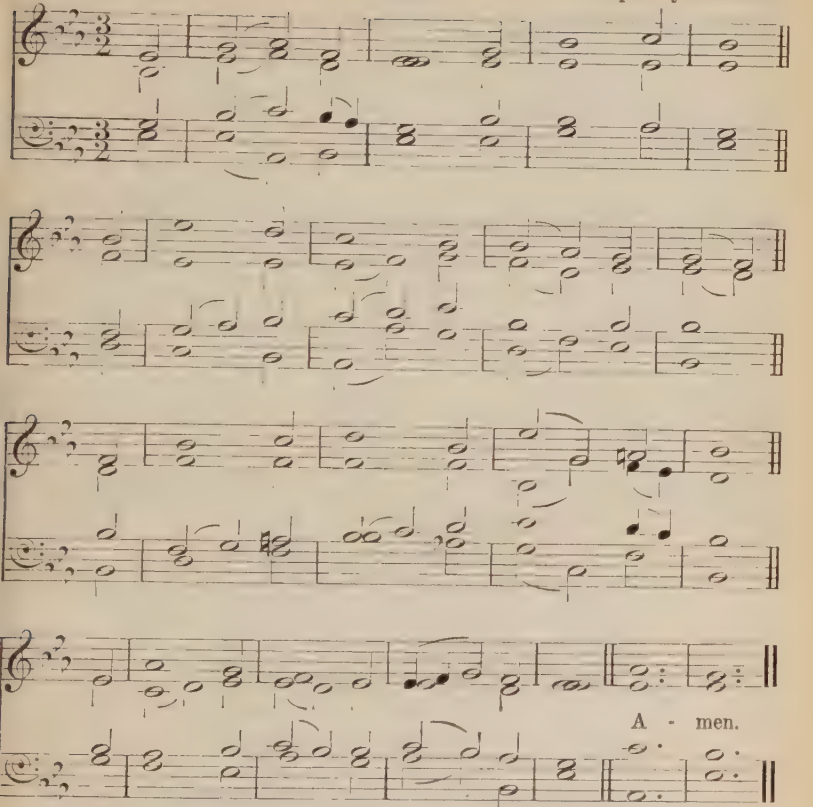
c To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee was found.

mp 3 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land.

p With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer;
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,

c Then let Thy mercy spare. Amen.

J. H. Gurney.

Rockingham. **520** Adapted by E. Miller.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth.

[In Time of War.]

mf O GOD of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain:
p Give peace, O God, give peace again.

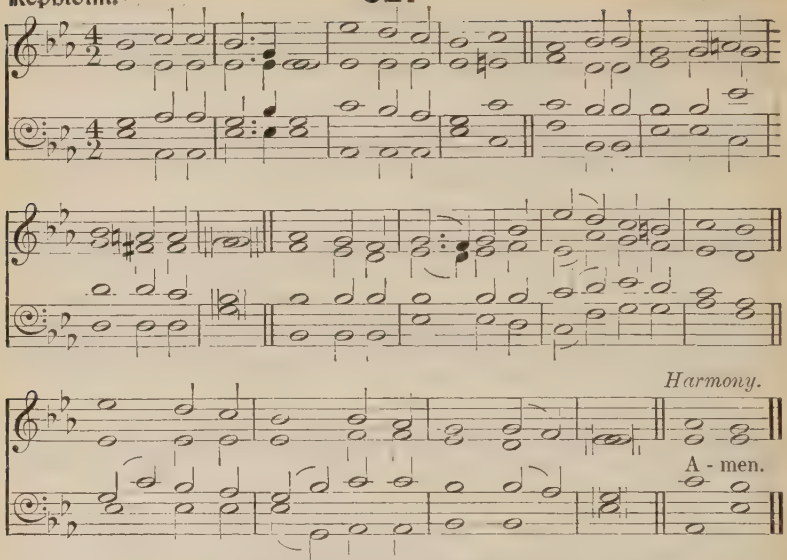
mf 2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain:
p Give peace, O God, give peace again.

mf 3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
c None ever called on Thee in vain:
p Give peace, O God, give peace again.

f 4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love:
O bind us in that heavenly chain:
p Give peace, O God, give peace again.
Amen.

H. W. Baker.

Rephidim. **521** A. Lwoff.



The Lord will bless His people with peace.

f GOD the All-terrible! King, Who ordainest
Great winds Thy clarions, the lightnings Thy sword;
p c Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest:
d Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

f 2 God the Omnipotent! Mighty Avenger,
Watching in-vi-si-ble, judging unheard;
p c Doom us not now in the hour of our danger:
d Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

mf 3 God the All-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy way of bless-ed-ness, slighted Thy word;
p c Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken:
d Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

Unis. mf 4 God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
c Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening:
f Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord. AMEN.

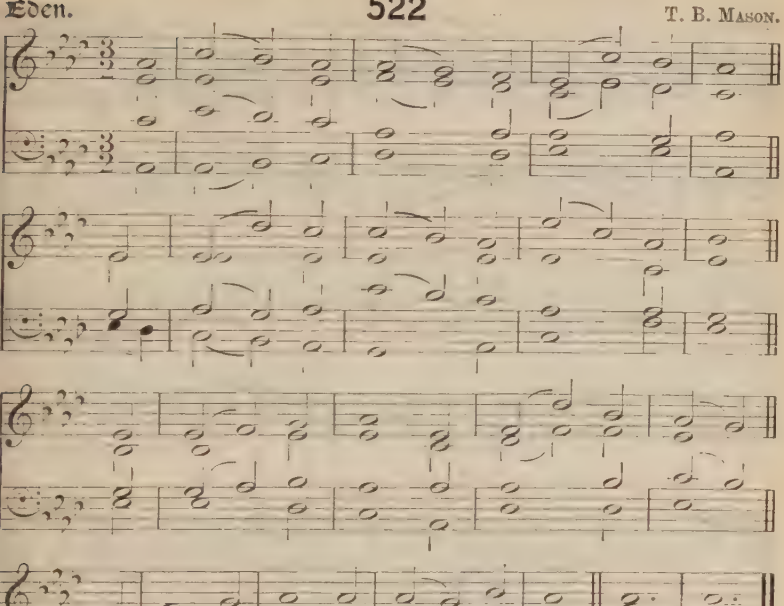
H. F. Chorley, sel. & alt.

The following also are suitable:—

18 Rejoice to-day with one accord.
235 When wilt Thou save the people?

2.—*CHURCH BUILDING AND DEDICATION.*

Eden. **522** T. B. Mason.



My God, let, I beseech Thee, Thine eyes be open, and let Thine ears be attent unto the prayer that is made in this place.

[Church Dedication.]

mf BE with us, gracious Lord, to-day ;
This house we dedicate to Thee :
O hear Thy servants as they pray,
And let Thine ear attentive be.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
Let love and truth, be always found ;
May burdened hearts find sweet release,
And souls with richest grace be crowned.

p 3 May here be heard the suppliant's sigh,
The weary enter into rest ;
Here may the contrite to Thee cry,
c And waiting souls be richly blest.

mf 4 Here, when the gospel sound is heard,
When here proclaimed the saving Name,
cr May hearts be quickened, moved, and stirred,
And souls be kindled into flame.

f 5 Here may the dead be made to live,
The dumb to sing, the deaf to hear ;
d And do Thou to the humble give
Pardon and peace instead of fear.

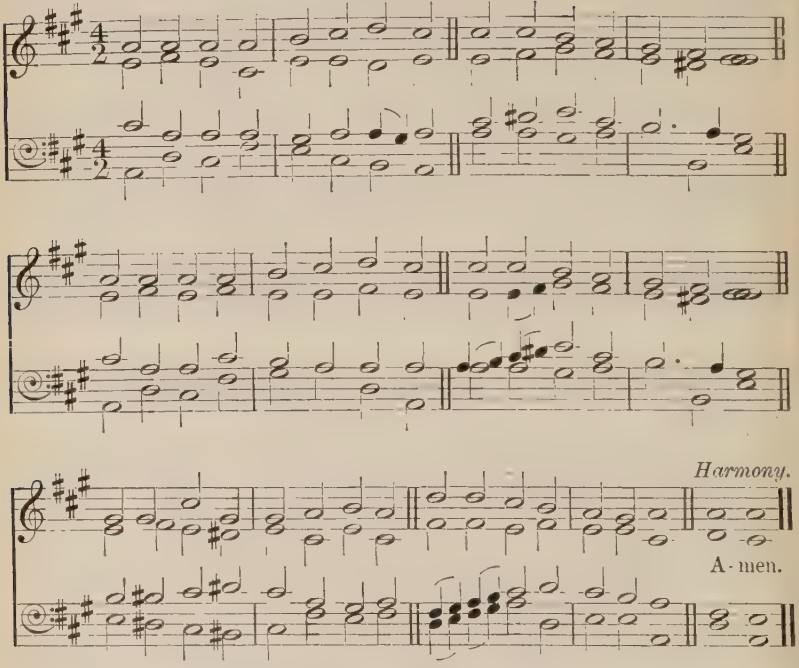
mf 6 Make this, O Lord, Thine own abode ;
Thy presence in these courts be given ;
Be this indeed the house of God,
And this in truth the gate of heaven.

Amen.

C. D. Bell, sel.

523

Oriel. **Pange lingua gloriosi.** *Cantica Sacra, Munich*, 1840.



[May be sung to 'Mannheim,' No. 441.]

Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation.

Angularis fundamentum lapis Christus missus est.

mf CHRIST is made the sure foundation
And the precious corner-stone,
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the Church in one,
Holy Zion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

2 To this temple, where we call Thee, *Unis. f*
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day;
With Thy wonted loving kindness
Hear Thy people as they pray,
c And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls for aye.

p 3 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee for ever
With the blessèd to retain,
c And hereafter in Thy glory
With Thy blessèd ones to reign.

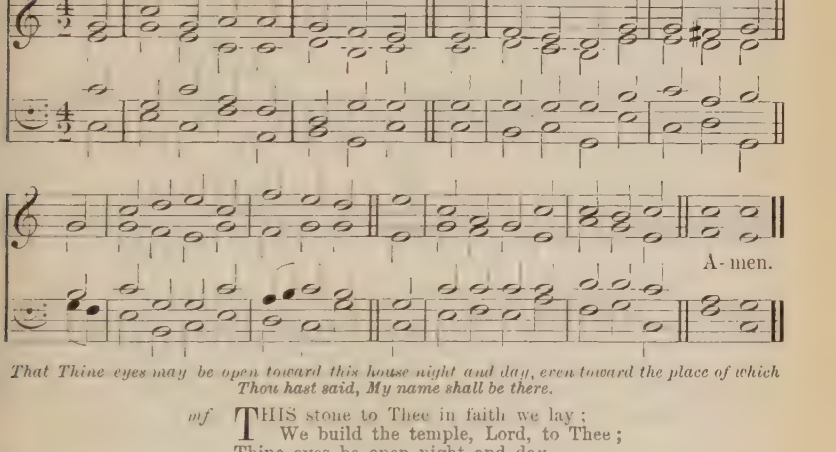
f 4 Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
One in grace, and One in glory,
While eternal ages run! AMEN.

Latin, tr. J. M. Neale, sel. & alt.

524

Winchester New. *Musikalisches Handbuch, Hambury*, 1690.

Dir, dir, Jehovah, will ich singen.



That Thine eyes may be open toward this house night and day, even toward the place of which Thou hast said, My name shall be there.

mf THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay;
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee;
Thine eyes be open night and day
To guard this house and sanctuary.

p 2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
c Hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling-place,
And, when Thou hearest, O forgive.

mf 3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessèd gospel of Thy Son,
Still by the power of His great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

f 4 Hosanna to their heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.

p 5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

mf 6 That glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone:
c Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every bosom fix Thy throne. AMEN.

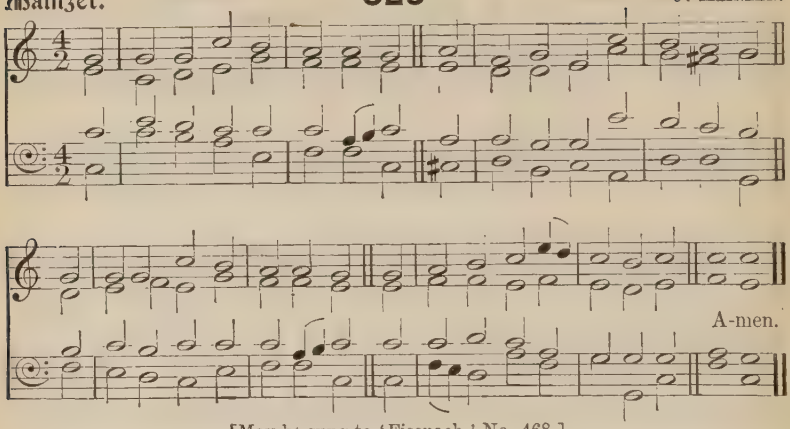
J. Montgomery.

The following also are suitable:—

245—262 Hymns on the House of God.
171 The Church's one foundation.
682 O set ye open unto me (Ps. 118).

3.—*ORDINATIONS.*

Mainzer. **525** J. MAINZER.



[May be sung to 'Eisenach,' No. 468.]

Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto Me.

mf POUR out Thy Spirit from on high;
Lord, Thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe them with Thy righteousness.

*2 Within Thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
The angels of the churches be!

3 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear Thy people on their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

4 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep;

p 5 Then, when their work is finished here,
In humble hope their charge resign.
c When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be Thine. AMEN.

J. Montgomery, alt.

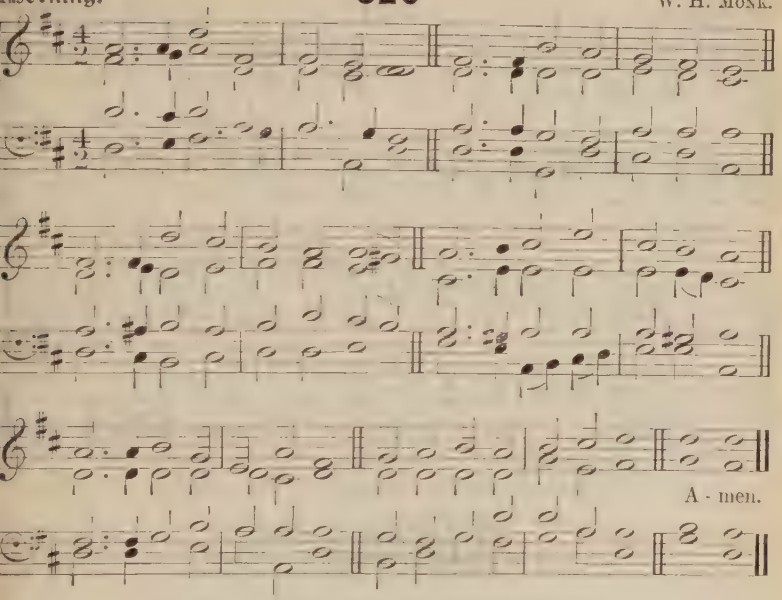
*This verse is to be used specially for Ministers.

The following also are suitable:—

398—416 Hymns of Service and Beneficence.
155 Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire.

4.—*ADMISSION TO FULL COMMUNION.*

Morning. **526** W. H. Monk.



My defence is of God, Which saveth the upright in heart.

mp WHEN Thy soldiers take their swords,
When they speak the solemn words,
When they kneel before Thee here,
Feeling Thee, their Father, near,—
c These Thy children, Lord, defend;
To their help Thy Spirit send.

vf 2 When the world's sharp strife is nigh,
When they hear the battle-cry,
When they rush into the fight,
Knowing not temptation's might,—
c These Thy children, Lord, defend;
To their zeal Thy wisdom lend.

f 3 When their hearts are lifted high
With success or victory,
When they feel the conqueror's pride,—
d Lest they grow self-satisfied,
c These Thy children, Lord, defend;
Teach their souls to Thee to bend.

p 4 When the vows that they have made,
When the prayers that they have prayed,
Shall be fading from their hearts,
When their first warm faith departs,—
c These Thy children, Lord, defend;
Keep them faithful to the end.

mp 5 Through life's conflict guard us all;
Or, if wounded some should fall
Ere the victory be won,—
For the sake of Christ Thy Son
c These Thy children, Lord, defend,
And in death Thy comfort lend. Amen.

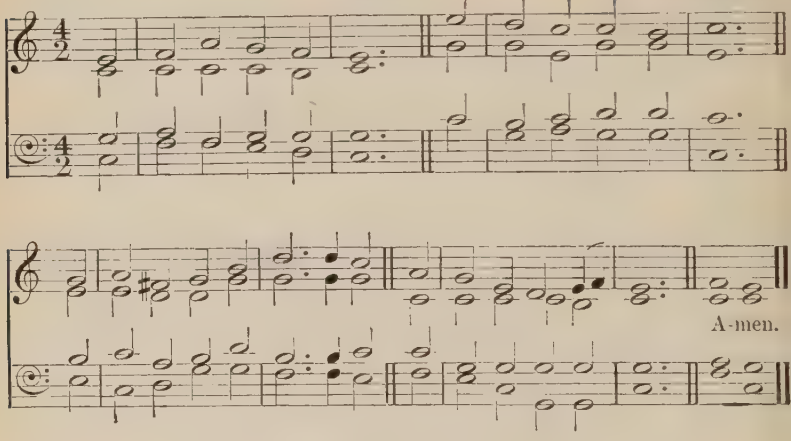
F. M. Owen.

The following also are suitable:—

339—355 Hymns of Gratitude and Consecration.

5.—*MARRIAGE.*

St. George. **527** H. J. GAUNTLETT.



Jesus was called, and His disciples, to the marriage.

mf HOW welcome was the call,
And sweet the festal lay,
When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
To bless the marriage day!

f 2 And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom's heart,
For He Who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.

mf 3 His gracious power Divine
The water vessels knew;
And plenteous was the mystic wine
The wondering servants drew.

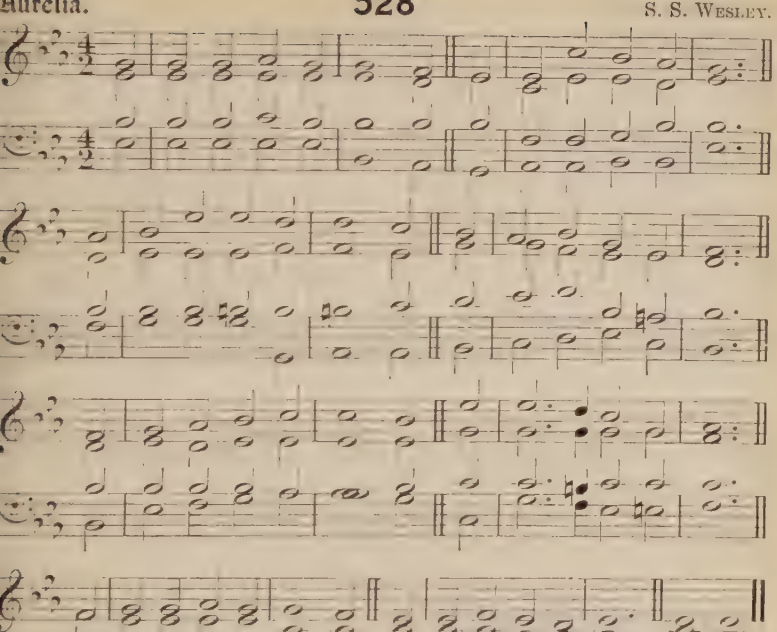
p 4 O Lord of life and love,
Come Thou again to-day;
c And bring a blessing from above
That ne'er shall pass away.

mf 5 O bless, as erst of old,
The bridegroom and the bride;
p Bless with the holier stream that flowed
Forth from Thy pierced side.

mf 6 Before Thine altar-throne
This mercy we implore:
c As Thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
So bless them evermore. AMEN.

H. W. Baker.

Aurelia. **528** S. S. Wesley.



Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.

f O FATHER all creating,
Whose wisdom, love, and power
First bound two lives together
In Eden's primal hour,
To-day to these Thy children
Thine earliest gifts renew,—
A home by Thee made happy,
A love by Thee kept true.

2 O Saviour, Guest most bounteous
Of old in Galilee,
Vouchsafe to-day Thy presence
With these who call on Thee;
Their store of earthly gladness
Transform to heavenly wine,
dl And teach them, in the tasting,
To know the gift is Thine.

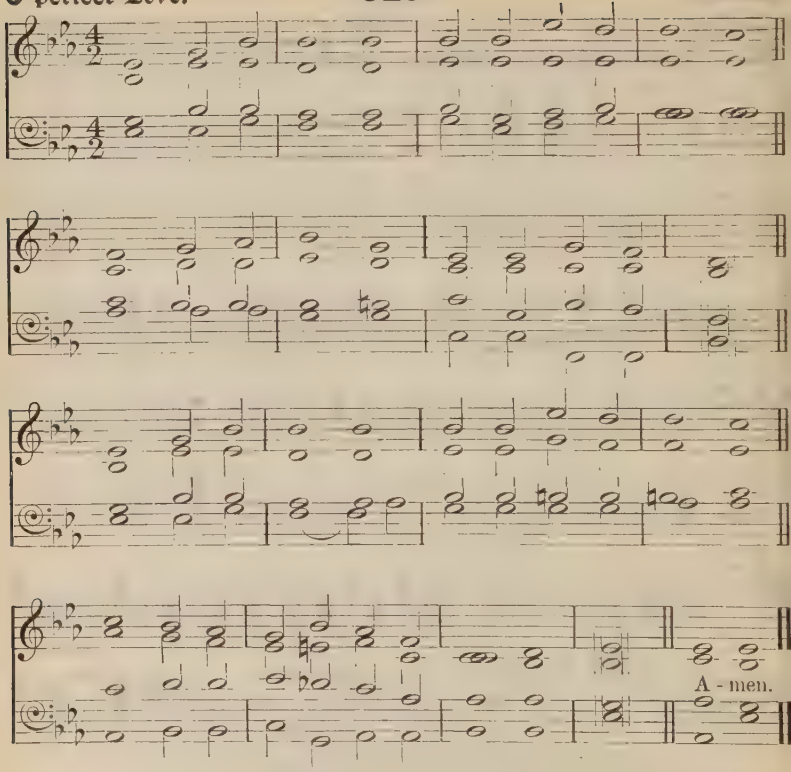
p 3 O Spirit of the Father,
Breathe on them from above,
So mighty in Thy pureness,
So tender in Thy love,
cr That, guarded by Thy presence,
From sin and strife kept free,
mf Their lives may own Thy guidance,
Their hearts be ruled by Thee.

4 Except Thou build it, Father,
The house is built in vain;
dl Except Thou, Saviour, bless it,
The joy will turn to pain;
cr But nought can break the union
Of hearts in Thee made one,
f And love which Thou hast hallowed
Is endless love begun. Amen.

J. Ellerton.

O perfect Love. 529

J. BARNBY.



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Be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you.

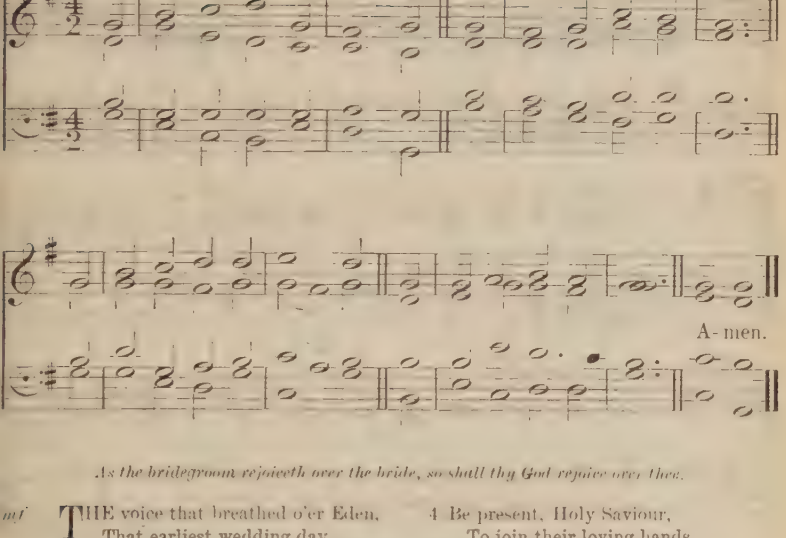
mp O PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne
mf That theirs may be the love which knows no ending
Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.

2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
c And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life. AMEN.

D. F. Gurney.

St. Alphege. **530** H. J. Gauntlett.



As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee.

mf THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away;

2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

mp 3 Be present, Holy Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side;

4 Be present, Holy Saviour,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands;

5 Be present, Holy Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal:

mf 6 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them;
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
The hallowed path they trace,

7 To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
f Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own bride they rise. Amen.

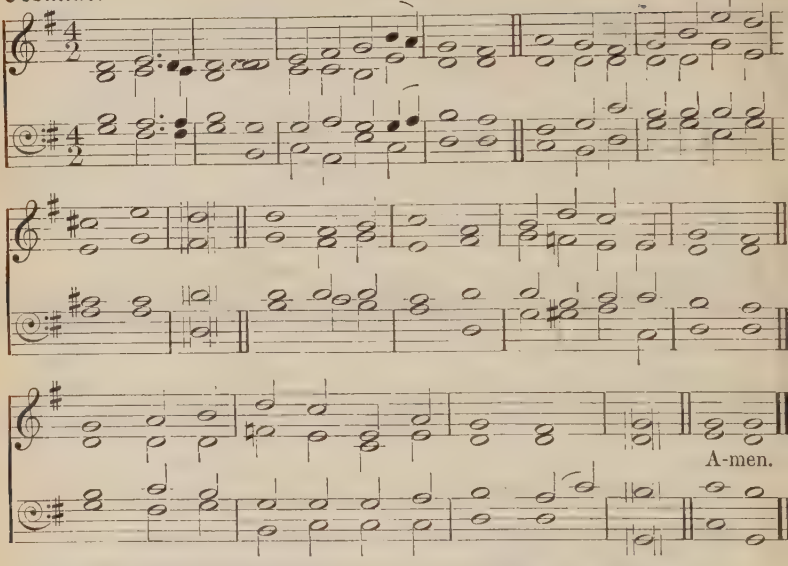
J. Keble, sel. and alt.

The following also is suitable:—

443 O God of Bethel, by Whose hand.

6.—*HOME LIFE.*

Vesalius. **531** E. C. PERRY.



The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous.

O selig Haus, wo man dich aufgenommen.

mf O HAPPY home where Thou art loved the dearest,
Thou loving Friend, and Saviour of our [race,
And where among the guests there never cometh
One who can hold such high and [honoured place!

2 O happy home where two in heart united
In holy faith and blessèd hope are one,
Whom death a little while alone divideth,
And cannot end the union here begun!

3 O happy home whose little ones are given
Early to Thee, in humble faith and prayer,
To Thee, their Friend Who from the heights of heaven
Guides them, and guards with more than mother's care!

4 O happy home where each one serves Thee, lowly
Whatever his appointed work may be
Till every common task seems great and holy,
When it is done, O Lord, as unto Thee

f 5 O happy home where Thou art not forgotten
When joy is overflowing, full and free
d O happy home, where every wounded spirit
Is brought, Physician, Comforter, to Thee,—

f 6 Until at last when earth's day's-work ended,
All meet Thee in the blessèd home above
From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast ascended,
Thy everlasting home of peace and love
AMEN.

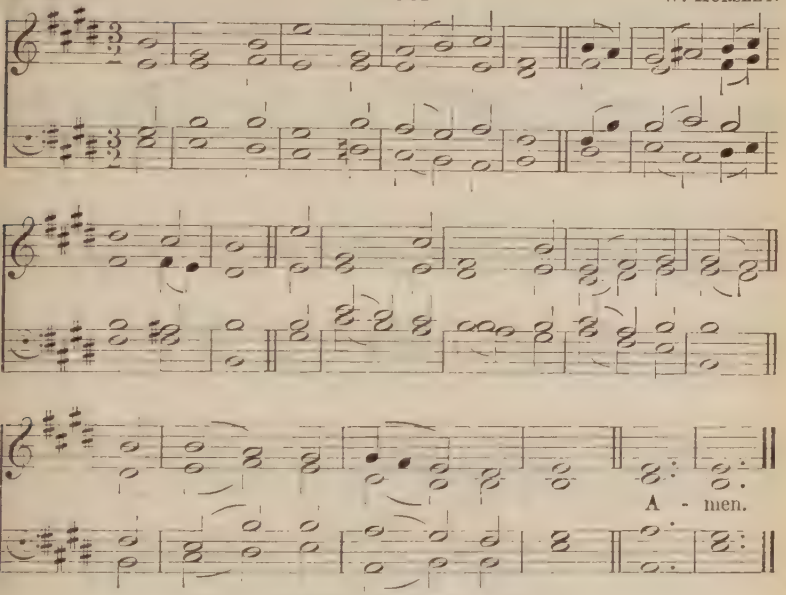
Spitta, tr. S. L. Findlater

The following also are suitable:—

264 Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd.
266 Our children, Lord, in faith and prayer.
491 Lord of power, Lord of might.
515 Thou gracious God, Whose mercy lend

7.—*FOR TRAVELLERS BY LAND AND SEA.*

Belgrave. **532** W. Horsley.



[May be sung to 'Tallis's Ordinal,' No. 261.]

Thou That art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea.

sf HOW are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care, [unhurt
Through burning climes they pass
And breathe in tainted air.

mf 3 From all their griefs and dangers, Lord,
Thy mercy sets them free,
While in the confidence of prayer
Their souls take hold of Thee.

cf 4 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
f They know Thou art not slow to hear
Nor impotent to save.

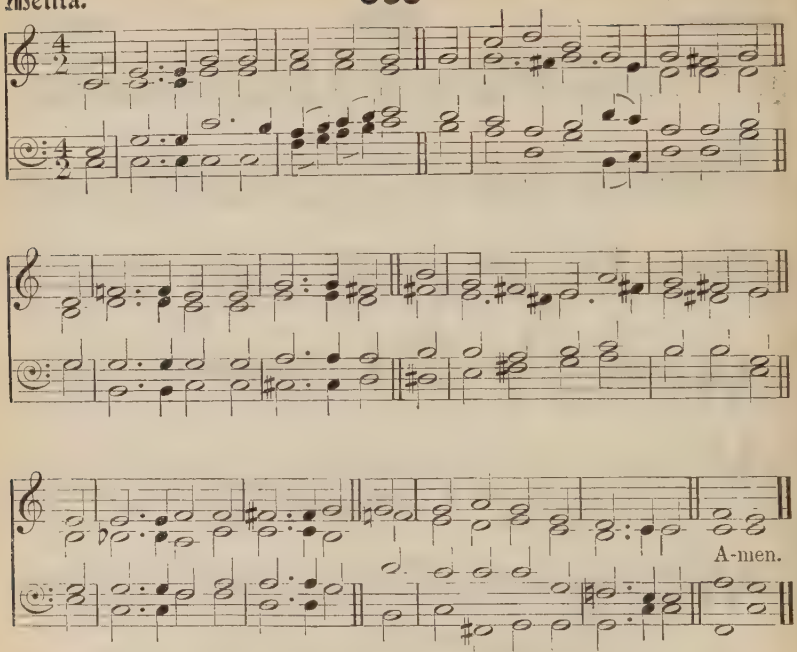
mf 5 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea, that roars at Thy command,
p At Thy command is still.

mf 6 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths
Thy goodness I'll adore,
And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

7 My life, whilst Thou preservest life,
A sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be my lot,
Shall join my soul to Thee. AMEN.

J. Addison, sel. & alt.

Melita. **533** J. B. Dykes.



Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, Thou stillest them.

mf ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep,
c O hear us when we cry to Thee
d For those in peril on the sea!

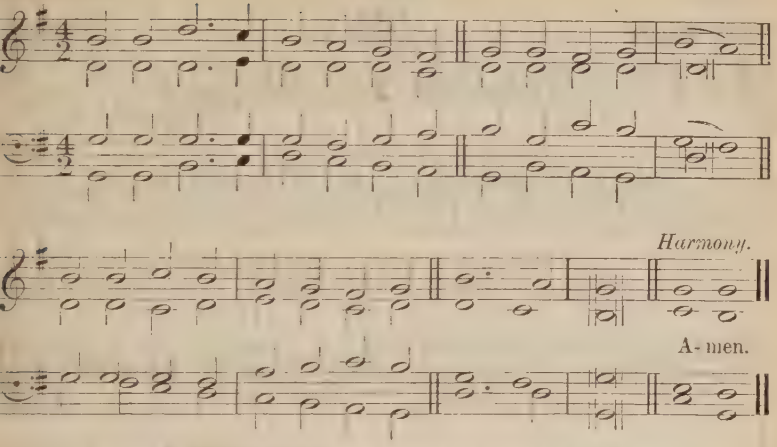
mp 2 O Christ, Whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep,
c O hear us when we cry to Thee
d For those in peril on the sea!

mp 3 O Holy Spirit, Who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace,
c O hear us when we cry to Thee
d For those in peril on the sea!

Unis. f 4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them whereso'er they go:
Har. c Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
ff Glad hymns of praise from land and sea. AMEN.

W. Whiting, alt.

Cairnbrook. **534** E. Prout.



The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.

mf HOLY Father, in Thy mercy,
Hear our anxious prayer;
Keep our loved ones, now far absent,
'Neath Thy care.

2 Jesus, Saviour, let Thy presence
Be their light and guide;
Keep, O keep them, in their weakness,
At Thy side.

p 3 When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
c In Thy love look down and comfort
Their distress.

f 4 May the joy of Thy salvation
Be their strength and stay;
May they love and may they praise Thee
Day by day.

mf 5 Holy Spirit, let Thy teaching
Sanctify their life;
Send Thy grace that they may conquer
In the strife.

Unis. f 6 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
God the One in Three,
Bless them, guide them, save them, keep them
Near to Thee. Amen.

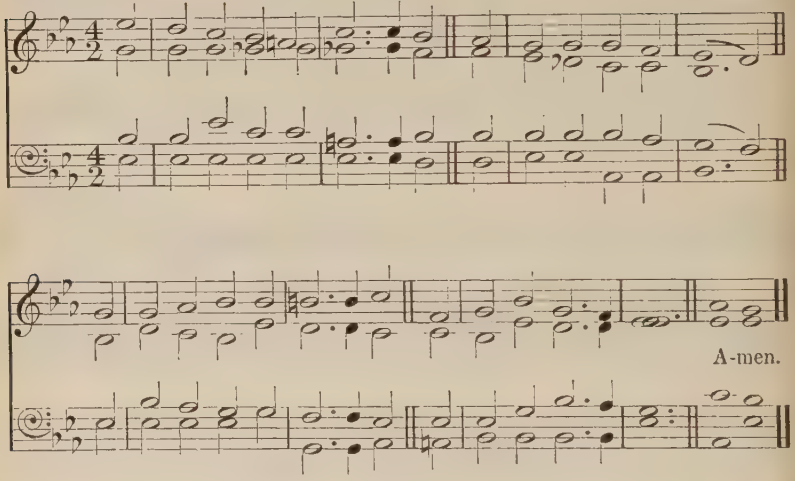
I. S. Stephenson.

The following also is suitable:—

574 Star of peace to wanderers weary.

8.—*FOR HOSPITALS.*

Holy Trinity. **535** J. Barnby.



Every good gift and every perfect boon is from above, coming down from the Father of lights.

mf FROM Thee all skill and science flow,
All pity, care, and love,
All calm and courage, faith and hope;
O pour them from above.

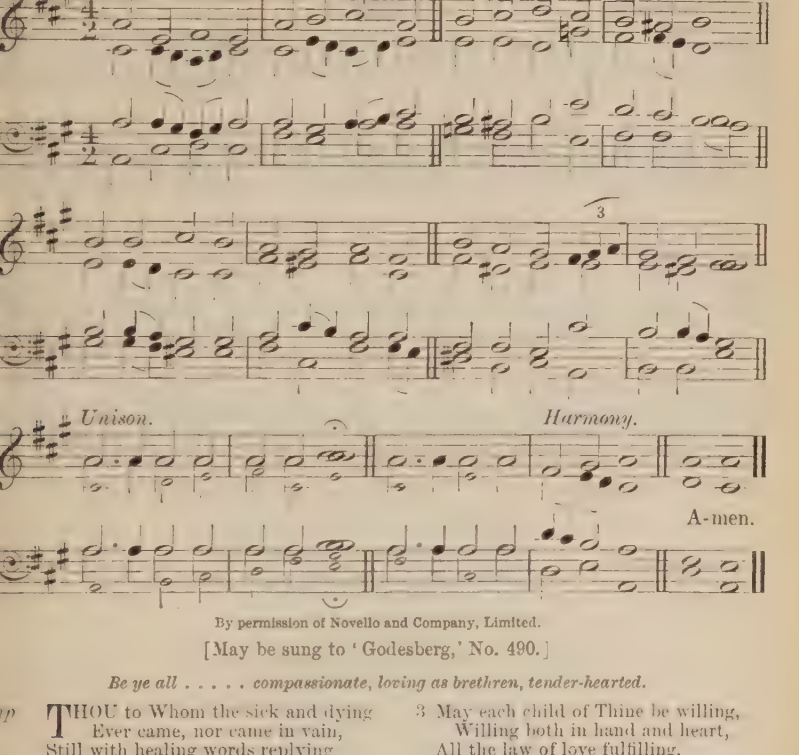
2 And part them, Lord, to each and all,
As each and all shall need,
To rise like incense, each to Thee,
In noble thought and deed.

f 3 And hasten, Lord, that perfect day
When pain and death shall cease,
And Thy just rule shall fill the earth
With health and light and peace;

4 When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
And ever green the sod,
And man's rude work deface no more
The Paradise of God. Amen.

C. Kingsley, scl.

plead for me. **536** J. STAINER.



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[May be sung to 'Godesberg,' No. 490.]

Be ye all . . . . . compassionate, loving as brethren, tender-hearted.

sp THOU to Whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing words replying
To the wearied cry of pain,
Hear us, Jesus, as we meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

sf 2 Still the weary, sick, and dying
Need a brother's, sister's care;
On Thy higher help relying,
May we now their burden share,
Bringing all our offerings meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

3 May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart,
Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.

4 So may sickness, sin, and sadness
To Thy healing power yield,
cr Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansed, healed,
f One in Thee together meet,
Pardoned at Thy judgment-seat.
AMEN.

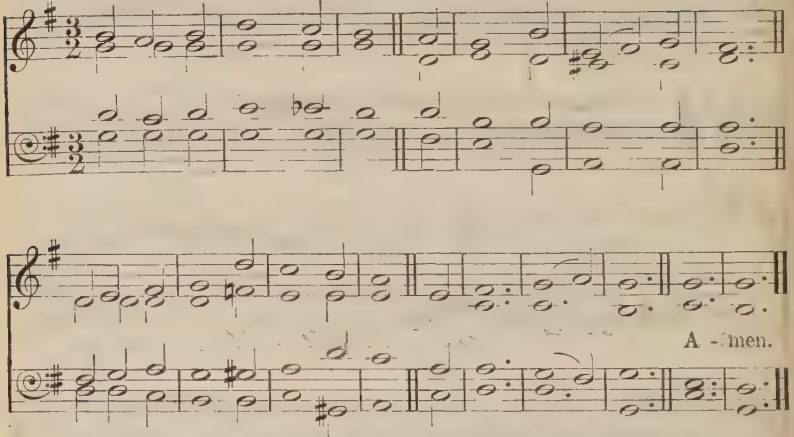
G. Thring.

The following also are suitable:—

56 Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old.
116 O Thou through suffering perfect made.

9.—*FOR FAREWELL MEETINGS.*

Verbum Pacis. **537** G. Lomas.



Brethren, farewell. . . . . The God of love and peace shall be with you.

mp WITH the sweet word of peace
We bid our brethren go,—
Peace as a river to increase,
And ceaseless flow.

2 With the calm word of prayer
We earnestly commend
c Our brethren to Thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend.

mf 3 With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell;
Our love below, and Thine above,
With them shall dwell.

f 4 With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on Thee,
That Thou, O Lord, in life and death,
Their help shalt be;

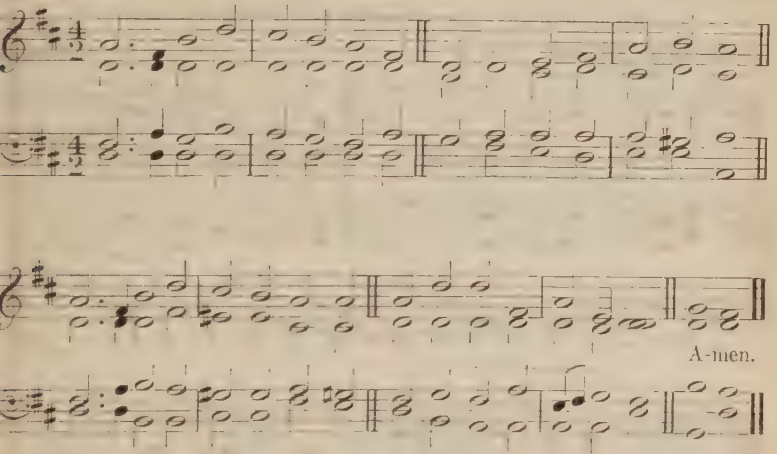
5 Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earth-born dream.

p 6 Farewell! in hope and love,
In faith, and peace, and prayer,
c Till He Whose home is ours above
Unite us there! AMEN.

G. Watson, alt.

10.—*FOR WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MEETINGS.*

St. Oswald. **538** J. B. Dykes.



She hath done what she could.

mp FATHER, hear us for our sisters
In the darksome heathen lands;
Look upon them, Lord, in mercy;
Saviour, loose their captive bands.

2 Give them hearts to know and love Thee,
And Thy truth to set them free;
Holy Spirit, Great Enlightener,
Open Thou their eyes to see.

mf 3 Lord, we thank Thee for the workers
Thou hast called, so brave and true;
Whisper to each heart before Thee
Now what Thou wouldst have her do.

4 Grant that some of us may journey
To our sisters in Thy strength,
Live and work for Thee among them
Till Thou call us home at length.

5 Grant to those who may not labour
Prayerful hearts and liberal hands;
Grant us all to see Thy morning
Break upon the heathen lands. AMEN.

M. L. G. McGaw.

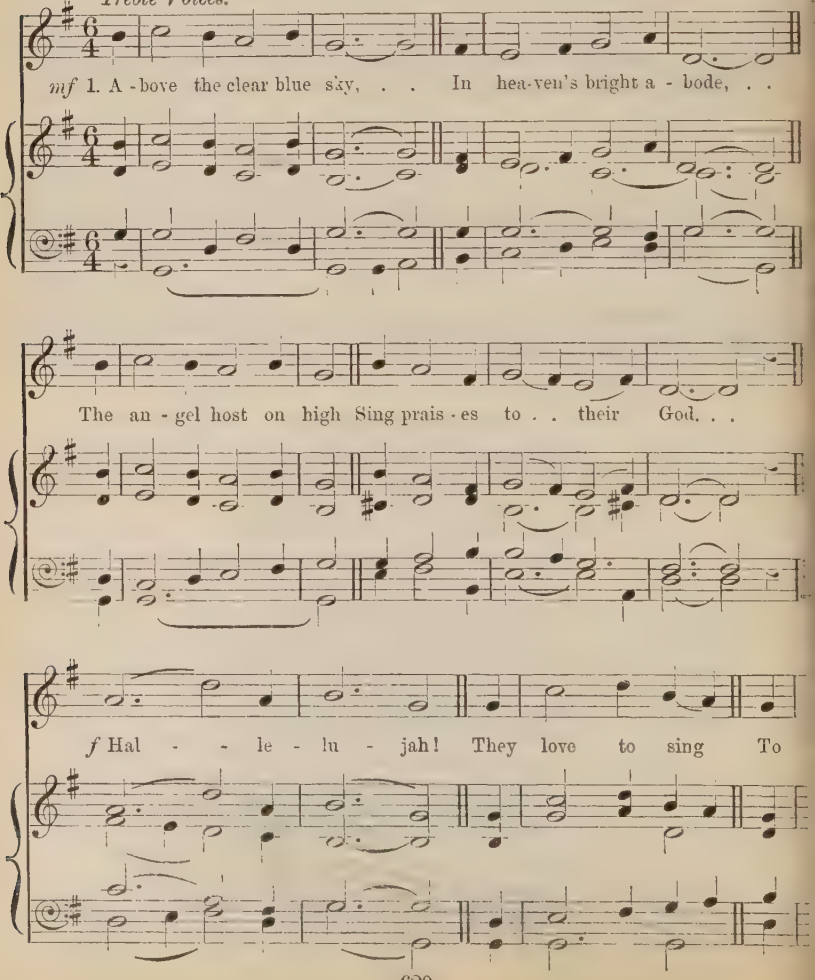
X.—For the Young.

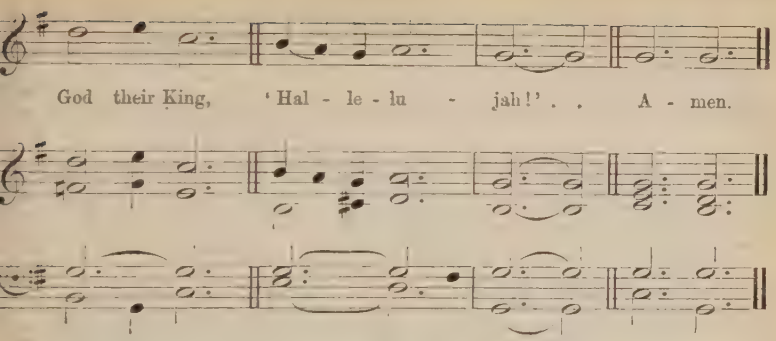
1.—*PRAISE.*

539

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.

Children's Voices. E. J. Hopkins.

Treble Voices.

mf 1. A - bove the clear blue sky, . . In hea-ven's bright a - bode, . .
The an - gel host on high Sing prais - es to . . their God. . .
f Hal - - le - lu - jah! They love to sing To



mf 2 But God from children's tongues
On earth receiveth praise;
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise.
f Hallelujah!
We too will sing
To God our King,
'Hallelujah!'

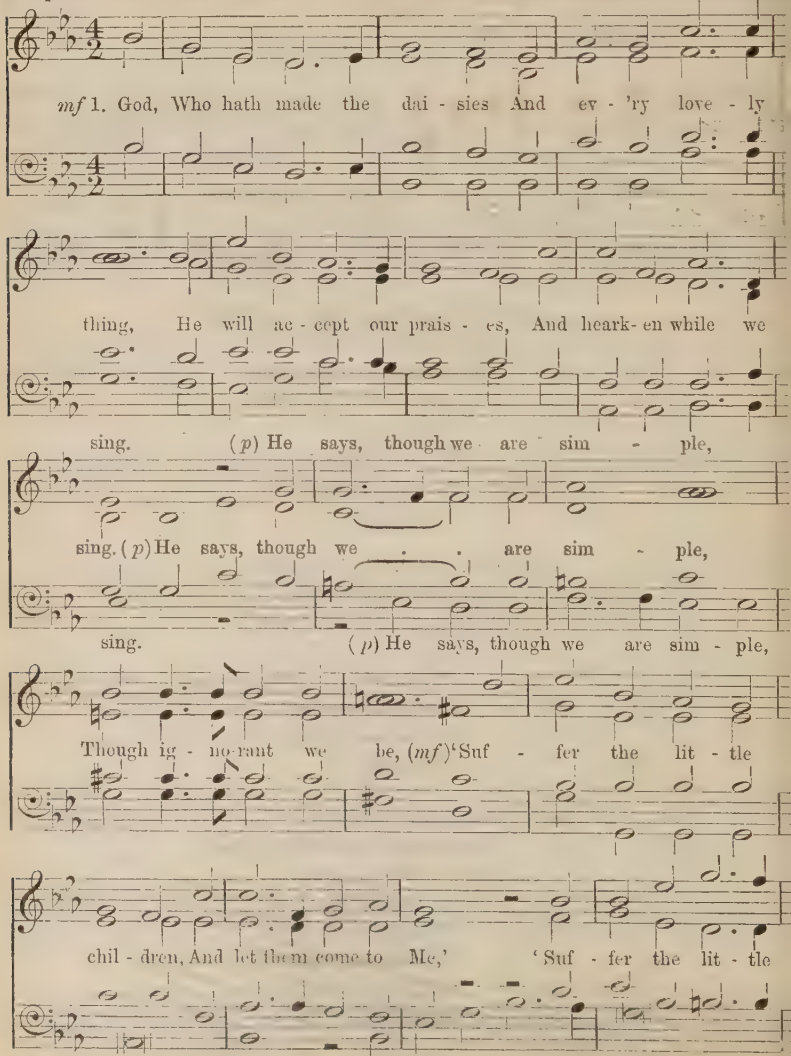
mf 3 O blessèd Lord, Thy truth
In love to us impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art.
f Hallelujah!
Then shall we sing
To God our King,
'Hallelujah!'

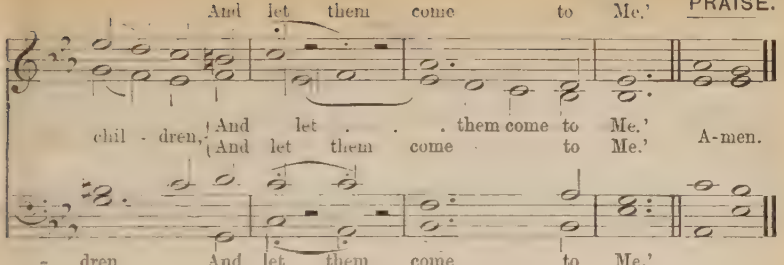
mf 4 O may Thy holy word
Spread all the world around,
c And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound,
f Hallelujah!
All then shall sing
To God their King,
'Hallelujah!' AMEN.

J. Chandler, alt.

540

Jesus said, Suffer the little children, and forbid them not, to come unto Me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Leipsic. J. L. F. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

mf 1. God, Who hath made the dai - sies And ev - 'ry love - ly
thing, He will ac - cept our prais - es, And heark - en while we
sing. (p) He says, though we are sim - ple,
sing. (p) He says, though we . . are sim - ple,
sing. (p) He says, though we are sim - ple,
Though ig - no-rant we be, (mf) 'Suf - fer the lit - tle
chil - dren, And let them come to Me,' 'Suf - fer the lit - tle
chil - dren, 'Suf - fer the lit - tle chil - -



[May be sung to 'Chenies,' No. 561.]

mf 2 Though we are young and simple,
In praise we may be bold;
The children in the temple
He heard in days of old.
And, if our hearts are humble,
He says to you and me,
'Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me.'

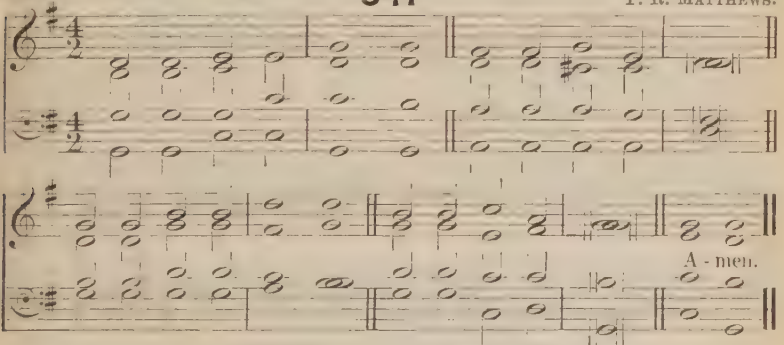
3 He sees the bird that wingeth
Its way o'er earth and sky;
He hears the lark that singeth
Up in the heaven so high;
p He sees the heart's low breathings
And says—well pleased to see—
c 'Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me.'

mf 4 Therefore we will come near Him,
And solemnly we 'll sing;
No cause to shrink or fear Him—
We 'll make our voices ring;
c For, in our temple speaking,
He says to you and me,
'Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me.' AMEN.

E. P. Hood.

North Coates. 541

T. R. MATTHEWS.



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Save, Lord: let the King hear us when we call.

mf JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.

2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.

p 3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

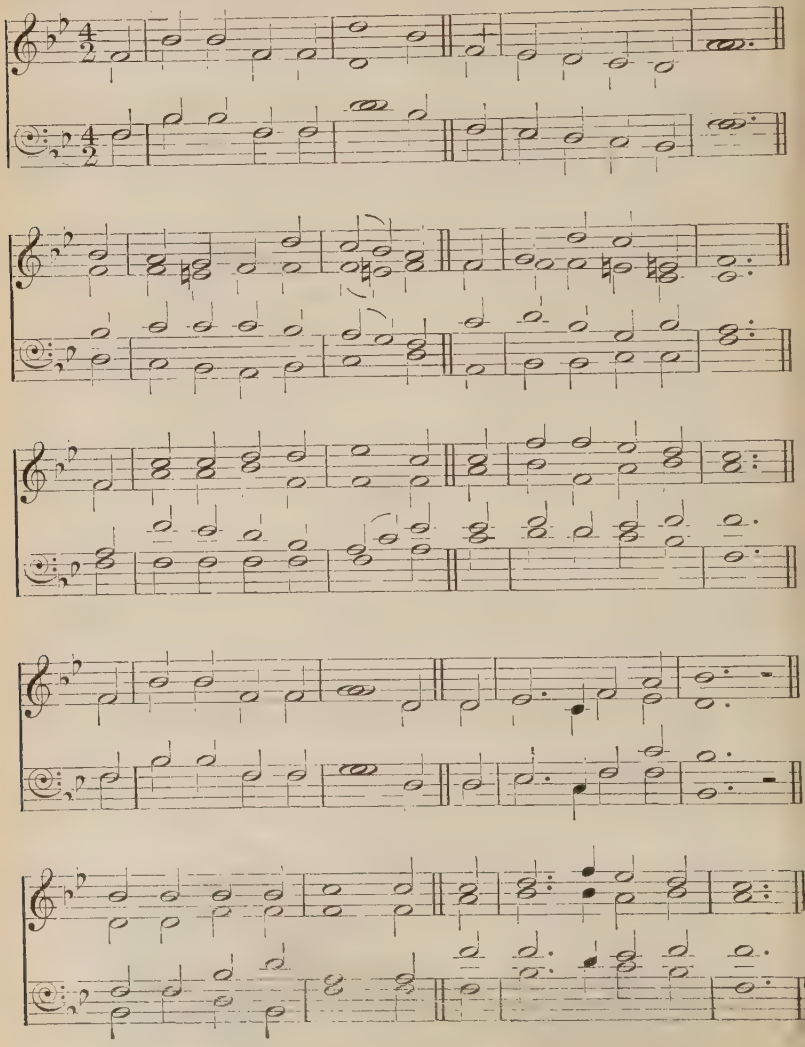
4 Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away.

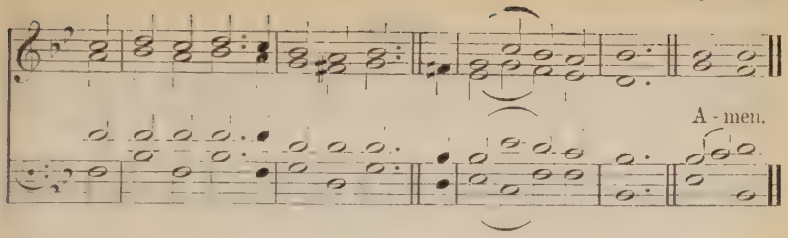
mf 5 Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
f 'Saviour, Lord, we come.' AMEN.

Anon.

542

Dresden. Wir pflügen und wir streuen. J. A. P. Schulz.





I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

mf AGAIN the morn of gladness,
The morn of light, is here;
And earth itself looks fairer,
And heaven itself more near;
p The bells, like angel voices,
Speak peace to every breast;
And all the land lies quiet
To keep the day of rest.

f *'Glory be to Jesus!'*
Let all His children say;
'He rose again, He rose again
On this glad day!'

mf 2 Again, O loving Saviour,
The children of Thy grace
Prepare themselves to seek Thee
Within Thy chosen place.
Our song shall rise to greet Thee,
If Thou our hearts wilt raise;
If Thou our lips wilt open,
Our mouth shall show Thy praise.

3 The shining choir of angels
That rest not day or night,
The crowned and palm-decked martyrs,
The saints arrayed in white,
The happy lambs of Jesus
In pastures fair above,—
c These all adore and praise Him
Whom we too praise and love.

mf 4 The Church on earth rejoices
To join with these to-day;
In every tongue and nation
She calls her sons to pray;
Across the Northern snow-fields,
Beneath the Indian palms,
She makes the same pure offering
And sings the same sweet psalms

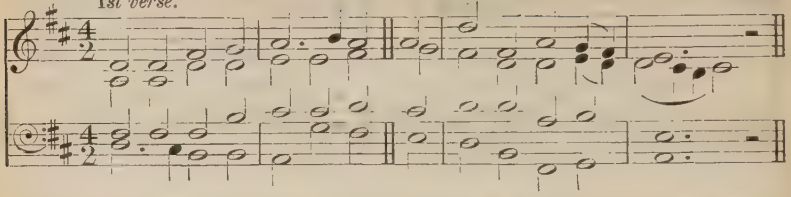
5 Tell out, sweet bells, His praises!
Sing, children, sing His name!
c Still louder and still further
His mighty deeds proclaim,
f Till all whom He redeemèd
Shall own Him Lord and King,
Till every knee shall worship
And every tongue shall sing.
ff *'Glory be to Jesus!'*
Let all creation say;
'He rose again, He rose again
On this glad day!' AMEN.

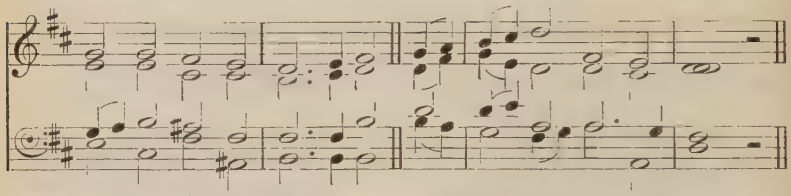
J. Ellerton.

All things bright. 543

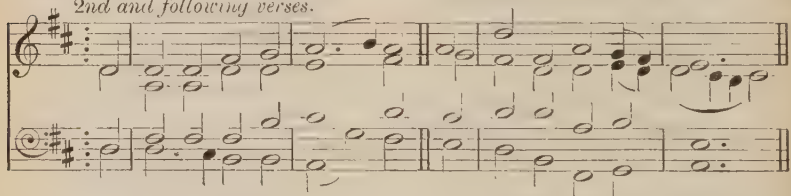
F. A. G. Ouseley.

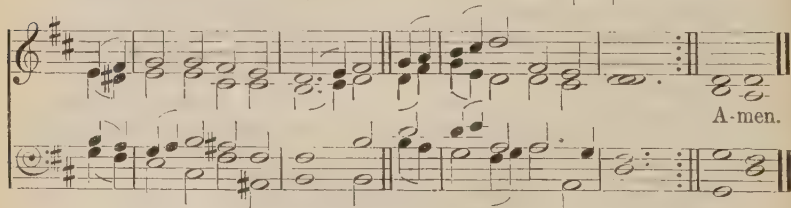
1st *verse.*





2nd *and following verses.*





God saw every thing that He had made, and, behold, it was very good.

mf

ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures, great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,—
The Lord God made them all.

2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

3 The purple headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning
That brightens up the sky,

4 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one.

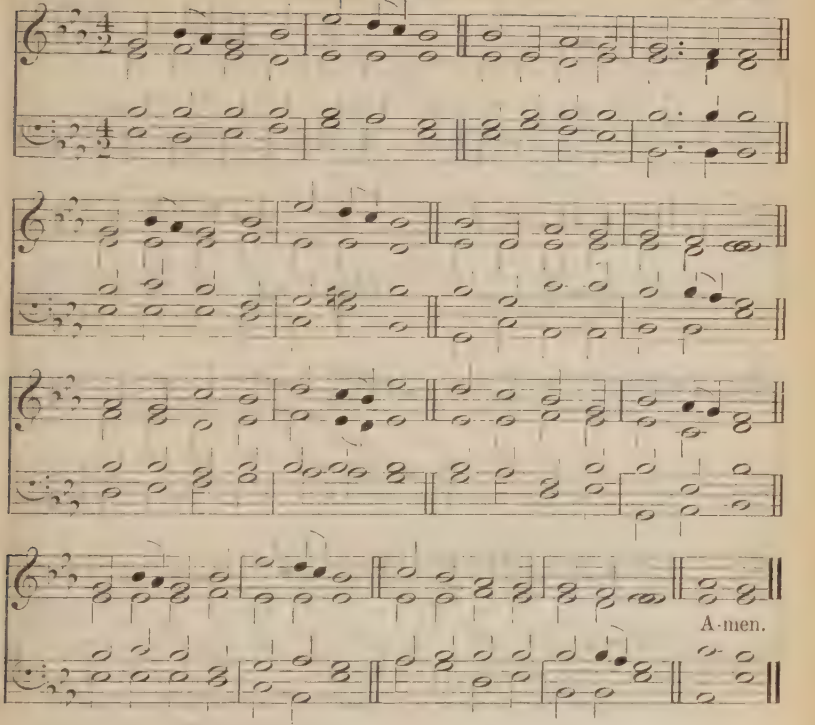
5 The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes, by the water,
We gather every day,—

6 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
f How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

AMEN.

C. F. Alexander, sel.

Tichfield. **544** J. Richardson.



Hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling place.

mf GOD of glory, God of grace,
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-
While our feeble voices sing [place,
Grateful praises to our King;
While we meet at Thy command,
Asking blessings at Thy hand,
p God of glory, God of grace, [place.
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-

mf 2 God our Maker, Thee we praise,
Guardian of our helpless days;
Thou hast made us by Thy power,
Thou hast kept us to this hour;
p Thou hast given Thy Son to die,
c Sent Thy Spirit from on high:
p God of glory, God of grace, [place.
f Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-

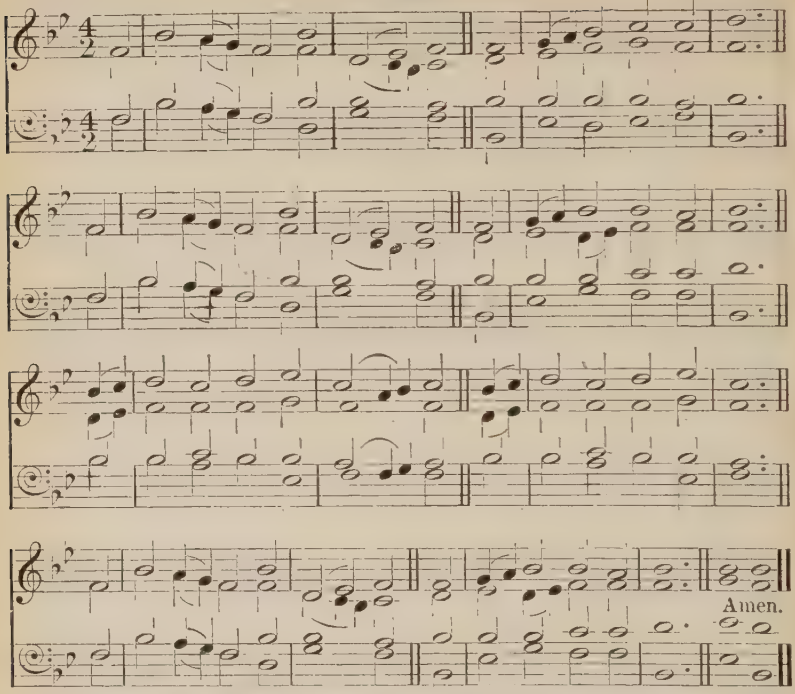
mf 3 God the Saviour, Thee we bless
For Thy life of righteousness;
d For Thy cross and death of shame
Children's voices bless Thy name:
c Should our tongues no praises bring,
Stones would find a voice to sing:
p God of glory, God of grace, [place.
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-

mf 4 God the Spirit, Thee we praise,
For Thy sanctifying grace;
p For the new and tender heart
Thou hast promised to impart;
c For the word inspired by Thee
That reveals eternity:
p God of glory, God of grace,
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-place. AMEN.

Anon., alt.

545

Ellacombe. Der du im heil'gen Sakrament. HARTIG'S *Gesangbuch, Mainz* (1833?).



He went down with them, and came to Nazareth; and He was subject unto them.

mf COME, praise your Lord and Saviour
In strains of holy mirth;
Give thanks to Him, O children,
Who lived a Child on earth.
He loved the little children,
And called them to His side;
His loving arms embraced them,
d And for their sake He died.

Boys only.

mf 2 O Jesus, we would praise Thee
With songs of holy joy,
For Thou on earth didst sojourn,
A pure and spotless Boy.
Make us like Thee obedient,
p Like Thee from sin-stains free,
c Like Thee in God's own temple,
In lowly home like Thee.

Girls only.

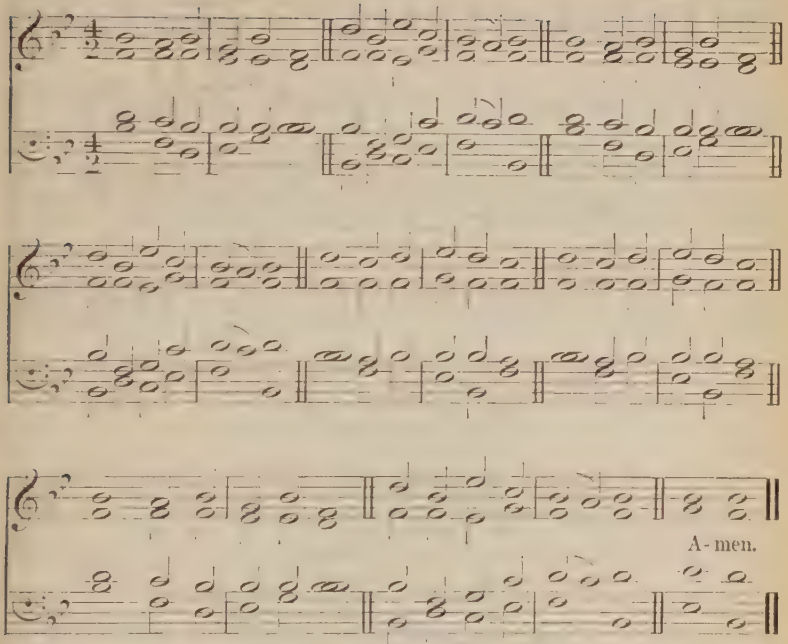
p 3 O Jesus, we too praise Thee,
The lowly maiden's Son;
In Thee all gentlest graces
Are gathered into one.
c O give that best adornment
That Christian maid can wear,
d The meek and quiet spirit
Which shone in Thee so fair.

All.

ff 4 O Lord, with voices blended
We sing our songs of praise:
Be Thou the light and pattern
Of all our childhood's days;
And lead us ever onward,
That, while we stay below,
We may like Thee, O Jesus,
In grace and wisdom grow. AMEN.

W. W. How.

Madrid. **546** Spanish Melody.



Let us ofer the sacrifice of praise to God continually.

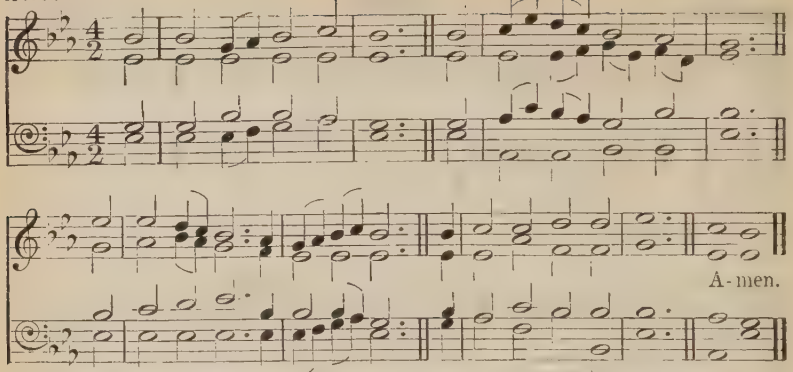
mf COME, children, join to sing
Hallelujah! Amen!—
Loud praise to Christ our King;
Hallelujah! Amen!
Let all with heart and voice
Before His throne rejoice;
Praise is His gracious choice:
f Hallelujah! Amen!

mf 2 Come, lift your hearts on high;
Hallelujah! Amen!
Let praises fill the sky;
Hallelujah! Amen!
He is our Guide and Friend;
To us He 'll condescend;
His love shall never end:
f Hallelujah! Amen!

mf 3 Praise yet the Lord again;
Hallelujah! Amen!
Life shall not end the strain;
c Hallelujah! Amen!
On heaven's blissful shore
His goodness we 'll adore,
Singing for evermore,
f 'Hallelujah! Amen!' AMEN.

C. H. Bateman, sel.

Silchester. **547** H. A. C. Malan.



Praise our God, all ye His servants, and ye that fear Him, both small and great.

mf ABOVE the clear blue sky,
Beyond our feeble sight,
The God of glory dwells on high
In everlasting light.

2 Around His glorious throne
The holy angels stand;
f In songs of praise their King they own,
Or fly at His command.

mf 3 And we may praise Him too,
And serve Him here below;
He stoops to mark what children do,
Their inmost thoughts to know;

4 And, though He reigns above,
Where angels ceaseless praise,
He will accept our humble love,
And lead us in His ways.

5 O may we humbly seek
To do His holy will,
And try, with thankful hearts and meek,
To sing His praises still;

6 And then, for Jesus' sake,
p Who came for us to die,
f Our happy spirits He will take
To praise Him in the sky. Amen.

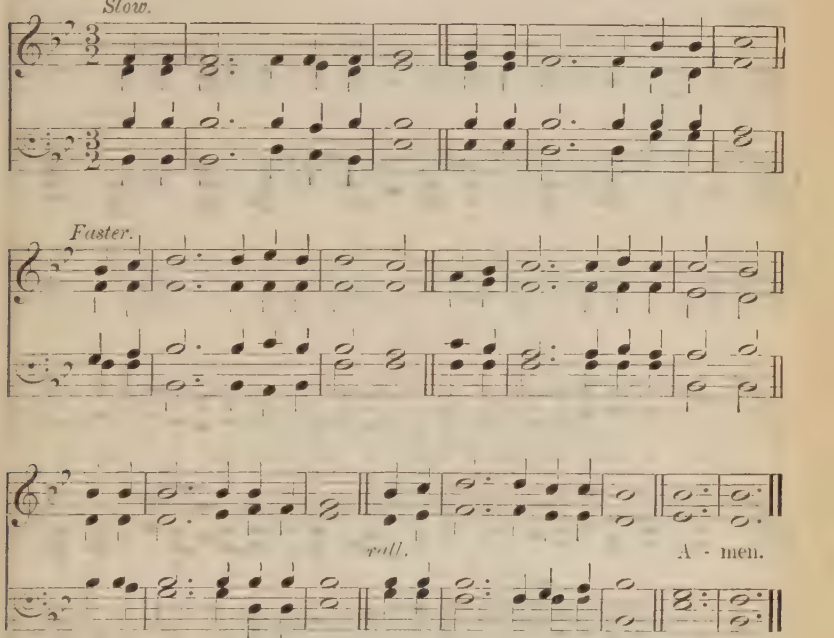
M. Bourdillon.

The following also are suitable :—

125 For the beauty of the earth.
555 Hosanna we sing.
559 Hosanna, loud hosanna.
561 When, His salvation bringing.
567 O Lord of all, we bring to Thee.
597 Lord, this day Thy children meet.

2.—*OUR LORD'S LIFE AND WORK.*

Lowliness. **548** B. R. Hanby.



We see Jesus, Who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour.

mf WHO is He, in yonder stall,
At Whose feet the shepherds fall!

f *'T is the Lord! O wondrous story!*
'T is the Lord, the King of Glory!
p *At His feet we humbly fall;*
c *Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!*

mp 2 Who is He, in yonder cot,
Bending to His toilsome lot?

3 Who is He, in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?

4 Who is He That stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?

p 5 Lo! at midnight, who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemane!

6 On the cross, lo! who is He
She'ds His precious blood for me?

mf 7 Who is He That from the grave
Comes to heal and help and save?

f 8 Who is He That on yon throne
Reigns as King of kings alone?

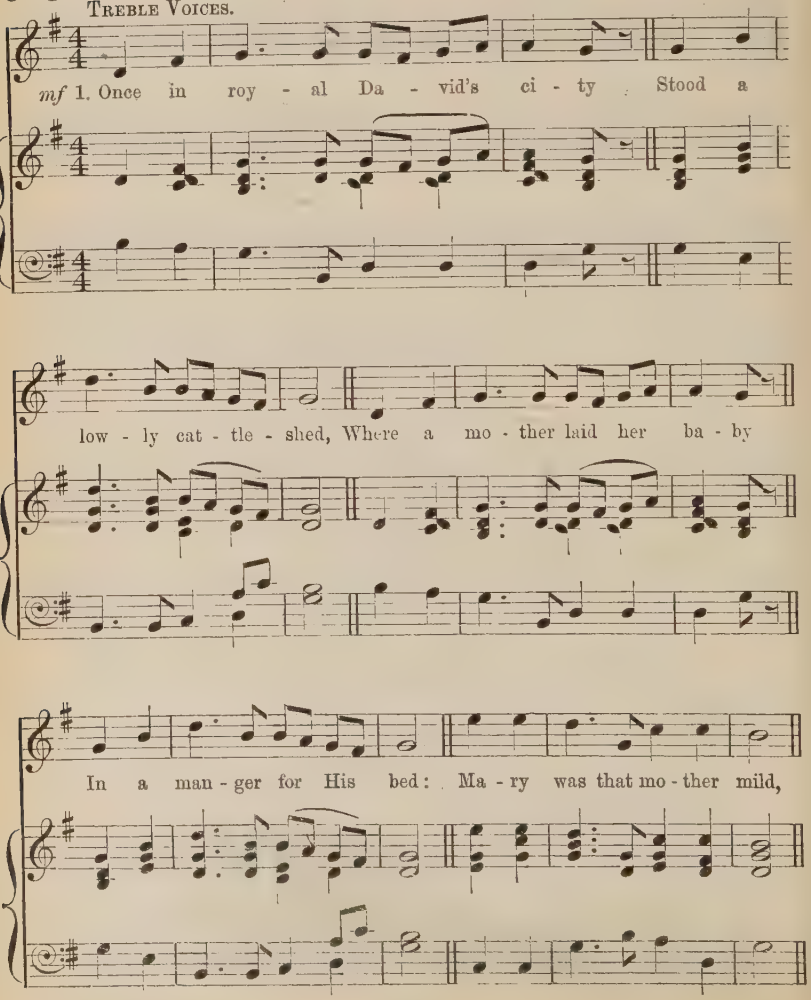
AMEN.

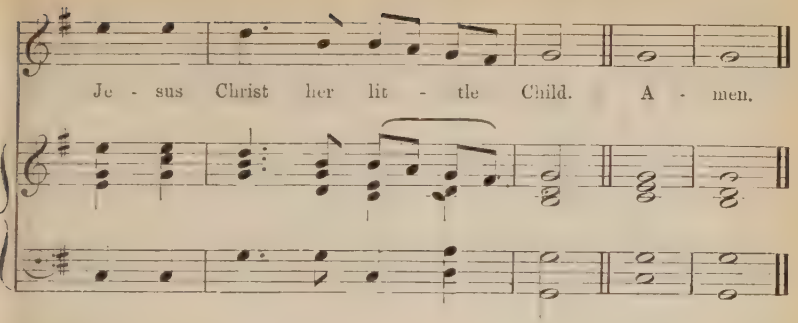
B. R. Hanby, sel. and alt.

549

Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.

Irby. H. J. GAUNTLETT.

TREBLE VOICES.

mf 1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's ci - ty Stood a
low - ly cat - tle - shed, Where a mo - ther laid her ba - by
In a man - ger for His bed: Ma - ry was that mo - ther mild,



p 2 He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

mf 3 And, through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's pattern:
Day by day like us He grew;
p He was little, weak, and helpless;
Tears and smiles, like us, He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
c And He shareth in our gladness.

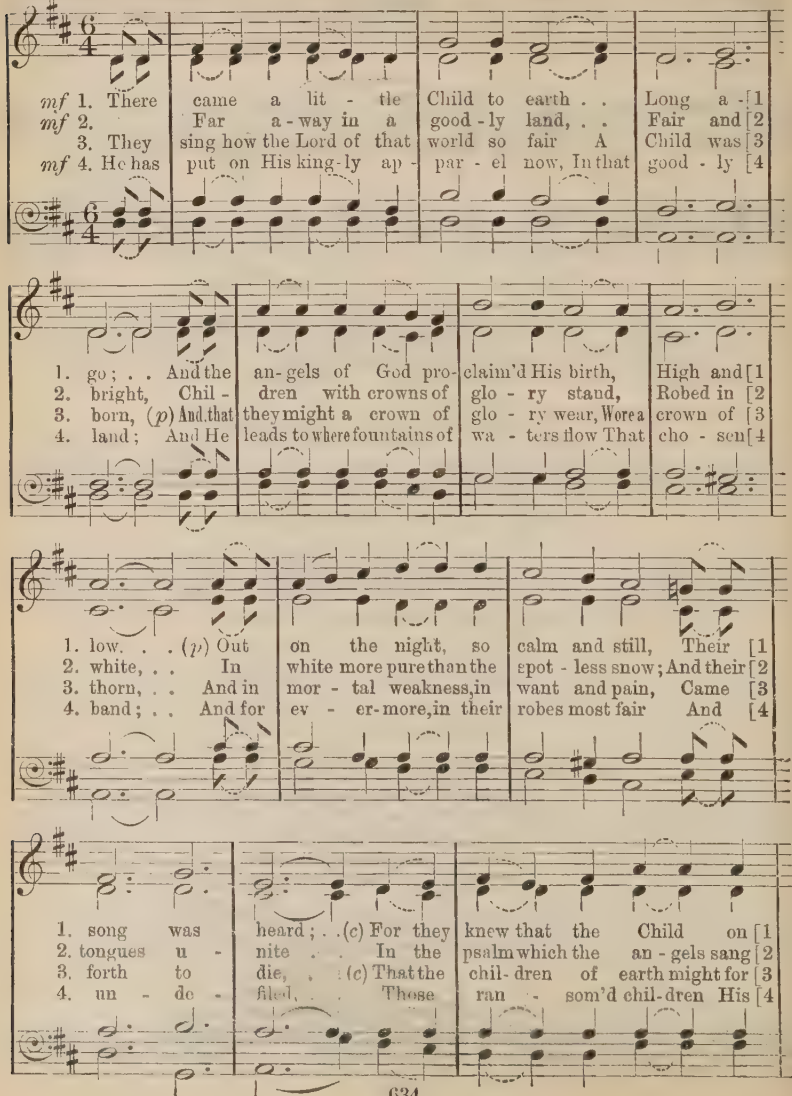
mf 5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

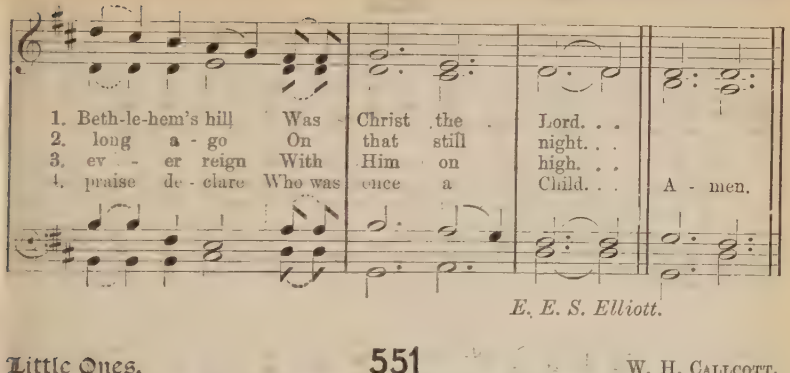
f 6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When, like stars, His children crowned
All in white shall wait around. AMEN.

C. F. Alexander.

Unto us a Child is born . . . . : and the government shall be upon His shoulder.

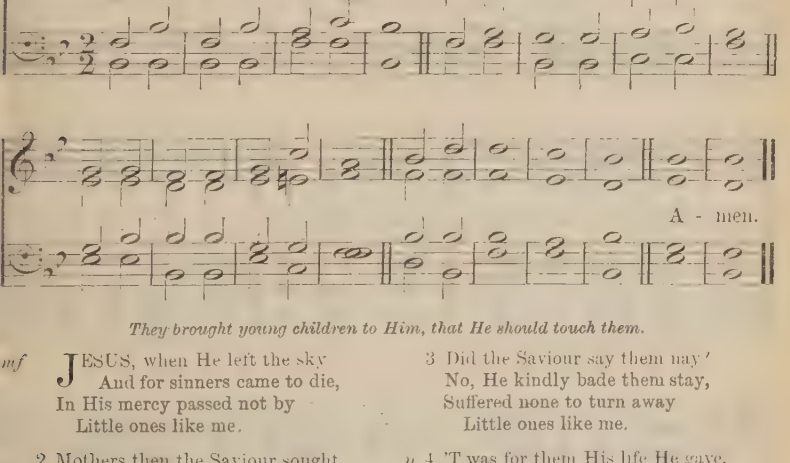
Children's Song.

H. WALTON.

mf 1. There came a lit - tle Child to earth . . Long a - [1
mf 2. Far a - way in a good - ly land, . . Fair and [2
3. They sing how the Lord of that world so fair A Child was [3
mf 4. He has put on His king - ly ap - par - el now, In that good - ly [4
1. go; . . And the an - gels of God pro - claim'd His birth, High and [1
2. bright, Chil - dren with crowns of glo - ry stand, Robed in [2
3. born, (p) And that they might a crown of glo - ry wear, Wore a crown of [3
4. land; And He leads to where fountains of wa - ters flow That cho - sen [4
1. low. . . (p) Out on the night, so calm and still, Their [1
2. white, . . In white more pure than the spot - less snow; And their [2
3. thorn, . . And in mor - tal weakness, in want and pain, Came [3
4. band; . . And for ev - er - more, in their robes most fair And [4
1. song was heard; . . (c) For they knew that the Child on [1
2. tongues u - nite . . In the psalm which the an - gels sang [2
3. forth to die, . . (c) That the chil - dren of earth might for [3
4. un - de - filed. . . Those ran - som'd chil - dren His [4


1. Beth-le-hem's hill Was Christ the Lord. . .
2. long a - go On that still night. . .
3. ev - er reign With Him on high. . .
4. praise de - clare Who was once a Child. . .
A - men.

E. E. S. Elliott.

Little Ones. **551** W. H. Callcott.



They brought young children to Him, that He should touch them.

mf JESUS, when He left the sky
And for sinners came to die,
In His mercy passed not by
Little ones like me.

2 Mothers then the Saviour sought
In the places where He taught,
And to Him their children brought—
Little ones like me.

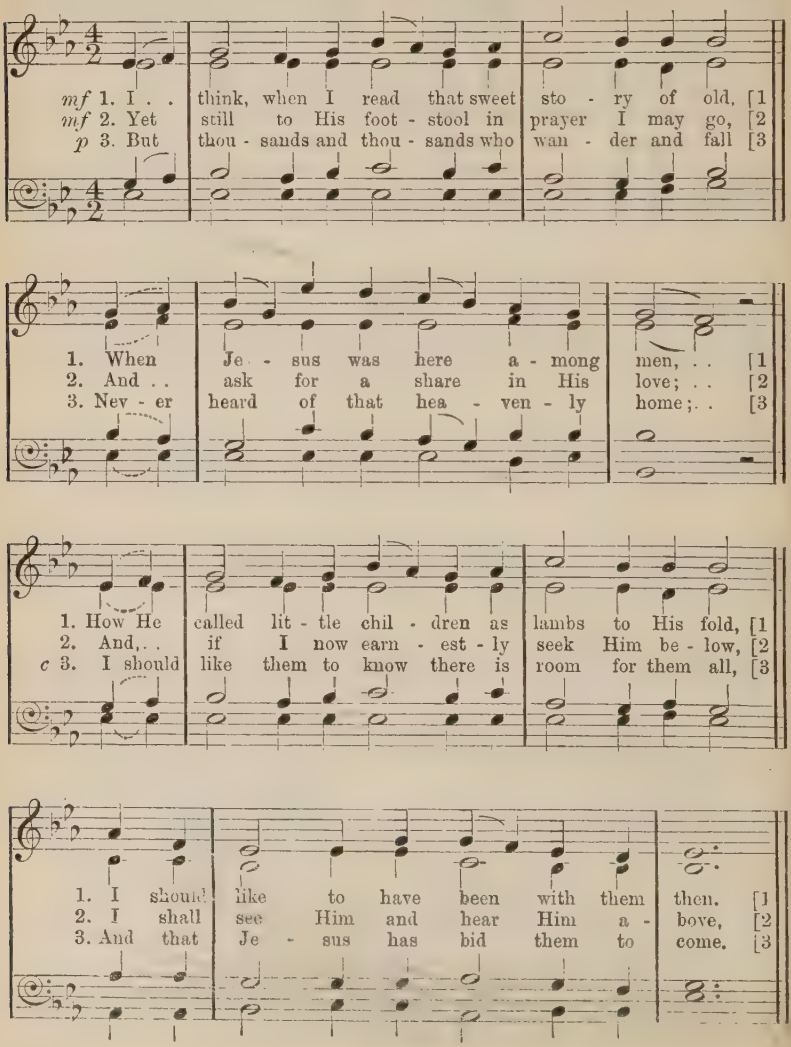
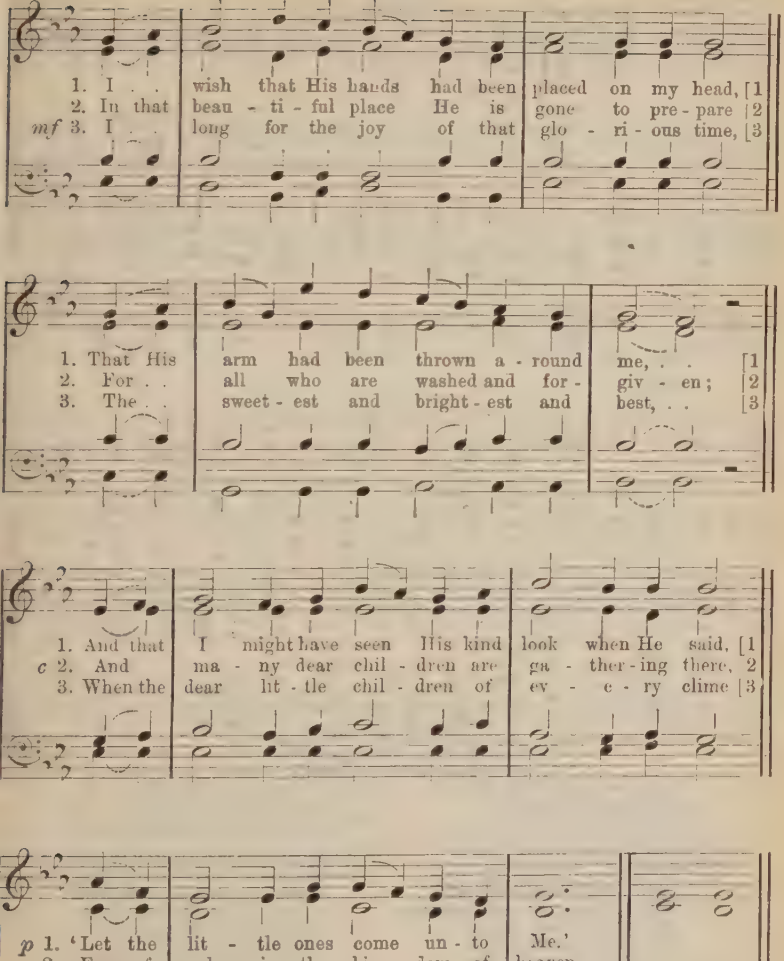
3 Did the Saviour say them nay?
No, He kindly bade them stay,
Suffered none to turn away
Little ones like me.

p 4 'T was for them His life He gave,
To redeem them from the grave;
c Jesus able is to save
Little ones like me.

mf 5 Children, then, should love Him now,
Strive His holy will to do,
Pray to Him, and praise Him too—
Little ones like me. AMEN.

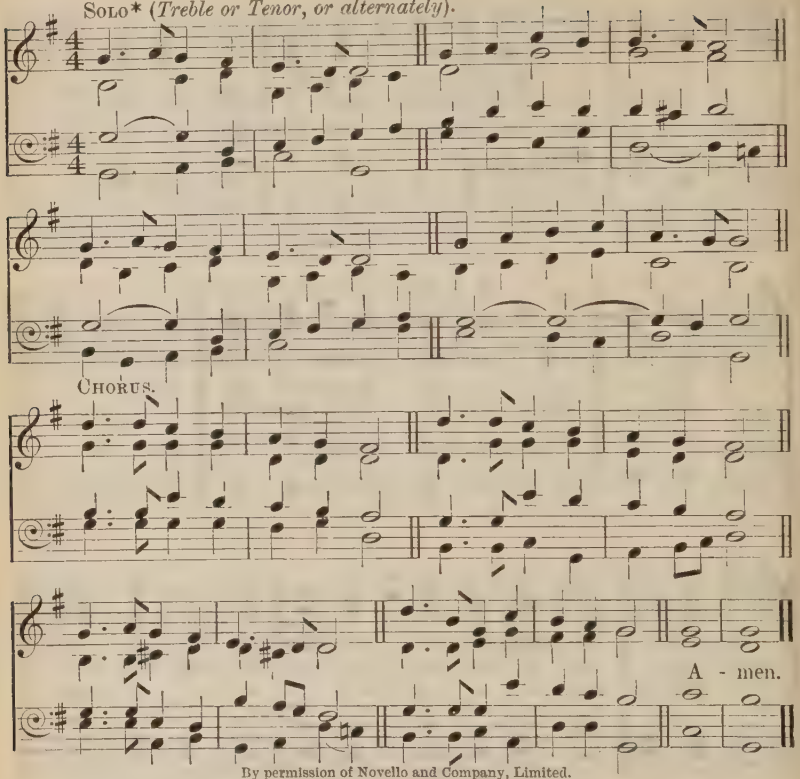
M. Rumsey.

552

Salamis. *He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.* Greek Air.

mf 1. I . . think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, [1
mf 2. Yet still to His foot - stool in prayer I may go, [2
p 3. But thou - sands and thou - sands who wan - der and fall [3
1. When Je - sus was here a - mong men, . . [1
2. And . . ask for a share in His love; . . [2
3. Nev - er heard of that hea - ven - ly home; . . [3
1. How He called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold, [1
2. And, . . if I now earn - est - ly seek Him be - low, [2
c 3. I should like them to know there is room for them all, [3
1. I should like to have been with them then. [1
2. I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove, [2
3. And that Je - sus has bid them to come. [3

1. I . . wish that His hands had been placed on my head, [1
2. In that beau - ti - ful place He is gone to pre - pare [2
mf 3. I . . long for the joy of that glo - ri - ous time, [3
1. That His arm had been thrown a - round me, . . [1
2. For . . all who are washed and for - giv - en; [2
3. The . . sweet - est and bright - est and best, . . [3
1. And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, [1
c 2. And ma - ny dear chil - dren are ga - ther - ing there, 2
3. When the dear lit - tle chil - dren of ev - e - ry clime [3
p 1. 'Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me.'
2. For of such is the king - dom of heaven.
3. Shall crowd to His arms and be blest. A - men.

J. Luke.

Humility. 553

J. Goss.

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Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass.

mf SEE! in yonder manger low,
Born for us on earth below,
See! the tender Lamb appears,
Promised from eternal years.

f *Hail, thou ever-blessed morn!*
Hail, redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
'Christ is born in Bethlehem.'

mf 2 Lo! within a manger lies
He Who built the starry skies;
He Who, throned in height sublime,
Sits amid the cherubim.

3 Say, ye holy shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day;
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?

p 4 'As we watched at dead of night,
Lo! we saw a wondrous light;
Angels, singing peace on earth,
Told us of the Saviour's birth.'

5 Sacred Infant, all Divine,
What a tender love was Thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!

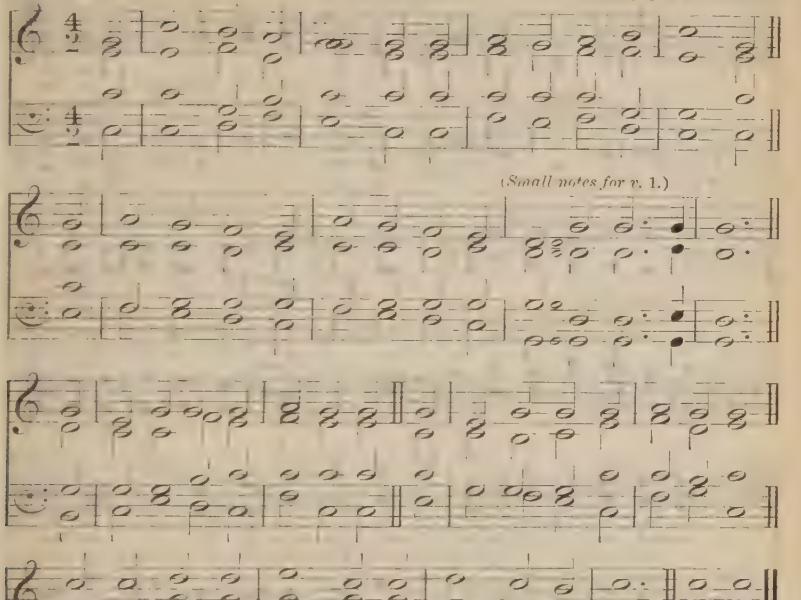
mf 6 Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,
By Thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee
In Thy sweet humility.

* Or in unison by Trebles and Altos, or Tenors and Basses.

AMEN.

E. Caswall, sel. and alt.

Salem. **554** German Air.



Suffer the little children to come unto Me.

mf WHEN mothers of Salem their children brought to Jesus,
The stern disciples drove them back and bade them depart;
p But Jesus saw them ere they fled,
And sweetly smiled, and kindly said,
c 'Suffer little children to come unto Me;

mf 2 'For I will receive them, and fold them to My bosom;
I'll be a Shepherd to these lambs,
O drive them not away;
For, if their hearts to Me they give,
They shall with Me in glory live:
Suffer little children to come unto Me.'

3 How kind was our Saviour to bid those children welcome!
p But there are many thousands who have never heard His name;
The Bible they have never read;
They know not that the Saviour said,
c 'Suffer little children to come unto Me.'

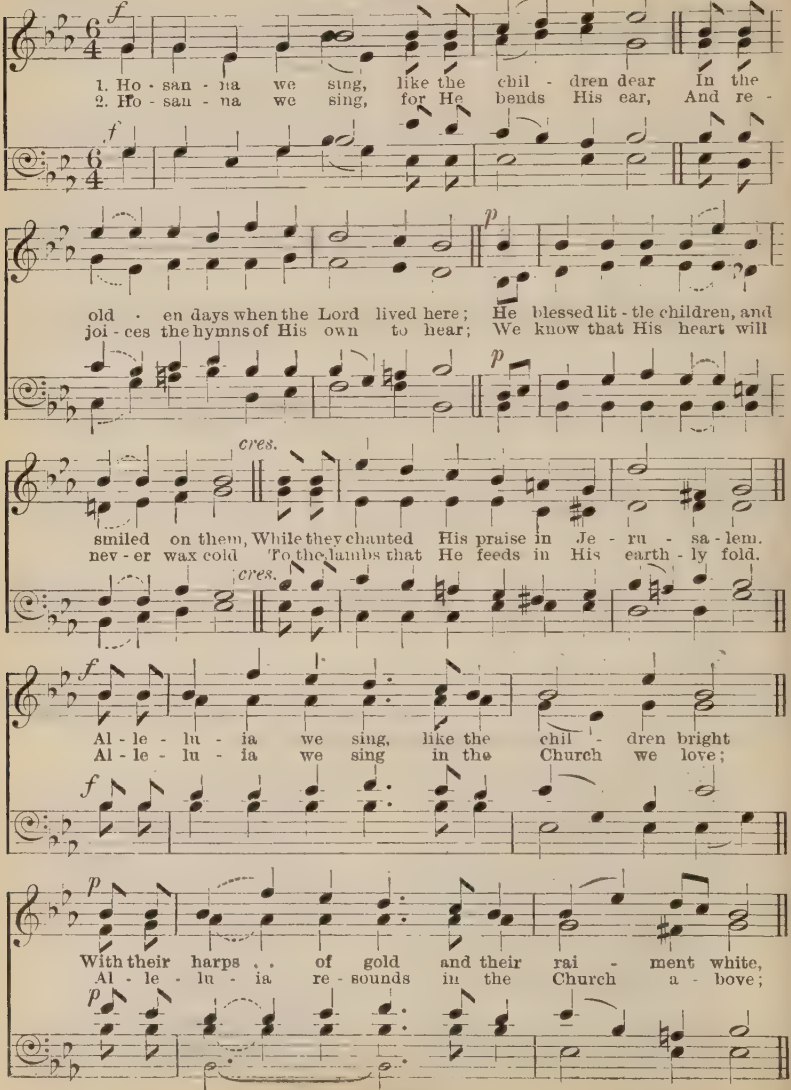
mf 4 O soon may the heathen of every tribe and nation
Fulfil Thy blessed word, and cast their idols all away;
O shine upon them from above,
And show Thyself a God of love;
Teach the little children to come unto Thee. AMEN.

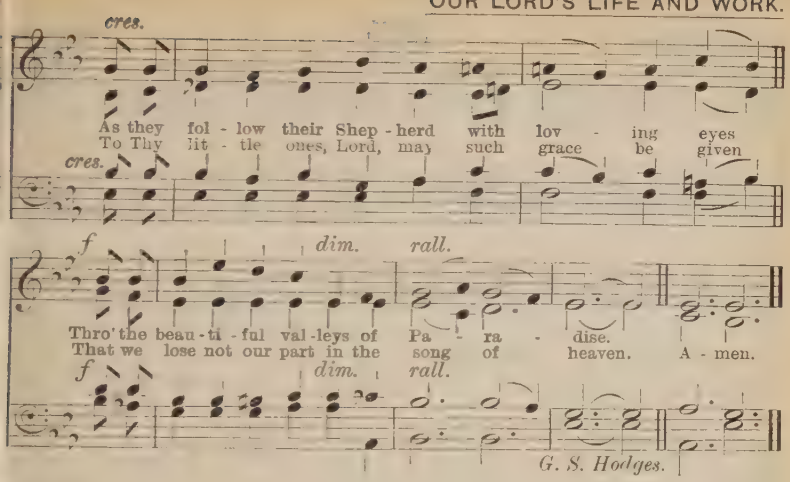
W. M. Hutchings, sel.

555

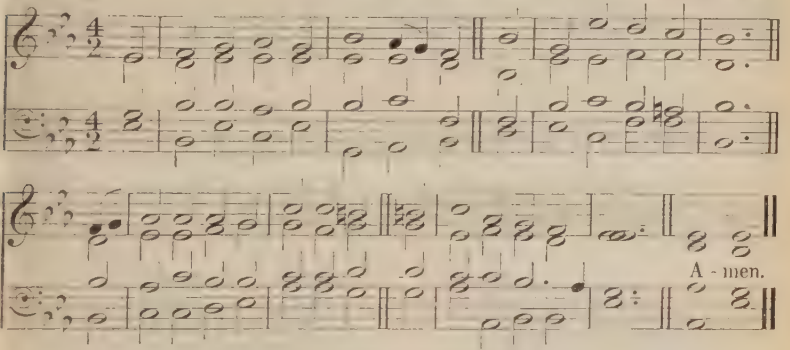
Hosanna we sing.

The children . . . were crying in the temple and saying, Hosanna.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho - san - na we sing, like the chil - dren dear In the
2. Ho - san - na we sing, for He bends His ear, And re -
old - en days when the Lord lived here; He blessed lit - tle children, and
joi - ces the hymns of His own to hear; We know that His heart will
cres.
smiled on them, While they chanted His praise in Je - ru - sa - lem.
nev - er wax cold To the lambs that He feeds in His earth - ly fold.
Al - le - lu - ia we sing, like the chil - dren bright
Al - le - lu - ia we sing in the Church we love;
With their harps . . of gold and their rai - ment white,
Al - le - lu - ia re - sounds in the Church a - bove;


cres.
As they fol - low their Shep - herd with lov - ing eyes
To Thy lit - tle ones, Lord, may such grace be given
cres.
f
dim.
rall.
Thro' the beau - ti - ful val - leys of Pa - ra - dise.
That we lose not our part in the song of heaven. A - men.
f
dim.
rall.
G. S. Hodges.

Horsley. **556** W. HORSLEY.



While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

mp THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

c 3 He died that we might be forgiven;
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

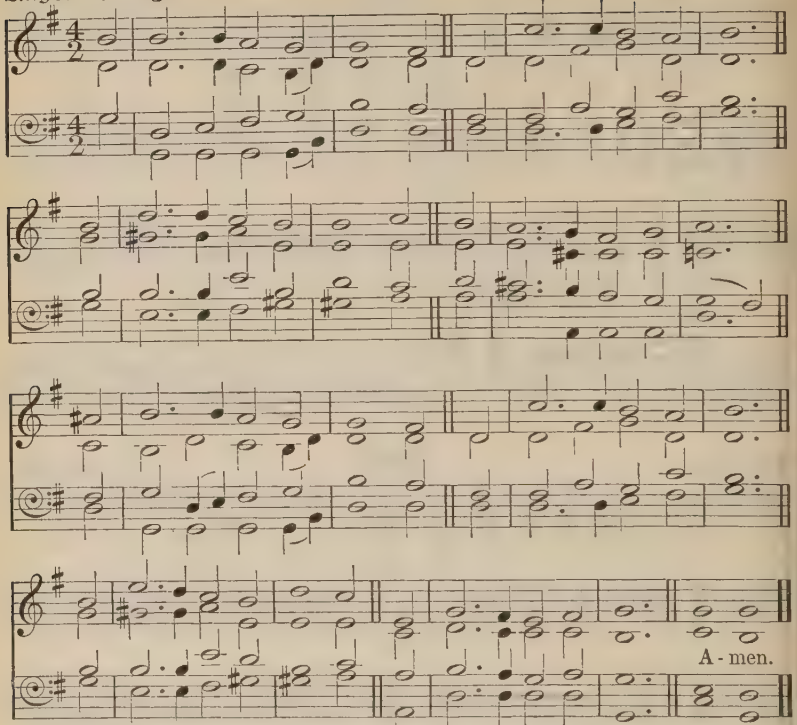
mf 4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

c 5 O dearly, dearly has He loved;
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do. AMEN.

C. F. Alexander.

Angels' Story. 557

A. H. Mann.



By permission of the Composer.

Because the Lord loved you, . . . hath the Lord . . . redeemed you.

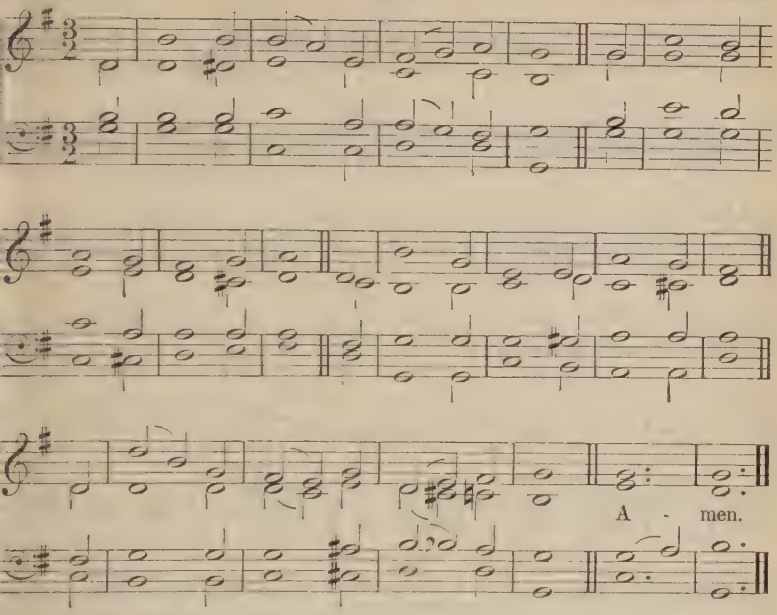
mf I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
p I am both weak and sinful;
c But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.

mf 2 I 'm glad my blessèd Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And, if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
c He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.

mf 3 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I 'll raise;
And, though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise;
For He Himself has promised
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so. AMEN.

E. Miller.

Brookfield. **558** T. B. Southgate.



Thy love to me was wonderful.

mf IT is a thing most wonderful,
Almost too wonderful to be,
That God's own Son should come from heaven
And die to save a child like me.

2 And yet I know that it is true:
He came to this poor world below,
p And wept and toiled and mourned and died;
Only because He loved us so.

3 I cannot tell how He could love
A child so weak and full of sin;
His love must be most wonderful,
If He could die my love to win.

pp 4 I sometimes think about the cross,
And shut my eyes, and try to see
The cruel nails, and crown of thorns,
And Jesus crucified for me.

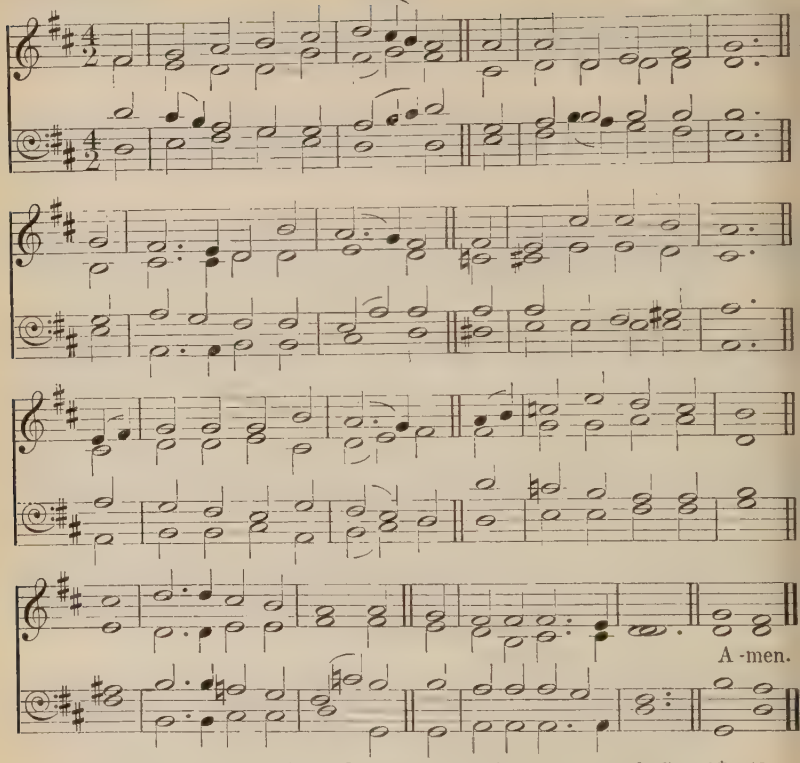
mf 5 But even could I see Him die,
I could but see a little part
Of that great love, which, like a fire,
Is always burning in His heart.

6 It is most wonderful to know
His love for me so free and sure;
But 't is more wonderful to see
My love for Him so faint and poor.

c 7 And yet I want to love Thee, Lord:
O light the flame within my heart,
And I will love Thee more and more,
f Until I see Thee as Thou art. Amen.

W. W. How.

Isleworth. **559** H. G. Trembath.



The children . . . . . were crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David.

mf HOSANNA, loud hosanna
The little children sang;
Through pillared court and temple
The lovely anthem rang;
To Jesus, Who had blessed them,
Close folded to His breast,
The children sang their praises,
The simplest and the best.

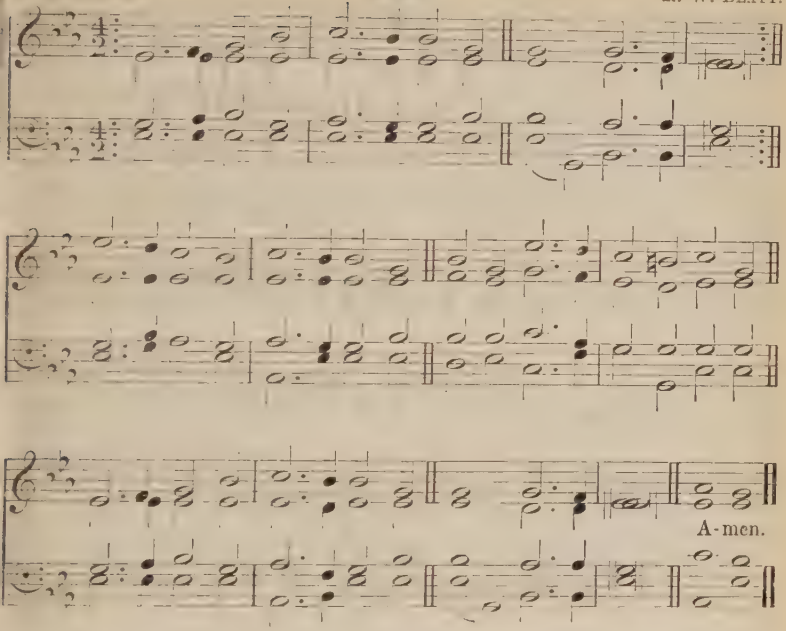
2 From Olivet they followed,
'Mid an exultant crowd,
The victor palm-branch waving,
And chanting clear and loud;
Bright angels joined the chorus
Beyond the cloudless sky,—
f 'Hosanna in the highest!
Glory to God on high!'

mf 3 Fair leaves of silvery olive
They strewed upon the ground,
While Salem's circling mountains
Echoed the joyful sound;
p The Lord of men and angels
Rode on in lowly state,
Nor scorned that little children
Should on His bidding wait.

mf 4 'Hosanna in the highest!'
That ancient song we sing,
For Christ is our Redeemer,
The Lord of heaven our King.
c O may we ever praise Him
With heart and life and voice,
And in His blissful presence
f Eternally rejoice! AMEN.

J. Threlfall.

Tenderness. **560** R. W. Eeaty.



There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

mf ONE is kind above all others;
O how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's;
O how He loves!
p Earthly friends may fail and leave thee,
One day kind, the next day grieve thee,
c But this Friend will ne'er deceive thee;
O how He loves!

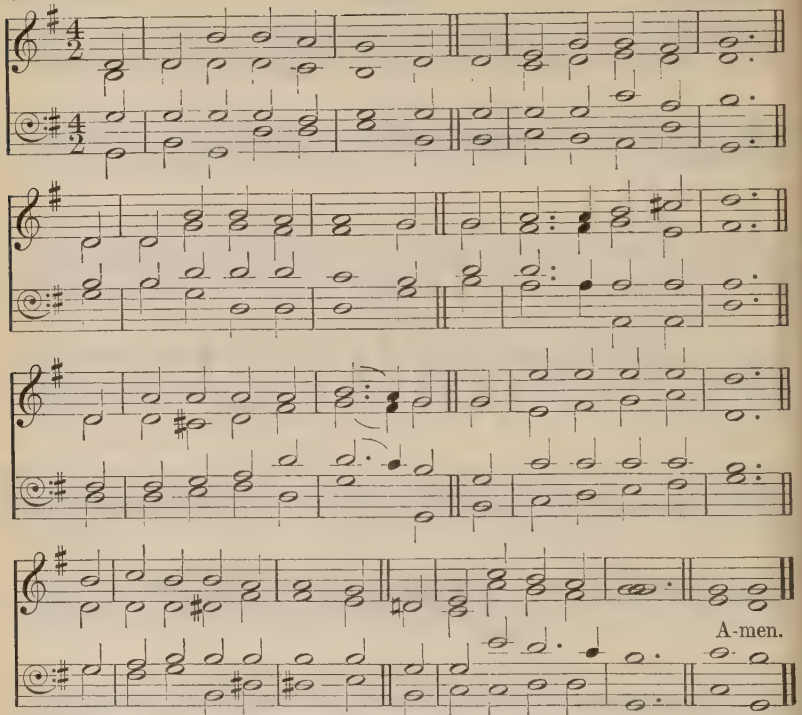
mf 2 Blessèd Jesus! wouldst thou know
O how He loves! [Him?
Give thyself entirely to Him;
O how He loves!
p Is it sin that pains or grieves thee,
Unbelief or trials seize thee?
c Jesus can from all release thee;
O how He loves!

mf 3 Love this Friend: He longs to save
O how He loves! [thee;
All through life He will not leave thee;
O how He loves!
Think no more of friendships hollow;
Take His easy yoke and follow:
Jesus carries all thy sorrow;
c O how He loves!

p 4 All thy sins shall be forgiven;
O how He loves!
c Backward shall thy foes be driven:
O how He loves!
mf Best of blessings He 'll provide thee;
Nought but good shall e'er betide thee:
Safe to glory He will guide thee;
f O how He loves! Amen.

M. Nunn, alt.

Chenies. **561** T. R. Matthews.



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[May be sung to 'Ellacombe,' No. 545.]

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.

mf WHEN, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name.
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But, as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And, since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
c We'll flock around His banner
Who sits upon the throne,
f And cry aloud, 'Hosanna
To David's royal Son!'

mf 3 For, should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
d But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
c No! while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's. AMEN.

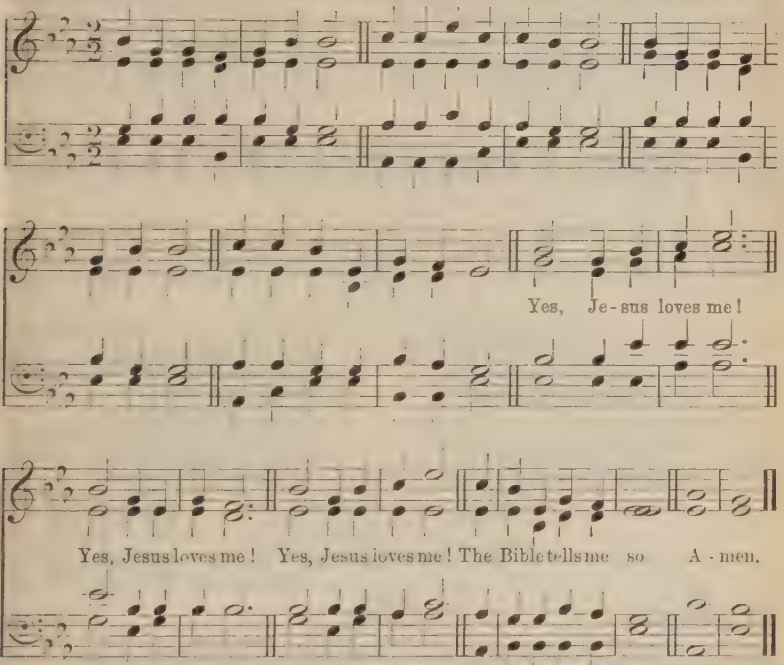
J. King.

The following also are suitable:—

94 Golden harps are sounding.
123 All glory, laud, and honour.
545 Come, praise your Lord and Saviour.
566 How loving is Jesus.

3.—*GRATITUDE AND CONSECRATION.*

Jesus loves me. **562** W. B. Bradbury.



The Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself up for me.

mf JESUS loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong;
They are weak, but He is strong.

f *Yes, Jesus loves me!*
The Bible tells me so.

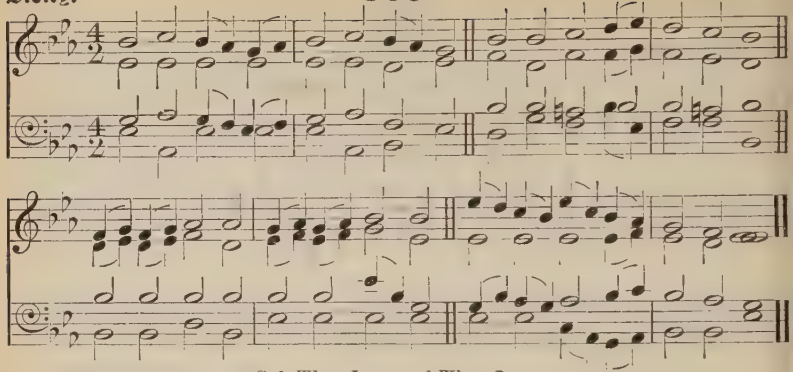
p 2 Jesus loves me! He Who died
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
c Let His little child come in.

mf 3 Jesus loves me! He will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love Him, when I die
He will take me home on high.

AMEN.

 A. B. Warner, sel.

Sicily. **563** Sicilian Melody.



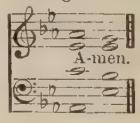
God, Whose I am, and Whom I serve.

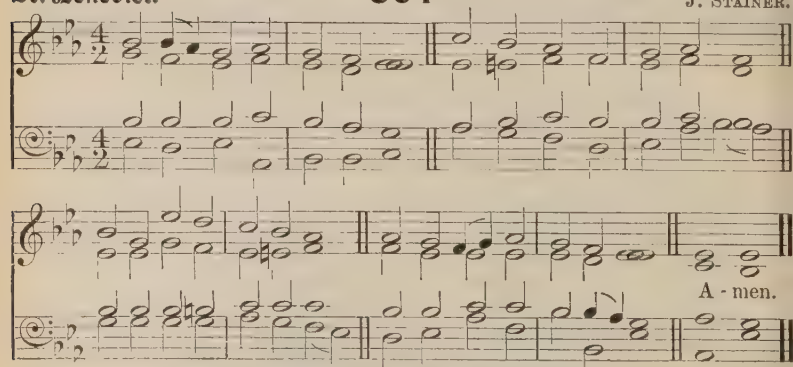
mp SAVIOUR, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to Thee,
All my powers to Thee surrender,
Thine, and only Thine, to be.

c 2 Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me ;
Let my youthful heart be Thine ;
mf Thy devoted servant make me ;
Fill my soul with love divine.

3 Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,
Only do Thou guide my way ;
May Thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.

4 Let me do Thy will or bear it ;
I would know no will but Thine :
Shouldst Thou take my life or spare it,
I that life to Thee resign.

f 5 Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
To Thy service set apart ;
Suffer me to leave Thee never ;
Seal Thine image on my heart.
J. Burton, sel.

St. Benedict. **564** J. STAINER.



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[May be sung to 'Innocents,' No. 245.]

We love Him, because He first loved us.

mf SAVIOUR, teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey ;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

2 With a child's glad heart of love
At Thy bidding may I move,
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

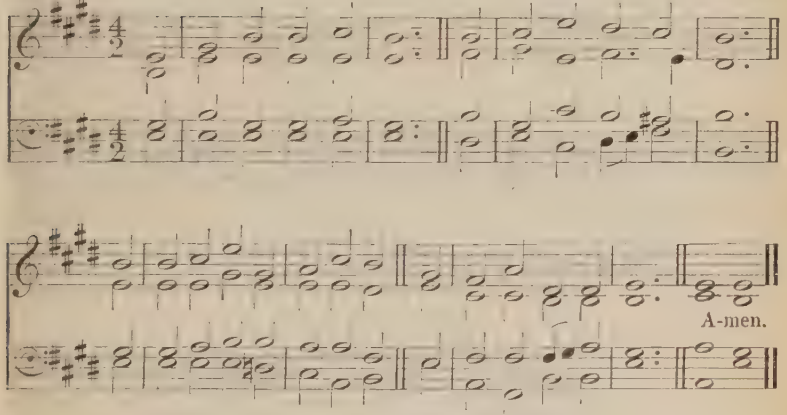
3 Teach me thus Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace,
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy ;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

5 Though a foolish child and weak,
More than this I need not seek,—
f Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love Who first loved me. AMEN.

J. E. Lecson, sel.

Holyrood. **565** J. WATSON.



Thou shalt not delay to offer the first of thy ripe fruits.

f FAIR waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When, full of joy, some shining morn,
Went forth the reaper band.

2 To God, so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour,
Then carry to His temple gate
The choicest of their store.

mf 3 For thus the holy word,
Spoken by Moses, ran :
'The first ripe ears are for the Lord,
The rest He gives to man.'

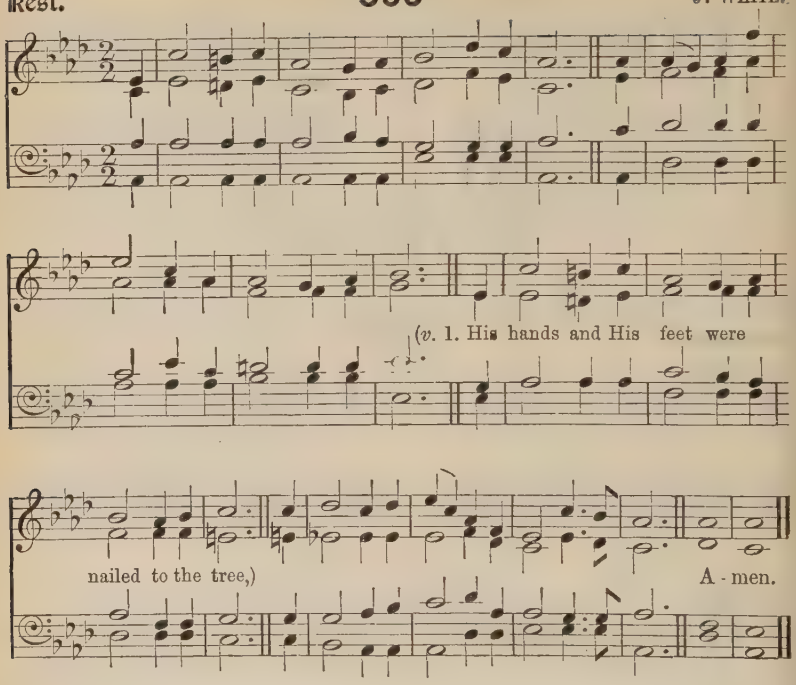
p 4 Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

mf 5 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers ;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

6 In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
f That we may serve Thy Church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven.
AMEN.

J. H. Gurney.

Rest. **566** J. WHITE.



Christ also hath loved us, and hath given Himself for us.

mf HOW loving is Jesus, Who came from the sky,
In tenderest pity for sinners to die!
d His hands and His feet were nailed to the tree,
And all this He suffered for you and for me.

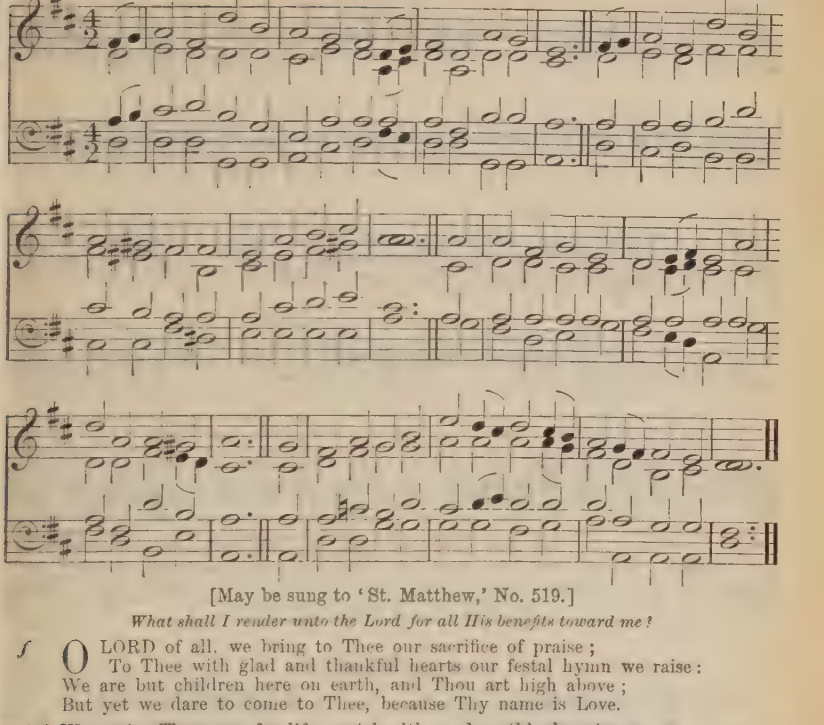
mf 2 How gladly does Jesus free pardon impart
To all who receive Him by faith in their heart!
No evil befalls them, their home is above,
And Jesus throws round them the arms of His love.

3 How precious is Jesus to all who believe!
And out of His fulness what grace they receive!
When weak He supports them, when erring He guides,
And everything needful He kindly provides.

4 O give, then, to Jesus your earliest days;
They only are blessèd who walk in His ways;
In life and in death He will still be your Friend;
f For whom Jesus loves He will love to the end. AMEN.

R. H. Ballantyne.

Westwood. **567** J. D. Macey.



[May be sung to 'St. Matthew,' No. 519.]

What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?

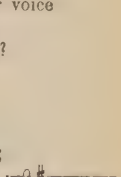
f O LORD of all, we bring to Thee our sacrifice of praise;
To Thee with glad and thankful hearts our festal hymn we raise:
We are but children here on earth, and Thou art high above;
But yet we dare to come to Thee, because Thy name is Love.

mf 2 We praise Thee now for life, and health, and earthly happiness,
For all the sacred human love that still our lives doth bless,
For Thy dear Son Whom Thou hast sent, Whose kind and tender voice
Bids the young children come to Thee, and in Thy love rejoice.

3 What shall we render Thee, O Lord? what tribute shall we bring?
O let us give our hearts, our lives, in thankful offering;
Although we are but children, yet Thou dost our service ask,
And each in Thy great work may find his own appointed task.

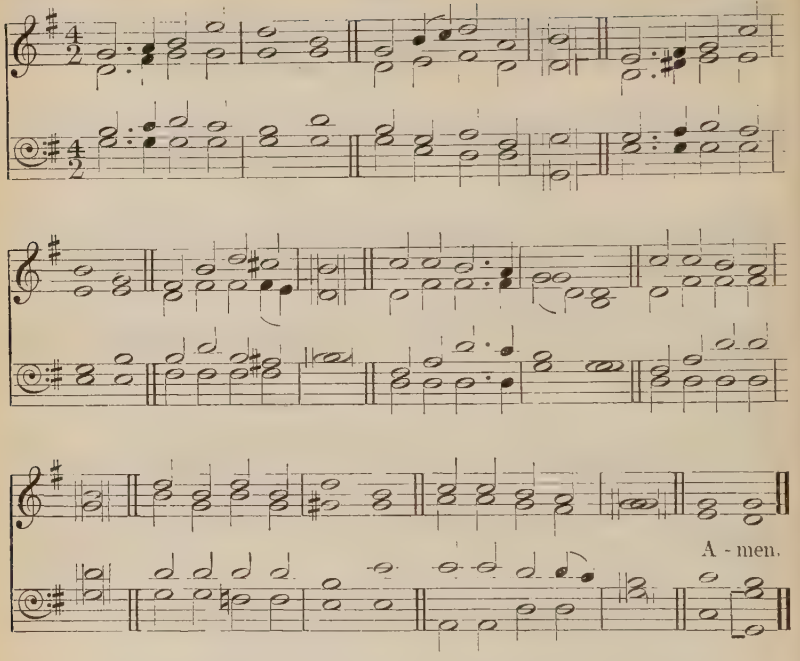
mp 4 O make us willing here to serve, in lowliness and love,
For Him Who in a servant's form came down from heaven above;
c And let us give Him now in youth our ardour and our strength,
Work for His glorious kingdom here, and share His joy at length.

f 5 Already breaks the early dawn of that great day of God;
Already sounds the Master's voice through all the earth abroad;
Then cast the works of night away, gird on the arms of light,
And on the side of Christ our King stand ready for the fight.



E. S. Armitage, sel.

Mountmellick. **568** T. R. G. Jozé.



I will be glad in the Lord.

mf IF I come to Jesus,
He will make me glad;
He will give me pleasure
d When my heart is sad.
mf *If I come to Jesus,*
Happy I shall be;
d *He is gently calling*
Little ones like me.

mf 2 If I come to Jesus,
He will hear my prayer;
He will love me dearly;
p He my sins did bear.

mf 3 If I come to Jesus,
He will take my hand;
He will kindly lead me
To a better land.

4 There, with happy children,
Robed in snowy white,
f I shall see my Saviour
In that world so bright.

AMEN.

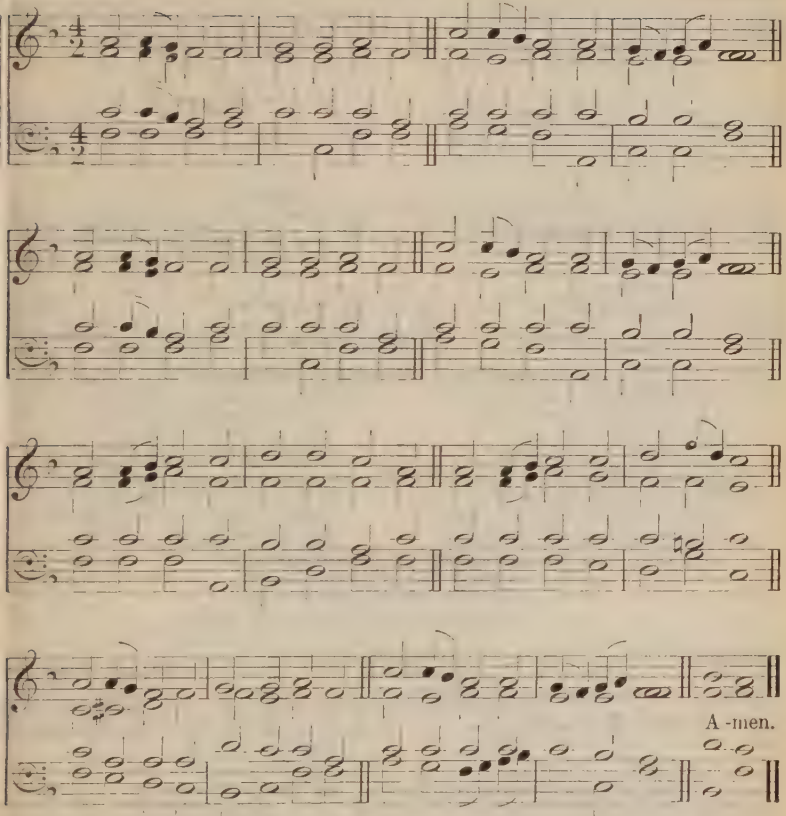
F. J. Van Alstyne.

The following also are suitable :—

354 True-hearted, whole-hearted.
558 It is a thing most wonderful.

4.—*PRAYER.*

Rousseau. **569** J. J. Rousseau.



Holiness becometh Thine house, O Lord, for ever.

mf LORD, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing to Thee;
p Thou art great and high and holy;
O how solemn we should be!
mf Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven, where He is gone;
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.

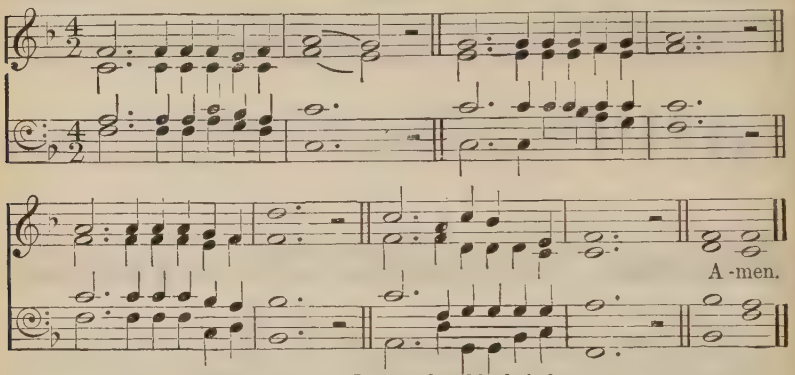
2 For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
d And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions too.
c Let our sins be all forgiven;
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
Lead us on our way to heaven,
f There to sing a nobler song. AMEN.

M. E. Shelly.

570

Müde bin ich, geh zur Ruh.

Dijon. FLIEDNER'S *Liederbuch*, 1842.



Learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart.

mf GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Lamb of God, I look to Thee;
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

3 Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have Thy loving mind.

p 4 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art;
Live Thyself within my heart.

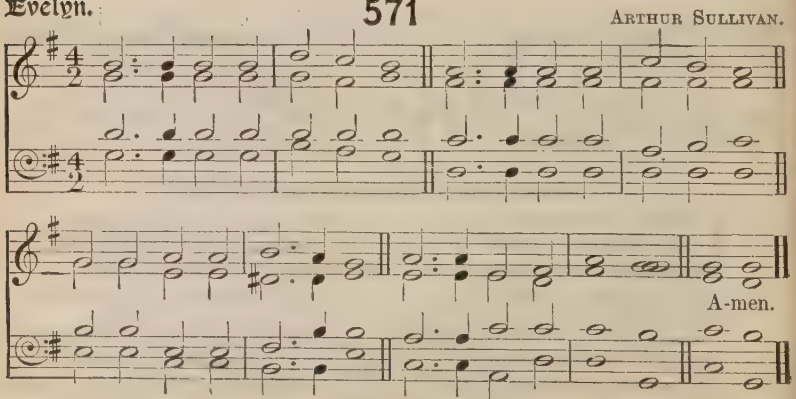
mf 5 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me. AMEN.

C. Wesley, sel.

Evelyn.

571

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



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Bow down Thine ear, O Lord, hear me.

mf JESUS, from Thy throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye:
p Hear us, holy Jesus.

mf 2 Little children need not fear
When they know that Thou art near:
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear:
p Hear us, holy Jesus.

mf 3 Little hearts may love Thee well:
Little lips Thy love may tell,
Little hymns Thy praises swell:
p Hear us, holy Jesus.

mf 4 Little deeds of love may shine;
Little lives may be divine,
Little ones be wholly Thine:
p Hear us, holy Jesus.

mf 5 Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray:
p Hear us, holy Jesus.

mf 6 May our thoughts be undefiled;
May our words be true and mild;
Make us each a holy child:
p Hear us, holy Jesus.

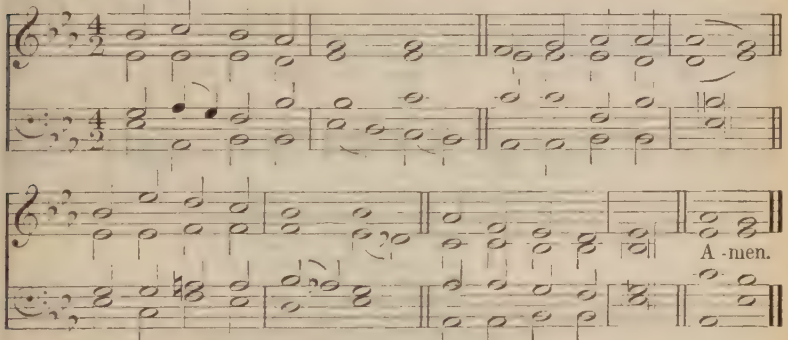
7 Jesus, Son of God most high,
Who didst in the manger lie,
Who upon the cross didst die,
Hear us, holy Jesus.

mf 8 Jesus, from Thy heavenly throne
Watching o'er each little one,
Till our life on earth is done,
c Hear us, holy Jesus. AMEN.

T. B. Pollock, sel.

St. John Baptist. 572

O. M. FEILDEN.



Thou gavest also Thy good Spirit to instruct them.

mp HOLY Spirit, hear us;
Help us while we sing;
Breathe into the music
Of the praise we bring.

2 Holy Spirit, prompt us
When we kneel to pray;
Nearer come, and teach us
What we ought to say.

mf 3 Holy Spirit, shine Thou
On the Book we read;
Gild its holy pages
With the light we need.

4 Holy Spirit, give us
Each a lowly mind;
Make us more like Jesus,
Gentle, pure, and kind.

5 Holy Spirit, brighten
Little deeds of toil;
And our playful pastimes
Let no folly spoil.

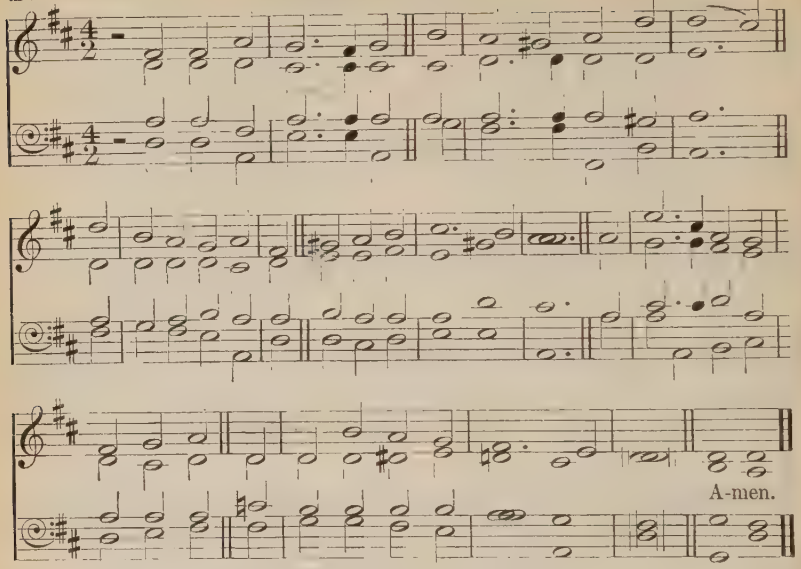
mp 6 Holy Spirit, keep us
Safe from sins which lie
Hidden by some pleasure
From our youthful eye.

mf 7 Holy Spirit, help us
Daily, by Thy might,
What is wrong to conquer,
And to choose the right. AMEN.

W. H. Parker.

Hushed was the Evening Hymn. 573

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



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Samuel answered, Speak; for Thy servant heareth.

Unis. mp HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark,
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark,
c When suddenly a voice Divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

mp 2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

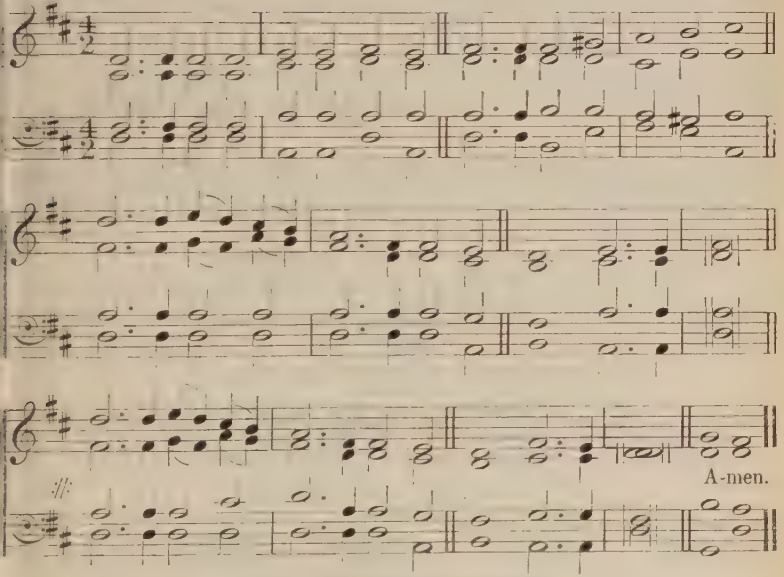
Har. mf 3 O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
p Each whisper of Thy word,
c Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

mf 4 O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,—
That I may read, with childlike eyes,
Truths that are hidden from the wise. AMEN.

J. D. Burns.

Star of Peace. **574** L. MASON.



I am . . . the bright and morning star.

mp STAR of peace to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me;
c Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
d Far, far at sea.

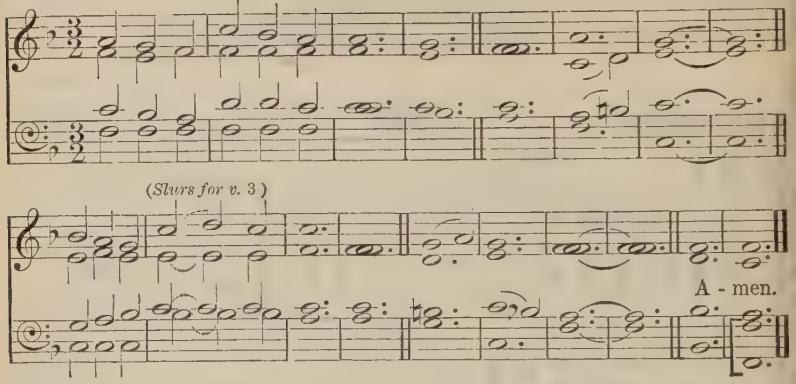
mf 2 Star of hope, gleam on the billow;
Bless the soul that sighs for Thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
d Far, far at sea.

mf 3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to Thee;
Save him on the billows rocking,
d Far, far at sea.

mf 4 Star Divine, O safely guide him;
Bring the wanderer home to Thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
d Far, far at sea. AMEN.

J. C. Simpson.

Rickmansworth. **575** W. F. HURNDALL.



Hear my voice according unto Thy lovingkindness.

mf JESUS, the children are calling;
O draw near.
Fold the young lambs in Thy bosom,
Shepherd dear.

mp 2 Slow are our footsteps and failing;
Oft we fall:
Jesus, the children are calling;
Hear their call.

3 Cold is our love, Lord, and narrow;
c Large is Thine,
Faithful and strong and tender:
So be mine.

mp 4 Gently, Lord, lead Thou our mothers—
Weary they;
Bless all our sisters and brothers,
Night and day.

5 Fathers themselves are God's children;
Teach them still;
c Let the Good Spirit show all men
God's wise will.

f 6 Now to the Father, Son, Spirit—
Three in One—
Bountiful God of our fathers,
Praise be done! AMEN.

A. Matheson.

The following also are suitable :—

379 Jesus, meek and gentle.
579 Father, lead me day by day.
593 There is a city bright.

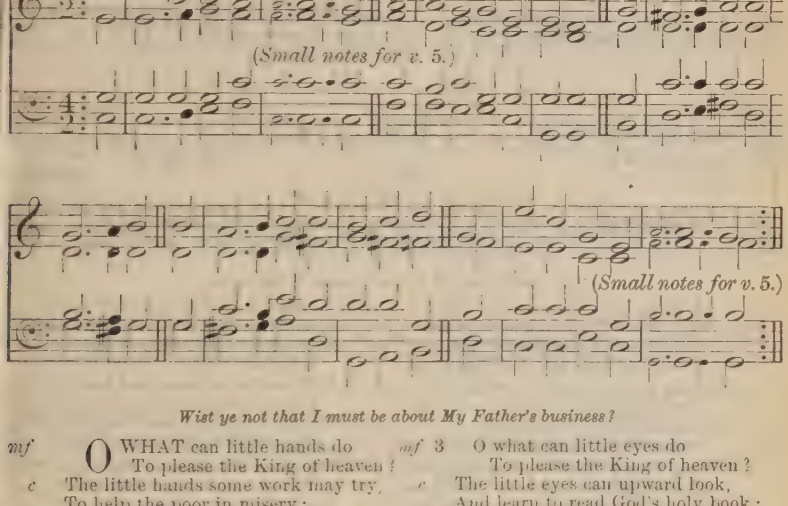
5.—CHARACTER AND SERVICE.

Grace.

576

May be sung by Trebles only.

From *Children's Hymnal.*



Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?

mf O WHAT can little hands do
To please the King of heaven?
c The little hands some work may try,
To help the poor in misery:
p Such grace to mine be given.

mf 2 O what can little lips do
To please the King of heaven?
c The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say:
p Such grace to mine be given.

mf 3 O what can little eyes do
To please the King of heaven?
c The little eyes can upward look,
And learn to read God's holy book:
p Such grace to mine be given.

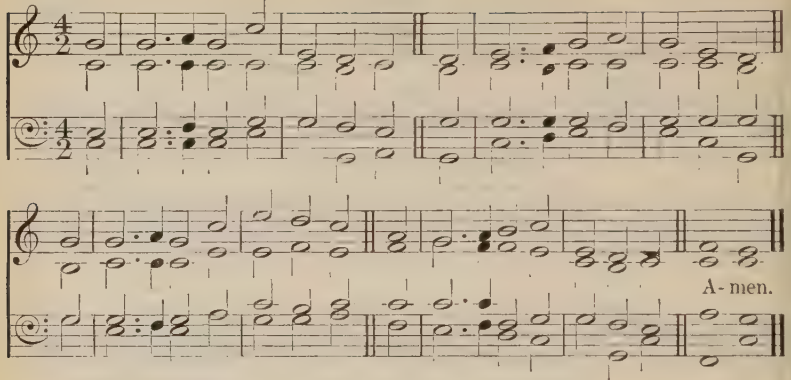
mf 4 O what can little hearts do
To please the King of heaven?
c Young hearts, if God His Spirit send,
Can love and trust their Saviour Friend:
p Such grace to mine be given.

mf 5 Though small is all that we can do
To please the King of heaven,
When hearts and hands and lips unite
To serve the Saviour with delight,
They are most precious in His sight:

Last line of v. 5.

Anon.

Alstone. 577 C. E. Willing.



Even a child maketh himself known by his doings.

mf WE are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesus' sake,
Who is so high and good and great?

p 2 O, day by day, each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within,—
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

c 3 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
f When bitter words are on our tongues
And tears of passion in our eyes,

p 4 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
c And fight a battle for our Lord.

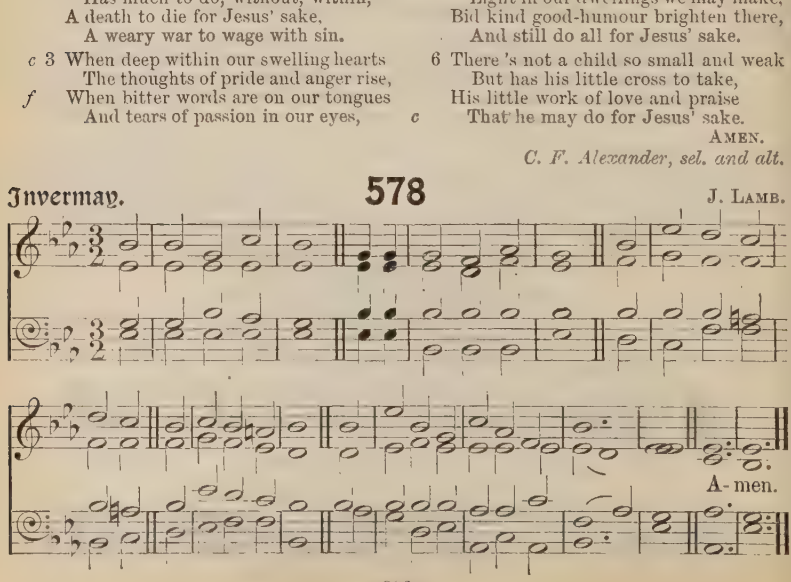
mf 5 With smiles of peace and looks of love
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humour brighten there,
And still do all for Jesus' sake.

6 There 's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
c That he may do for Jesus' sake.

Amen.

C. F. Alexander, sel. and alt.

Invermay. 578 J. Lamb.



If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath.

mf THE fields are all white.
And the reapers are few;
We children are willing,
But what can we do
To work for our Lord in His harvest?

2 Our hands are so small,
And our words are so weak
We cannot teach others;
How then shall we seek
To work for our Lord in His harvest!

3 We'll work by our prayers,
By the offerings we bring,
By small self-denials;
The least little thing
May work for our Lord in His harvest,—

4 Until by and by,
As the years pass, at length
c We too may be reapers
And go forth in strength
f To work for our Lord in His harvest.

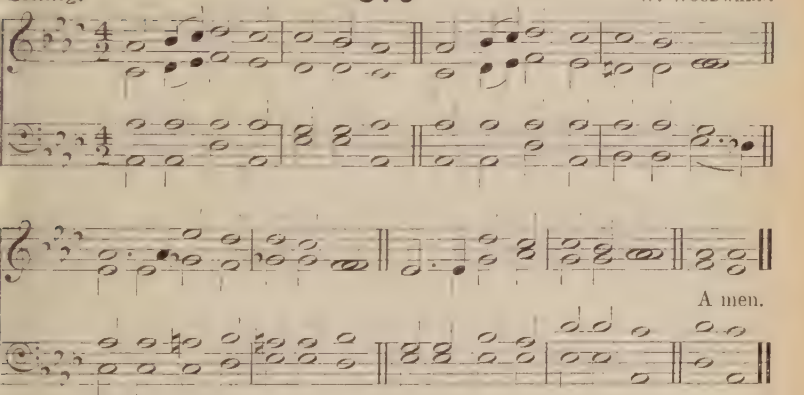
AMEN.

Anon.

579

Litany.

W. WOODWARD.



Wilt thou not from this time cry unto Me, My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth?

mf FATHER, lead me day by day
Ever in Thine own sweet way;
Teach me to be pure and true;
Show me what I ought to do.

2 When in danger, make me brave;
Make me know that Thou canst save;
Keep me safe by Thy dear side;
Let me in Thy love abide.

p 3 When I 'm tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise, and strong;
And, when all alone I stand,
Shield me with Thy mighty hand.

mf 4 When my heart is full of glee,
Help me to remember Thee,—
Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.

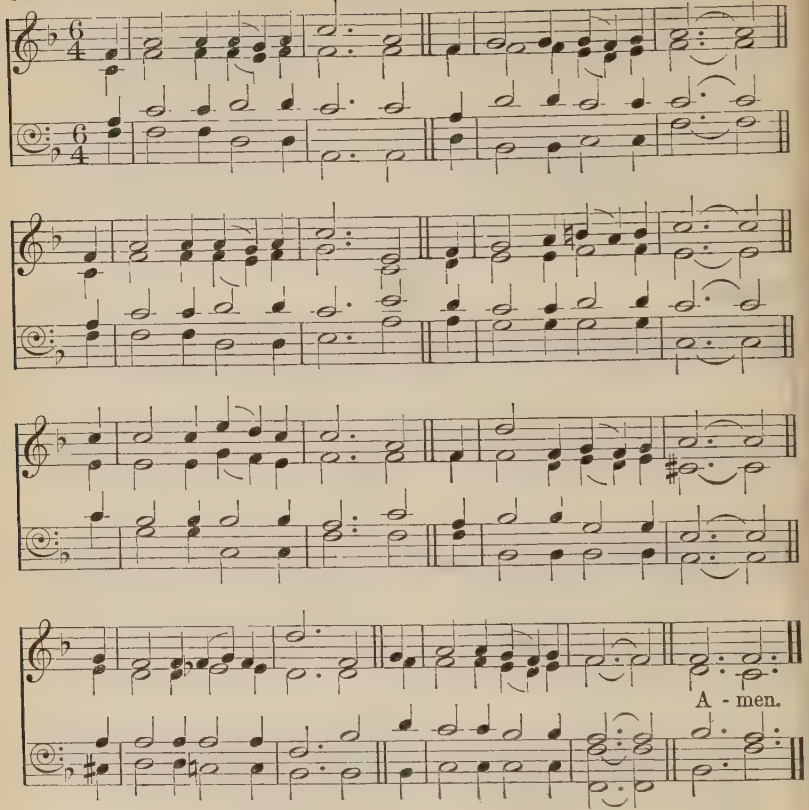
5 When my work seems hard and dry,
May I press on cheerily;
Help me patiently to bear
Pain and hardship, toil and care.

6 May I see the good and bright
When they pass before my sight;
May I hear the heavenly voice
When the pure and wise rejoice.

7 May I do the good I know,
Be Thy loving child below,
Then at last go home to Thee,
Evermore Thy child to be. AMEN.

J. P. Hopps.

Christmas Morn. 580

E. J. Hopkins.

They gave their own selves to the Lord.

mf THE wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth,
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health;
We, too, would bring our treasures
To offer to the King;
We have no wealth or learning:
What shall we children bring?

2 We'll bring Him hearts that love Him;
We 'll bring Him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways:

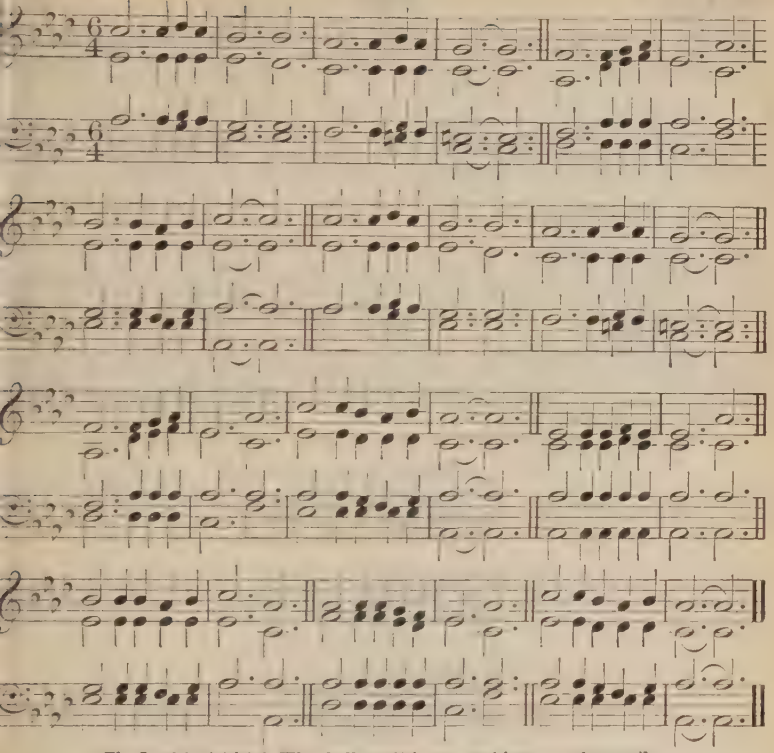
c And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

mf 3 We 'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day;
We 'll try our best to please Him,
At home, at school, at play:
f And better are these treasures
To offer to our King
Than richest gifts without them;
Yet these a child may bring.

AMEN.

Anon.

ortitude. **581** H. R. Palmer.



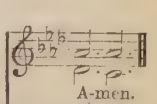
The Lord is faithful, Who shall stablish you, and keep you from evil.

mf YIELD not to temptation, for yielding is sin;
Each victory will help you some other to win;
Fight manfully onward; dark passions subdue;
Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you through.

f *Ask the Saviour to help you,*
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

mf 2 Shun evil companions; bad language disdain;
p God's name hold in reverence, nor take it in vain;
c Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and true;
Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you through.

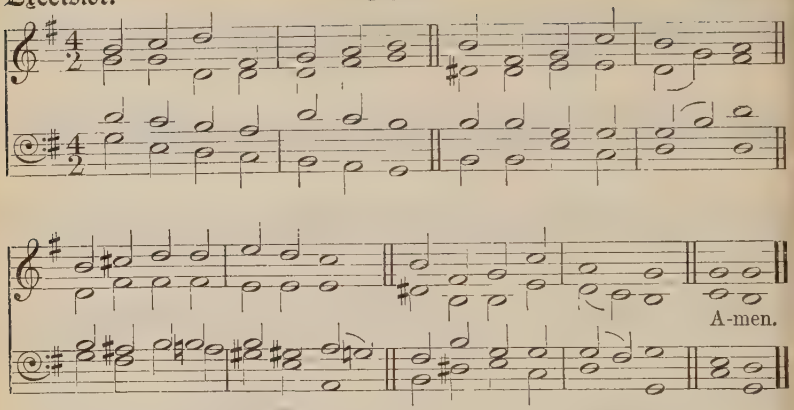
mf 3 To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown;
Through faith we shall conquer, though often cast down;
He Who is the Saviour our strength will renew;
Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you through.



H. R. Palmer.

582

Excelsior. J. Booth.



Stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal.

mf LOOKING upward every day,
Sunshine on our faces;
Pressing onward every day
Toward the heavenly places;

p 2 Growing every day in awe,
For Thy name is holy;
Learning every day to love
With a love more lowly;

mf 3 Walking every day more close
To our Elder Brother;
Growing every day more true
Unto one another;

4 Leaving every day behind
Something which might hinder;
Running swifter every day;
Growing purer, kinder,—

5 Lord, so pray we every day:
Hear us in Thy pity,
c That we enter in at last
To the Holy City. Amen.

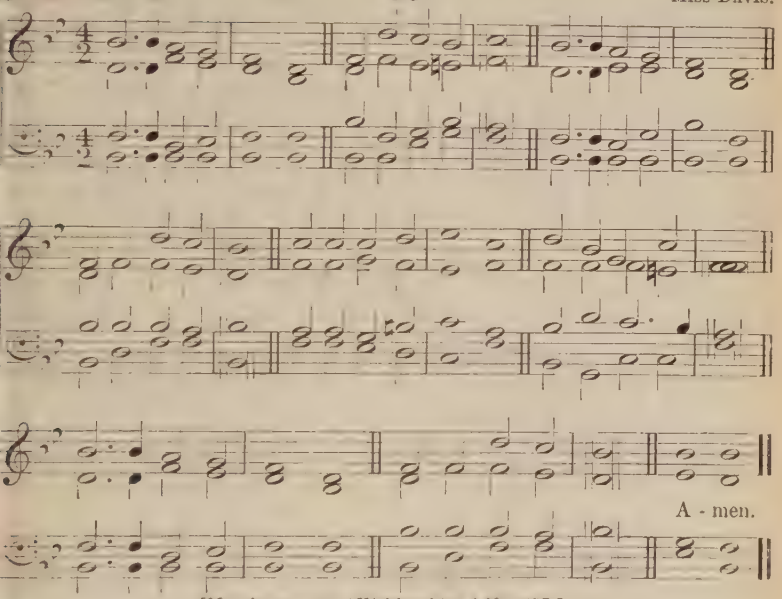
M. Butler.

The following also are suitable:—

426 March on, march on, O ye soldiers true.
563 Saviour, while my heart is tender.
564 Saviour, teach me day by day.

6.—*GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.*

Pastor Bonus. **583** Miss Davis.



[May be sung to 'Kirkbraddan,' No. 227.]

I am the good Shepherd, and know My sheep, and am known of Mine.

mp JESUS is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear;
Folded in His bosom,
What have we to fear?
mf Only let us follow
Whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert
Or the dewy mead.

2 Jesus is our Shepherd:
Well we know His voice;
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice!
p Even when He chideth,
Tender is its tone;
c None but He shall guide us;
We are His alone.

p 3 Jesus is our Shepherd:
For the sheep He bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood He shed;
mf Then on each He setteth
His own secret sign:
'They that have My Spirit,
These,' saith He, 'are Mine.'

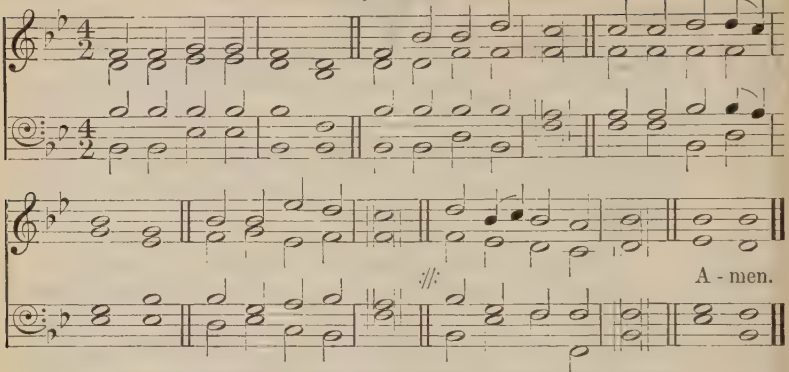
4 Jesus is our Shepherd:
With His goodness now
And His tender mercy
He doth us endow.
c Let us sing His praises
With a gladsome heart,
f Till in heaven we meet Him,
Never more to part. AMEN.

H. Stowell, sel. and alt.

Infant Praises. 584

Lehr' mich beten, Gott der Herrlichkeit.

F. Silcher.



We are strangers before Thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers.

mf I'M a little pilgrim,
And a stranger here;
Though this world is pleasant,
d Sin is always near.

mf 2 Mine's a better country,
Where there is no sin,
Where the tones of sorrow
Never enter in.

p 3 But a little pilgrim
Must have garments clean,
If he 'd wear the white robes,
And with Christ be seen.

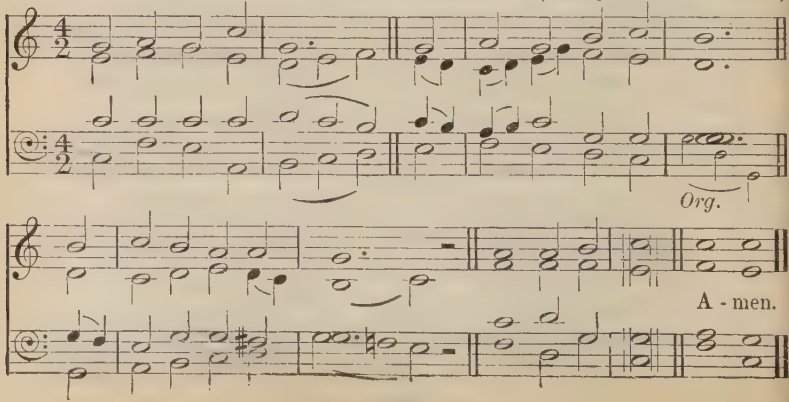
mf 4 Jesus, cleanse and save me;
Teach me to obey;
Holy Spirit, guide me
On my heavenly way.

5 I'm a little pilgrim,
And a stranger here,
c But my home in heaven
Cometh ever near. Amen.

J. Curwen, sel.

Mayfield. 585

R. Tomlinson.
(Har. by A. Croil Falconer.)



He careth for you.

mf GOD, Who made the earth,
The air, the sky, the sea,
Who gave the light its birth.
Careth for me.

2 God, Who made the grass,
The flower, the fruit, the tree,
The day and night to pass,
Careth for me.

3 God, Who made the sun,
The moon, the stars, is He
p Who, when life's clouds come on,
Careth for me.

mf 4 God, Who made all things,
On earth, in air, in sea,
Who changing seasons brings,
Careth for me.

p 5 God, Who sent His Son
To die on Calvary,
c He, if I lean on Him,
Will care for me.

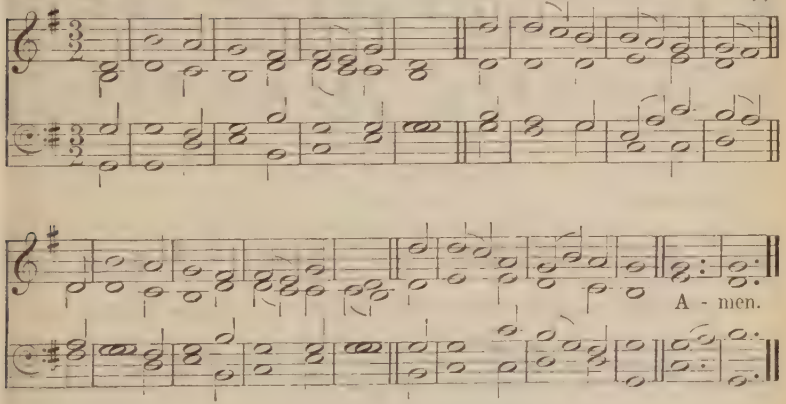
mf 6 When in heaven's bright land
I all His loved ones see,
c I'll sing with that blest band,
rall 'God cared for me.' AMEN.

S. B. Rhodes.

586

Belmont.

Adapted from GARDINER'S *Sacred Melodies*, 1812 (?).



Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

mf BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God.

p 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away;

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

mf 5 O Thou Whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike Divine,

p 6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
c In childhood, manhood, age, and death
To keep us still Thine own. AMEN.

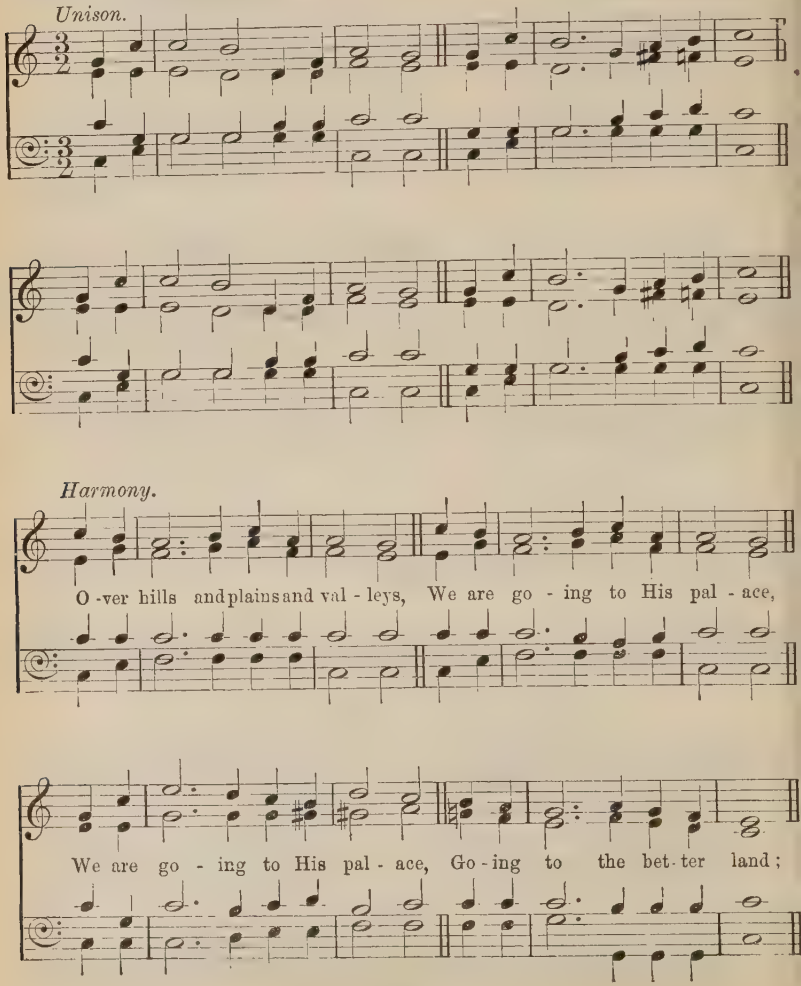
R. Heber.

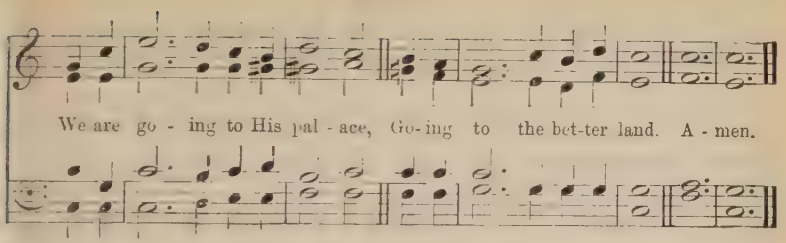
587

We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you: come thou with us.

Whither, Pilgrims.

W. B. BRADBURY.


Unison.
Harmony.
O-ver hills and plains and val-leys, We are go-ing to His pal-ace,
We are go-ing to His pal-ace, Go-ing to the bet-ter land;



Boys *mp* WHITHER, pilgrims, are you going,
Going each with staff in hand?
Girls *mf* We are going on a journey,
Going at our King's command.
All Over hills and plains and valleys,
We are going to His palace,
Going to the better land.

Boys *mp* 2 Fear ye not the way so lonely,
You a little, feeble band?
Girls *f* No; for friends unseen are near us,
Holy angels round us stand.
All Christ, our Leader, walks beside us;
He will guard, and He will guide us,
Guide us to the better land.

Boys *mp* 3 Tell us, pilgrims, what you hope for
In that far-off better land?
Girls *f* Spotless robes and crowns of glory,
From a Saviour's loving hand.
All We shall drink of life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God for ever,
In that bright and better land.

Boys *mp* 4 Pilgrims, may we travel with you
To that bright and better land?
Girls *mf* Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Welcome to our pilgrim band.
All Come, O come, and do not leave us;
Christ is waiting to receive us
In that bright and better land. AMEN.

Anon.

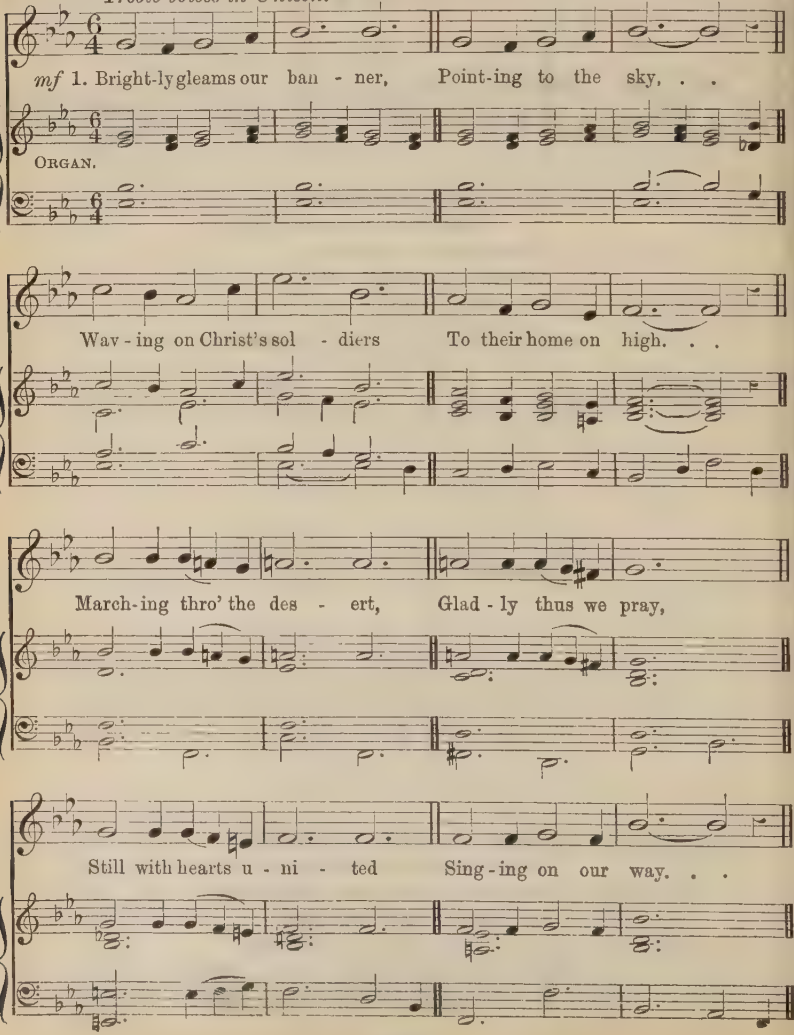
588

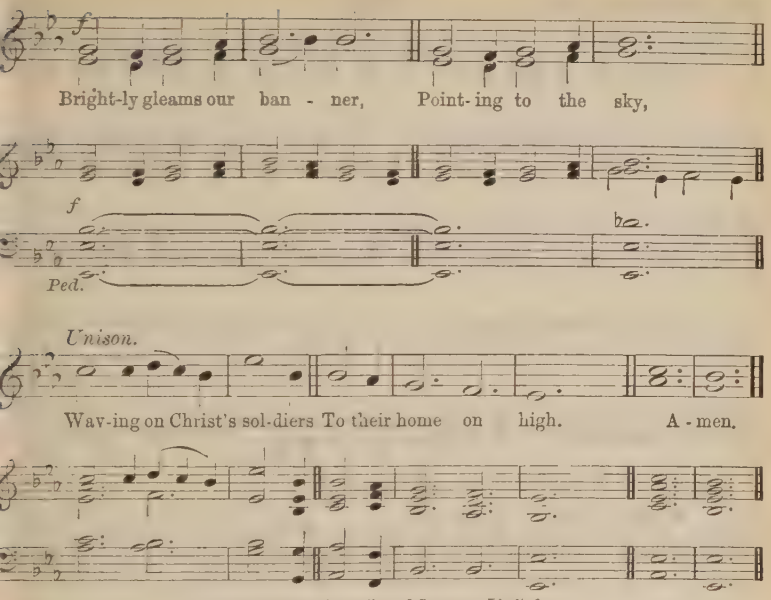
Behold, I have given Him for a . . . . leader and commander to the people.

St. Theresa.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Treble voices in Unison.


mf 1. Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky, . .
ORGAN.
Wav - ing on Christ's sol - diers To their home on high. . .
March-ing thro' the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray,
Still with hearts u - ni - ted Sing - ing on our way. . .



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mf 2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.
p Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
c Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.

f *Brightly gleams our banner,*
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high.

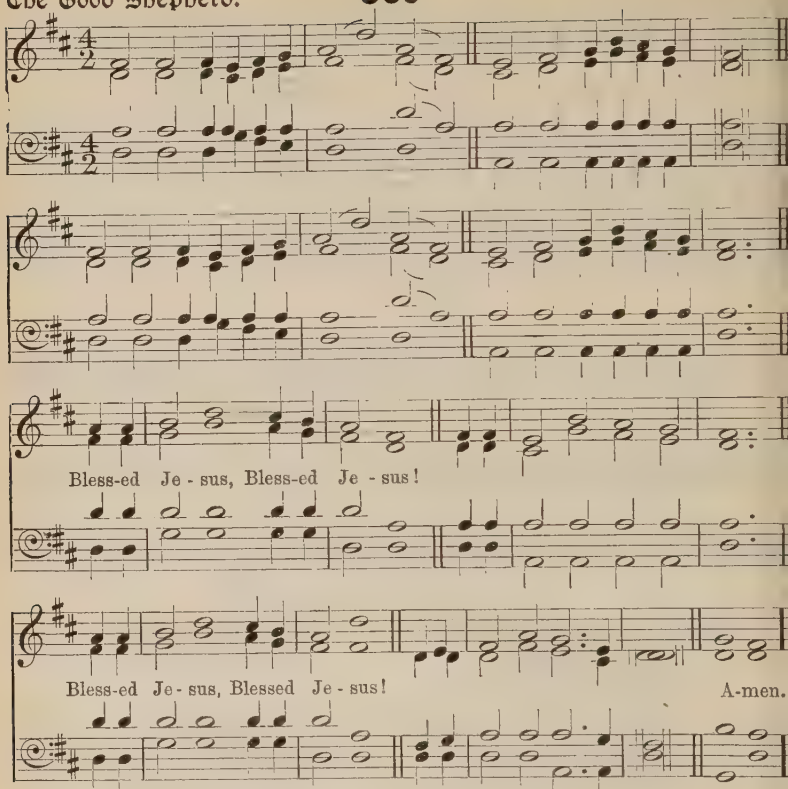
mf 3 Pattern of our childhood,
Once Thyself a child,
p Make our childhood holy,
Pure, and meek, and mild.
In the hour of danger
Whither can we flee,
c Save to Thee, dear Saviour,
Only unto Thee?

mf 4 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Crown us still victorious
Over every foe;
p Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower;
Pardon Thou, and save us
In the last dread hour.

f 5 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love.
When the march is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.
AMEN.

T. J. Potter, sel. and alt.

The Good Shepherd. 589

W. B. Bradbury.

[May be sung to 'Heber,' No. 253.]

He shall feed His flock like a shepherd.

mf SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tender care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us;
For our use Thy folds prepare:
p Blessèd Jesus!
c Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

mf 2 We are Thine: do Thou befriend us;
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us;
Seek us when we go astray:
p Blessèd Jesus!
c Hear young children when they pray.

p 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free
Blessèd Jesus!
c Let us early turn to Thee.

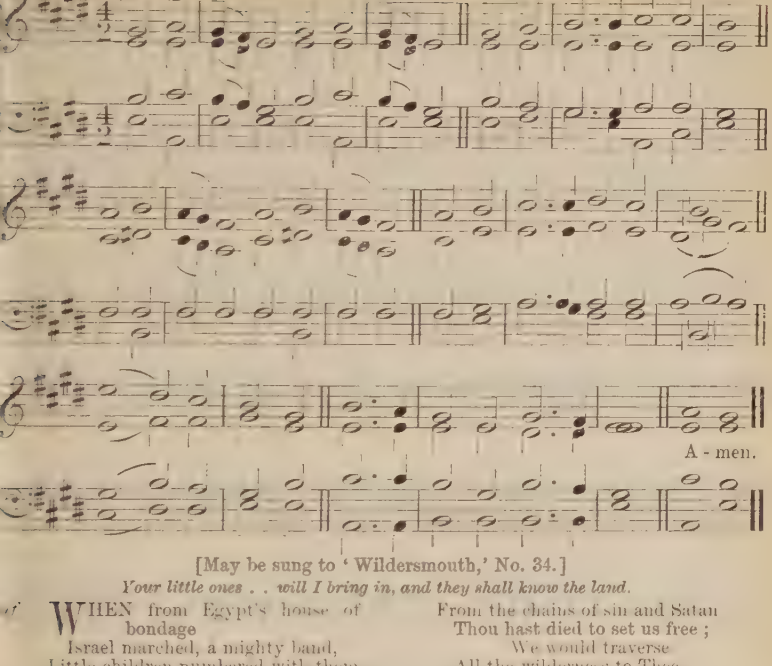
mf 4 Early let us seek Thy favour;
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With Thyself our bosoms fill:
p Blessèd Jesus!
f Thou hast loved us, love us still.

AMEN.

Anon.

Pilgrim Children. 590

C. H. Lloyd.



[May be sung to 'Wildersmouth,' No. 34.]

Your little ones . . will I bring in, and they shall know the land.

WHEN from Egypt's house of bondage
Israel marched, a mighty band,
Little children numbered with them
Journeyed to the promised land;
Little children
Trod the desert's trackless sand.

2 Little children crossed the Jordan,
Landed on fair Canaan's shore;
'Neath the sheltering vine they rested,
Homeless wanderers now no more;
Little children
Sang sweet praise for perils o'er.

3 Saviour, like those Hebrew children,
Youthful pilgrims we would be;
From the chains of sin and Satan
Thou hast died to set us free;
We would traverse
All the wilderness to Thee.

4 Guide our feeble, erring footsteps;
Shade us from the heat by day;
Be our light from shadowy nightfall
Till the darkness pass away;
Jesus, guard us
From the dangers of the way.

5 Then, our pilgrim journey ended,
All Thy glory we shall see,
Dwell with saints and holy angels,
Rest beneath life's healing tree,—
Happy children,
Praising, blessing, loving Thee.

AMEN

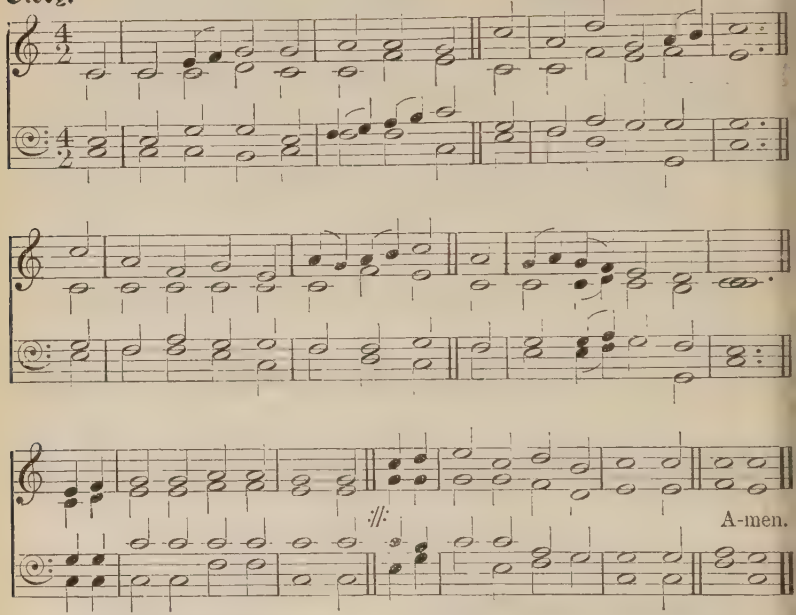
J. Threlfall, sel.

The following also are suitable:—

181 Lord, Thy word abideth.
541 Jesus, high in glory.
575 Jesus, the children are calling.
632 The Lord's my Shepherd (Ps. 23).
685 I to the hills will lift mine eyes (Ps. 121).

7.—*THE HEAVENLY HOME.*

Glory. **591** CURWEN'S *Tune Book*, 1842.



These are they which . . . . have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

mf AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,—
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
f Singing, 'Glory, glory, glory!'

mf 2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed,
Dwelling in everlasting light
And joys that never fade,
f Singing, 'Glory, glory, glory!'

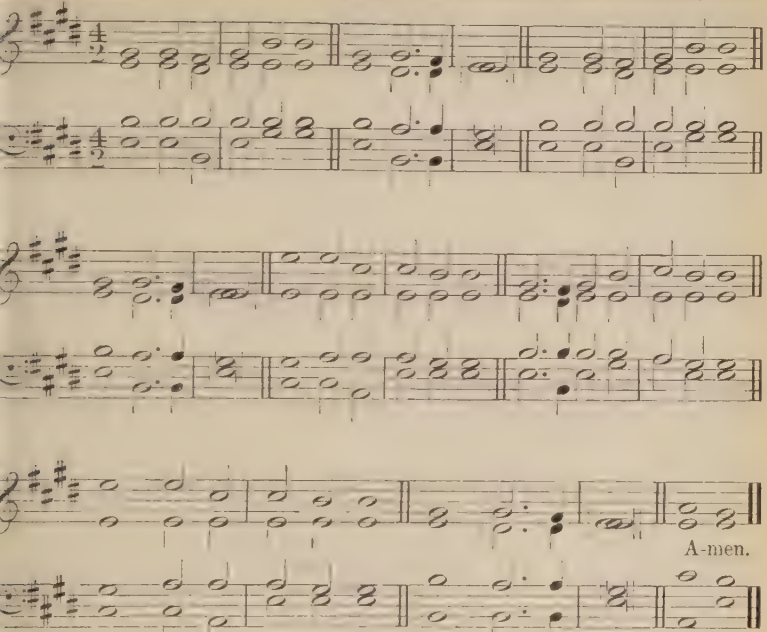
p 3 What brought them to that world above,
c That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love?
How came those children there,
f Singing, 'Glory, glory, glory'?

p 4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
c Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
f Singing, 'Glory, glory, glory!'

mf 5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb,
f Singing, 'Glory, glory, glory!' AMEN.

A. Shepherd, sel. and alt.

Happy Land. 592 R. A. Smith's *Select Melodies*, 1827.



The Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land.

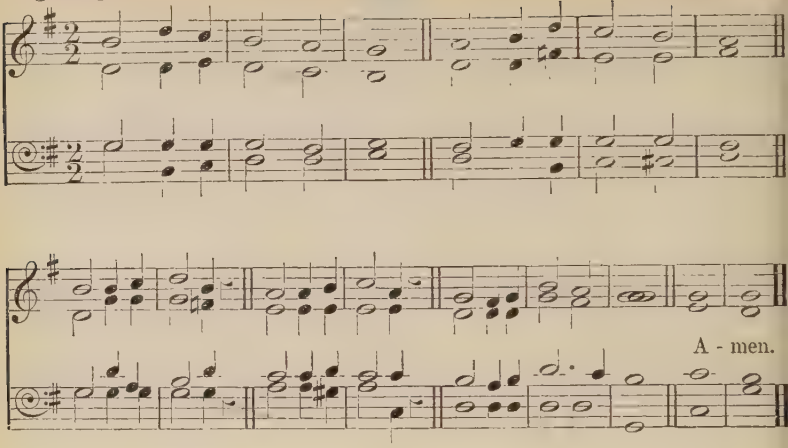
f THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
O how they sweetly sing,
'Worthy is our Saviour King!'
f Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

mf 2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
f O we shall happy be
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

mf 3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
f On then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And, bright above the sun,
ff Reign, reign for aye. AMEN.

A. Young.

City Bright. 593 J. S. Tyler.



There shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth.

mf THERE is a city bright;
Closed are its gates to sin;
Nought that defileth,
Nought that defileth
Can ever enter in.

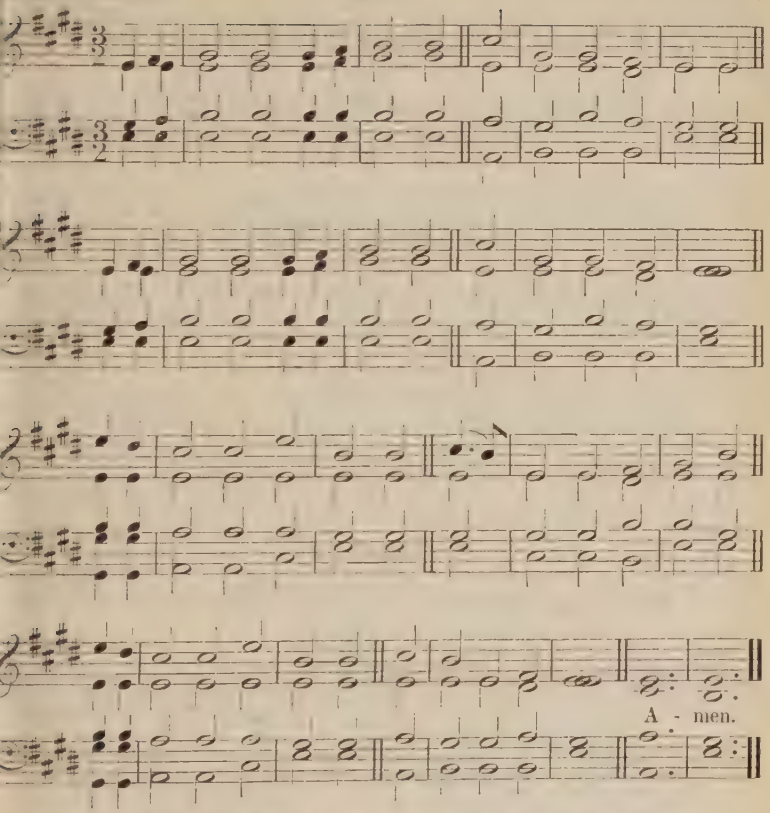
p 2 Saviour, I come to Thee;
O Lamb of God, I pray,
Cleanse me and save me,
Cleanse me and save me,
Wash all my sins away.

mf 3 Lord, make me, from this hour,
Thy loving child to be,
Kept by Thy power,
Kept by Thy power
From all that grieveth Thee,—

4 Till in the snow-white dress
Of Thy redeemed I stand,
Faultless and stainless,
Faultless and stainless,
Safe in that happy land. AMEN.

M. A. S. Deck.

Christ's Crown. **594** G. F. Root.



They shall be Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels.

f WHEN He cometh, when He cometh
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own,

f *Like the stars of the morning,*
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.

mf 2 He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His kingdom,
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

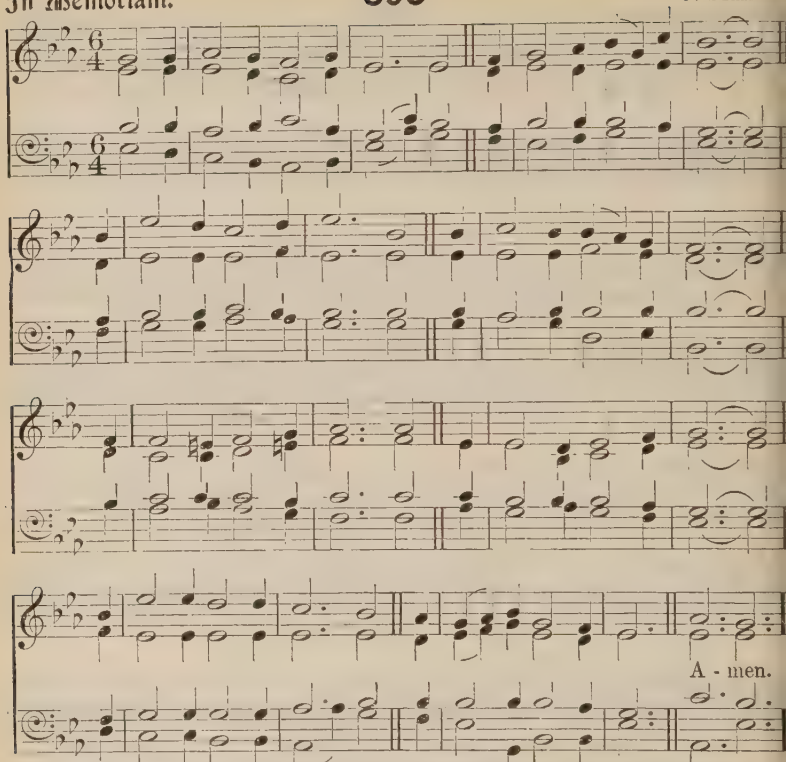
mp 3 Little children, little children
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

AMEN.

W. O. Cushing.

In Memoriam. 595

J. STAINER.



O how great is Thy goodness, which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee!

mf THERE 'S a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend That never changes,
Whose love will never die.
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
f This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.

mf 2 There 's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy.
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier, there.

3 There 's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by and by,—
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On all who love the Saviour,
And walk with Him below.

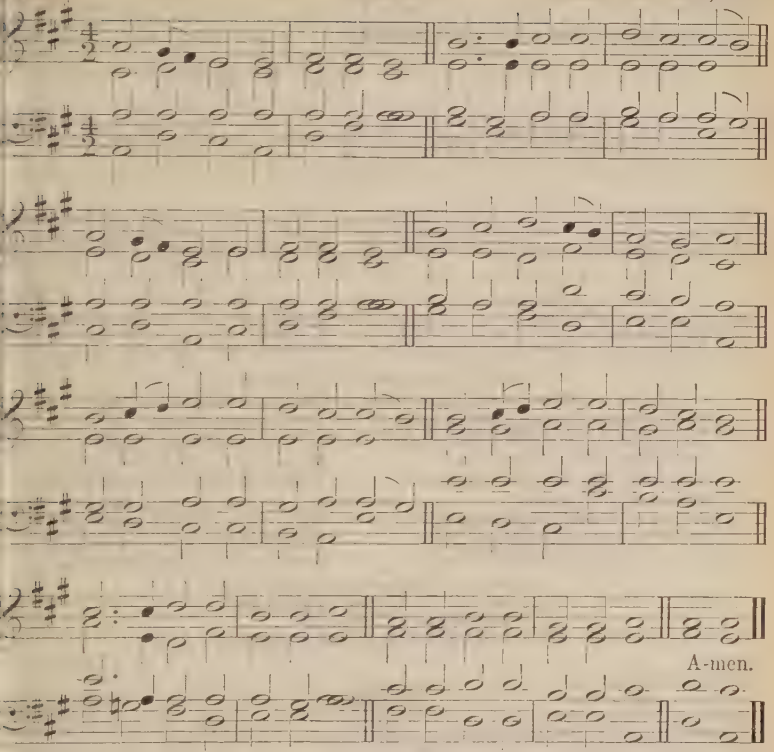
f 4 There 's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A harp of sweetest music,
And palms of victory.
All, all above is treasured
And found in Christ alone:
p O come, dear little children,
That all may be your own. AMEN

A. Midlane, sel.

ýria.

596

Union Tune Book, 1842.



[May be sung to 'Maidstone,' No. 256.]

They shall come from the east and west, and from the north and south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God.

f LITTLE travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest,
There to welcome Jesus waits,
Gives the crown His followers win:
c Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in!

p 2 Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing earth's dark journey through,
c Now have reached that heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view?

mf 'I from Greenland's frozen land;'
'I from India's burning plain;'
'I from Afric's desert sand;'
'I from islands of the main.'

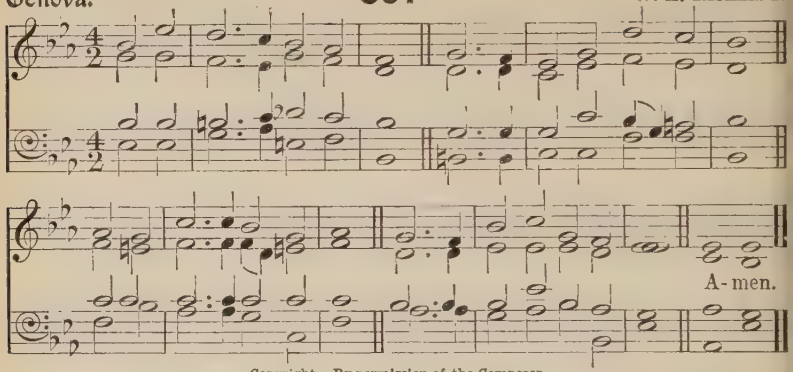
3 All their earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky,—
Each the welcome, 'Come,' awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin:
f Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in! AMEN.

J. Edmeston.

8.—*ANNIVERSARIES.*

597

Genova. W. A. Richards.



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Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise.

f LORD, this day Thy children meet
In Thy courts with willing feet;
Unto Thee this day they raise
Grateful hearts in hymns of praise.

mf 2 Not alone the day of rest
With Thy worship shall be blest;
In our pleasure and our glee,
Lord, we would remember Thee.

3 Help us unto Thee to pray,
Hallowing our happy day,
From Thy presence thus to win
Hearts all pure and free from sin.

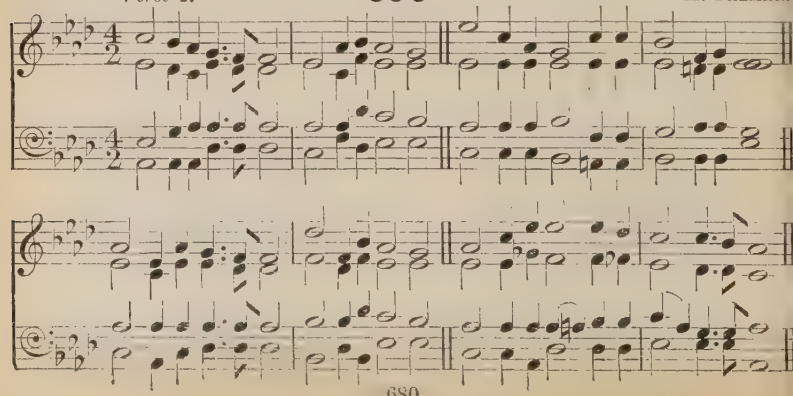
4 All our pleasures here below,
Saviour, from Thy mercy flow:
Little children Thou dost love;
Draw our hearts to Thee above.

5 Make, O Lord, our childhood shine
With all lowly grace, like Thine;
f Then through all eternity
We shall live in heaven with Thee. AMEN.

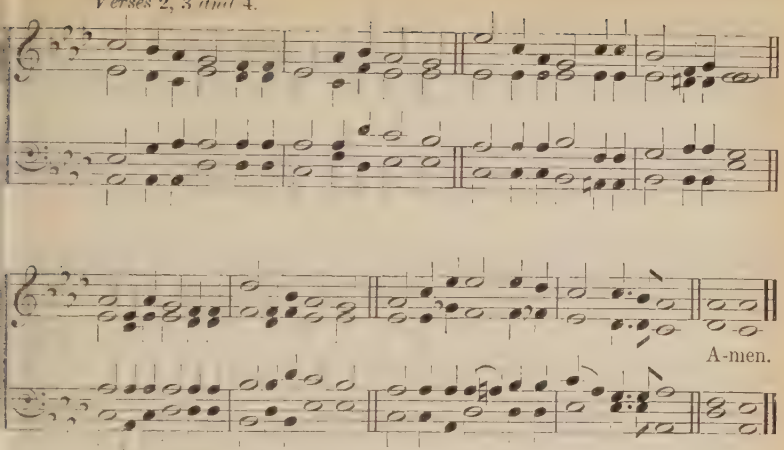
W. W. How.

598

Clare Market. *Verse* 1. M. Palmer.



Verses 2, 3 and 4.



[May be sung to 'Springfield,' No. 207.]

Come near and bring sacrifices and thank offerings into the house of the Lord.

[For Flower Services.]

mf HERE, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest,
Bloom from the garden and flowers from the field,
p Gifts for the stricken ones, knowing Thou carest
More for the love than the wealth that we yield.

mf 2 Send, Lord, by these to the sick and the dying,
Speak to their hearts with a message of peace;
Comfort the sad who in weakness are lying,
p Grant the departing a gentle release.

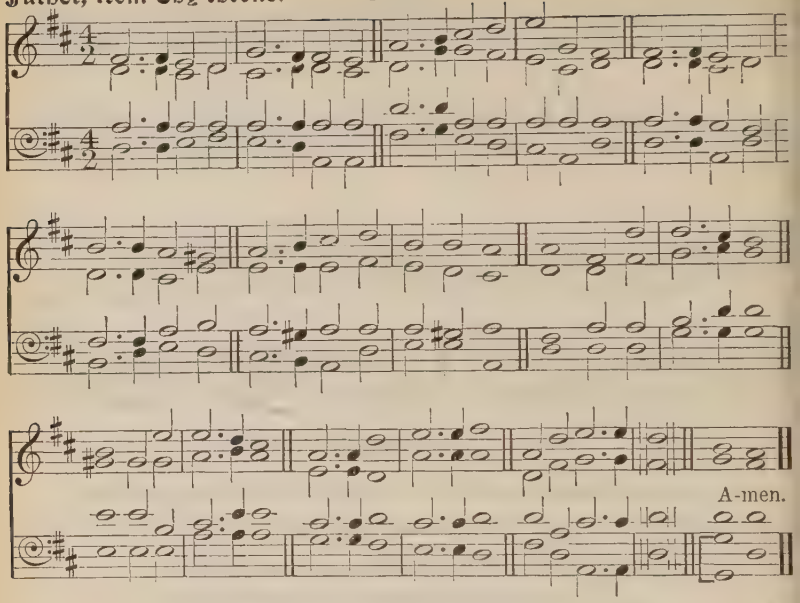
mf 3 Raise, Lord, to health again those who have sickened;
Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom;
Give, of Thy grace, to the souls Thou hast quickened
Gladness for sorrow and brightness for gloom.

mp 4 We, Lord, like flowers, must bloom and must wither;
We, like these blossoms, must fade and must die;
mf Gather us, Lord, to Thy bosom for ever,
Grant us a place in Thy home in the sky. Amen.

A. G. W. Blunt.

Father, from Thy throne. 599

T. WILD.



We will bless the Lord from this time forth and for evermore.

[FOR AN ANNIVERSARY.]

mf FATHER, from Thy throne of glory,
Listen to our praise, we pray;
p Thou hast spared us, in Thy mercy,
Here to meet another day.
f Crown, crown it, God of love,
With blessings from above;
Fill our hearts, fill our hearts
With Thy fear and love.

mf 2 Blessings more than we can number
Hitherto have marked our way;
And Thine eye, that knows no slumber,
Hath watched o'er us every day.
f Praise, praise unto Thy name,
Praise, praise we loud proclaim;
Heaven shall ring, heaven shall ring
With the loud acclaim.

mf 3 Wilt Thou, O almighty Father,
Bless our meeting here to-day,
Ere the night's dark shade shall gather
And our praises die away?
f Come, Lord, and bless us now;
Thy grace and mercy show;
Evermore, evermore
May Thy blessings flow.

mf 4 May we all, when life is over,
Teachers, scholars, meet above,
c Joining in that song for ever
Of our risen Saviour's love.
f Then shall we sweetly sing
Praise to our Saviour King;
Heaven shall ring, heaven shall ring
With the strain we sing.
AMEN.

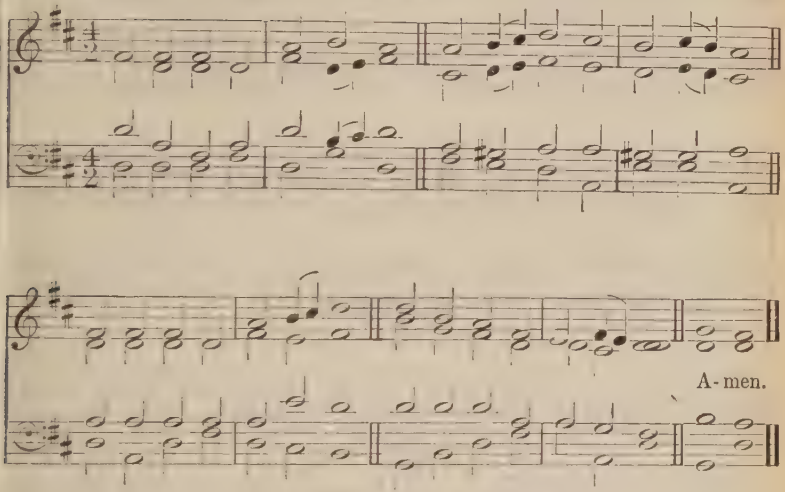
S. L. Moore, sel. and alt.

The following also are suitable:—

125 For the beauty of the earth.
514 Still on the homeward journey.

9.—*MORNING AND EVENING.*

Ferrier. **600** J. B. Dykes.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long.

[Morning.]

mf JESUS, holy, undefiled,
Listen to a little child:
Thou hast sent the glorious light,
Chasing far the silent night;

2 Thou hast sent the sun to shine
O'er this glorious world of Thine,
Warmth to give, and pleasant glow,
On each tender flower below.

3 Now the little birds arise,
Chirping gaily in the skies;
Thee their tiny voices praise
In the early songs they raise.

4 Thou by Whom the birds are fed,
Give to me my daily bread;
d And Thy Holy Spirit give,
Without Whom I cannot live.

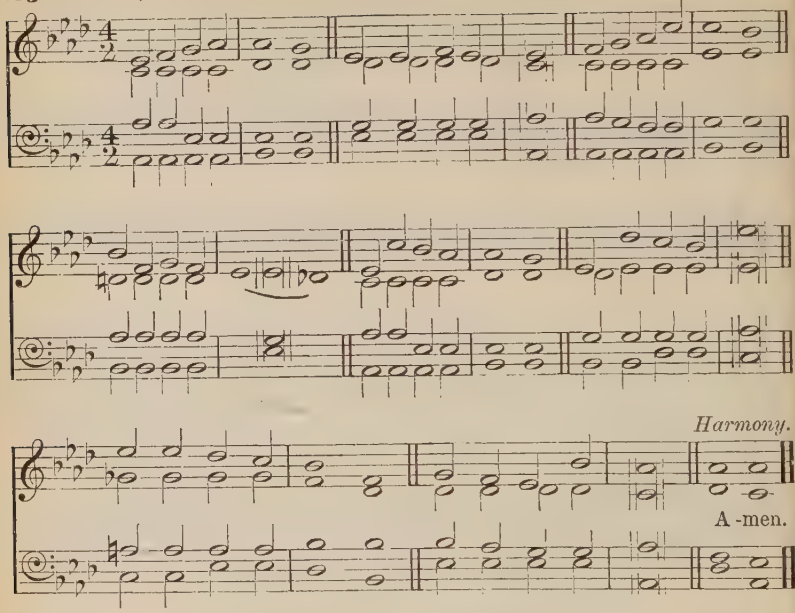
p 5 Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,
As becomes a little child;
All day long, in every way,
Teach me what to do and say.

mf 6 Make me, Lord, in work and play,
Thine more truly every day;
c And, when Thou at last shalt come,
Take me to Thy heavenly home.

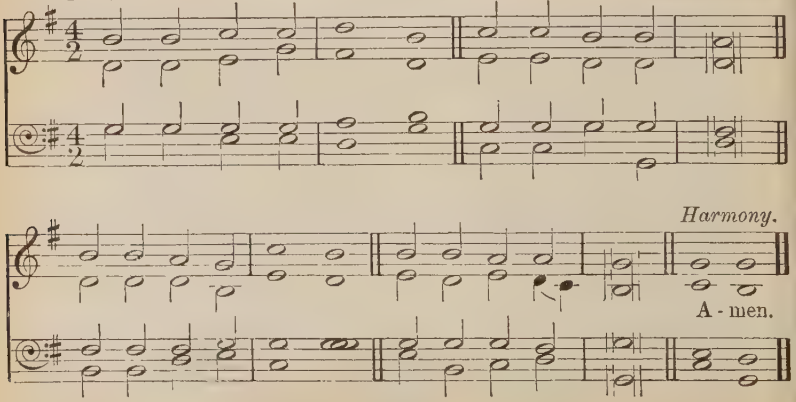
Amen.

E. Shepcote, sel.

Lyndhurst (*1st Tune*). **601** Composer unknown.



Eudoxia (*2nd Tune*). S. Baring-Gould.



Thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.

[EVENING.]

mf NOW the day is over :
Night is drawing nigh ;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Now the darkness gathers ;
Stars begin to peep ;
d Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

p 3 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose ;
With Thy tender blessing
May mine eyelids close.

mf 4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee ;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

p 5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain ;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

mf 6 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

Unis. f 8 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
While all ages run. AMEN.

S. Baring-Gould.

602

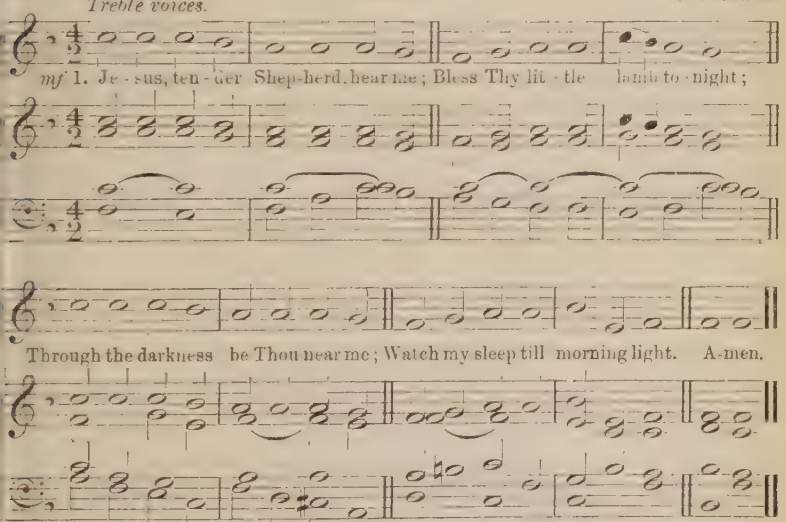
I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep : for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.

Evening Prayer.

[EVENING.]

J. STAINER.

Treble voices.


mf 1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep-herd, hear me ; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night ;
Through the darkness be Thou near me ; Watch my sleep till morning light. A-men.

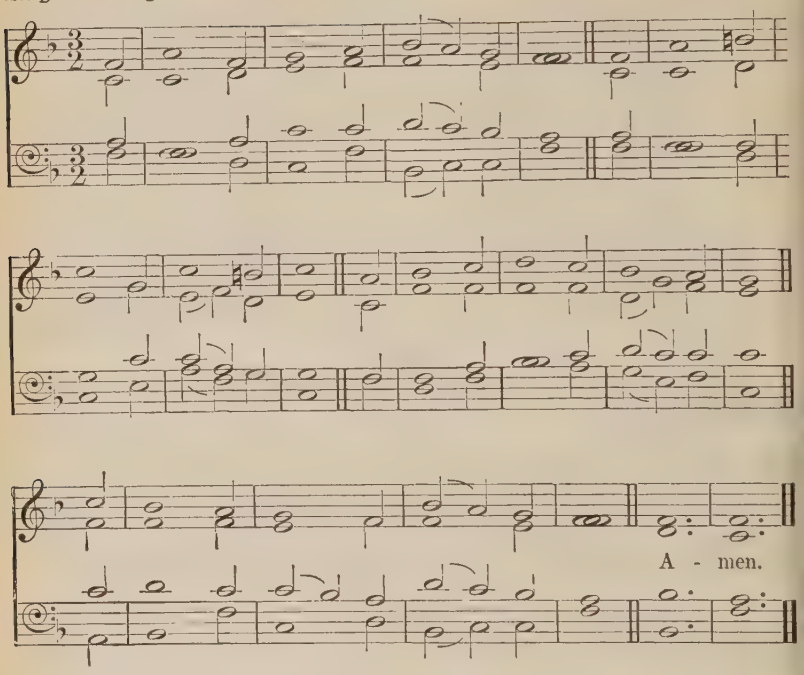
By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care ;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed
Listen to my evening prayer. [me ;

p 3 Let my sins be all forgiven :
Bless the friends I love so well ;
c Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell. AMEN.

M. L. Duncan.

Angels' Song. **603** Adapted from O. GIBBONS.



That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith.

mf COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

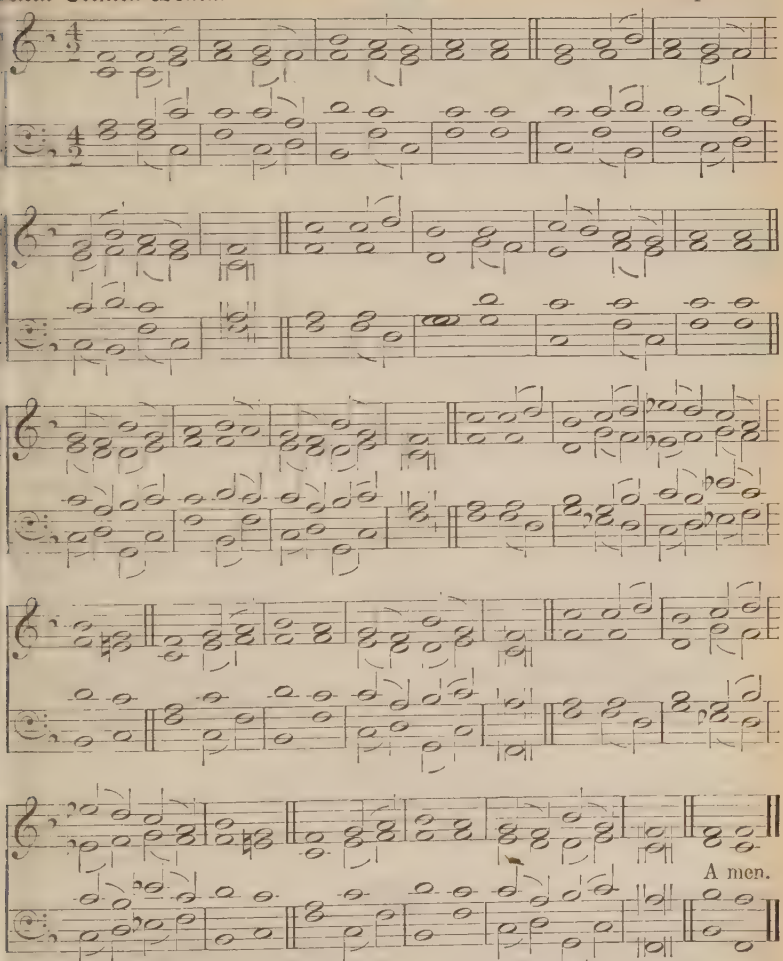
2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess
And learn the height and breadth and length
Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

f 3 Now to the God Whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know
Be everlasting honours done
By all the Church, through Christ His Son. AMEN.

I. Watts.

Alla Trinita Beata. 604

From *Laudi Spirituali.*



[May be sung to 'St. Oswald,' No. 434.]

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.

mf MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.

c Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess in sweet communion
f Joys which earth cannot afford. AMEN

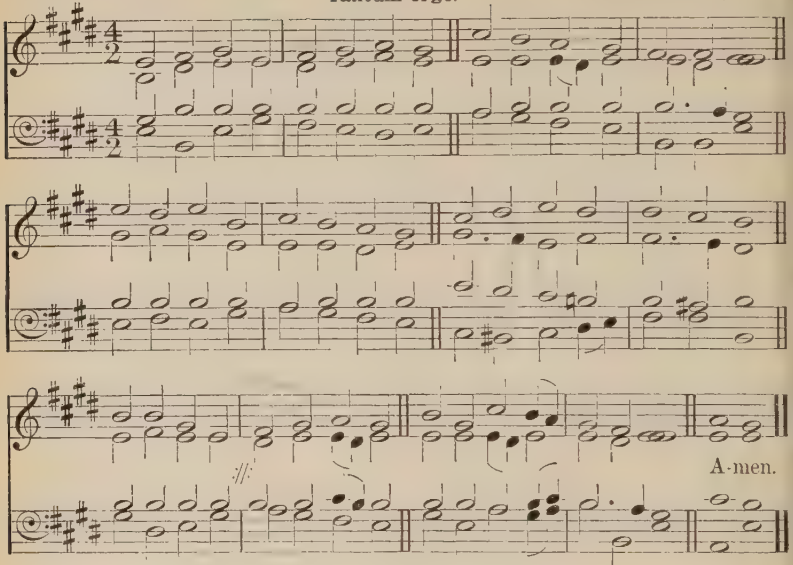
J. Newton.

St. Thomas.

605

Tantum ergo.

Essay on the Church Plain Chant, 1782.



Blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it.

mf LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
c O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

f 2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
p May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
c May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

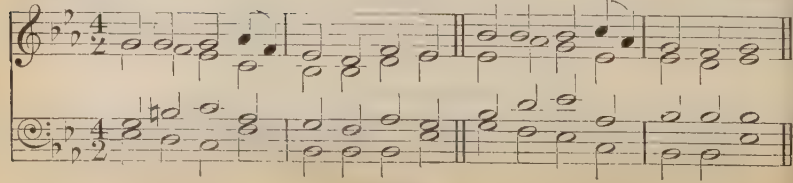
p 3 So, whene'er the signal 's given
Us from earth to call away,
c Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
f May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day. AMEN.

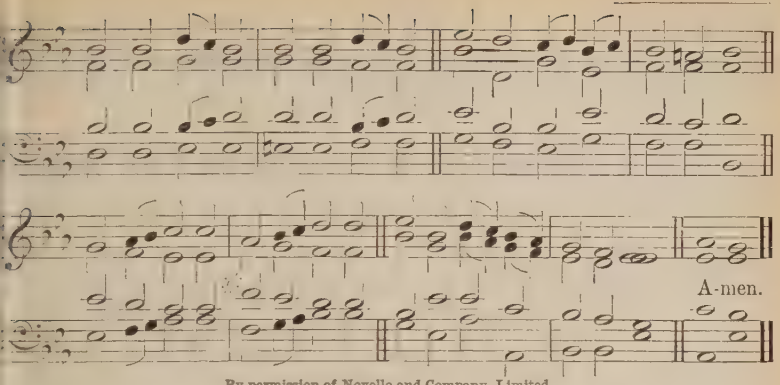
J. Fawcett, alt.

Redemption.

606

C. GOUNOD.



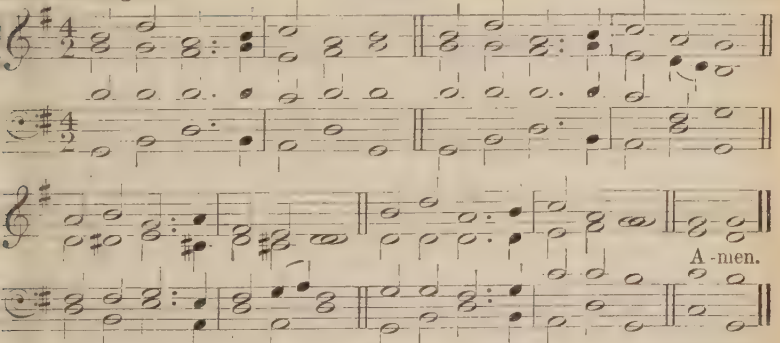


By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

Let Thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, according as we hope in Thee.

mf LORD, let mercy now attend us
As we leave Thy holy place,
And from evil still defend us
While we run our heavenward race—
f Hallelujah!—
Till in bliss we see Thy face. AMEN.

German Hymn. **607** I. PLEYEL.



The God of peace, That brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, ... make you perfect in every good work to do His will; . . . . . to Whom be glory for ever and ever.

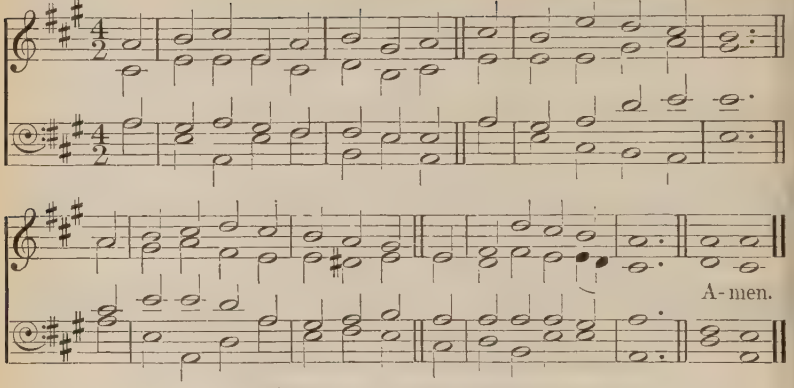
mf NOW may He Who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight,
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night.

3 To our great Redeemer's praise,
p Who the covenant sealed with blood,
c Let our hearts and voices raise
f Loud thanksgivings to our God. AMEN.

J. Newton, alt.

St. Paul. **608** J. CHALMERS's Collection, 1749.

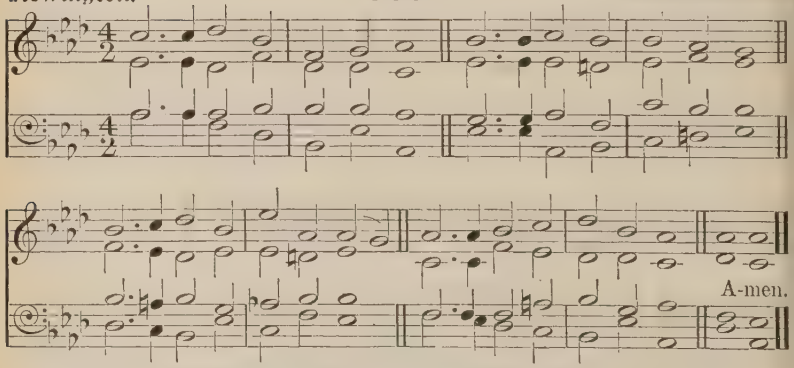


Looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.

mf O MAY we stand before the Lamb
When earth and seas are fled,
And hear the Judge pronounce our name
With blessings on our head! AMEN.

I. Watts.

Newington. **609** W. D. MACLAGAN.



Peace be with you all that are in Christ Jesus.

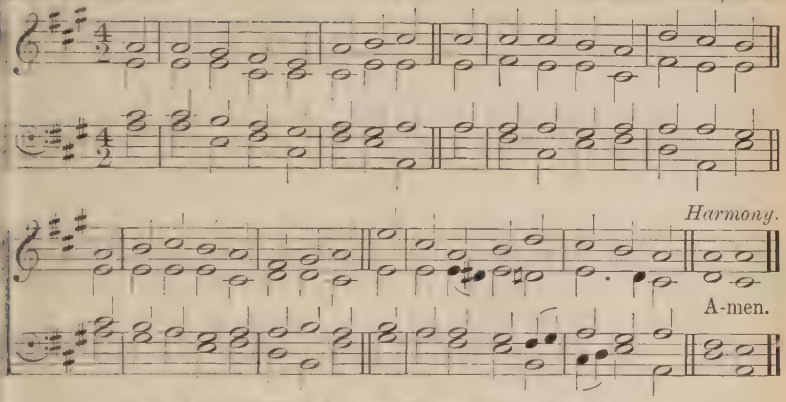
mf PART in peace: Christ's life was peace,
Let us live our life in Him;
Part in peace: Christ's death was peace,
Let us die our death in Him.

2 Part in peace: Christ promise gave
Of a life beyond the grave,
Where all mortal partings cease;
Brethren, sisters, part in peace. AMEN.

S. F. Adams, alt.

The following also is suitable:—
182 Almighty God, Thy word is cast.

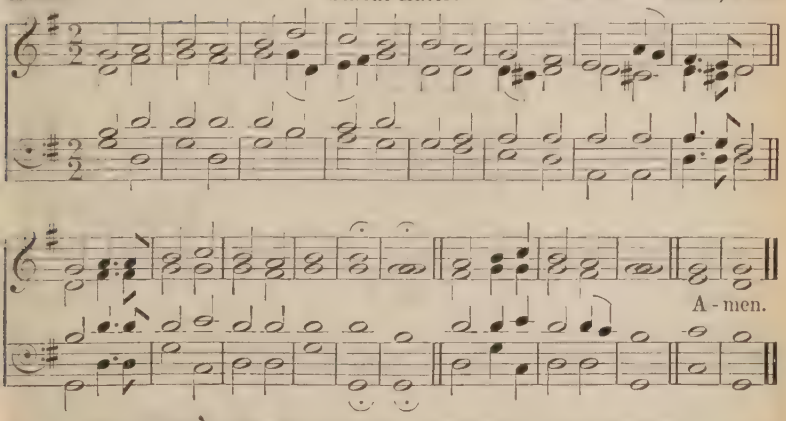
Old Hundredth. **610** *Genevan Psalter*, 1551.



Unis. f PRAISE God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. AMEN.

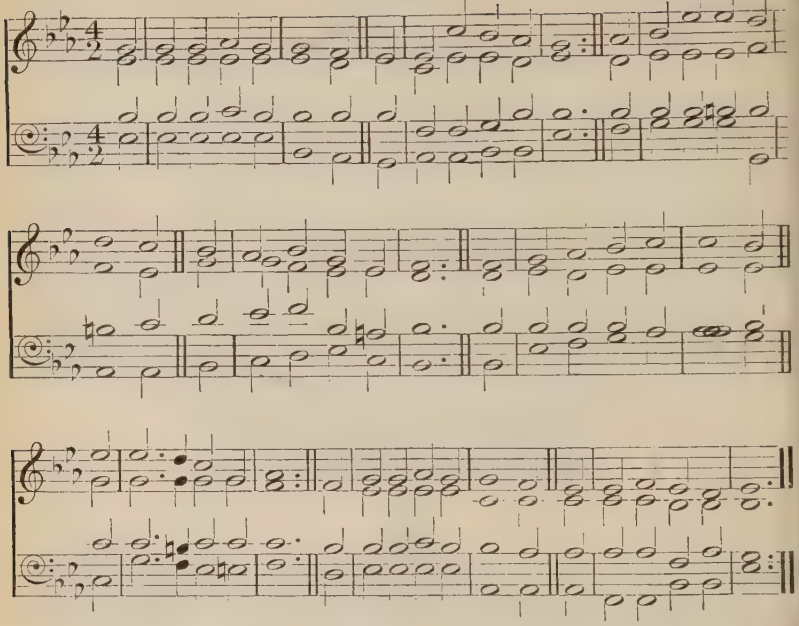
T. Ken.

Milan. **611** Stabat Mater. *Essay on the Church Plain Chant*, 1782.

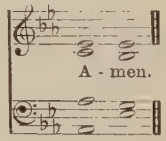


mf BLESSÈD, blessèd be Jehovah, Israel's God, to all eternity.
p c Let all the people say, Amen, Amen.
ff Praise to the Lord give ye! AMEN.

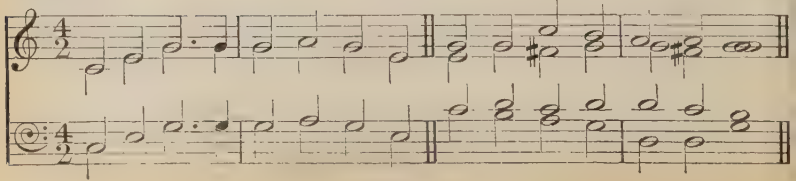
Aurelia. **612** S. S. Wesley.

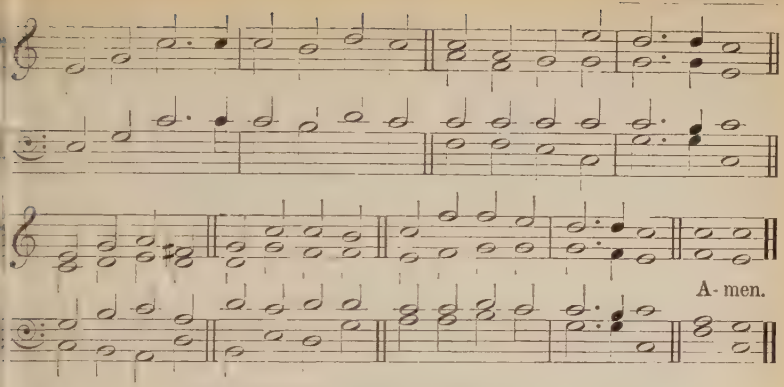


mf O FATHER ever glorious,
O everlasting Son,
O Spirit all-victorious,
Thrice holy Three in One,
Great God of our salvation,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
ff Praise, glory, adoration,
Be Thine for evermore!



Triumph. **613** H. J. Gauntlett.

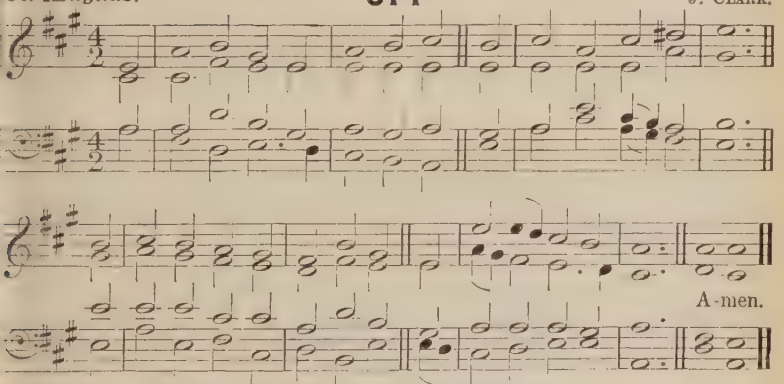




mf NOW to Him Who loved us, gave us
Every pledge that love could give,
Freely shed His blood to save us,
Gave His life that we might live,
c Be the kingdom
And dominion
f And the glory evermore. AMEN.

S. M. Waring, alt.

St. Magnus. **614** J. CLARK.



f TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, and is,
And shall be evermore. AMEN.

615

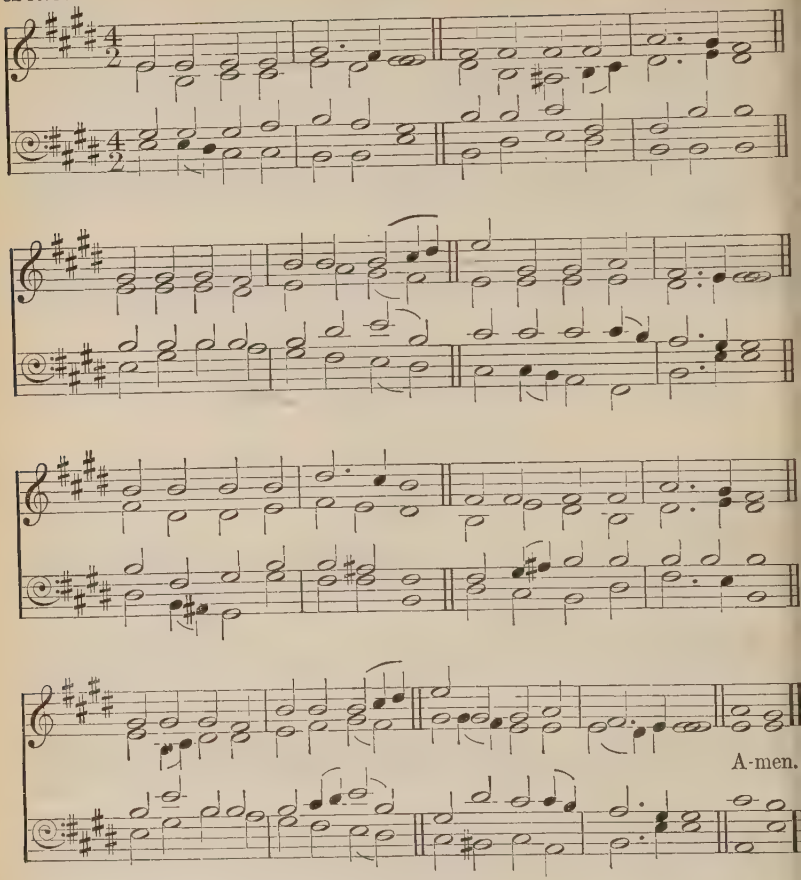
[To be sung to 'St. Magnus.']

mf TO Him That loved the souls of men,
And washed us in His blood,
c To royal honours raised our head,
And made us priests to God,—
f 2 To Him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love,
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above! AMEN.

Benevento.

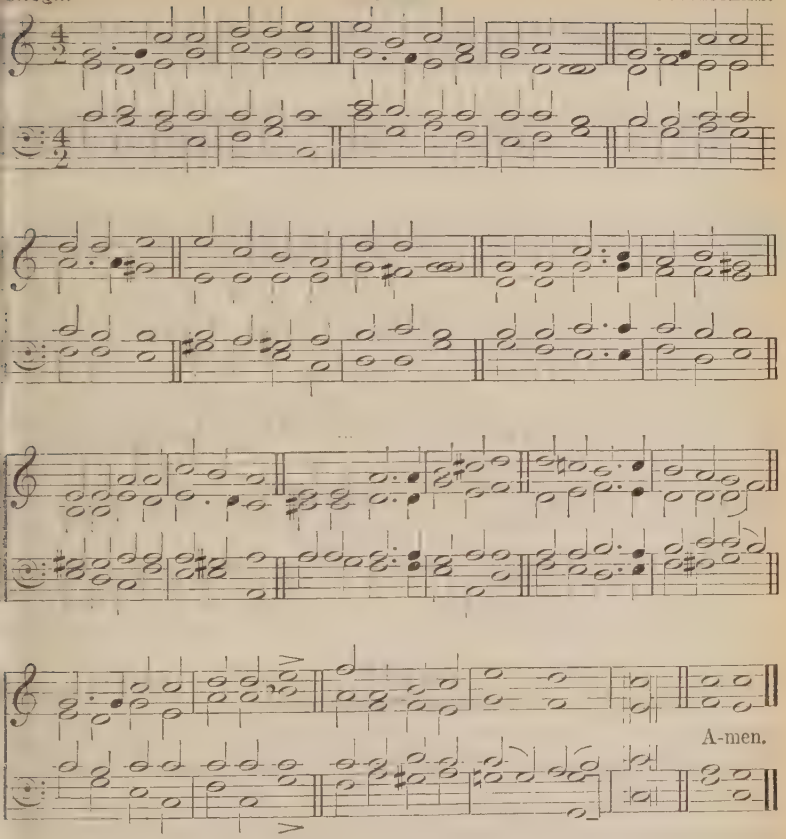
616

S. Webbe.
(Har. by J. E. B., 1907.)



mf PRAISE the Lord! His glories show,
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above;
Praise Him all that share His love.
c Earth to heaven exalt the strain;
Send it, heaven, to earth again;
Age to age and shore to shore,
f Praise Him, praise Him evermore! AMEN.

Alexa. **617** E. J. Hopkins.

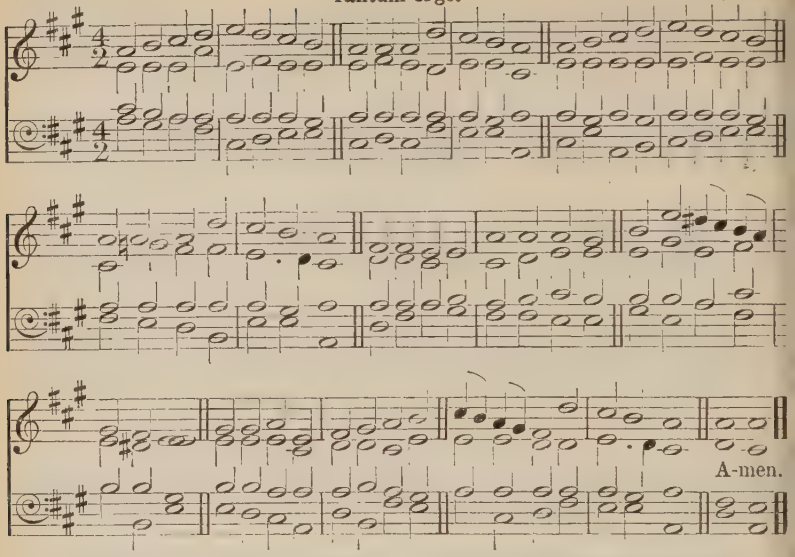


p c HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Evermore be Thou adored:
f Holy Father, Fount of light,
God of wisdom, goodness, might;
Holy Son, Who cam'st to dwell
God with us, Immanuel;
d Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
God of comfort, peace, and love,—
f Evermore be Thou adored,
Holy, holy, holy Lord! AMEN.

C. Wesley, sel. and alt.

618

Corinth. **Tantum ergo.** *Essay on the Church Plain Chant*, 1782.



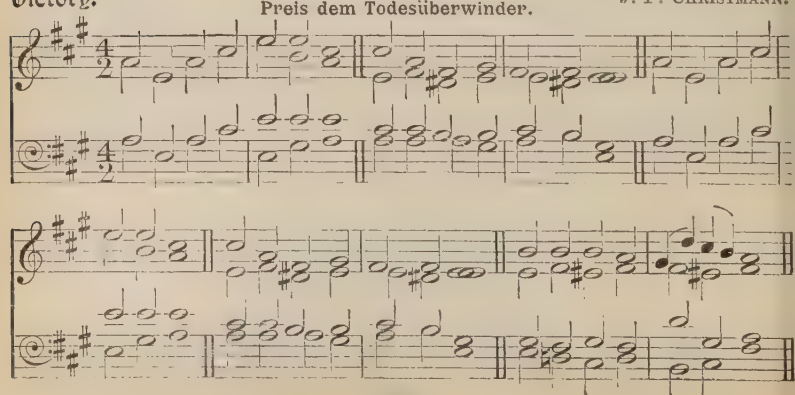
mf WORSHIP, honour, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer unto Thee;
Young and old, Thy praise confessing,
In glad homage bend the knee.

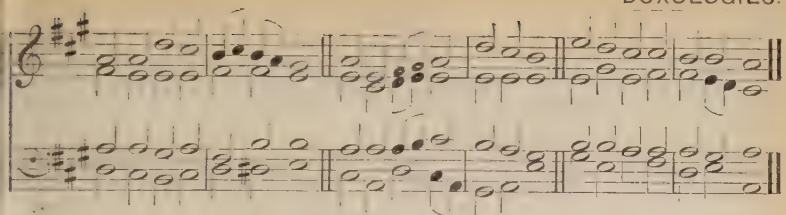
As the saints in heaven adore Thee,
We would bow before Thy throne;
p As Thine angels serve before Thee,
c So on earth Thy will be done! AMEN.

E. Osler.

619

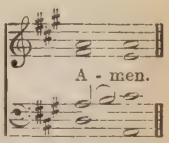
Victory. **Preis dem Todesüberwinder.** J. F. CHRISTMANN.





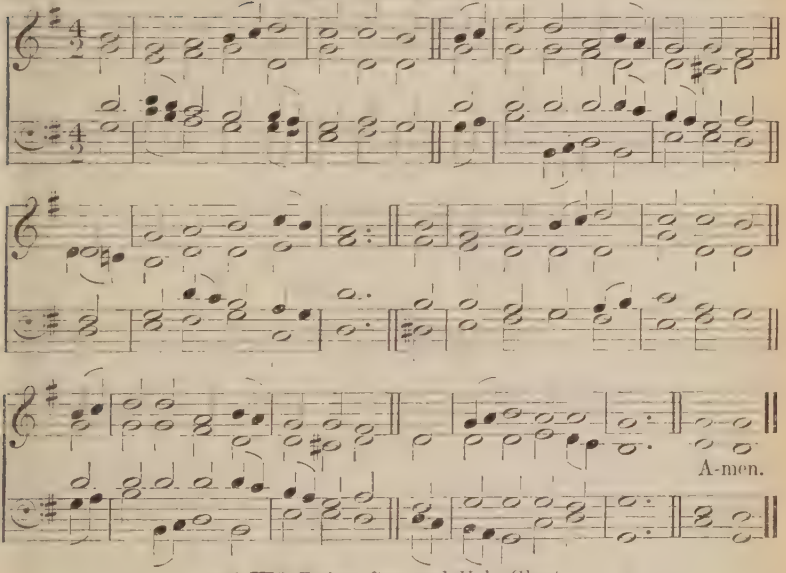
f HALLELUJAH! joyful raise
Heart and voice our God to praise:
Praise the Father, praise the Son,
Praise the Spirit, Three in One,—
One to perfect all the plan
Of redeeming ruined man;
c Triune God, to Thee be given
ff Praise on earth and praise in heaven.

C. N. Hall.



620

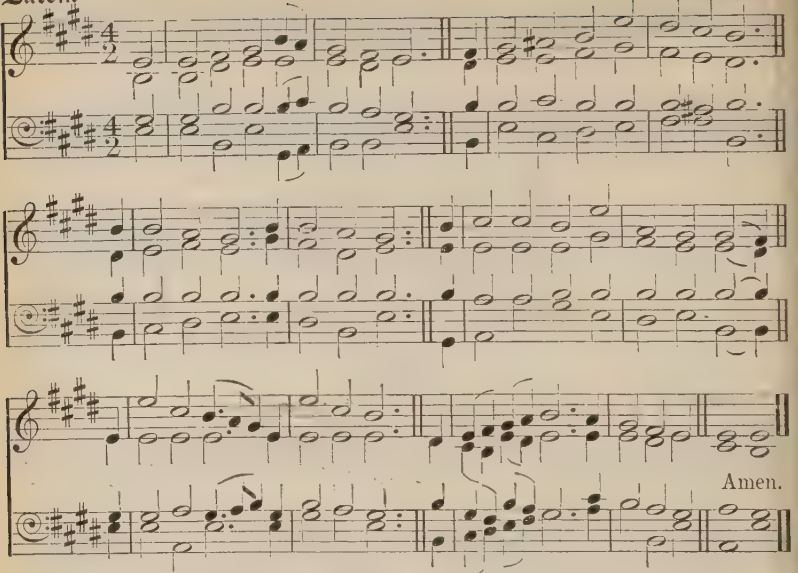
Innsbruck. O Welt, ich muss dich lassen. H. Isaac.



mf TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom Heaven's triumphant host
And all the saints adore,
f Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more! AMEN.

621

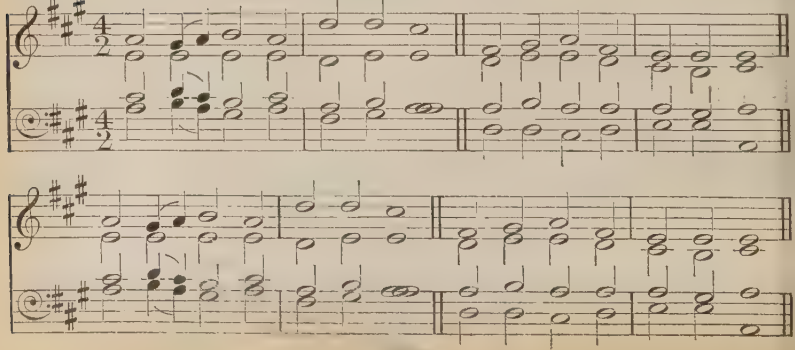
Eaton. Z. Wyvill.

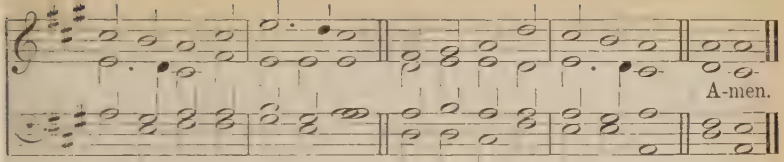


mf TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
c Be honour, praise, and glory given
By all in earth and all in heaven,
As 't was through ages heretofore,
f Is now, and shall be evermore! AMEN.

622

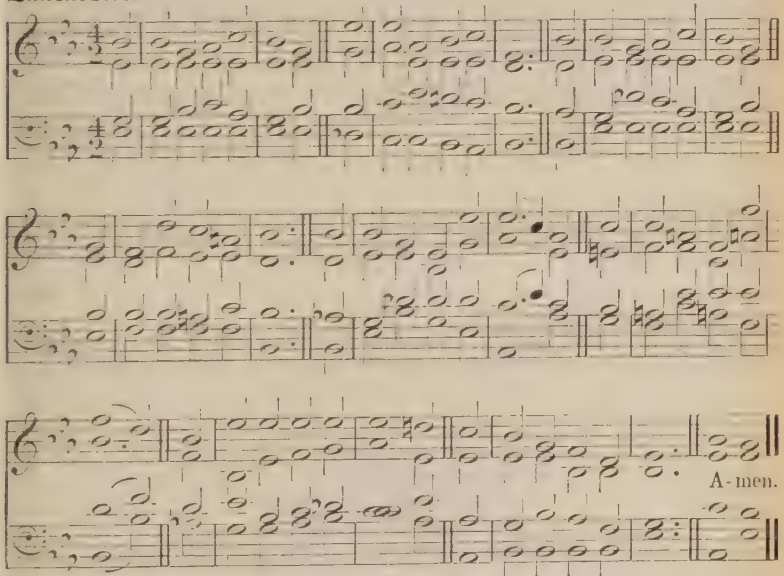
Dix. **Treuer Heiland, wir sind hier.** C. Kocher.





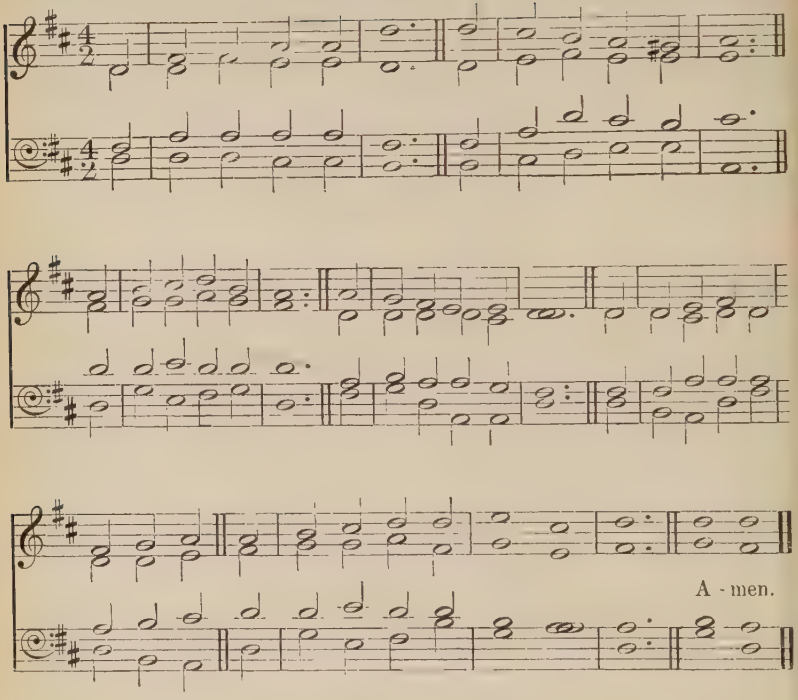
f PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
As through countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last. AMEN.

Lancashire. **623** H. SMART.



f NOW praise we God the Father,
And praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit,
Eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransomed nation
Fall down before the throne,
And honour, power, and glory
Ascribe to God alone. AMEN.

St. John. **624** *The Parish Choir*, 1851.

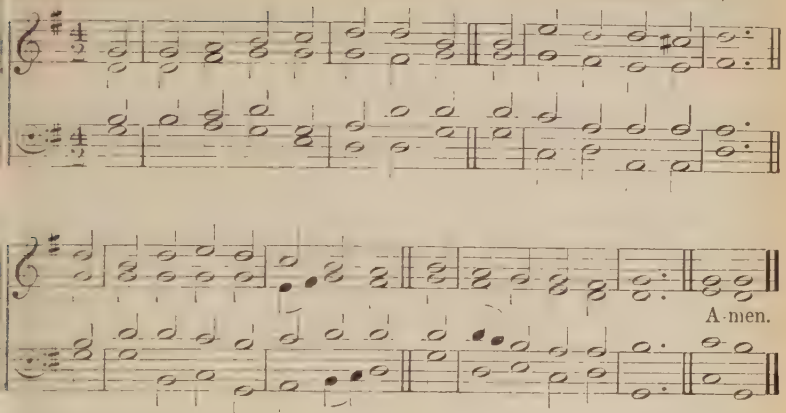


f TO God, the only wise,
The One Immortal King,
Let hallelujahs rise
From every living thing!
Let all that breathe, on every coast,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! AMEN.

The following also are suitable :—

2 Glory be to God the Father.
128 To God the only wise.
129 To Him Who for our sins was slain.

Dunfermline. **625** *Scottish Psalter*, 1615.



PSALM I.

mf THAT man hath perfect blessedness
Who walketh not astray
In counsel of ungodly men,
Nor stands in sinners' way,

2 Nor sitteth in the scorner's chair;
But placeth his delight
Upon God's law, and meditates
On His law day and night.

3 He shall be like a tree that grows
Near planted by a river,
Which in his season yields his fruit,
And his leaf fadeth never;

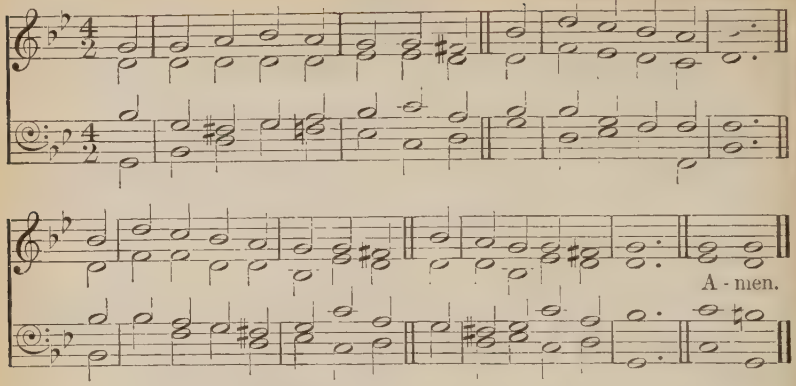
4 And all he doth shall prosper well.
p The wicked are not so;
But like they are unto the chaff,
Which wind drives to and fro.

mf 5 In judgment therefore shall not stand
Such as ungodly are;
Nor in the assembly of the just
Shall wicked men appear.

6 For why, the way of godly men
Unto the Lord is known,
d Whereas the way of wicked men
Shall quite be overthrown. AMEN.

Dundee. 626

DAMON'S *Psalms*, 1591.
(Adapted from C. TYE, 1553?)



PSALM IV. 1, 6, 7, 8.

mp GIVE ear unto me when I call,
God of my righteousness:
Have mercy, hear my prayer; Thou [hast
Enlarged me in distress.

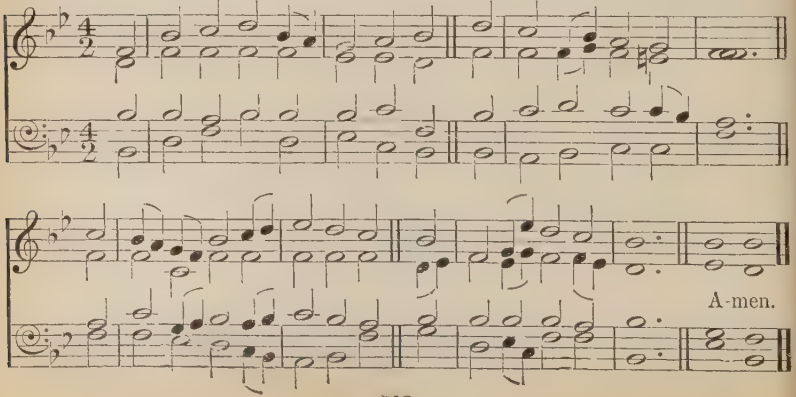
mf 2 'O who will show us any good?'
Is that which many say:
But of Thy countenance the light,
Lord, lift on us alway.

3 Upon my heart, bestowed by Thee,
More gladness I have found [wine
Than they, even then, when corn and
Did most with them abound.

p 4 I will both lay me down in peace
And quiet sleep will take,
c Because Thou only me to dwell
In safety, Lord, dost make. AMEN.

Tiverton. 627

F. T. GRIGG.



PSALM VIII.

f HOW excellent in all the earth,
Lord, our Lord, is Thy name,
Who hast Thy glory far advanced
Above the starry frame!

mf 2 From infants' and from sucklings' mouth
Thou didest strength ordain,
For Thy foes' cause, that so Thou
The avenging foe restrain.

3 When I look up unto the heavens
Which Thine own fingers framed,
Unto the moon, and to the stars,
Which were by Thee ordained,

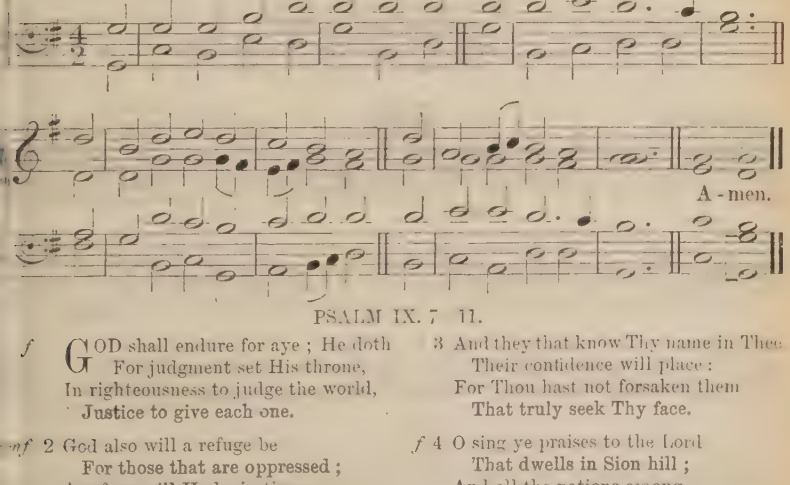
mp 4 Then say I, 'What is man, that he
Remembered is by Thee?
Or what the son of man, that Thou
So kind to him shouldst be?'

mf 5 For Thou a little lower hast
Him than the angels made;
With glory and with dignity
Thou crowned hast his head.

6 Of Thy hands' works Thou mad'st him lord,
All under's feet didst lay:
All sheep and oxen, yea, and beasts
That in the field do stray;

7 Fowls of the air, fish of the sea,
All that pass through the same.
f How excellent in all the earth,
Lord, our Lord, is Thy name! AMEN.

Gräfenberg. **628** J. CRÜGER.



PSALM IX. 7–11.

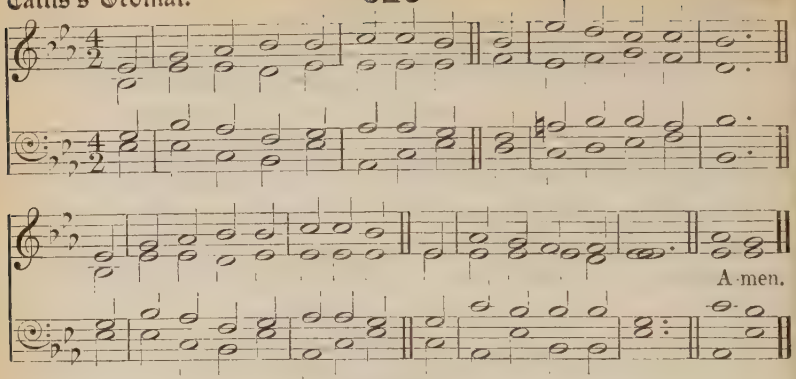
f GOD shall endure for aye; He doth
For judgment set His throne,
In righteousness to judge the world,
Justice to give each one.

mf 2 God also will a refuge be
For those that are oppressed;
A refuge will He be in times
Of trouble to distressed.

3 And they that know Thy name in Thee
Their confidence will place:
For Thou hast not forsaken them
That truly seek Thy face.

f 4 O sing ye praises to the Lord
That dwells in Sion hill;
And all the nations among
His deeds record ye still. AMEN.

Tallis's Ordinal. **629** T. Tallis.



PSALM XV.

mp WITHIN Thy tabernacle, Lord,
Who shall abide with Thee?
And in Thy high and holy hill
Who shall a dweller be?

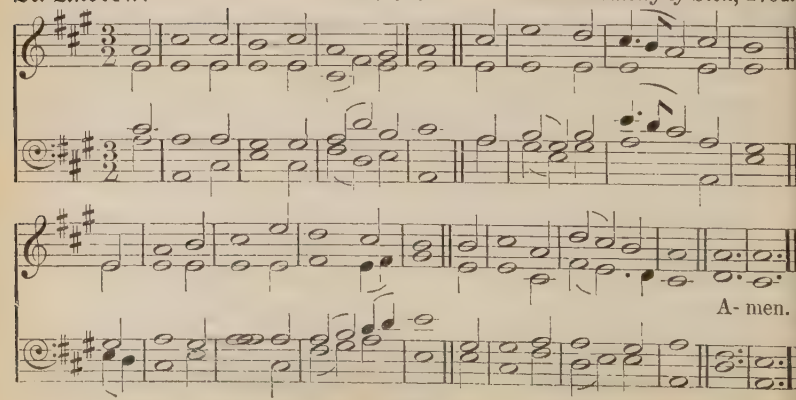
mf 2 The man that walketh uprightly,
And worketh righteousness,
And, as he thinketh in his heart,
So doth he truth express;

3 Who doth not slander with his tongue,
Nor to his friend do'th hurt;
Nor yet against his neighbour doth
Take up an ill report;

4 In whose eyes vile men are despised;
But those that God do fear
He honoureth; and changeth not,
Though to his hurt he swear;

5 His coin puts not to usury,
Nor take reward will he
Against the guiltless. Who do'th thus
Shall never movèd be. AMEN.

St. Andrew. **630** TANS'UR'S *New Harmony of Sion*, 1764.



PSALM XIX. 7—14.

GOD'S law is perfect, and converts
The soul in sin that lies ;
God's testimony is most sure,
And makes the simple wise.

2 The statutes of the Lord are right,
And do rejoice the heart ;
The Lord's command is pure, and doth
Light to the eyes impart.

3 Unspotted is the fear of God,
And doth endure for ever ;
The judgments of the Lord are true
And righteous altogether.

4 They more than gold, yea, much fine gold,
To be desirèd are :
Than honey, honey from the comb
That droppeth, sweeter far.

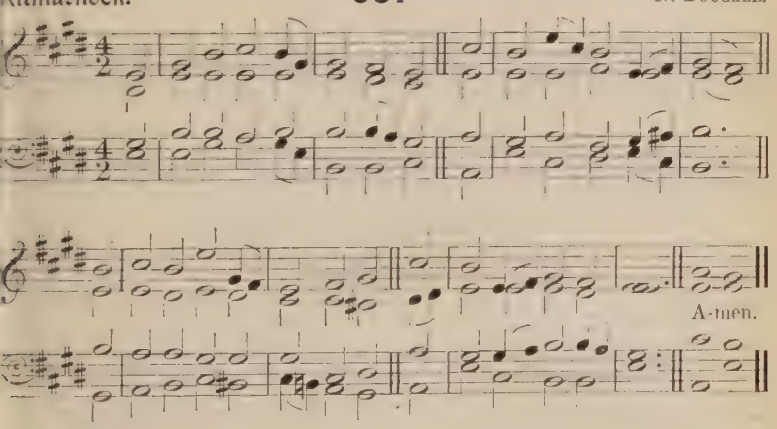
5 Moreover, they Thy servant warn
How he his life should frame :
A great reward provided is
For them that keep the same.

mp 6 Who can his errors understand ?
O cleanse Thou me within
From secret faults. Thy servant keep
From all presumptuous sin ;

7 And do not suffer them to have
Dominion over me :
Then righteous and innocent
I from much sin shall be.

cr 8 The words which from my mouth proceed,
The thoughts sent from my heart,
Accept, O Lord ; for Thou my Strength
And my Redeemer art. AMEN.

Kilmarnock. **631** N. DOUGALL.



PSALM XX. 1—5.

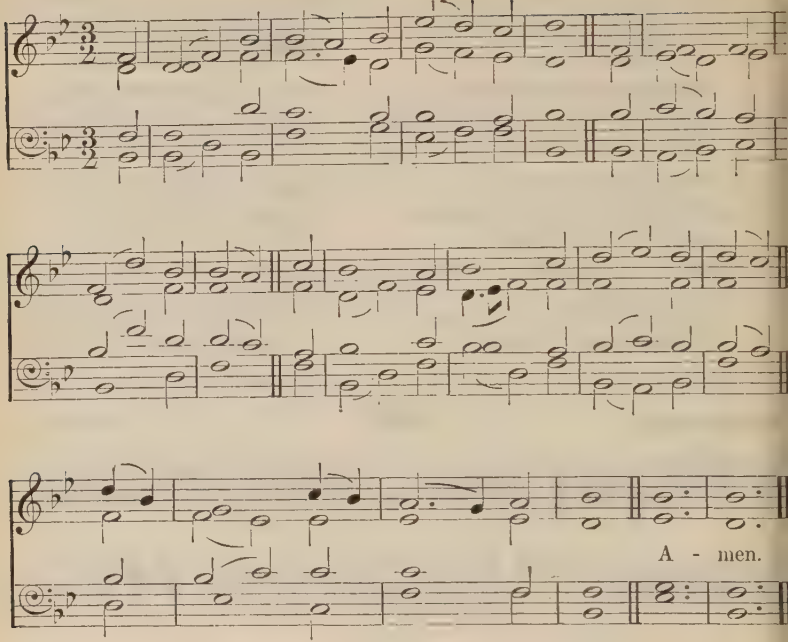
mf JEHOVAH hear thee in the day
When trouble He doth send :
And let the name of Jacob's God
Thee from all ill defend.

2 O let Him help send from above,
Out of His sanctuary ;
From Sion, His own holy hill,
Let Him give strength to thee.

3 Let Him remember all thy gifts,
Accept thy sacrifice,
Grant thee thine heart's wish, and fulfil
Thy thoughts and counsel wise.

f 4 In Thy salvation we will joy ;
In our God's name we will
Display our banners ; and the Lord
Thy prayers all fulfil. AMEN.

Wiltshire. **632** G. T. Smart.



[May be sung to 'St. Peter,' No. 674.]

PSALM XXIII.

mf THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

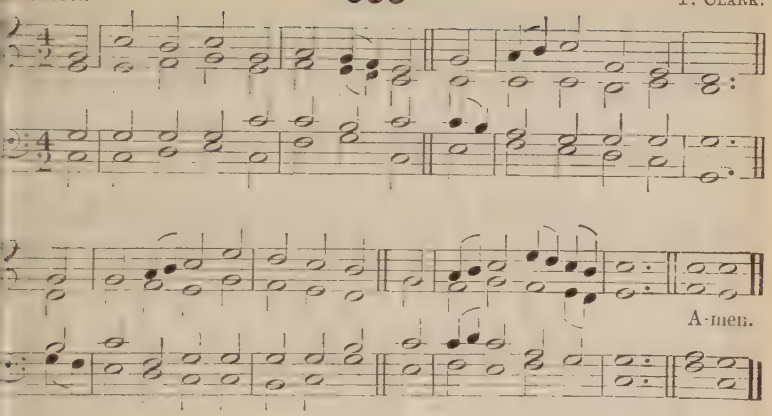
2 My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for His own name's sake.

p 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale
Yet will I fear none ill:
mf For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

f 5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be. Amen.

redton. 633 T. Clark.



PSALM XXIV. 1—6.

mf THE earth belongs unto the Lord,
And all that it contains,
The world that is inhabited,
And all that there remains.

2 For the foundations thereof
He on the seas did lay,
And He hath it established
Upon the floods to stay.

mp 3 Who is the man that shall ascend
Into the hill of God?
Or who within His holy place
Shall have a firm abode?

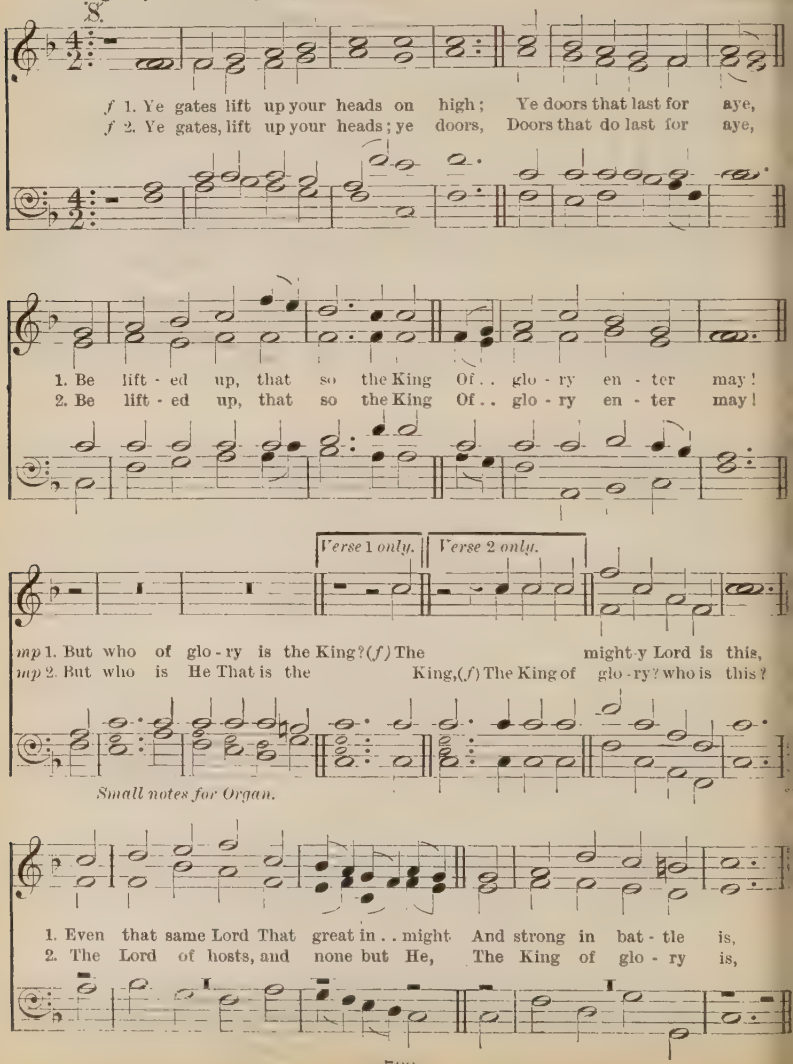
mf 4 Whose hands are clean, whose heart is pure,
And unto vanity
Who hath not lifted up his soul,
Nor sworn deceitfully.

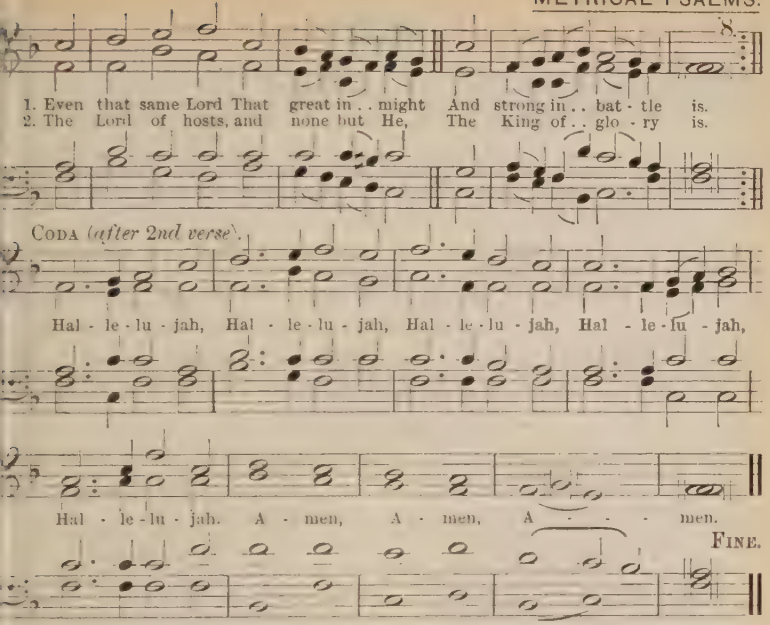
5 He from the Eternal shall receive
The blessing him upon,
And righteousness, even from the God
Of his salvation.

6 This is the generation
That after Him enquire,
O Jacob, who do seek thy face
With their whole heart's desire. Amen.

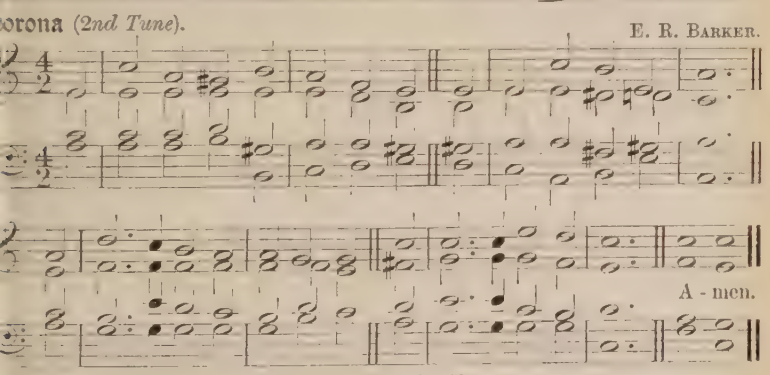
634

PSALM XXIV. 7—10.

St. George's, Edinburgh (*1st Tune*). A. M. Thomson.

8
f 1. Ye gates lift up your heads on high; Ye doors that last for aye,
f 2. Ye gates, lift up your heads; ye doors, Doors that do last for aye,
1. Be lift - ed up, that so the King Of . . glo - ry en - ter may!
2. Be lift - ed up, that so the King Of . . glo - ry en - ter may!
Verse 1 only.
Verse 2 only.
mp 1. But who of glo - ry is the King? (f) The mighty Lord is this,
mp 2. But who is He That is the King, (f) The King of glo - ry? who is this?
Small notes for Organ.
1. Even that same Lord That great in . . might And strong in bat - tle is,
2. The Lord of hosts, and none but He, The King of glo - ry is,


1. Even that same Lord That great in . . might And strong in . . bat - tle is.
2. The Lord of hosts, and none but He, The King of . . glo - ry is.
Coda (after 2nd verse).
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,
Hal - le - lu - jah. A - men, A - men, A . . . men.
Fine.

orona (*2nd Tune*). E. R. Barker.



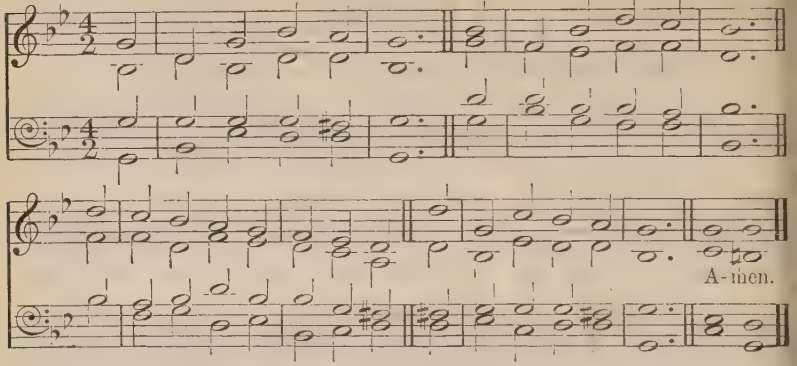
PSALM XXIV. 7–10.

f YE gates, lift up your heads on high;
Ye doors that last for aye,
Be lifted up, that so the King
Of glory enter may!
mp But who of glory is the King? *mp*
f The mighty Lord is this, mighty *f*
Even that same Lord That great in
And strong in battle is.

2 Ye gates, lift up your heads; ye doors,
Doors that do last for aye,
Be lifted up, that so the King
Of glory enter may!
But who is He That is the King
Of glory? who is this?
The Lord of hosts, and none but He,
The King of glory is. Amen.

St. Bride. 635

S. Howard.



PSALM XXV. 1—7.

mp TO Thee I lift my soul :
O Lord, I trust in Thee :
My God, let me not be ashamed,
Nor foes triumph o'er me.

2 Let none that wait on Thee
Be put to shame at all ;
But those that without cause transgress,
Let shame upon them fall.

3 Shew me Thy ways, O Lord ;
Thy paths O teach Thou me :
And do Thou lead me in Thy truth,
Therein my teacher be :

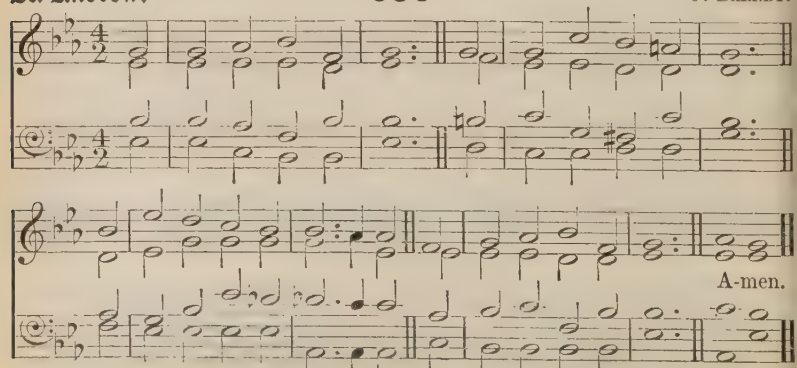
mf 4 For Thou art God That dost
To me salvation send,
And I upon Thee all the day
Expecting do attend.

mp 5 Thy tender mercies, Lord,
I pray Thee to remember,
And loving-kindnesses ; for they
Have been of old for ever.

6 My sins and faults of youth
Do Thou, O Lord, forget :
After Thy mercy think on me,
And for Thy goodness great. Amen.

St. Andrew. 636

J. Barnby.



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PSALM XXV. 8—14.

GOD good and upright is:
The way He 'll sinners show.
The meek in judgment He will guide,
And make His path to know.

2 The whole paths of the Lord
Are truth and mercy sure
To those that do His covenant keep
And testimonies pure.

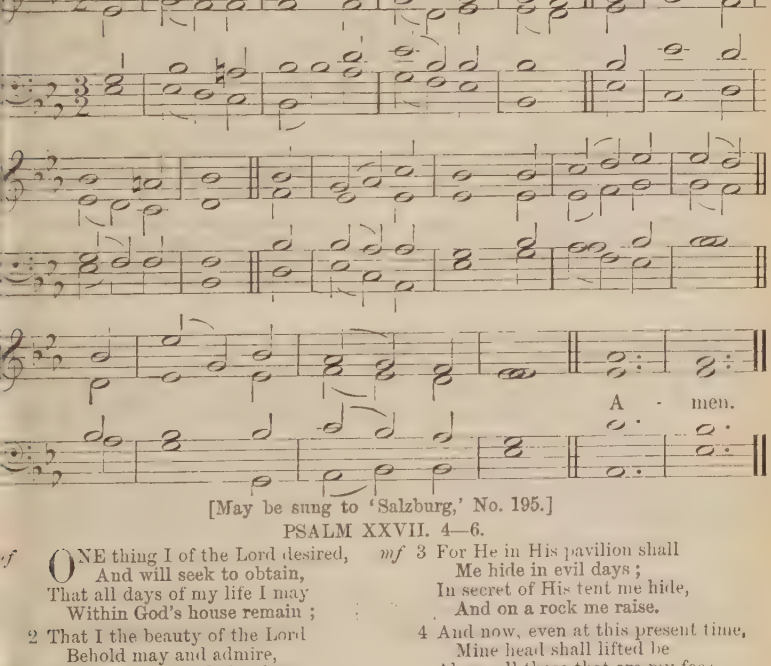
3 Now, for Thine own name's sake,
O Lord, I Thee entreat
To pardon mine iniquity;
For it is very great.

4 What man is he that fears
The Lord, and doth Him serve?
Him shall He teach the way that he
Shall choose, and still observe.

5 His soul shall dwell at ease;
And his posterity
Shall flourish still, and of the earth
Inheritors shall be.

6 With those that fear Him is
The secret of the Lord;
The knowledge of His covenant
He will to them afford. AMEN.

bridge. **637** I. SMITH.



[May be sung to 'Salzburg,' No. 195.]

PSALM XXVII. 4—6.

ONE thing I of the Lord desired,
And will seek to obtain,
That all days of my life I may
Within God's house remain;

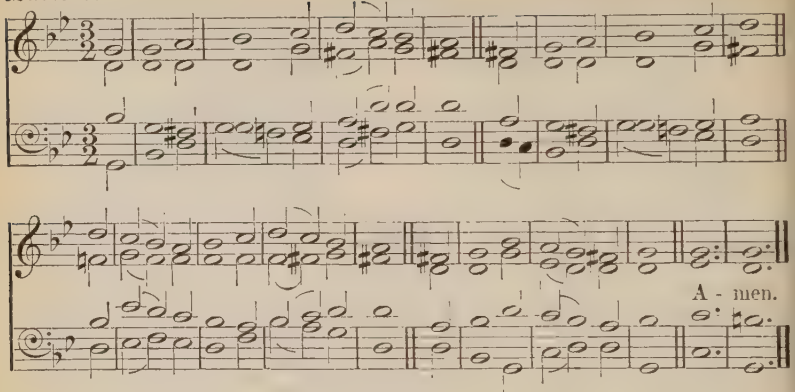
2 That I the beauty of the Lord
Behold may and admire,
And that I in His holy place
May reverently enquire.

3 For He in His pavilion shall
Me hide in evil days;
In secret of His tent me hide,
And on a rock me raise.

4 And now, even at this present time,
Mine head shall lifted be
Above all those that are my foes
And round encompass me:

5 Therefore unto His tabernacle
I 'll sacrifices bring
Of joyfulness; I 'll sing, yea, I
To God will praises sing. AMEN.

Burford. **638** Attributed to H. Purcell.



PSALM XXX. 2—5.

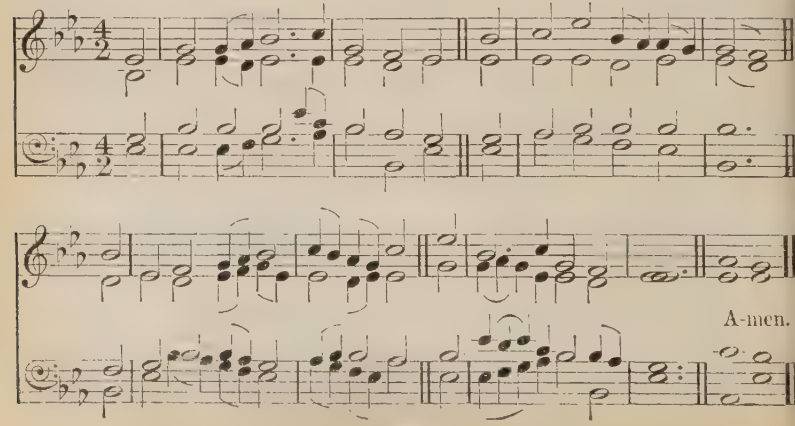
mp O THOU Who art the Lord my God, *mf*
I in distress to Thee
With loud cries lifted up my voice,
And Thou hast healèd me.

2 O Lord, my soul Thou hast brought up
And rescued from the grave ;
That I to pit should not go down,
Alive Thou didst me save.

3 O ye that are His holy ones,
Sing praise unto the Lord ;
And give unto Him thanks when ye
His holiness record.

cresc. 4 For but a moment lasts His wrath ;
Life in His favour lies :
Weeping may for a night endure,
At morn doth joy arise. Amen.

St. Lawrence. **639** R. A. Smith.



PSALM XXXI. 19—24.

p HOW great 's the goodness Thou for them
That fear Thee keep'st in store,
c And wrought'st for them that trust in Thee
The sons of men before!

2 In secret of Thy presence Thou
Shalt hide them from man's pride:
From strife of tongues Thou closely shalt,
As in a tent, them hide.

f 3 All praise and thanks be to the Lord;
For He hath magnified
His wondrous love to me within
A city fortified.

p 4 For from Thine eyes cut off I am,'
I in my haste had said;
My voice yet heard'st Thou, when to Thee
With cries my moan I made.

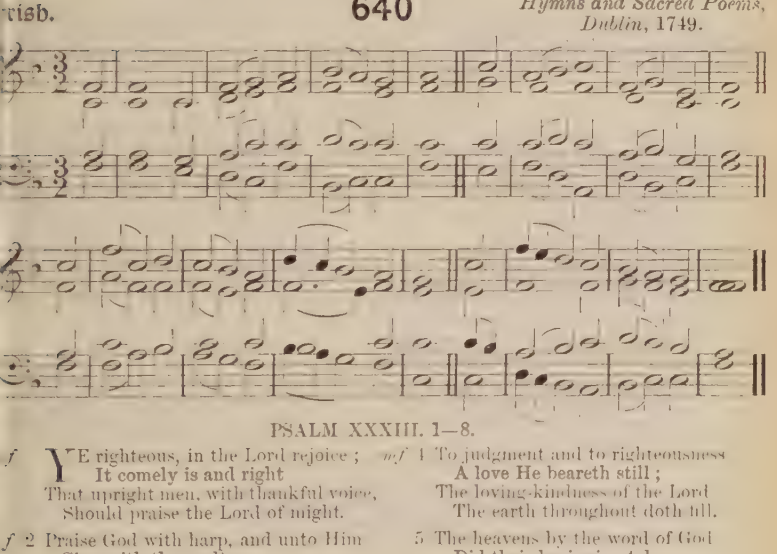
mf 5 O love the Lord, all ye His saints;
Because the Lord doth guard
The faithful, and He plenteously
Proud doers doth reward.

6 Be of good courage, and He strength
Unto your heart shall send,
All ye whose hope and confidence
Doth on the Lord depend. AMEN.

rish.

640

Hymns and Sacred Poems, Dublin, 1749.



PSALM XXXIII. 1—8.

f YE righteous, in the Lord rejoice;
It comely is and right
That upright men, with thankful voice,
Should praise the Lord of might.

f 2 Praise God with harp, and unto Him
Sing with the psaltery;
Upon a ten-stringed instrument
Make ye sweet melody.

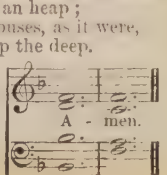
3 A new song to Him sing, and play
With loud noise skilfully;
For right is God's word, all His works
Are done in verity.

mf 4 To judgment and to righteousness
A love He beareth still;
The loving-kindness of the Lord
The earth throughout doth fill.

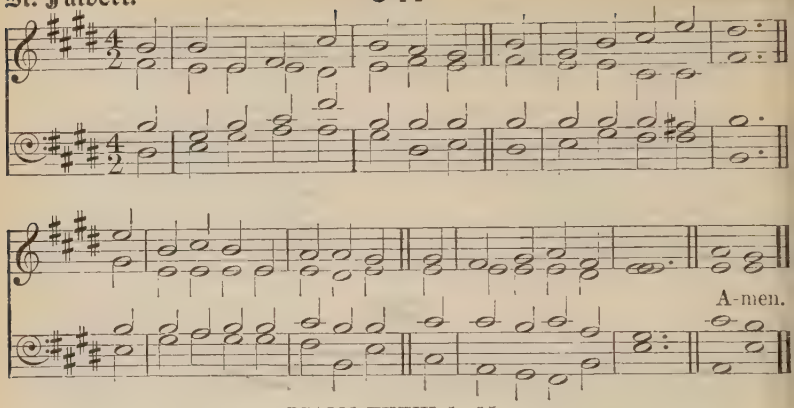
5 The heavens by the word of God
Did their beginning take;
And by the breathing of His mouth
He all their hosts did make.

6 The waters of the seas He brings
Together as an heap;
And in storehouses, as it were,
He layeth up the deep.

f 7 Let earth, and all that live therein,
With reverence fear the Lord;
Let all the world's inhabitants
Dread Him with one accord.



St. Fulbert. 641 H. J. Gauntlett.



PSALM XXXIV. 1—15.

mf GOD will I bless all times; His praise
My mouth shall still express.
My soul shall boast in God: the meek
Shall hear with joyfulness.

2 Extol the Lord with me; let us
Exalt His name together.
I sought the Lord, He heard, and did
Me from all fears deliver.

3 They looked to Him, and lightened *mf*
Not shamèd were their faces. [were:
This poor man cried, God heard, and
Him from all his distresses. [saved

f 4 The angel of the Lord encamps,
And round encompasseth
All those about that do Him fear,
And them delivereth.

5 O taste and see that God is good:
Who trusts in Him is blessed.
Fear God His saints: none that Him
Shall be with want oppressed. [fear

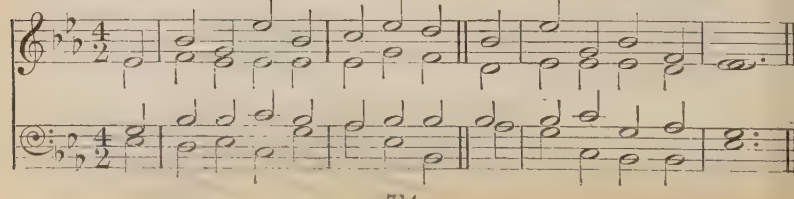
6 The lions young may hungry be,
And they may lack their food;
But they that truly seek the Lord
Shall not lack any good.

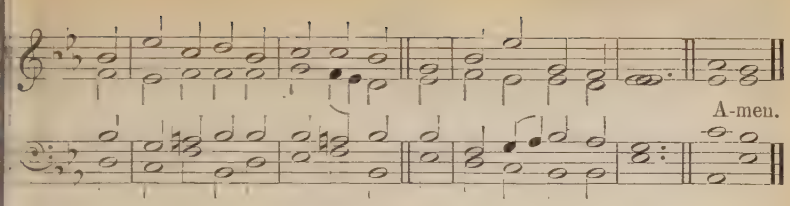
mf 7 O children, hither do ye come,
And unto me give ear;
I shall you teach to understand
How ye the Lord should fear.

8 What man is he that life desires,
To see good would live long?
Thy lips refrain from speaking guile,
And from ill words thy tongue.

9 Depart from ill, do good, seek peace,
Pursue it earnestly.
God's eyes are on the just; His ears
Are open to their cry. Amen.

London New. 642 *Scottish Psalter*, 1635.





PSALM XXXVI. 5—9.

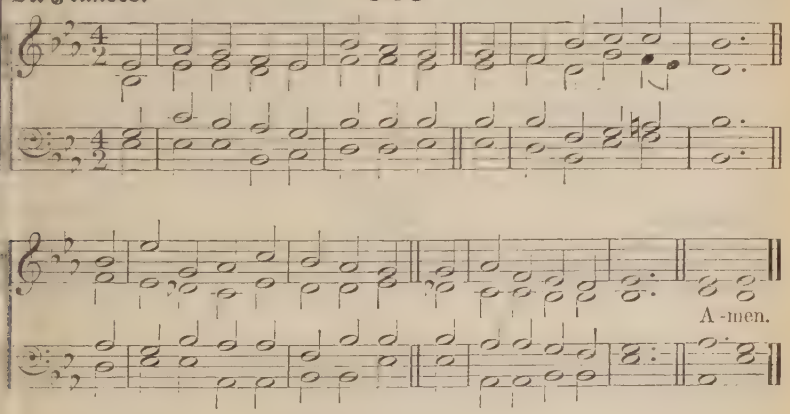
mf THY mercy, Lord, is in the heavens ;
Thy truth doth reach the clouds :
Thy justice is like mountains great,
Thy judgments deep as floods.

2 Lord, Thou preservest man and beast :
How precious is Thy grace !
Therefore in shadow of Thy wings
Men's sons their trust shall place.

3 They with the fatness of Thy house
Shall be well satisfied ;
From rivers of Thy pleasures Thou
Wilt drink to them provide ;

4 Because of life the fountain pure
Remains alone with Thee,
And in that purest light of Thine
We clearly light shall see. AMEN.

St. Frances. **643** G. A. LÖHR.



PSALM XXXVII. 3—7.

mf SET thou thy trust upon the Lord,
And be thou doing good,
And so thou in the land shalt dwell
And verily have food.

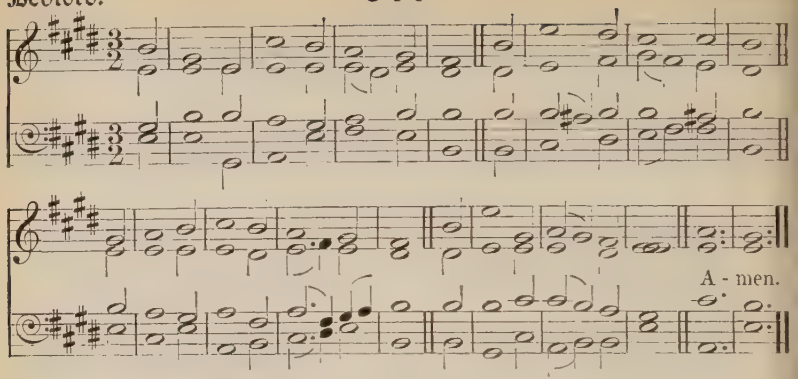
2 Delight thyself in God ; He 'll give
Thine heart's desire to thee :
Thy way to God commit, Him trust ;
It bring to pass shall He.

c 3 And, like unto the light, He shall
Thy righteousness display ;
f And He thy judgment shall bring forth
Like noon-tide of the day.

mp 4 Rest in the Lord, and patiently
Wait for Him ; do not fret
For him who, prospering in his way,
Success in sin doth get. AMEN.

644

Bedford. W. Weale



PSALM XL. 1—5.

mp I WAITED for the Lord my God,
And patiently did bear;
At length to me He did incline,
My voice and cry to hear.

mf 2 He took me from a fearful pit
And from the miry clay,
And on a rock He set my feet,
Establishing my way.

3 He put a new song in my mouth,
Our God to magnify:
Many shall see it, and shall fear,
And on the Lord rely.

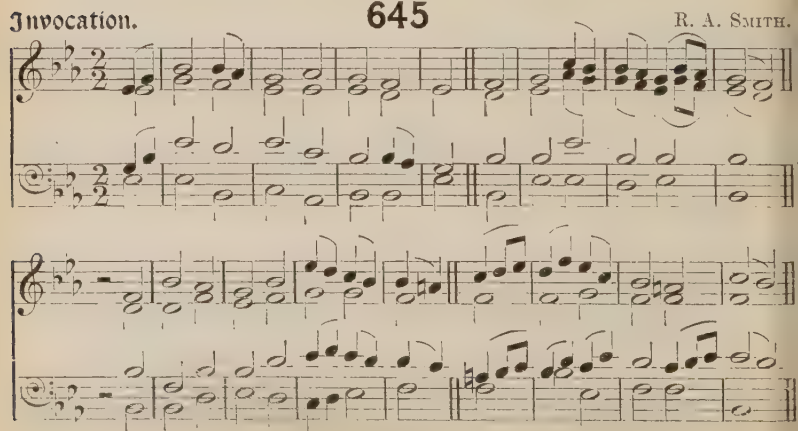
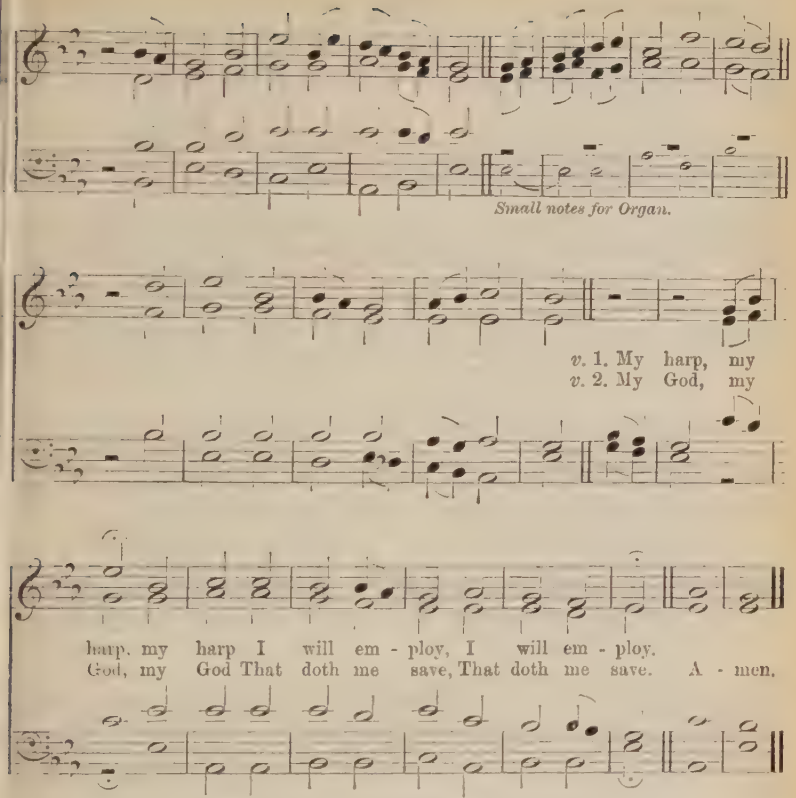
f 4 O blessèd is the man whose trust
Upon the Lord relies,
Respecting not the proud, nor such
As turn aside to lies.

mf 5 O Lord my God, full many are
The wonders Thou hast done;
Thy gracious thoughts to us-ward far
Above all thoughts are gone:

6 In order none can reckon them
To Thee: if them declare
And speak of them I would, they more
Than can be numbered are. Amen.

645

Invocation. R. A. Smith.



Small notes for Organ.
v. 1. My harp, my
v. 2. My God, my
harp, my harp I will em - ploy, I will em - ploy.
God, my God That doth me save, That doth me save. A - men.

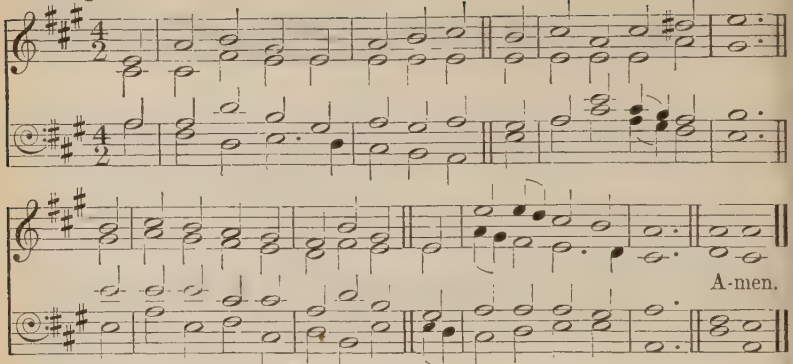
[May be sung to 'St. Leonard,' No. 682.]

PSALM XLIII. 3—5.

mp O SEND Thy light forth and Thy truth;
Let them be guides to me,
And bring me to Thine holy hill,
Even where Thy dwellings be.
mf Then will I to God's altar go,
To God my chiefest joy:
Yea, God, my God, Thy name to praise
My harp I will employ.

p 2 Why art thou then cast down, my soul?
What should discourage thee?
And why with vexing thoughts art thou
Disquieted in me?
f Still trust in God; for Him to praise
Good cause I yet shall have:
He of my countenance is the health,
My God That doth me save. AMEN.

St. Magnus. 646 J. Clark.



PSALM XLV. 2—7.

mf THOU fairer art than sons of men :
Into Thy lips is store
Of grace infused ; God therefore Thee
Hath blessed for evermore.

f 2 O Thou That art the Mighty One,
Thy sword gird on Thy thigh ;
Even with Thy glory excellent,
And with Thy majesty.

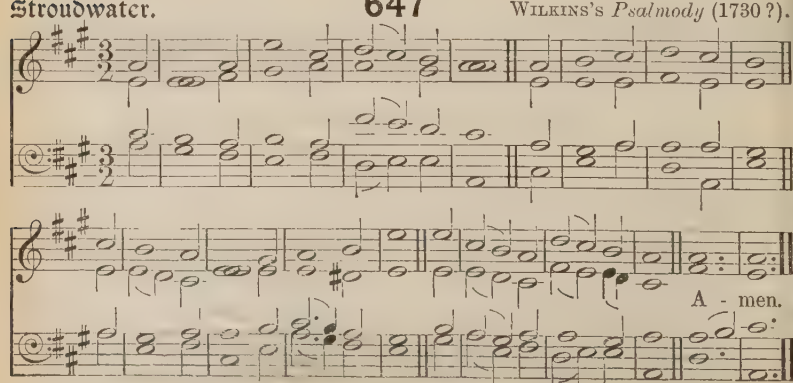
mf 3 For meekness, truth, and righteousness,
In state ride prosperously ;
And Thy right hand shall Thee instruct
In things that fearful be.

4 Thine arrows sharply pierce the heart
Of the enemies of the King,
And under Thy subjection
The people down do bring.

f 5 For ever and for ever is,
O God, Thy throne of might ;
The sceptre of Thy kingdom is
A sceptre that is right.

6 Thou lovest right, and hatest ill ;
For God, Thy God, most high,
Above Thy fellows hath with the oil
Of joy anointed Thee. AMEN.

Stroudwater. 647 Wilkins's *Psalmody* (1730 ?).



[May be sung to 'Petersham,' No. 209.]

PSALM XLVI.

f GOD is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid ;
c Therefore, although the earth remove,
We will not be afraid ;

f 2 Though hills amidst the seas be cast ;
Though waters roaring make,
And troubled be ; yea, though the hills
By swelling seas do shake.

mf 3 A river is, whose streams do glad
The city of our God,
The holy place, wherein the Lord
Most high hath His abode.

4 God in the midst of her doth dwell ;
Nothing shall her remove :
The Lord to her an helper will,
And that right early, prove.

5 The heathen raged tumultuously,
The kingdoms movèd were ;
d The Lord God utterèd His voice,
The earth did melt for fear.

mf 6 The Lord of hosts upon our side
Doth constantly remain ;
The God of Jacob 's our refuge,
Us safely to maintain.

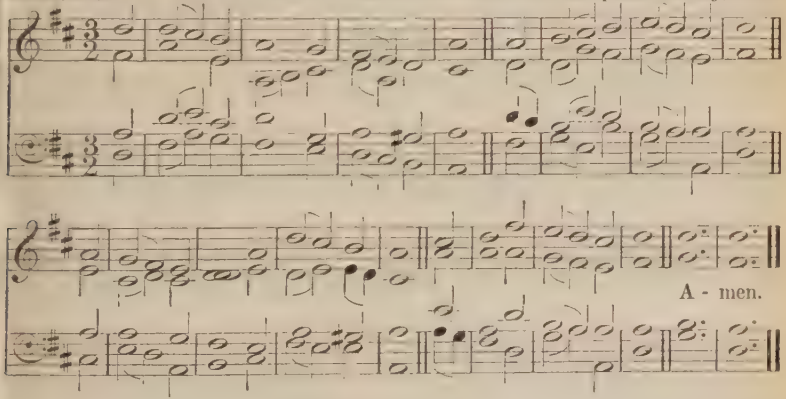
7 Come, and behold what wondrous works
Have by the Lord been wrought ;
Come, see what desolations
He on the earth hath brought.

8 Unto the ends of all the earth
Wars into peace He turns :
c The bow He breaks, the spear He cuts,
In fire the chariot burns.

p 9 'Be still, and know that I am God :
c Among the heathen I
Will be exalted ; I on earth
f Will be exalted high.'

10 Our God, Who is the Lord of hosts,
Is still upon our side ;
ff The God of Jacob our refuge
For ever will abide. AMEN.

Colchester. **648** TANS'UR'S *Compleat Melody*, 1736.



PSALM XLVIII. 1, 10—14.

f GREAT is the Lord ; and greatly He
Is to be praisèd still,
Within the city of our God,
Upon His holy hill.

mf 2 O Lord, according to Thy name,
Through all the earth 's Thy praise ;
And Thy right hand, O Lord, is full
Of righteousness always.

3 Because Thy judgments are made
Let Sion mount rejoice ; [known,
Of Judah let the daughters all
Send forth a cheerful voice.

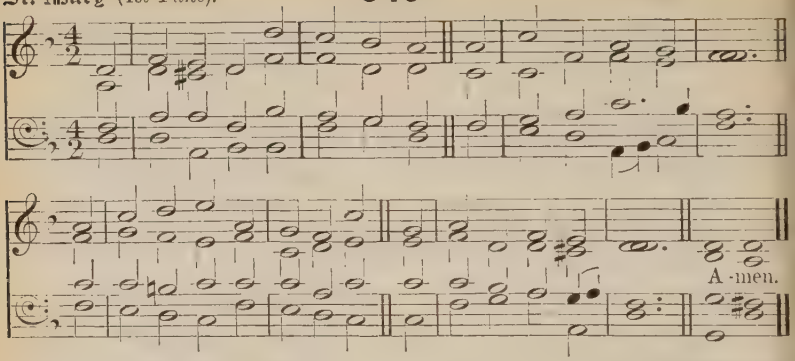
f 4 Walk about Sion, and go round ;
The high towers thereof tell ;
Consider ye her palaces,
And mark her bulwarks well ;

5 That ye may tell posterity.
For this God doth abide
Our God for evermore ; He will
Even unto death us guide. AMEN.

St. Mary (*1st Tune*).

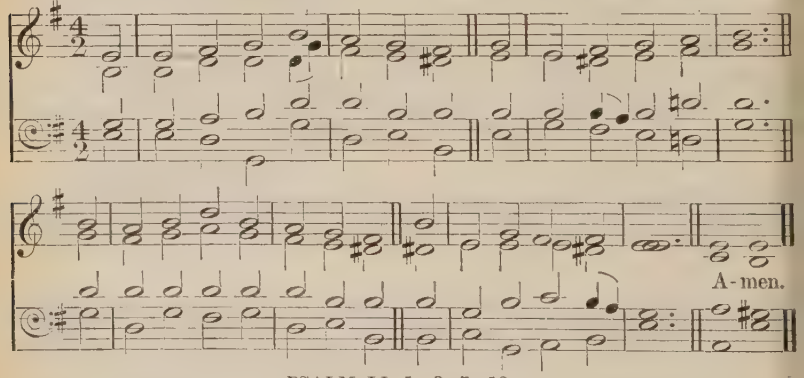
649

Archdeacon Prys' *Welsh Psalter*, 1621.



St. Kilda (*2nd Tune*).

W. R. Broomfield.



PSALM LI. 1—3, 7—13.

mp AFTER Thy loving-kindness, Lord,
Have mercy upon me:
For Thy compassions great, blot out
All mine iniquity.

p 2 Me cleanse from sin, and throughly
From mine iniquity: [wash
For my transgressions I confess;
My sin I ever see.

mp 3 Do Thou with hyssop sprinkle me;
I shall be cleansèd so;
Yea, wash Thou me, and then I shall
Be whiter than the snow.

4 Of gladness and of joyfulness
Make me to hear the voice;
c That so these very bones which Thou
Hast broken may rejoice.

p 5 All mine iniquities blot out,
Thy face hide from my sin.
Create a clean heart, Lord, renew
A right spirit me within.

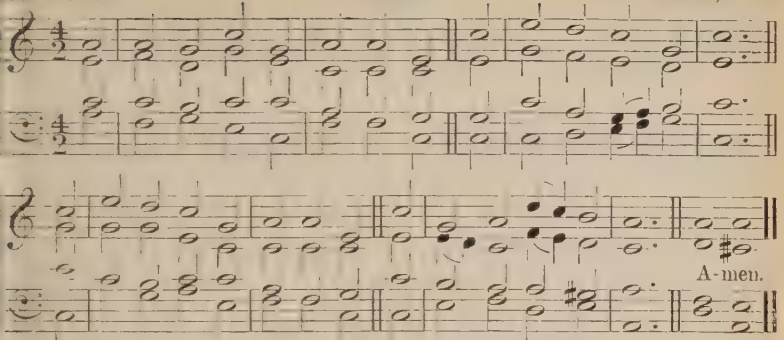
6 Cast me not from Thy sight, nor take
Thy Holy Spirit away.
Restore me Thy salvation's joy;
With Thy free Spirit me stay.

mf 7 Then will I teach Thy ways unto
Those that transgressors be;
And those that sinners are shall then
Be turnèd unto Thee. Amen.

650

Colesbill.

BARTON'S *Psalms*, 1644.



PSALM LI. 15—17.

mp MY closèd lips, O Lord, by Thee
Let them be openèd;
Then shall Thy praises by my mouth
Abroad be publishèd.

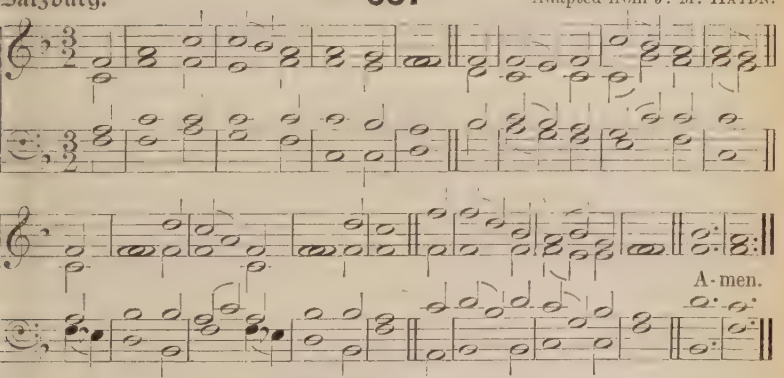
2 For Thou desir'st not sacrifice,
Else would I give it Thee;
Nor wilt Thou with burnt-offering
At all delighted be.

3 A broken spirit is to God
A pleasing sacrifice:
A broken and a contrite heart,
Lord, Thou wilt not despise. AMEN.

651

Salzburg.

Adapted from J. M. HAYDN.



PSALM LXI. 1—4.

mp O GOD, give ear unto my cry;
Unto my prayer attend:
From the utmost corner of the land
My cry to Thee I 'll send.

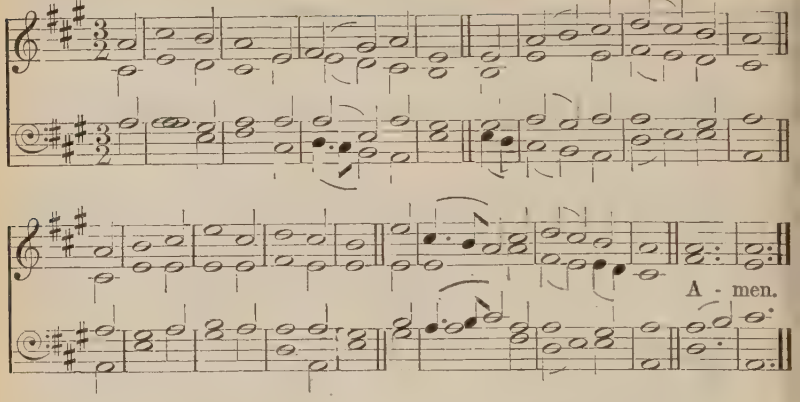
2 What time my heart is overwhelmed
And in perplexity,
c Do Thou me lead unto the Rock
That higher is than I.

mf 3 For Thou hast for my refuge been
A shelter by Thy power;
And for defence against my foes
Thou hast been a strong tower.

4 Within Thy tabernacle I
For ever will abide,
And under covert of Thy wings
With confidence me hide. AMEN.

St. Thomas. 652

ASHWORTH'S *Collection* (1760 ?).



PSALM LXII. 5—8.

mf MY soul, wait thou with patience
Upon thy God alone;
On Him dependeth all my hope
And expectation.

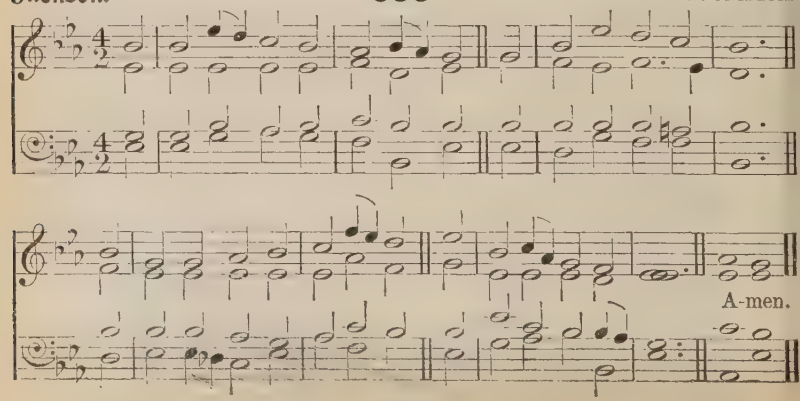
2 He only my salvation is,
And my strong rock is He;
He only is my sure defence:
I shall not movèd be.

3 In God my glory placèd is,
And my salvation sure;
In God the rock is of my strength,
My refuge most secure.

f 4 Ye people, place your confidence
In Him continually;
Before Him pour ye out your heart:
God is our refuge high. AMEN.

Jackson. 653

T. JACKSON.



PSALM LXIII. 1—8.

f LORD, Thee, my God, I 'll early seek;
My soul doth thirst for Thee;
My flesh longs in a dry parched land,
Wherein no waters be;

2 That I Thy power may behold,
And brightness of Thy face,
As I have seen Thee heretofore
Within Thy holy place.

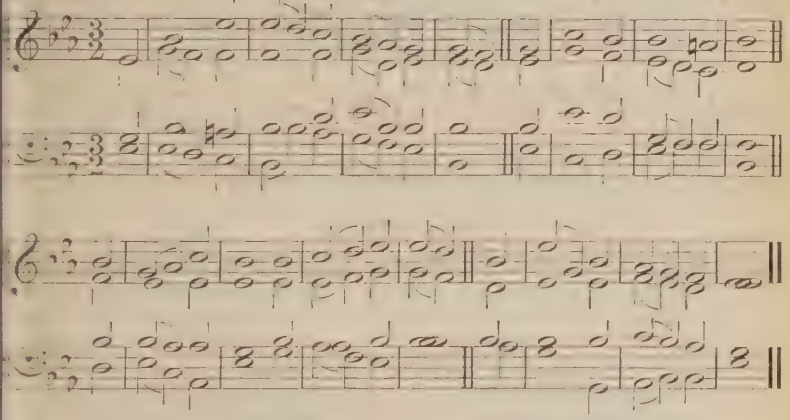
c 3 Since better is Thy love than life,
My lips Thee praise shall give:
f I in Thy name will lift my hands,
And bless Thee while I live.

4 Even as with marrow and with fat
My soul shall filled be;
Then shall my mouth with joyful lips
Sing praises unto Thee,

mf 5 When I do Thee upon my bed
Remember with delight,
And when on Thee I meditate
In watches of the night.

6 In shadow of Thy wings I 'll joy;
For Thou mine help hast been.
My soul Thee follows hard; and me
Thy right hand doth sustain. AMEN.

Abridge. **654** I. SMITH.



PSALM LXV. 1—5.

f PRAISE waits for Thee in Sion, Lord:
To Thee vows paid shall be.
O Thou That Hearer art of prayer,
All flesh shall come to Thee.

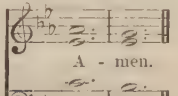
p 2 Iniquities, I must confess,
Prevail against me do;
c But, as for our transgressions,
Them purge away shalt Thou.

mf 3 Blessed is the man whom Thou dost choose,
And mak'st approach to Thee,
That he within Thy courts, O Lord,
May still a dweller be.

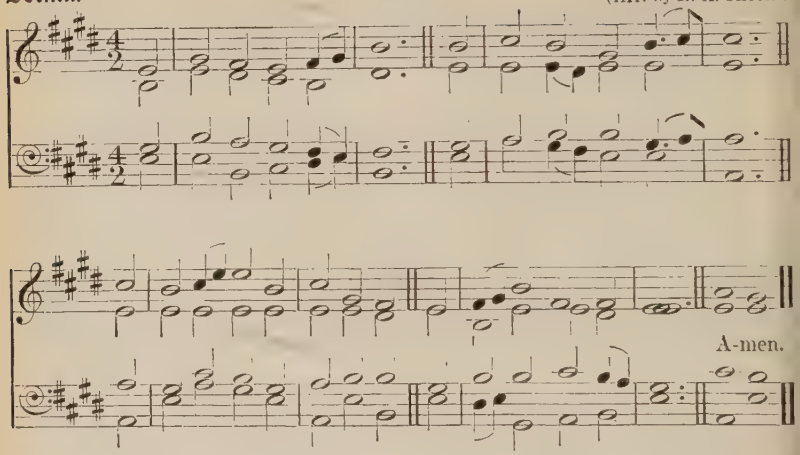
4 We surely shall be satisfied
With Thy abundant grace,
And with the goodness of Thy house,
Even of Thy holy place.

5 O God of our salvation,
Thou, in Thy righteousness,
By fearful works unto our prayers
Thine answer dost express;

f 6 Therefore the ends of all the earth,
And those afar that be
Upon the sea, their confidence,
O Lord, will place in Thee.



Selma. **655** Old Scottish Melody. (Arr. by R. A. SMITH.)



[May be sung to 'Boylston,' No. 406.]

PSALM LXVII.

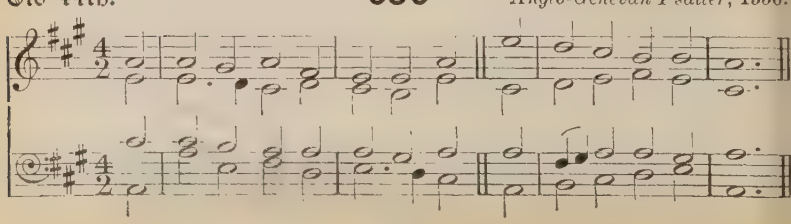
mf LORD, bless and pity us,
Shine on us with Thy face,
That the earth Thy way, and nations all
May know Thy saving grace.

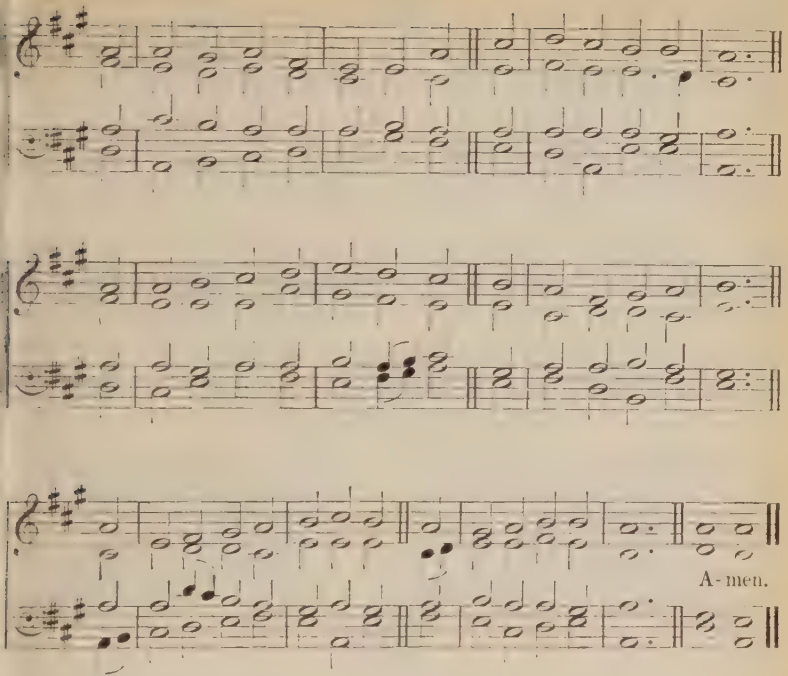
2 Let people praise Thee, Lord;
Let people all Thee praise;
f O let the nations be glad,
In songs their voices raise.

mf 3 Thou 'lt justly people judge,
On earth rule nations all.
f Let people praise Thee, Lord; let them
Praise Thee, both great and small.

4 The earth her fruit shall yield;
Our God shall blessing send;
God shall us bless; men shall Him fear
Unto earth's utmost end. AMEN.

Old 44th. **656** *Anglo-Genevan Psalter*, 1556.





PSALM LXVIII. 4, 5, 7—10.

f TO God sing, to His name sing praise:
Extol Him with your voice
That rides on heaven, by His name JAH;
Before His face rejoice.
Because the Lord a father is
Unto the fatherless;
God is the widow's judge, within
His place of holiness.

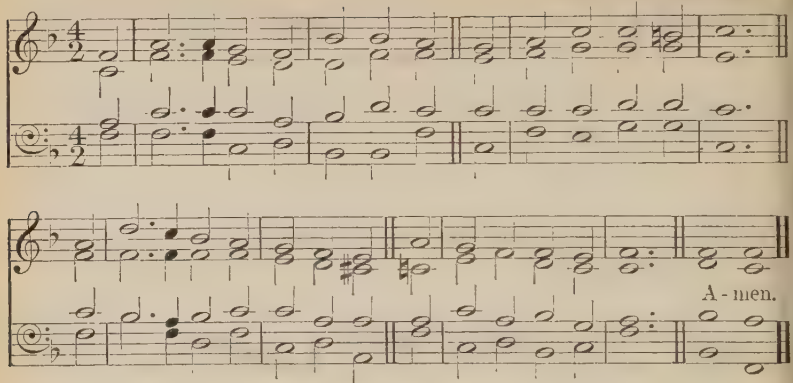
mf 2 O God, what time Thou didst go forth
Before Thy people's face,
And when through the great wilderness
Thy glorious marching was,
f Then at God's presence shook the earth,
Then drops from heaven fell;
This Sinai shook before the Lord,
The God of Israel.

mf 3 O God, Thou to Thine heritage
Didst send a plenteous rain,
Whereby Thou, when it weary was,
Didst it refresh again.
Thy congregation then did make
Their habitation there:
Of Thine own goodness for the poor,
O God, Thou didst prepare. AMEN.

Winchester Old.

657

ESTE'S *Psalter*, 1592.
(Adapted from C. TYE, 1553?)



PSALM LXVIII. 18—20.

f THOU hast, O Lord, most glorious,
Ascended up on high,
And in triumph victorious led
Captive captivity.

mf 2 Thou hast receivèd gifts for men,
For such as did rebel;
Yea, even for them, that God the Lord
In midst of them might dwell.

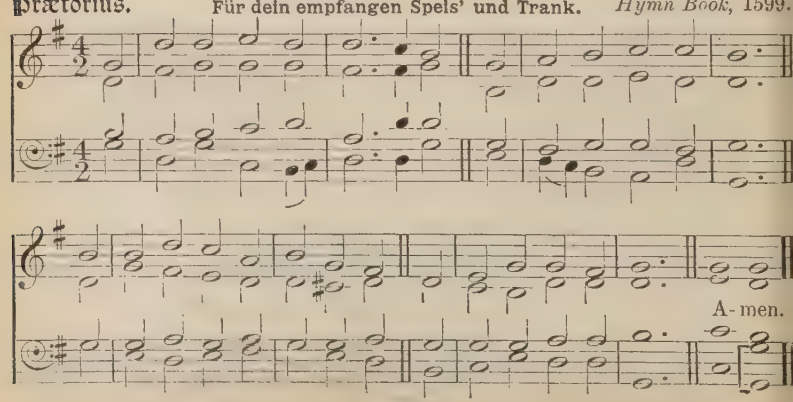
3 Blessed be the Lord, Who is to us
Of our salvation God,
Who daily with His benefits
Us plenteously doth load.

f 4 He of salvation is the God,
Who is our God most strong;
And unto God the Lord from death
The issues do belong. AMEN.

658

Prætorius. **Für dein empfangen Speis' und Trank.**

Görlitz Hymn Book, 1599.



PSALM LXXII. 1—8.

mf O LORD, Thy judgments give the king,
His son Thy righteousness.
With right he shall Thy people judge,
Thy poor with uprightness.

2 The lofty mountains shall bring forth
Unto the people peace;
Likewise the little hills the same
Shall do by righteousness.

mp 3 The people's poor ones he shall judge,
The needy's children save;
And those shall he in pieces break
Who them oppressed have.

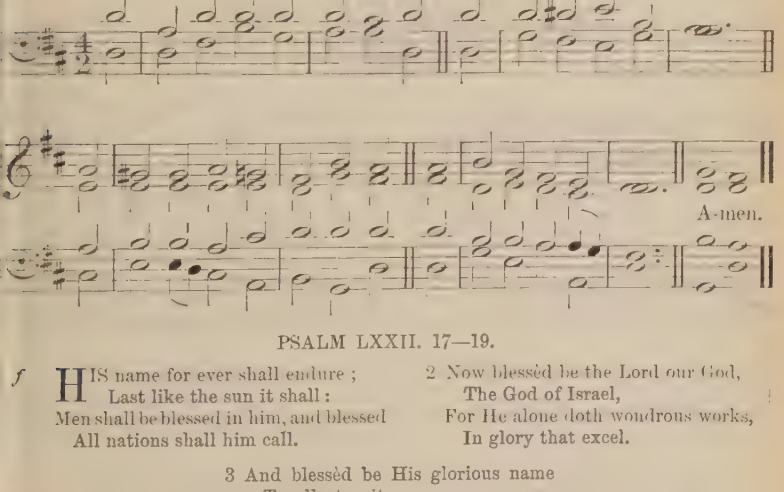
mf 4 They shall Thee fear, while sun and moon
Do last, through ages all.
Like rain on mown grass he shall drop,
Or showers on earth that fall.

5 The just shall flourish in his days,
And prosper in his reign;
He shall, while doth the moon endure,
Abundant peace maintain.

6 His large and great dominion shall
From sea to sea extend:
a It from the river shall reach forth
Unto earth's utmost end. AMEN.

659

Waldeck. **Du, Gott, bist über alles Herr.** J. H. KNECHT.



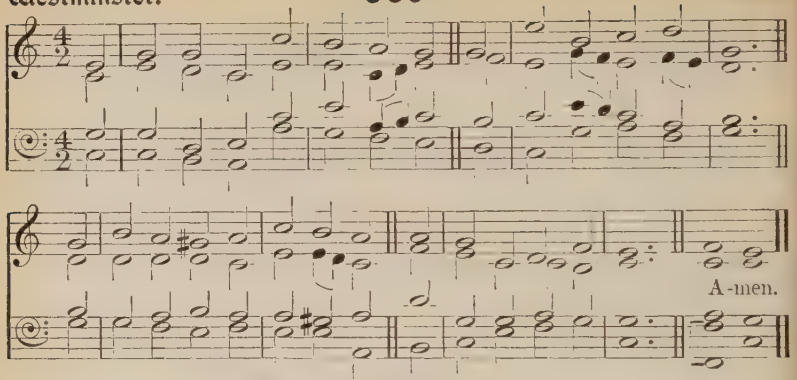
PSALM LXXII. 17—19.

f HIS name for ever shall endure;
Last like the sun it shall:
Men shall be blessed in him, and blessed
All nations shall him call.

2 Now blessèd be the Lord our God,
The God of Israel,
For He alone doth wondrous works,
In glory that excel.

3 And blessèd be His glorious name
To all eternity:
The whole earth let His glory fill.
Amen, so let it be. AMEN.

Westminster. **660** J. Turle.



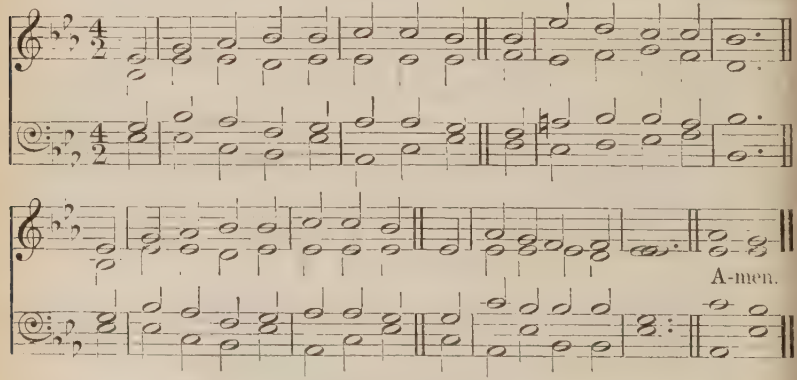
PSALM LXXIII. 24—26.

mf THOU with Thy counsel, while I live,
Wilt me conduct and guide,
And to Thy glory afterward
Receive me to abide.

2 Whom have I in the heavens high
But Thee, O Lord, alone?
And in the earth whom I desire
Besides Thee there is none.

p 3 My flesh and heart doth faint and fail,
mf But God doth fail me never;
For of my heart God is the strength
And portion for ever. Amen.

Tallis's Ordinal. **661** T. Tallis.



PSALM LXXX. 1—3, 17—19.

mf HEAR, Israel's Shepherd! like a flock
Thou That dost Joseph guide;
Shine forth, O Thou That dost between
The cherubim abide.

2 In Ephraim's, and Benjamin's,
And in Manasseh's sight,
O come for our salvation;
Stir up Thy strength and might.

p 3 Turn us again, O Lord our God,
And upon us vouchsafe
To make Thy countenance to shine,
And so we shall be safe.

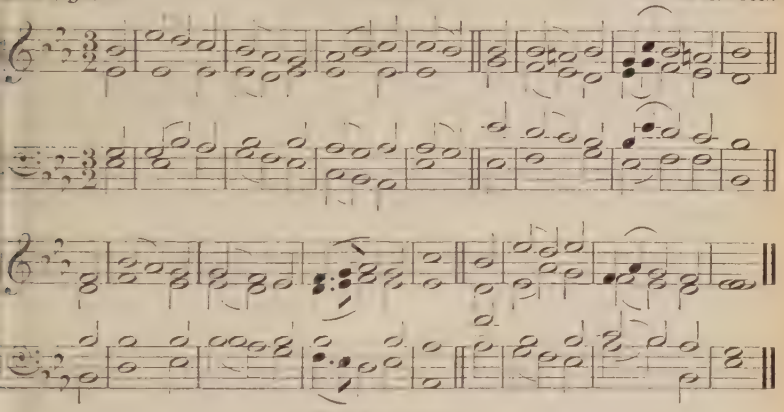
4 O let Thy hand be still upon
The Man of Thy right hand,
The Son of man, Whom for Thyself
Thou madest strong to stand.

5 So henceforth we will not go back,
Nor turn from Thee at all;
O do Thou quicken us, and we
Upon Thy name will call.

cresc. 6 Turn us again, Lord God of hosts,
And upon us vouchsafe
To make Thy countenance to shine,
mf And so we shall be safe. AMEN.

662

barington. H. HARINGTON.



PSALM LXXXIV.

mf HOW lovely is Thy dwelling-place,
O Lord of hosts, to me!
The tabernacles of Thy grace
How pleasant, Lord, they be!

2 My thirsty soul longs vehemently,
Yea faints, Thy courts to see:
My very heart and flesh cry out,
O living God, for Thee.

3 Behold, the sparrow findeth out
An house wherein to rest;
The swallow also for herself
Hath purchasèd a nest,

4 Even Thine own altars, where she safe *mf*
Her young ones forth may bring,
O Thou almighty Lord of hosts,
Who art my God and King.

5 Blessed are they in Thy house that dwell;
They ever give Thee praise.
Blessed is the man whose strength Thou art,
In whose heart are Thy ways,

6 Who, passing thorough Baca's vale
Therein do dig up wells;
Also the rain that falleth down
The pools with water fills.

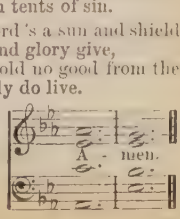
7 So they from strength unwearied go
Still forward unto strength,
Until in Sion they appear
Before the Lord at length.

p 8 Lord God of hosts, my prayer hear;
O Jacob's God, give ear.
cresc. See God our shield, look on the face
Of Thine anointed dear.

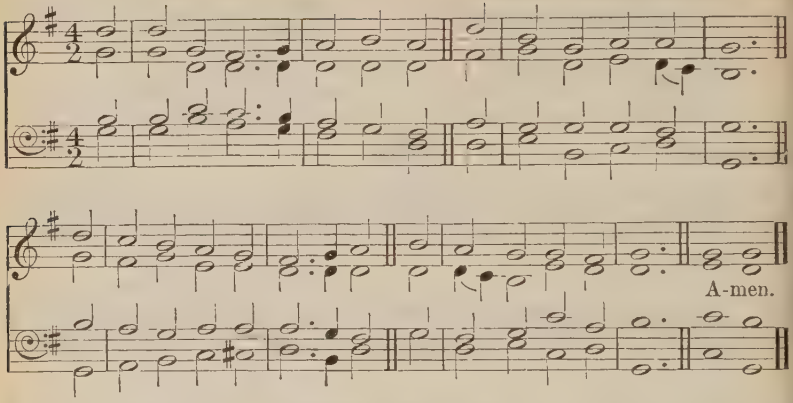
9 For in Thy courts one day excels
A thousand; rather in
My God's house will I keep a door
Than dwell in tents of sin.

10 For God the Lord 's a sun and shield:
He 'll grace and glory give,
And will withhold no good from them
That uprightly do live.

f 11 O Thou That art the Lord of hosts,
That man is truly blessed
Who by assurèd confidence
On Thee alone doth rest.



Bon Accord. **663** *Scottish Psalter, Aberdeen,* 1625.



PSALM LXXXIX. 1—8.

mf GOD'S mercies I will ever sing;
And with my mouth I shall
Thy faithfulness make to be known
To generations all.

2 For mercy shall be built, said I,
For ever to endure;
Thy faithfulness, even in the heavens,
Thou wilt establish sure.

mp 3 'I with My chosen One have made
A covenant graciously;
And to My servant, whom I loved,
To David sworn have I,

4 'That I thy seed establish shall
For ever to remain,
And will to generations all
Thy throne build and maintain.'

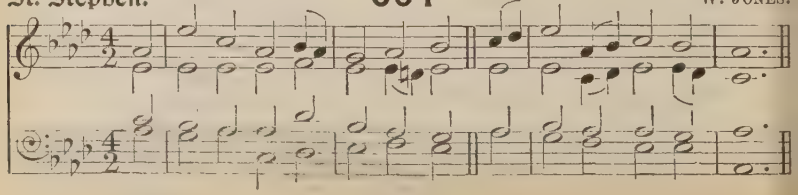
f 5 The praises of Thy wonders, Lord,
The heavens shall express,
And in the congregation
Of saints Thy faithfulness.

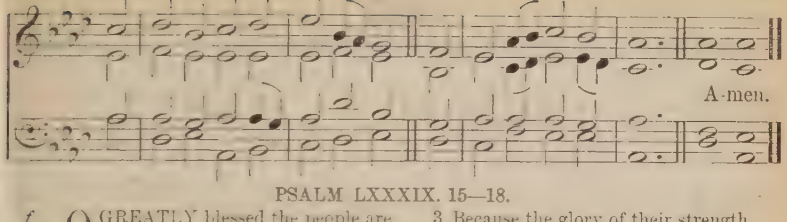
6 For who in heaven with the Lord
May once himself compare?
Who is like God among the sons
Of those that mighty are?

p 7 Great fear in meeting of the saints
Is due unto the Lord;
c And He of all about Him should
With reverence be adored.

mf 8 O Thou That art the Lord of hosts,
What Lord in mightiness
Is like to Thee, Who compassed round
Art with Thy faithfulness? AMEN.

St. Stephen. **664** W. JONES.





PSALM LXXXIX. 15—18.

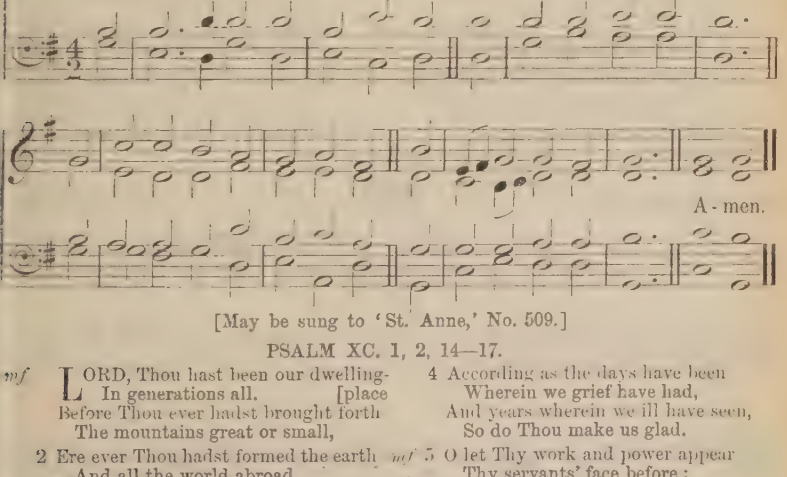
f O GREATLY blessed the people are
The joyful sound that know;
In brightness of Thy face, O Lord,
They ever on shall go.

mf 2 They in Thy name shall all the day
Rejoice exceedingly;
And in Thy righteousness shall they
Exalted be on high.

3 Because the glory of their strength
Doth only stand in Thee;
And in Thy favour shall our horn
And power exalted be.

f 4 For God is our defence; and He
To us doth safety bring:
The Holy One of Israel
Is our almighty King. AMEN.

Farrant. **665** R. FARRANT (?).



[May be sung to 'St. Anne,' No. 509.]

PSALM XC. 1, 2, 14—17.

mf LORD, Thou hast been our dwelling-
In generations all. [place
Before Thou ever hadst brought forth
The mountains great or small,

2 Ere ever Thou hadst formed the earth
And all the world abroad,
f Even Thou from everlasting art
To everlasting God.

p 3 O with Thy tender mercies, Lord,
Us early satisfy;
So we rejoice shall all our days,
And still be glad in Thee.

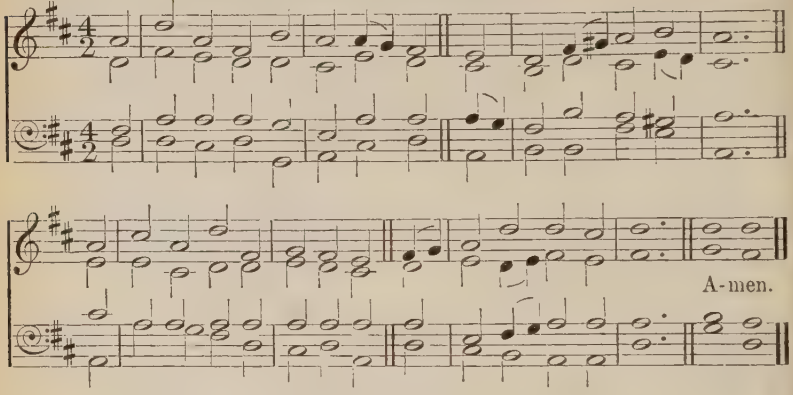
4 According as the days have been
Wherein we grief have had,
And years wherein we ill have seen,
So do Thou make us glad.

mf 5 O let Thy work and power appear
Thy servants' face before;
And show unto their children dear
Thy glory evermore;

6 And let the beauty of the Lord
Our God be us upon;
Our handyworks establish Thou,
Establish them each one. AMEN.

666

Devonshire. Singt unserm Herrn ein dankvoll Lied. J. G. Frech.



PSALM XCII. 1—4.

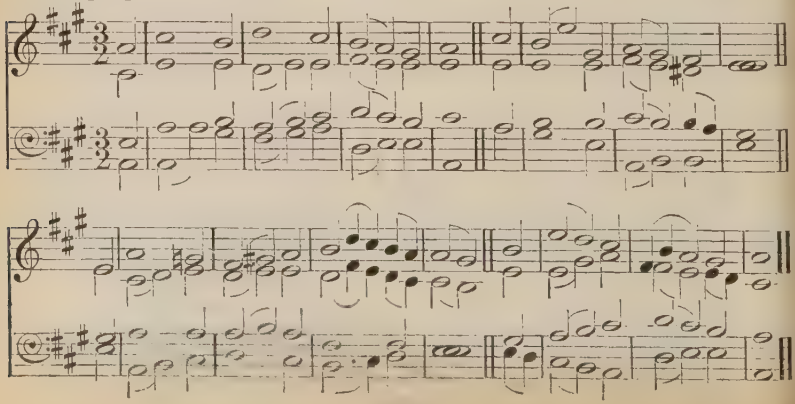
mf TO render thanks unto the Lord
It is a comely thing,
And to Thy name, O Thou Most High,
Due praise aloud to sing;

2 Thy loving-kindness to show forth
When shines the morning light;
And to declare Thy faithfulness
With pleasure every night,

3 On a ten-stringèd instrument,
Upon the psaltery,
And on the harp with solemn sound
And grave sweet melody.

f 4 For Thou, Lord, by Thy mighty works
Hast made my heart right glad;
And I will triumph in the works
Which by Thine hands were made.
AMEN.

St. Gregory. 667 R. Wainwright.



PSALM XCIII.

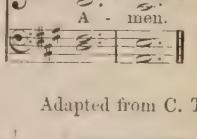
f THE Lord doth reign, and clothed
With majesty most bright: is He
His works do show Him clothed to be,
And girt about with might.

2 The world is also stablished,
That it cannot depart;
Thy throne is fixed of old, and Thou
From everlasting art.

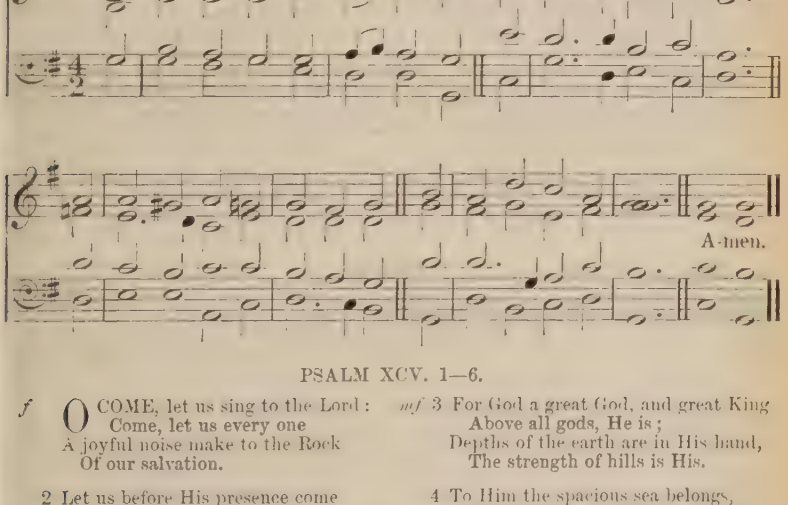
3 The floods, O Lord, have lifted up,
They lifted up their voice;
The floods have lifted up their waves,
And made a mighty noise.

ff 4 But yet the Lord, That is on high,
Is more of might by far
Than noise of many waters is,
Or great sea-billows are.

mf 5 Thy testimonies every one
In faithfulness excel;
And holiness for ever, Lord,
Thine house becometh well.



Southwark. **668** Adapted from C. Tye.



PSALM XCV. 1—6.

f O COME, let us sing to the Lord:
Come, let us every one
A joyful noise make to the Rock
Of our salvation.

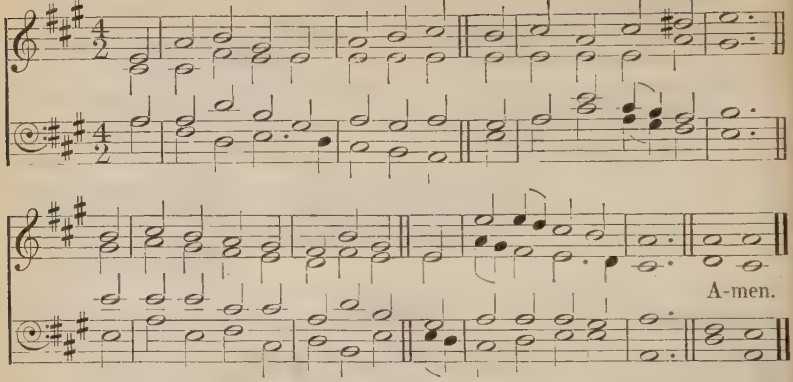
2 Let us before His presence come
With praise and thankful voice;
Let us sing psalms to Him with grace,
And make a joyful noise.

mf 3 For God a great God, and great King
Above all gods, He is;
Depths of the earth are in His hand,
The strength of hills is His.

4 To Him the spacious sea belongs,
For He the same did make;
The dry land also from His hands
Its form at first did take.

mp 5 O come, and let us worship Him:
Let us bow down withal,
And on our knees before the Lord
Our Maker let us fall. AMEN.

St. Magnus. 669 J. Clark.



PSALM XCVI. 1—7.

mf O SING a new song to the Lord ;
Sing all the earth to God :
To God sing, bless His name, show
His saving health abroad. [still

2 Among the heathen nations
His glory do declare ;
And unto all the people show
His works that wondrous are.

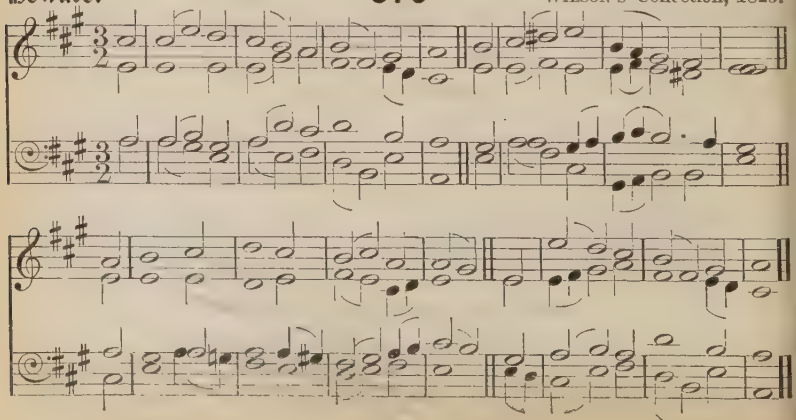
f 3 For great 's the Lord, and greatly He
Is to be magnified ;
Yea, worthy to be feared is He
Above all gods beside.

4 For all the gods are idols dumb
Which blinded nations fear ;
But our God is the Lord, by Whom
The heavens created were.

mf 5 Great honour is before His face,
And majesty divine ;
Strength is within His holy place,
And there doth beauty shine.

f 6 Do ye ascribe unto the Lord,
Of people every tribe,
Glory do ye unto the Lord
And mighty power ascribe. Amen.

Howard. 670 Wilson's Collection, 1825.



PSALM XCVI. 8—13.

mf GIVE ye the glory to the Lord
That to His name is due;
Come ye into His courts, and bring
An offering with you.

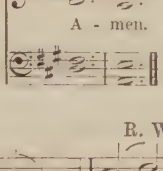
2 In beauty of His holiness,
O do the Lord adore;
d Likewise let all the earth throughout
Tremble His face before.

mf 3 Among the heathen say, 'God reigns';
The world shall steadfastly
Be fixed from moving; He shall judge
The people righteously.

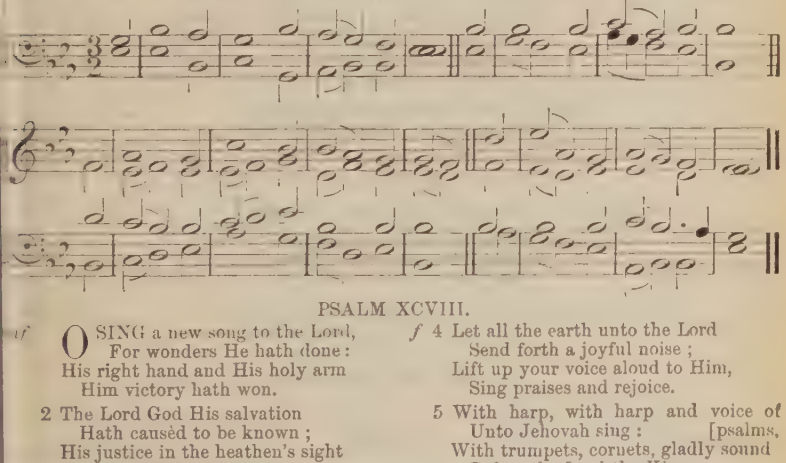
f 4 Let heavens be glad before the Lord,
And let the earth rejoice;
Let seas, and all that is therein,
Cry out, and make a noise.

5 Let fields rejoice, and everything
That springeth of the earth:
Then woods and every tree shall sing
With gladness and with mirth

6 Before the Lord, because He comes,
To judge the earth comes He: [ness,
He 'll judge the world with righteous-
The people faithfully.



Manchester. **671** R. WAINWRIGHT.



PSALM XCVIII.

tf O SING a new song to the Lord,
For wonders He hath done:
His right hand and His holy arm
Him victory hath won.

2 The Lord God His salvation
Hath caused to be known;
His justice in the heathen's sight
He openly hath shown.

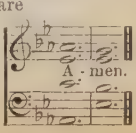
3 He mindful of His grace and truth
To Israel's house hath been;
And the salvation of our God
All ends of the earth have seen.

f 4 Let all the earth unto the Lord
Send forth a joyful noise;
Lift up your voice aloud to Him,
Sing praises and rejoice.

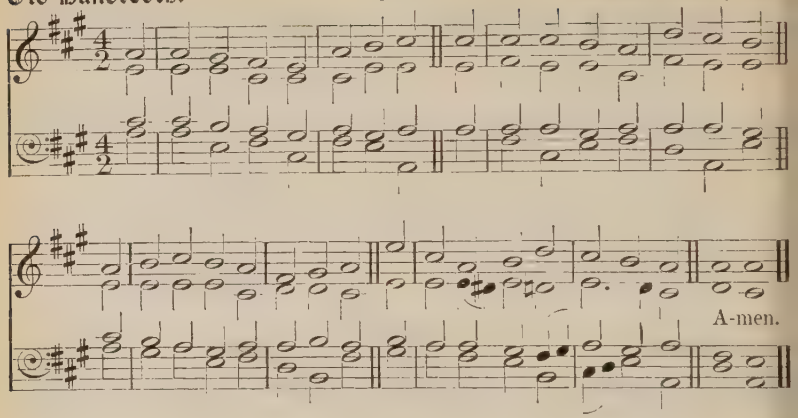
5 With harp, with harp and voice of [psalms,
Unto Jehovah sing:
With trumpets, cornets, gladly sound
Before the Lord the King.

6 Let seas and all their fulness roar,
The world, and dwellers there;
Let floods clap hands, and let the hills
Together joy declare

7 Before the Lord, because He comes,
To judge the earth comes He:
He 'll judge the world with righteousness,
His folk with equity.



Old Hundredth. **672** *Genevan Psalter*, 1551.



PSALM C.

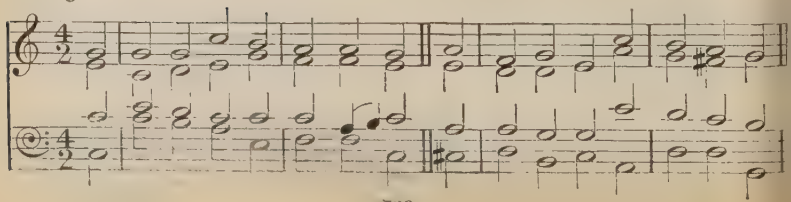
f ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

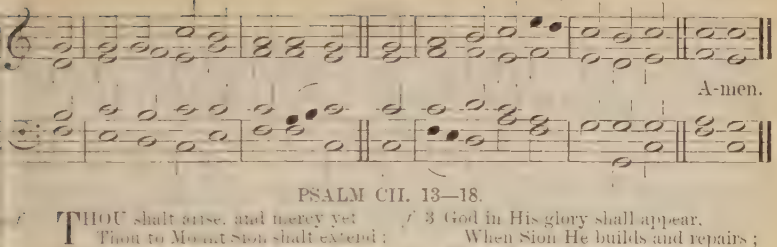
mf 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed:
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His folk, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

Unis. *f* 3 O enter then His gates with praise;
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

Har. *mf* 4 For why, the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
c His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure. AMEN.

Mainzer. **673** J. MAINZER.





PSALM CII. 13—18.

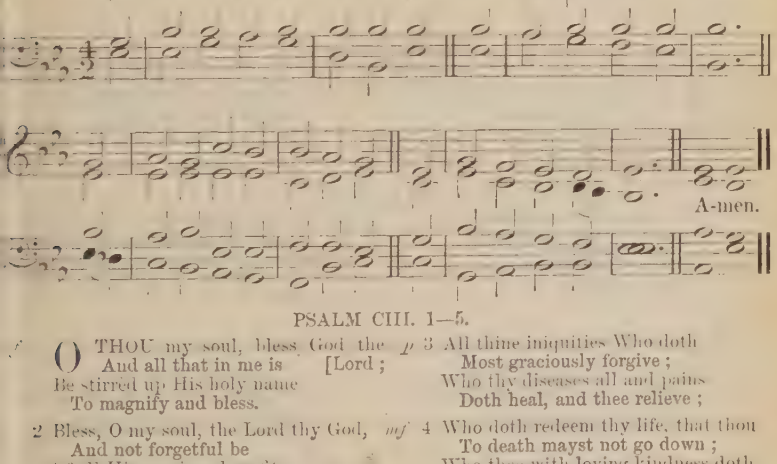
f THOU shalt arise, and mercy yet
Thou to Mount Sion shalt extend:
Her time for favour which was set,
Behold, is now come to an end.

2 Thy saints take pleasure in her stones:
Her very dust to them is dear.
All heathen lands and kingly thrones
On earth Thy glorious name shall fear.

f 3 God in His glory shall appear.
When Sion He builds and repairs;
d He shall regard and lend His ear
Unto the needy's humble prayers.

p 4 The afflicted's prayer He will not scorn:
All times this shall be on record;
f And generations yet unborn
Shall praise and magnify the Lord.
AMEN.

St. Peter. **674** A. R. REINAGLE.



PSALM CIII. 1—5.

f O THOU my soul, bless God the Lord;
And all that in me is
Be stirred up His holy name
To magnify and bless.

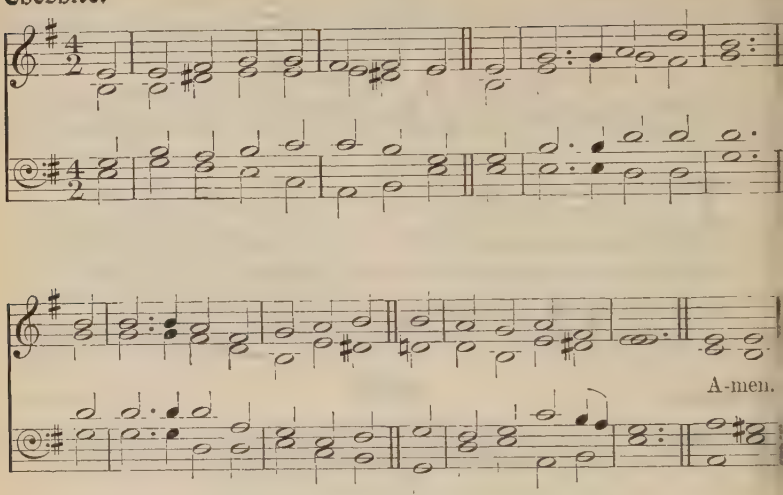
2 Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,
And not forgetful be
Of all His gracious benefits
He hath bestowed on thee:

p 3 All thine iniquities Who doth
Most graciously forgive;
Who thy diseases all and pains
Doth heal, and thee relieve;

mf 4 Who doth redeem thy life, that thou
To death mayst not go down;
Who thee with loving-kindness doth
And tender mercies crown;

5 Who with abundance of good things
Doth satisfy thy mouth,
So that, even as the eagle's age,
Renewèd is thy youth. AMEN.

Chesbire. **675** Este's *Psalter*, 1592.



PSALM CIII. 8—17.

mf THE Lord our God is merciful,
And He is gracious,
Long-suffering, and slow to wrath,
In mercy plenteous.

p 2 He will not chide continually,
Nor keep His anger still;
With us He dealt not as we sinned,
Nor did requite our ill.

mf 3 For, as the heaven in its height
The earth surmounteth far,
So great to those that do Him fear
His tender mercies are.

4 As far as east is distant from
The west, so far hath He
From us removèd, in His love,
All our iniquity.

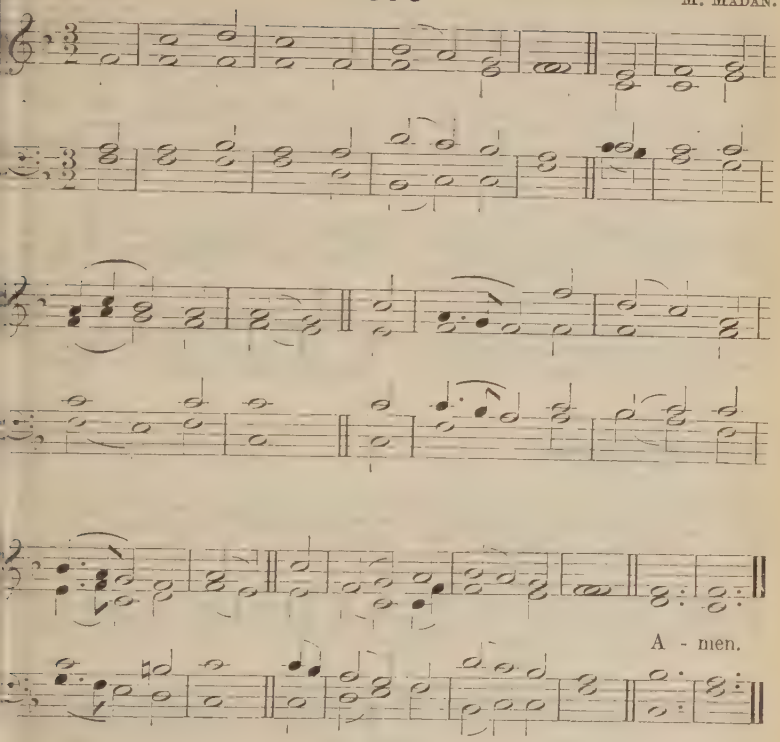
mp 5 Such pity as a father hath
Unto his children dear,
Like pity shows the Lord to such
As worship Him in fear.

6 For He remembers we are dust,
And He our frame well knows.
Frail man, his days are like the gras
As flower in field he grows;

p 7 For over it the wind doth pass,
And it away is gone;
And of the place where once it was
It shall no more be known.

mf 8 But unto them that do Him fear
God's mercy never ends;
c And to their children's children still
His righteousness extends. AMEN

Huddersfield. **676** M. Madan.



PSALM CVI. 1—5.

GIVE praise and thanks unto the *mp* For bountiful is He; [Lord,
His tender mercy doth endure
Unto eternity.

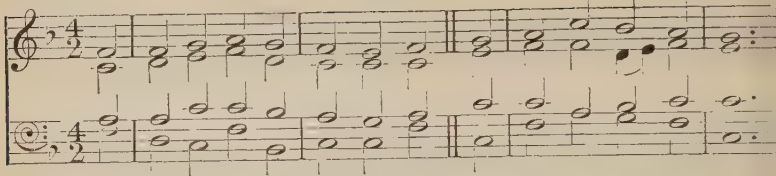
2 God's mighty works who can express, *mf*
Or show forth all His praise?
Blessèd are they that judgment keep,
And justly do always.

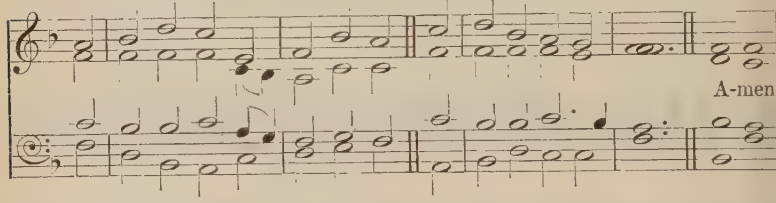
3 Remember me, Lord, with that love
Which Thou to Thine dost bear;
With Thy salvation, O my God,
To visit me draw near:

4 That I Thy chosen's good may see,
And in their joy rejoice;
And may with Thine inheritance
Triumph with cheerful voice.

Amen.

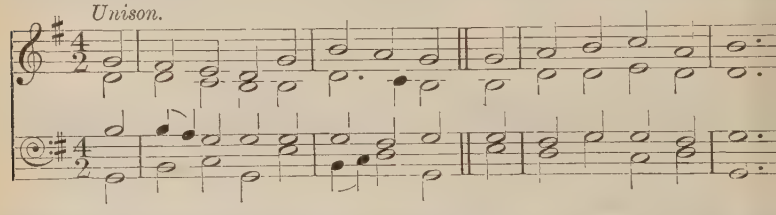
St. Etheldreda (*1st Tune*). **677** T. Tubton

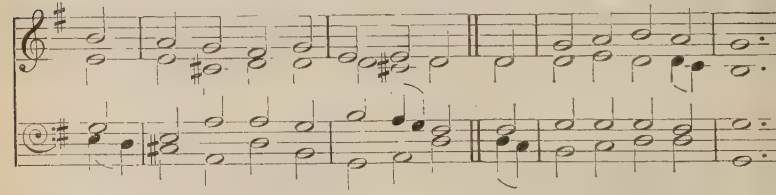


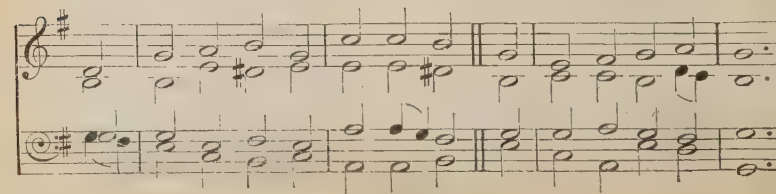


Old 137th (*2nd Tune*). *Anglo-Genevan Psalter*, 155

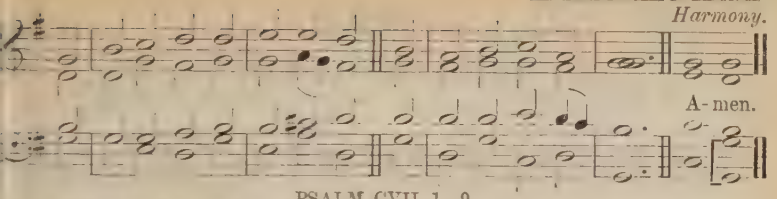
Unison.







Harmony.



PSALM CVII. 1—9.

PRAISE God, for He is good: for still
His mercies lasting be.
Let God's redeemed say so, whom He
From the enemy's hand did free;

2 And gathered them out of the lands,
From north, south, east, and west.
They strayed in desert's pathless way,
No city found to rest.

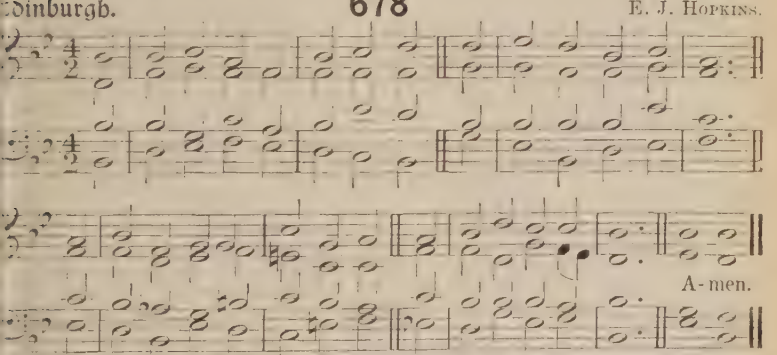
3 For thirst and hunger in them faints
Their soul. When straits them press,
They cry unto the Lord, and He
Them frees from their distress.

mf 4 Them also in a way to walk
That right is He did guide,
That they might to a city go
Wherein they might abide.

f 5 O that men to the Lord would give
Praise for His goodness then,
And for His works of wonder done
Unto the sons of men!

6 For He the soul that longing is
Doth fully satisfy;
With goodness He the hungry soul
Doth fill abundantly. AMEN.

Edinburgh. **678** E. J. HOPKINS.



PSALM CX.

THE Lord did say unto my Lord,
'Sit Thou at My right hand,
Until I make Thy foes a stool
Whereon Thy feet may stand.'

2 The Lord shall out of Sion send
The rod of Thy great power:
In midst of all Thine enemies
Be Thou the Governor.

3 A willing people in Thy day
Of power shall come to Thee;
In holy beauties, from morn's womb,
Thy youth like dew shall be.

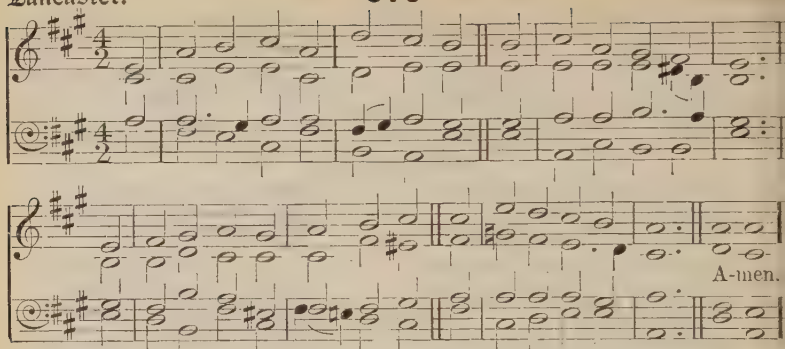
4 The Lord Himself hath made an oath,
And will repent Him never:
'Of the order of Melchisedec
Thou art a Priest for ever.'

5 The glorious and mighty Lord,
That sits at Thy right hand,
Shall, in His day of wrath, strike through
Kings that do Him withstand.

6 He shall among the heathen judge;
He shall with bodies dead
The places fill: o'er many lands
He wound shall every head.

mf 7 The brook that runneth in the way
With drink shall Him supply;
c And, for this cause, in triumph He
Shall lift His head on high. AMEN.

Lancaster. **679** S. Howard.



PSALM CXI.

mf PRAISE ye the Lord: with my whole heart
I will God's praise declare,
Where the assemblies of the just
And congregations are.

2 The whole works of the Lord our God
Are great above all measure;
Sought out they are of every one
That doth therein take pleasure.

3 His work most honourable is,
Most glorious and pure,
And His untainted righteousness
For ever doth endure.

mp 4 His works most wonderful He hath
Made to be thought upon;
The Lord is gracious, and He is
Full of compassion.

5 He giveth meat unto all those
That truly do Him fear;
And evermore His covenant
He in His mind will bear.

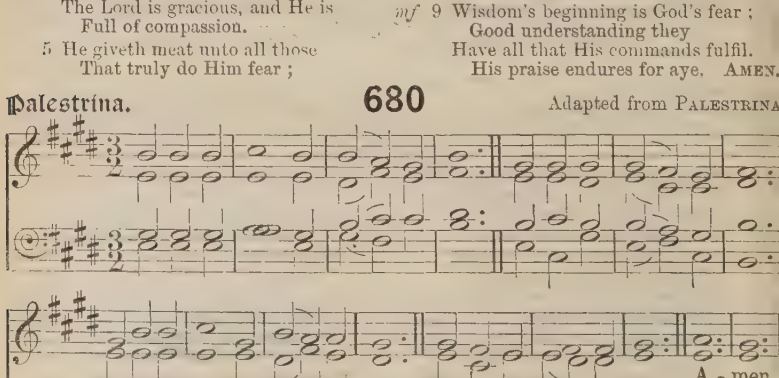
f 6 He did the power of His works
Unto His people show,
When He the heathen's heritage
Upon them did bestow.

7 His handyworks are truth and right;
All His commands are sure;
And, done in truth and uprightness,
They evermore endure.

8 He sent redemption to His folk;
His covenant for aye
d He did command: holy His name
p And reverend is alway.

mf 9 Wisdom's beginning is God's fear;
Good understanding they
Have all that His commands fulfil.
His praise endures for aye. AMEN.

Palestrina. **680** Adapted from Palestrina



PSALM CXVI. 1—7.

I LOVE the Lord, because my voice
And prayers He did hear:
1, while I live, will call on Him
Who bowed to me His ear.

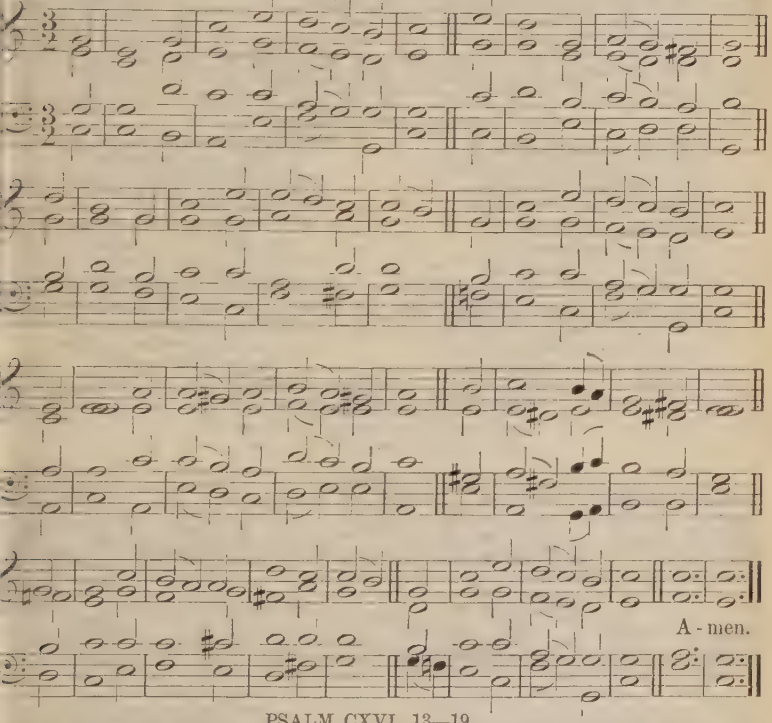
2 Of death the cords and sorrows did
About me compass round:
The pains of hell took hold on me,
I grief and trouble found:

3 Upon the name of God the Lord
Then did I call, and say,
'Deliver Thou my soul, O Lord,
I do Thee humbly pray.'

4 God merciful and righteous is,
Yea, gracious is our Lord.
God saves the meek: I was brought low,
He did me help afford.

5 O thou my soul, do thou return
Unto thy quiet rest;
For largely, lo, the Lord to thee
His bounty hath expressed. AMEN.

St. Matthew. **681** W. CROFT.



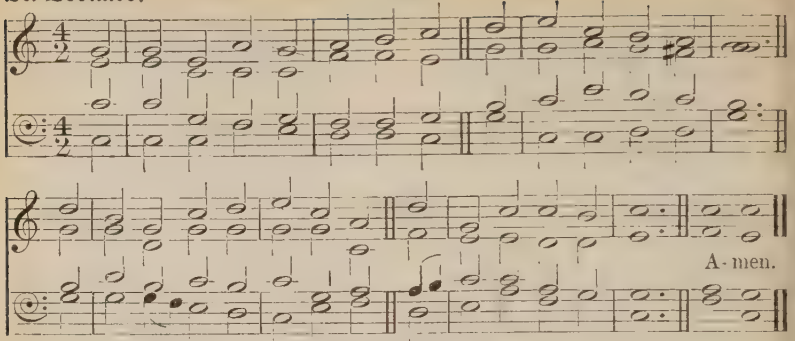
PSALM CXVI. 13—19.

I 'LL of salvation take the cup,
On God's name will I call:
I 'll pay my vows now to the Lord
Before His people all.

Dear in God's sight is His saints' death.
Thy servant, Lord, am I;
Thy servant sure, Thine handmaid's son:
My bands Thou didst untie.

2 Thank-offerings I to Thee will give,
And on God's name will call:
I 'll pay my vows now to the Lord
Before His people all,
Within the courts of God's own house,
Within the midst of thee,
O city of Jerusalem.
Praise to the Lord give ye. AMEN.

St. Leonard. **682** H. Smart.



PSALM CXVIII. 19—29.

mf OPEN ye open unto me
The gates of righteousness;
Then will I enter into them,
And I the Lord will bless.

2 This is the gate of God, by it
The just shall enter in.
Thee will I praise, for Thou me
And hast my safety been. [heard'st,

3 That stone is made head corner-stone
Which builders did despise:
This is the doing of the Lord,
And wondrous in our eyes.

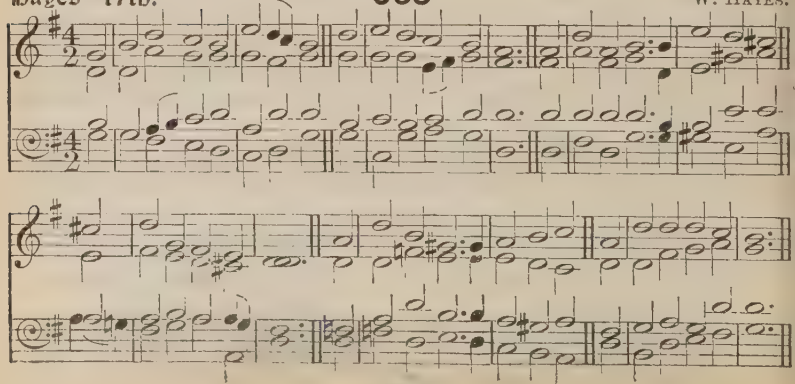
f 4 This is the day God made; in it
We 'll joy triumphantly:
Save now, I pray Thee, Lord; I pray,
Send now prosperity.

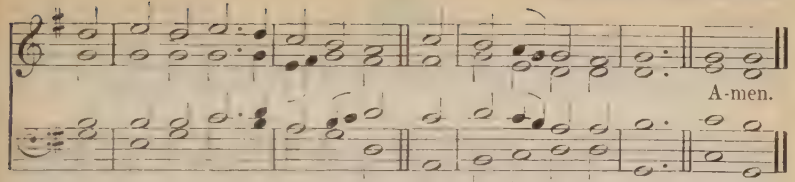
5 Blessèd is He in God's great name
That cometh us to save:
We, from the house which to the Lord
Pertains, you blessèd have.

mf 6 God is the Lord, Who unto us
Hath made light to arise:
Bind ye unto the altar's horns
With cords the sacrifice.

f 7 Thou art my God, I 'll Thee exalt;
My God, I will Thee praise.
Give thanks to God, for He is good:
His mercy lasts always. Amen.

Hayes' 47th. **683** W. Hayes.

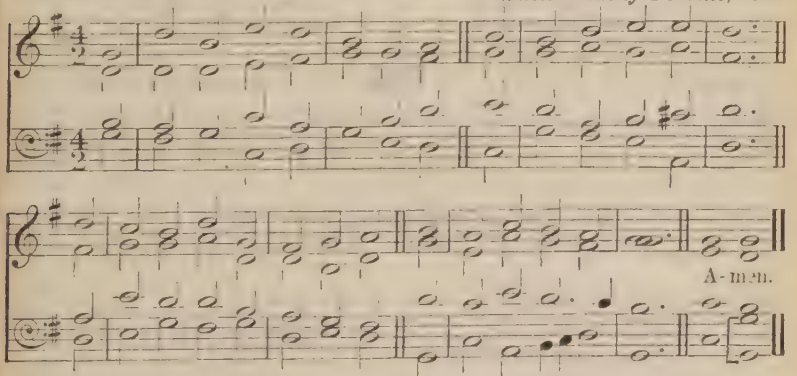




PSALM CXIX. 9—16.

mf BY what means shall a young man learn
His way to purify?
mp If he according to Thy word
Thereto attentive be.
p Unfeignedly Thee have I sought
With all my soul and heart:
O let me not from the right path
Of Thy commands depart.
mp 2 Thy word I in my heart have hid,
That I offend not Thee.
O Lord, Thou ever blessèd art:
Thy statutes teach Thou me.
The judgments of Thy mouth each one
My lips declared have;
More joy Thy testimonies' way
Than riches all me gave.
mf 3 I will Thy holy precepts make
My meditation;
And carefully I 'll have respect
Unto Thy ways each one.
Upon Thy statutes my delight
Shall constantly be set;
And, by Thy grace, I never will
Thy holy word forget. AMEN.

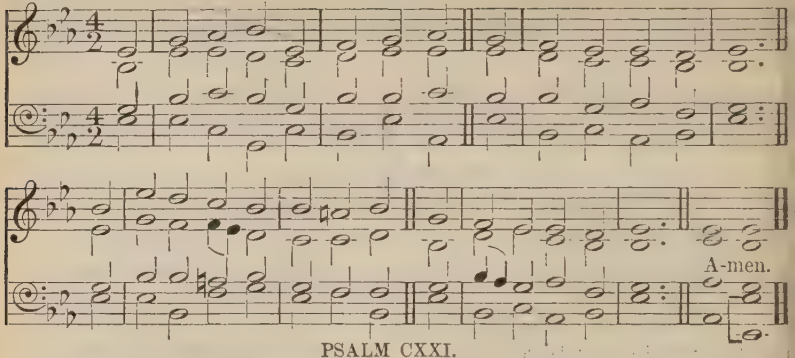
Ravenscroft. **684** RAVENSCROFT'S *Whole Booke of Psalmes*, 1621.



PSALM CXIX. 33—40.

mf TEACH me, O Lord, the perfect way
Of Thy precepts divine,
And to observe it to the end
I shall my heart incline.
2 Give understanding unto me:
So keep Thy law shall I;
Yea, even with my whole heart I shall
Observe it carefully.
3 In Thy law's path make me to go,
For I delight therein;
My heart unto Thy testimonies,
And not to greed, incline.
4 Turn Thou away my sight and eyes
From viewing vanity;
And in Thy good and holy way
Be pleased to quicken me.
5 Confirm to me Thy gracious word,
Which I did gladly hear,
Even to Thy servant, Lord, who is
Devoted to Thy fear.
6 Turn Thou away my feared reproach;
For good Thy judgments be.
Lo, for Thy precepts I have longed;
In Thy truth quicken me. AMEN.

French. **685** *Scottish Psalter*, 1615.



PSALM CXXI.

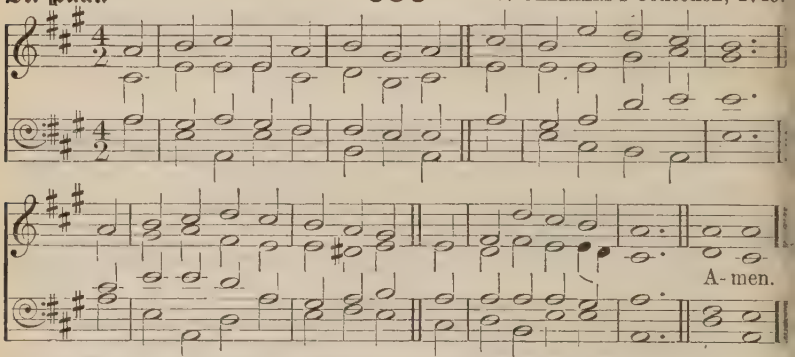
mf I TO the hills will lift mine eyes:
From whence doth come mine aid?
My safety cometh from the Lord,
Who heaven and earth hath made.

mp 2 Thy foot He 'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber That thee keeps.
Behold, He That keeps Israel,
He slumbers not, nor sleeps.

mf 3 The Lord thee keeps; the Lord thy
On thy right hand doth stay: [shade
The moon by night thee shall not smite,
Nor yet the sun by day.

4 The Lord shall keep thy soul; He shall
Preserve thee from all ill;
Henceforth thy going out and in
God keep for ever will. AMEN.

St. Paul. **686** J. CHALMERS's Collection, 1749.



PSALM CXXII.

mf I JOYED when 'To the house of God
Go up,' they said to me:
Jerusalem, within thy gates
Our feet shall standing be.

2 Jerusalem, as a city, is
Compactly built together:
Unto that place the tribes go up,
The tribes of God go thither,

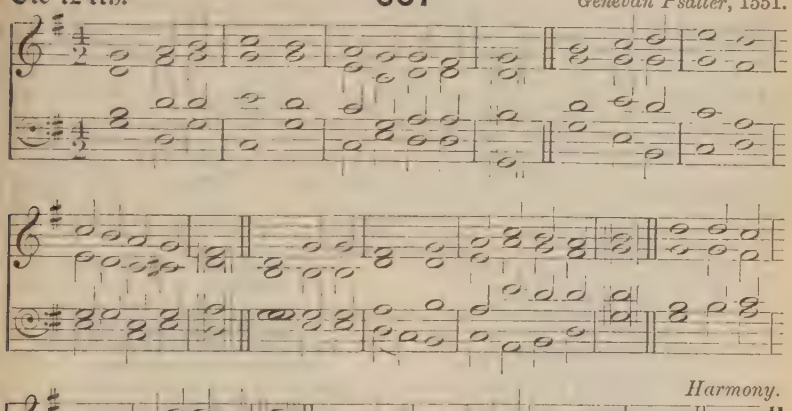
3 To Israel's testimony, there
To God's name thanks to pay:
For thrones of judgment, even the thrones
Of David's house, there stay.

mp 4 Pray that Jerusalem may have
Peace and felicity:
Let them that love thee and thy peace
Have still prosperity.

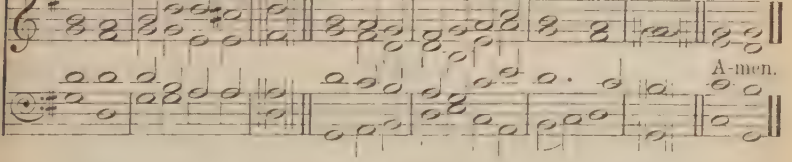
mf 5 Therefore I wish that peace may still
Within thy walls remain ;
And ever may thy palaces
Prosperity retain.

6 Now, for my friends' and brethren's
'Peace be in thee,' I 'll say ; [sakes,
And for the house of God our Lord
I 'll seek thy good alway. AMEN.

Old 124th. **687** *Genevan Psalter*, 1551.



Harmony.



PSALM CXXIV.

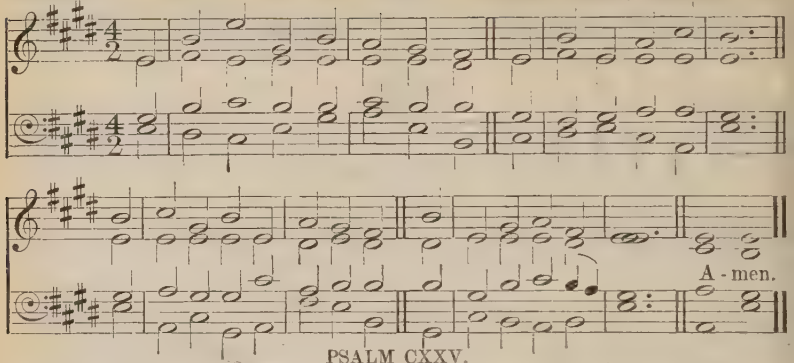
mf NOW Israël
May say, and that truly :—
mp If that the Lord
Had not our cause maintained,
If that the Lord
Had not our right sustained,
When cruel men
Against us furiously
Rose up in wrath,
To make of us their prey,

p 2 Then certainly
They had devoured us all,
And swallowed quick,
For ought that we could deem ;
c Such was their rage,
As we might well esteem ;
mf And, as fierce floods
Before them all things drown,
d So had they brought
Our soul to death quite down.

mf 3 The raging streams,
With their proud swelling waves,
Had then our soul
O'erwhelmèd in the deep.
c But blessed be God,
Who doth us safely keep,
f And hath not given
Us for a living prey
Unto their teeth
And bloody cruelty.

mf 4 Even as a bird
Out of the fowler's snare
c Escapes away,
f So is our soul set free :
Broke are their nets,
And thus escaped we.
Unis. ff Therefore our help
Is in the Lord's great name,
Who heaven and earth
rall By His great power did frame.
AMEN.

St. David. **688** RAVENSCROFT'S *Whole Booke of Psalmes*, 1621.



PSALM CXXV.

mf THEY in the Lord that firmly trust
Shall be like Sion hill,
Which at no time can be removed,
But standeth ever still.

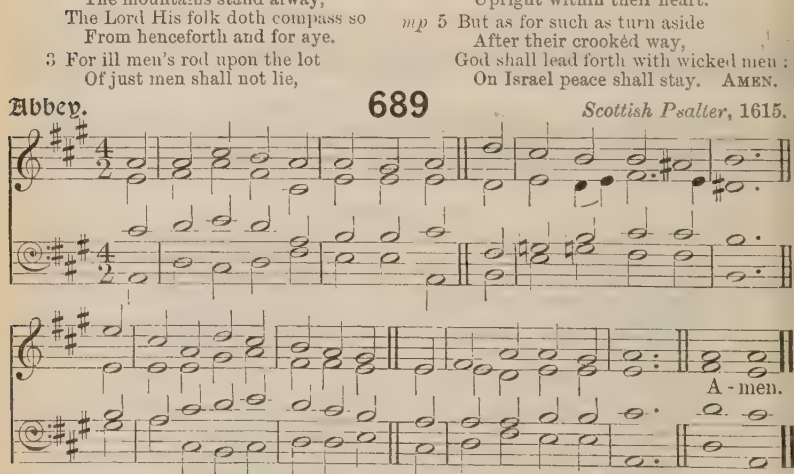
2 As round about Jerusalem
The mountains stand alway,
The Lord His folk doth compass so
From henceforth and for aye.

3 For ill men's rod upon the lot
Of just men shall not lie,
Lest righteous men stretch forth their
Unto iniquity. [hands

4 Do Thou to all those that be good
Thy goodness, Lord, impart;
And do Thou good to those that are
Upright within their heart.

mp 5 But as for such as turn aside
After their crooked way,
God shall lead forth with wicked men:
On Israel peace shall stay. AMEN.

Abbey. **689** *Scottish Psalter*, 1615.



PSALM CXXVI.

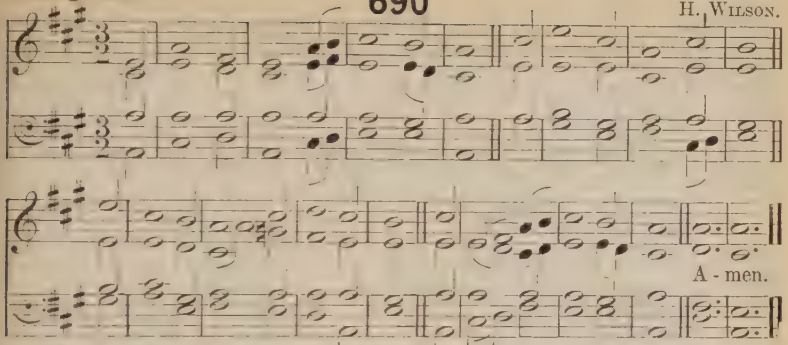
mf WHEN Sion's bondage God turned back,
As men that dreamed were we:
Then filled with laughter was our mouth,
Our tongue with melody.

2 They 'mong the heathen said, 'The Lord
Great things for them hath wrought.'
The Lord hath done great things for us,
Whence joy to us is brought.

p 3 As streams of water in the south,
Our bondage, Lord, recall.
c Who sow in tears, a reaping time
Of joy enjoy they shall.

mf 4 That man who, bearing precious seed,
In going forth doth mourn,
c He doubtless, bringing back his sheaves,
Rejoicing shall return. AMEN.

Martyrdom. **690** H. Wilson.



PSALM CXXX.

p LORD, from the depths to Thee I cried.
My voice, Lord, do Thou hear :
Unto my supplication's voice
Give an attentive ear.

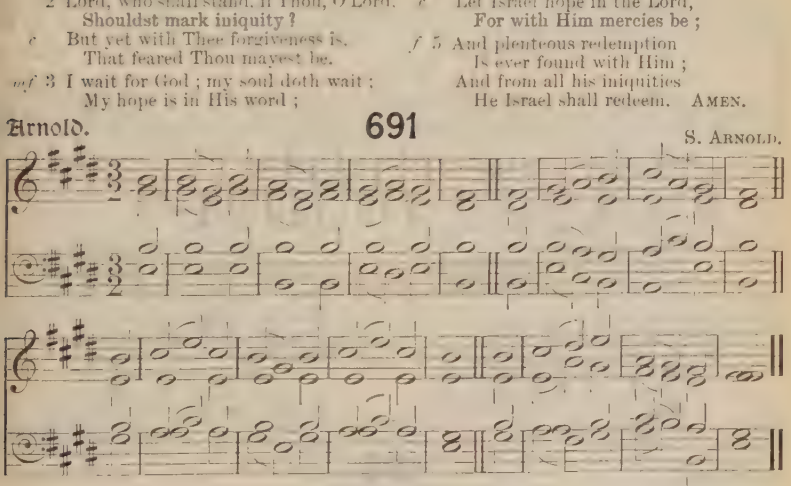
2 Lord, who shall stand, if Thou, O Lord,
Shouldst mark iniquity ?
c But yet with Thee forgiveness is,
That feared Thou mayest be.

mf 3 I wait for God ; my soul doth wait ;
My hope is in His word ;
More than they that for morning watch,
My soul waits for the Lord ;

4 I say, more than they that do watch
The morning light to see.
c Let Israel hope in the Lord,
For with Him mercies be ;

f 5 And plenteous redemption
Is ever found with Him ;
And from all his iniquities
He Israel shall redeem. AMEN.

Arnold. **691** S. Arnold.

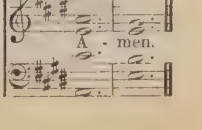


PSALM CXXXIII.

mf BEHOLD, how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together such as brethren are
In unity to dwell :

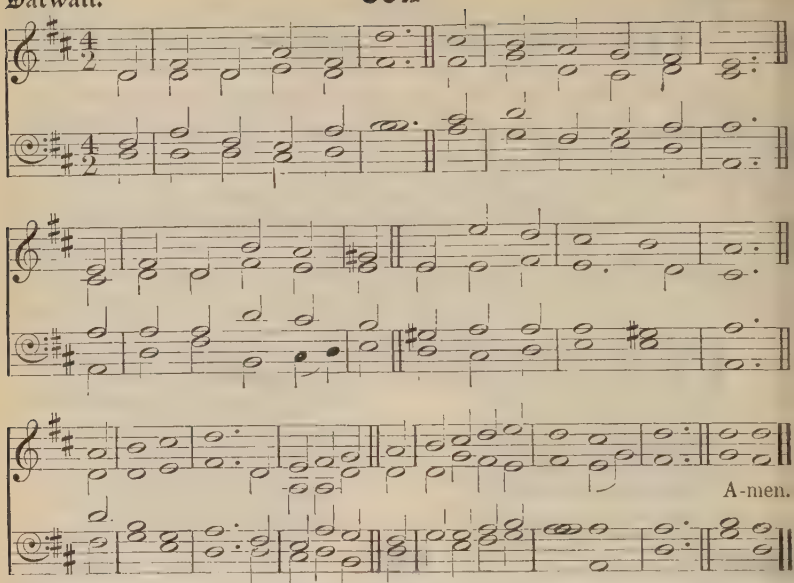
2 Like precious ointment on the head,
That down the beard did flow,
Even Aaron's beard, and to the skirts
Did of his garments go ;

3 As Hermon's dew, the dew that doth
On Sion hill descend :
c For there the blessing God commands,
Life that shall never end.



Darwall. 692

J. Darwall.



PSALM CXXXVI. 1—4, 23—26.

f PRAISE God, for He is kind :
His mercy lasts for aye.
Give thanks with heart and mind
To God of gods alway :
c For certainly His mercies dure
Most firm and sure eternally.

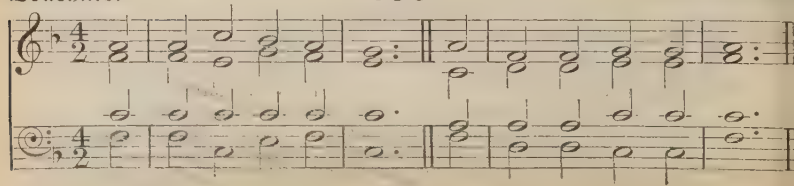
f 2 The Lord of lords praise ye.
Whose mercies still endure.
Great wonders only He
Doth work by His great power :
c For certainly His mercies dure
Most firm and sure eternally.

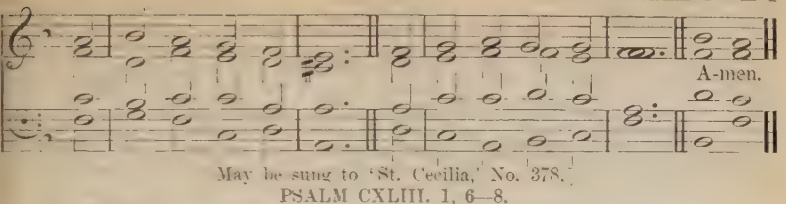
p 3 Who hath remembered
Us in our low estate,
c And us delivered
From foes which did us hate :
f For certainly His mercies dure
Most firm and sure eternally.

mf 4 Who to all flesh gives food ;
For His grace faileth never.
f Give thanks to God most good,
The God of heaven, for ever :
c For certainly His mercies dure
Most firm and sure eternally.
AMEN.

Leuchars. 693

T. L. Hately.





May be sung to 'St. Cecilia,' No. 378.

PSALM CXLIII. 1, 6—8.

mp O HEAR my prayèr, Lord,
And unto my desire
To bow Thine ear accord,
I humbly Thee require ;

2 And, in Thy faithfulness,
Unto me answer make,
And, in Thy righteousness,
Upon me pity take.

3 Lo, I do stretch my hands
To Thee, my help alone ;
For Thou well understand'st
All my complaint and moan :

c 4 My thirsting soul desires
And longeth after Thee,
As thirsty ground requires
With rain refreshed to be.

mf 5 Lord, let my prayer prevail,
To answer it make speed ;
For, lo, my spirit doth fail :
Hide not Thy face in need ;

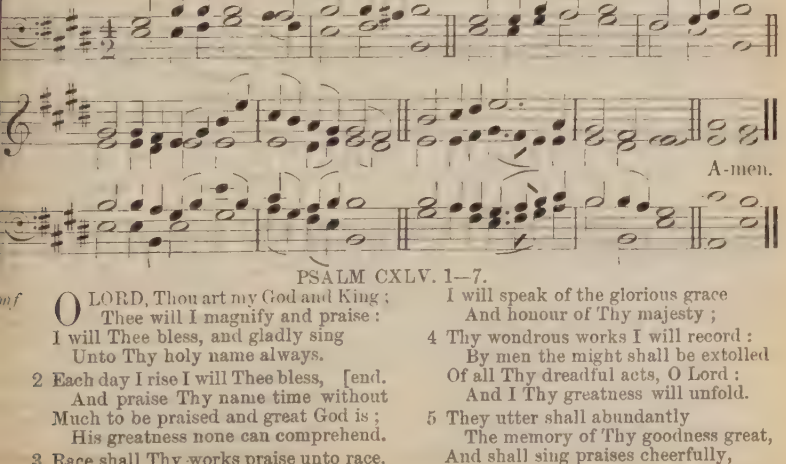
p 6 Lest I be like to those
That do in darkness sit,
Or him that downward goes
d Into the dreadful pit.

mf 7 Because I trust in Thee,
O Lord, cause me to hear
Thy loving-kindness free
When morning doth appear :

8 Cause me to know the way
Wherein my path should be ;
For why, my soul on high
I do lift up to Thee. AMEN.

Duke Street. 694

J. HATTON.



PSALM CXLV. 1—7.

mf O LORD, Thou art my God and King ;
Thee will I magnify and praise :
I will Thee bless, and gladly sing
Unto Thy holy name always.

2 Each day I rise I will Thee bless, [end.
And praise Thy name time without
Much to be praised and great God is ;
His greatness none can comprehend.

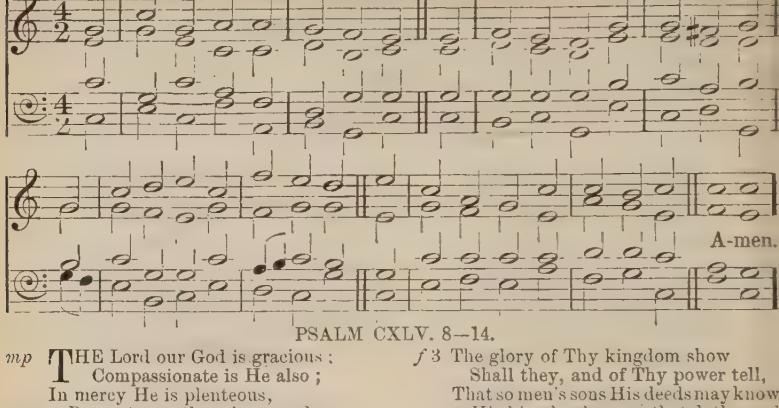
3 Race shall Thy works praise unto race,
The mighty acts show done by Thee ;
I will speak of the glorious grace
And honour of Thy majesty ;

4 Thy wondrous works I will record :
By men the might shall be extolled
Of all Thy dreadful acts, O Lord :
And I Thy greatness will unfold.

5 They utter shall abundantly
The memory of Thy goodness great,
And shall sing praises cheerfully,
Whilst they Thy righteousness relate.
AMEN.

695

Winchester New. Dir, dir, Jehovah, will ich singen. *Musikalisches Handbuch Hamburg*, 1690.



PSALM CXLV. 8—14.

mp THE Lord our God is gracious ;
Compassionate is He also ;
In mercy He is plenteous,
But unto wrath and anger slow.

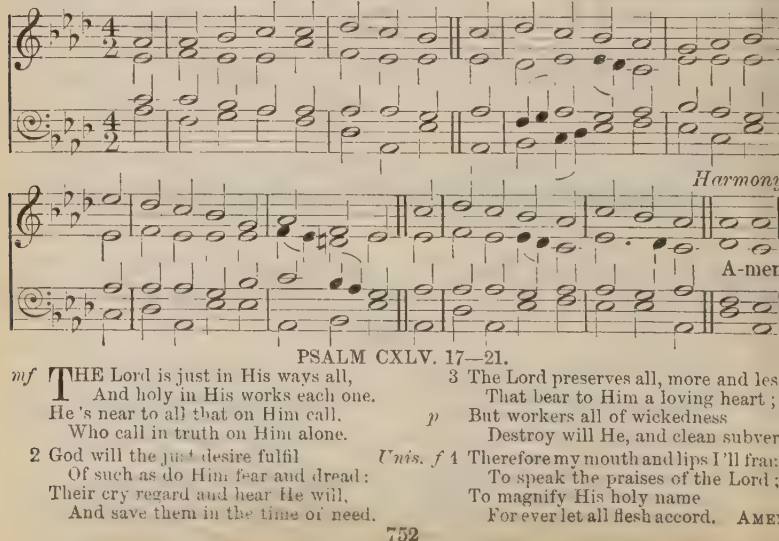
mf 2 Good unto all men is the Lord ;
O'er all His works His mercy is.
Thy works all praise to Thee afford :
Thy saints, O Lord, Thy name shall bless.

f 3 The glory of Thy kingdom show
Shall they, and of Thy power tell,
That so men's sons His deeds may know
His kingdom's grace that doth excel

4 Thy kingdom hath none end at all ;
It doth through ages all remain.
p The Lord upholdeth all that fall,
c The cast-down raiseth up again. AMEN

696

Commandments. *Genevan Psalter*, 1543



PSALM CXLV. 17—21.

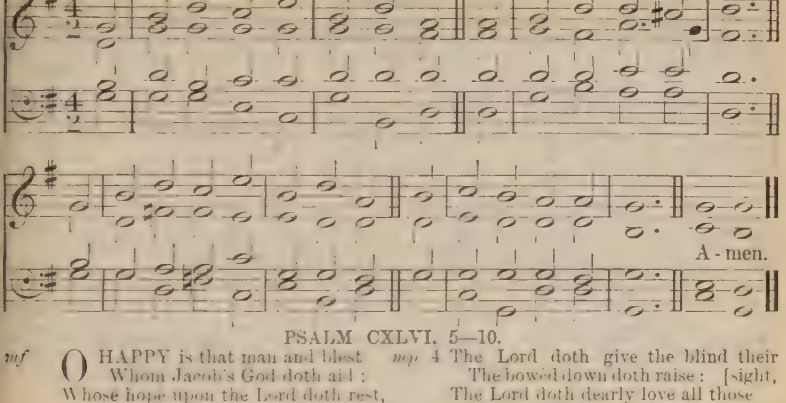
mf THE Lord is just in His ways all,
And holy in His works each one.
He 's near to all that on Him call,
Who call in truth on Him alone.

2 God will the just desire fulfil
Of such as do Him fear and dread :
Their cry regard and hear He will,
And save them in the time of need.

3 The Lord preserves all, more and les
That bear to Him a loving heart ;
p But workers all of wickedness
Destroy will He, and clean subver

Unis. f 4 Therefore my mouth and lips I 'll fra
To speak the praises of the Lord ;
To magnify His holy name
For ever let all flesh accord. AMEN

York. **697** *Scottish Psalter*, 1615.



PSALM CXLVI. 5—10.

mf O HAPPY is that man and blest
Whom Jacob's God doth aid;
Whose hope upon the Lord doth rest,
And on his God is stayed,—

2 Who made the earth and heavens high,
Who made the swelling deep.
And all that is within the same;
Who truth doth ever keep;

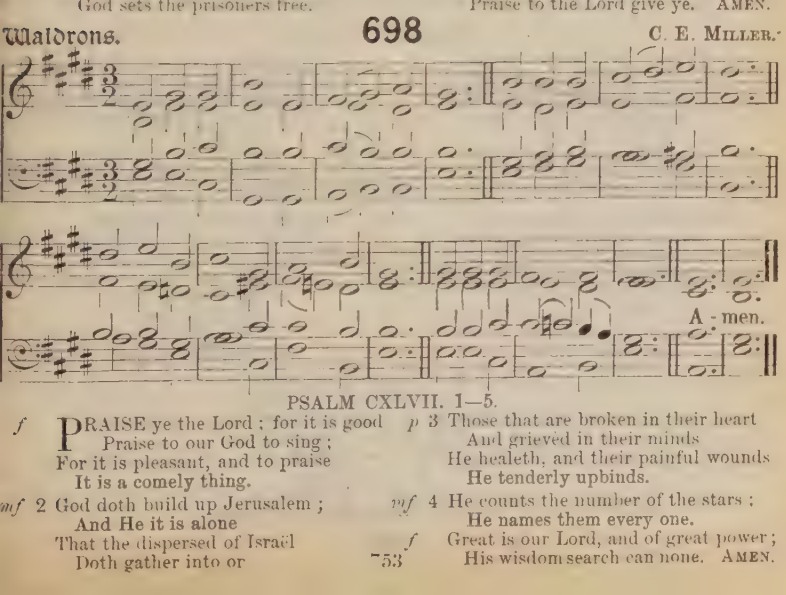
3 Who righteous judgment executes
For those oppressed that be;
Who to the hungry giveth food;
God sets the prisoners free.

mp 4 The Lord doth give the blind their sight,
The bowed down doth raise:
The Lord doth dearly love all those
That walk in upright ways.

5 The stranger's shield, the widow's stay,
The orphan's help, is He:
c But yet by Him the wicked's way
Turned upside down shall be.

f 6 The Lord shall reign for evermore:
Thy God, O Sion, He
Reigns to all generations.
Praise to the Lord give ye. AMEN.

Waldrons. **698** C. E. MILLER.



PSALM CXLVII. 1—5.

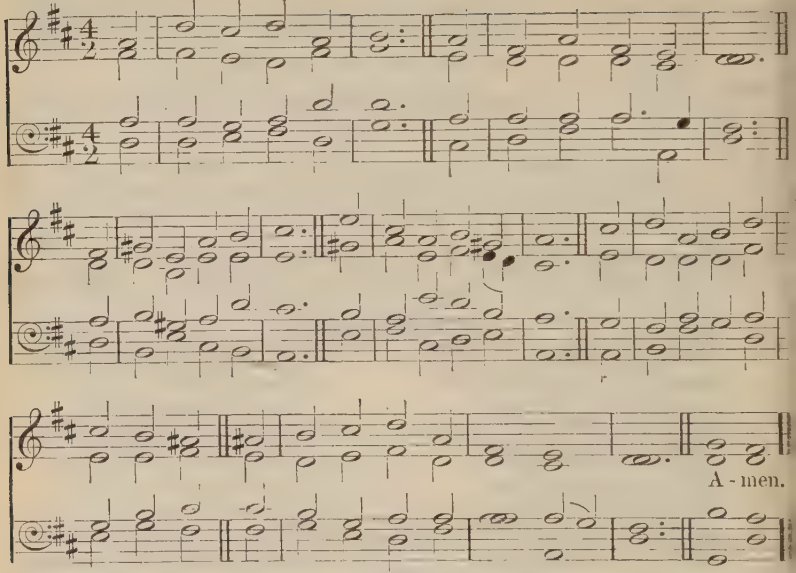
f PRAISE ye the Lord; for it is good
Praise to our God to sing;
For it is pleasant, and to praise
It is a comely thing.

mf 2 God doth build up Jerusalem;
And He it is alone
That the dispersed of Israël
Doth gather into or

p 3 Those that are broken in their heart
And grieved in their minds
He healeth, and their painful wounds
He tenderly upbinds.

mf 4 He counts the number of the stars;
He names them every one.
f Great is our Lord, and of great power;
His wisdom search can none. AMEN.

Croft's 148th. **699** W. Croft.



PSALM CXLVIII.

f THE Lord of heaven confess ;
On high His glory raise :
Him let all angels bless,
Him all His armies praise :
Him glorify,
Sun, moon, and stars,
Ye higher spheres,
And cloudy sky.

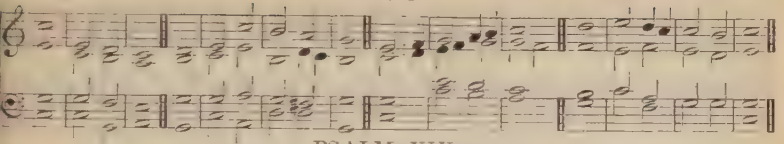
2 From God your beings are ;
Him therefore famous make ;
You all created were
When He the word but spake ;
And from that place
Where fixed you be
By His decree
You cannot pass.

3 Praise God from earth below,
Ye dragons and ye deeps ;
Fire, hail, clouds, wind, and snow,
Whom in command He keeps.
Praise ye His name,
Hills great and small,
Trees low and tall,
Beasts wild and tame,

4 All things that creep or fly.
Ye kings, ye vulgar throng,
All princes, mean or high,
Both men and virgins young,
Even young and old,
Exalt His name :
For much His fame
Should be extolled.

ff 5 O let God's name be praised
Above both earth and sky ;
For He His saints hath raised,
And set their horn on high,
Even those that be
Of Israel's race,
Near to His grace.
The Lord praise ye. AMEN.

Verses 1 to 6. **700** W. Crotch.



PSALM XIX.

Unis. f THE heavens declare the | glory of | God ;
And the firmament | sheweth His | handy | work.

2 Day unto day | utter·eth | speech.
And night unto | night | sheweth | knowledge.

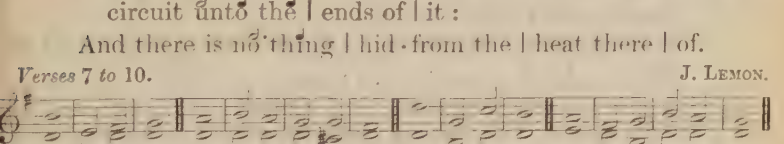
Har. 3 There is no | speech nor | language.
Where their | voice | is not | heard.

4 Their line is gone out through | all the | earth,
And their words to the | end | of the | world.

5 In them hath He set a tabernacle | for the | sun,
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, * and rejoiceth as a strong | man to | run a | race.

6 His going forth is from the end of the heaven, * and his circuit unto the | ends of | it :
And there is no thing | hid·from the | heat there | of.

Verses 7 to 10. J. Lemon.



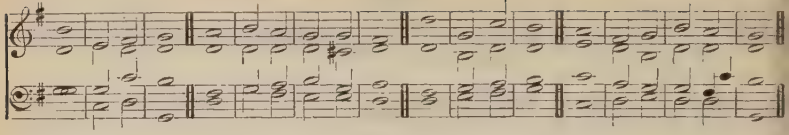
mf 7 The law of the Lord is perfect, con | verting·the | soul :
The testimony of the Lord is sure, | making | wise the | simple.

8 The statutes of the Lord are right, re | joicing·the | heart :
The commandment of the Lord is pure, en | lighten | ing the | eyes.

9 The fear of the Lord is clean, en | during·for | ever :
The judgments of the Lord are true and | righteous | altogether.

10 More to be desired are they than gold, * yea, than | much fine | gold :
Sweeter also than honey and the | honey | comb.

Verses 11 *to end and* Gloria. J. Lemon.



11 Moreover by them is Thy | servant | warned :
And in keeping of them | there is | great re | ward.

p 12 Who can un'der | stand his | errors ?
Cleanse Thou | me from | secret | faults.

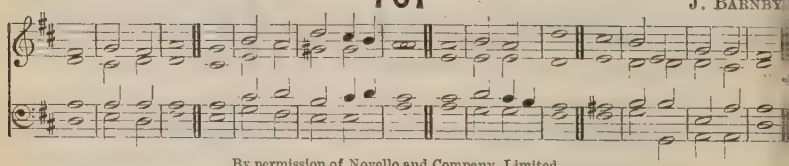
13 Keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins ; ⁎
let them not have dom'in'ion | over | me :
Then shall I be upright, ⁎ and I shall be innocent |
from the | great trans | gression.

mf 14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my
heart, ⁎ be acceptable | in Thy | sight,
O Lord,' my | Strength, and | my Re | deemer.

f Glory be to the Fa'ther, | and · to the | Son :
And | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, ⁎ is now,' and | ever | shall be :
World' with-out | end. | A | men.

701

J. Barnby.



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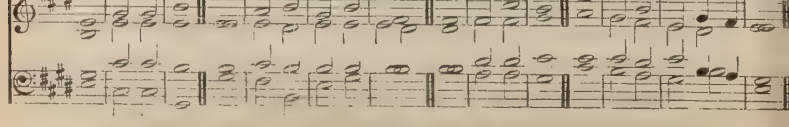
Or this Chant :— T. Attwood.



PSALM XXXII.

mf BLESSED is he whose transgrĕs'sĭon | is for | given,
Whŏse | sin | is | covered.

2 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord impū'tĕth | not in | iquity,
And in whŏse | spirit · there | is no | guile.

3 When I kept silence, * my bŏnes | wax · ed | old
Through my rŏar'ĭng | all the | day | long.

4 For day and night Thy hănd' wās | heavy · up | on me:
My moisture is tŭrn'ĕd | into · the | drought of | summer.

5 I acknowledged my sĭn | unto | Thee,
And mine inĭqŭĭtў | have I | not | hid.

6 I said, * I will confess my transgrĕs'sĭons | unto · the | Lord;
And Thou forgăvĕst thĕ in | iqui · ty | of my | sin.

7 For this shall every one that is godly pray unto Thee * in a tĭme whĕn Thŏu | mayest · be | found:
Surely in the floods of great waters they shall nŏt' cŏme | nigh | unto | him.

8 Thou art my hiding place; * Thou shalt preserve | me from | trouble;
Thou shalt compass me abŏut' with | songs | of de | liverance.

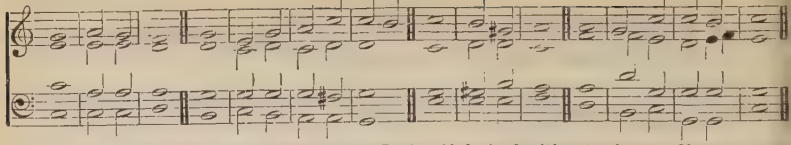
9 I will instruct thee and teach thee in the wăy' which | thou shalt | go:
I' will | guide thee | with Mine | eye.

10 Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, * which have nŏ | under | standing:
Whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, * lest they cŏme | near | unto | thee.

11 Many sorrows shall bĕ | to the | wicked:
But he that trusteth in the Lord, * mĕrcў shăll | compass | him a | bout.

f 12 Be glad in the Lŏrd, ănd rĕ | joice, ye | righteous:
And shout for joy, * all yĕ that ăre | up | right in | heart.

GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, ETC.



[Pss. XLII. and XLIII. may be sung as one Psalm, if desired, either to the two Chants as set, or to this or the following Chant, omitting the *Gloria* after Ps. XLII.]

PSALM XLII.

mp AS the hart panteth ăftĕr thē | water | brooks,
So panteth my sŏul | after | Thee, O | God.

2 My soul thirsteth for Gŏd, fŏr thē | living | God:
When shall I cŏme ănd ăp | pear be | fore | God?

3 My tears have been my meăt | day and | night,
While they continually say unto mē, | Where | is thy | God?

4 When I^d. rē | member · these | things,
I pŏur | out my | soul | in me:

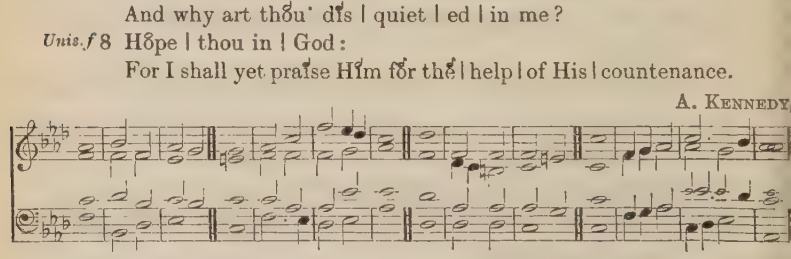
5 For I had gŏne | with the | multitude,
I went with thĕm | to the | house of | God,

6 With the voĭce· ŏf | joy and | praise,
With a mŭltĭtŭde | that kept | holy | day.

mf 7 Why art thou cast dŏwn, | O my | soul?
And why art thŏu· dĭs | quiet | ed | in me?

Unis. f 8 Hŏpe | thou in | God:
For I shall yet praĭse Hĭm fŏr thē | help | of His | countenance.

A. KENNEDY.



Harp 9 Ŏ | my | God,
My soŭl· ĭs | cast | down with | in me:

10 Therefore will I remember Thēe frŏm thē | land of | Jordan,
And of the Hĕrmŏnĭtes, | from the | hill | Mizar.

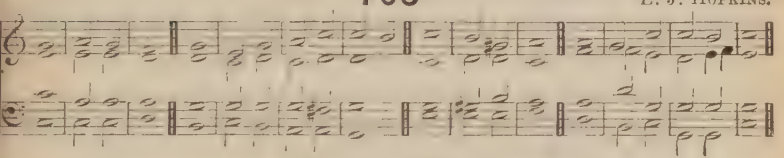
11 Deep calleth unto deep at the noĭse ŏf Thў | water | spouts:
All Thy waves and Thy bĭllŏws ăre | gone | over | me.

12 Yet the Lord will command His lovingkĭnd·nĕss | in the | day-time,
And in the night His song shall be with me, * and my praўer ŭntŏ thē | God | of my | life.

13 I will say unto God my rock, * Why hast Thou for | gotten | me?
Why go I mourning because of the op | pression | of the | enemy?
14 As with a sword in my bones, * mine enemies re | proach | me;
While they say daily unto me, | Where | is thy | God?
mf 15 Why art thou cast down, | O my | soul?
And why art thou dis | quiet | ed with | in me?
Unis. f 16 Hope | thou in | God:
For I shall yet praise Him, * Who is the health of my | counte · nance, | and my | God.
Har. [GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, ETC.]

703

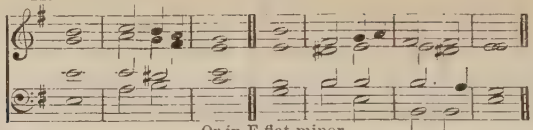
E. J. HOPKINS.



PSALM XLIII.

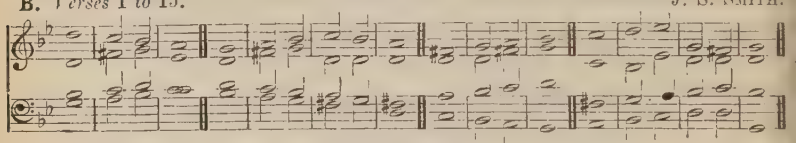
Har p JUDGE me, O God, * and plead my cause against an un | godly | nation:
O deliver me from the de | ceitful · and | unjust | man.
2 For Thou art the God of my strength: * why dost Thou | cast me | off?
Why go I mourning because of the op | pression | of the | enemy?
mf 3 O send out Thy light and Thy truth: | let them | lead me;
Let them bring me unto Thy ho'ly | hill, and | to Thy | tabernacles.
f 4 Then will I go unto the altar of God, * unto God my ex | ceeding | joy:
Yea, upon the harp will I praise | Thee, O | God, my | God.
mf 5 Why art thou cast down, | O my | soul?
And why art thou dis | quiet | ed with | in me?
Unis. f 6 Hope | in | God:
For I shall yet praise Him, * Who is the health of my | counte · nance, | and my | God.
Har. GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, ETC.

A. *Verses* 1 *to* 15. **704** W. Hayes.



Or in E flat minor.

B. *Verses* 1 *to* 15. J. S. Smith.



PSALM LI.

p HAVE mercy up | on me, · O | God,
Accord·ing | to Thy | loving | kindness:

2 According unto the multitude of Thy | tender | mercies
Blot | out | my trans | gressions.

3 Wash me throughly from | mine in | iquity,
And | cleanse me | from my | sin.

4 For I acknowledge | my trans | gressions:
And | my | sin is | ever · be | fore me.

5 Against Thee, * Thee only, | have I | sinned,
And done | this | evil | in Thy | sight:

6 That Thou mightest be justified | when Thou | speakest,
And | be | clear | when Thou | judgest.

7 Behold, I was shapen | in in | iquity;
And in sin | did my | mother · con | ceive me.

8 Behold, Thou desirest truth in the | inward | parts:
And in the hidden part Thou shalt make | me to | know | wisdom.

9 Purge me with hyssop, and I | shall be | clean:
Wash me, and I | shall be | whiter · than | snow.

c 10 Make me to hear | joy and | gladness;
That the bones which Thou | hast | broken | may re | joice.

d 11 Hide Thy face | from my | sins,
And blot out | all | mine in | iquities.

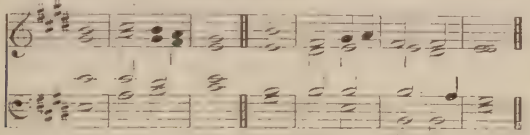
12 Create in me a clean | heart, O | God;
And renew a right | spirit · with | in | me.

pp 13 Cast me not away | from Thy | presence;
And take not Thy | Holy | Spirit | from me.

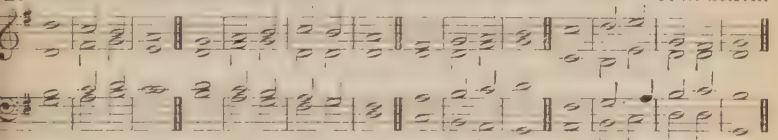
c 14 Restore unto me the joy of | Thy sal | vation;
And uphold me | with Thy | free | Spirit.

2nd half of Double Chant.

mf 15 Then will I teach | trans | gressors · Thy | ways;
And sinners shall be con | verted | unto | Thee.

A. *Verses* 16 *to end and* Gloria. W. Hayes.

Or in E flat major.

B. *Verses* 16 *to end and* Gloria. J. S. Smith.



mf 16 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, * Thou God of | my sal | vation:
And my tongue shall sing a | loud | of Thy | righteousness.

f 17 O Lord, open | Thou my | lips;
And my mouth shall | shew | forth Thy | praise.

p 18 For Thou desirest not sacrifice; * else | would I | give it:
Thou delightest | not in | burnt | offering.

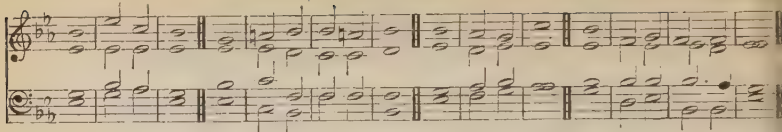
19 The sacrifices of God are a | broken | spirit:
A broken and a contrite heart, O God, | Thou wilt | not de | spise.

mf 20 Do good in Thy good pleasure | unto | Zion:
Build Thou the | walls | of Je | rusalem.

mis. 21 Then shalt Thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, * with burnt offering and | whole burnt | offering:
Then shall they offer | bullocks · up | on Thine | altar.

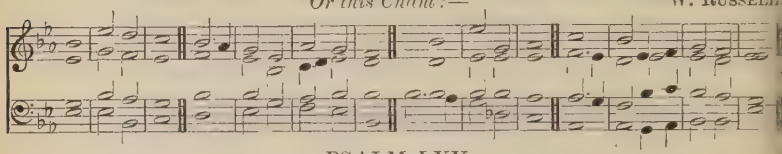
Var. f Glory be to the Father, etc.

J. ROBINSON.



Or this Chant:—

W. RUSSELL.



PSALM LXV.

mf PRAISE waiteth for Thee, O God, in | Sion:
And unto Thee shall the | vow | be per | formed.

2 O Thou that | hearest | prayer,
Unto | Thee shall | all flesh | come.

3 Iniquities pre | vail a | gainst me:
As for our transgressions, * Thou shalt | purge | them a | way.

4 Blessed is the man whom Thou choosest, and causest to approach unto Thee, * that he may dwell | in Thy courts:
We shall be satisfied with the goodness of Thy house, * even | of Thy | holy | temple.

Unis. f 5 By terrible things in righteousness wilt Thou answer us, * O God of | our sal | vation;
Who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, * and of them that are afar | off up | on the | sea:

6 Which by His strength setteth | fast the | mountains;
Being | gird | ed with | power:

Har. mf 7 Which stilleth the noise | of the | seas,
The noise of their waves, * and the | tumult | of the | people.

8 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid | at Thy | tokens:
Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and | evening | to re | joice.

9 Thou visitest the earth, and | water · est | it:
Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God. | which is | full of | water.

10 Thou prepa | rest · them | corn,
When Thou hast so pro | vided | for it.

11 Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: * Thou settlest the | furrows · there | of:
Thou makest it soft with showers: * Thou | blessest · the | springing · there | of.

Unis. f 12 Thou crownest the year | with Thy | goodness;
And | Thy | paths drop | fatness.

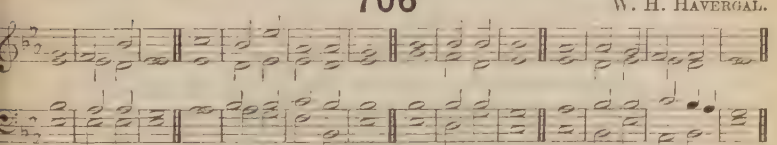
13 They drop upon the pas'tures | of the | wilderness:
And the little hills re | joice on | every | side.

14 The pastures are | clothed with | flocks;
The valleys also are covered over with corn; * they shout for | joy, they | also | sing.

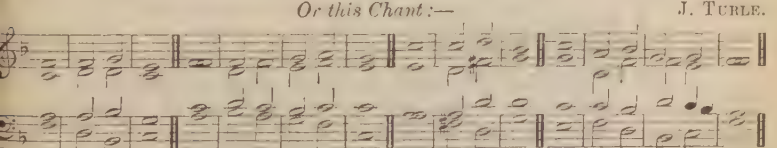
Har. GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, ETC.

706

W. H. HAVERGAL.



Or this Chant:— J. TURLE.

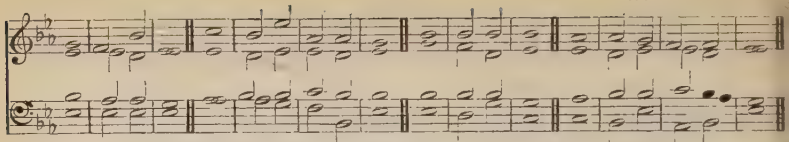


PSALM LXXXIV.

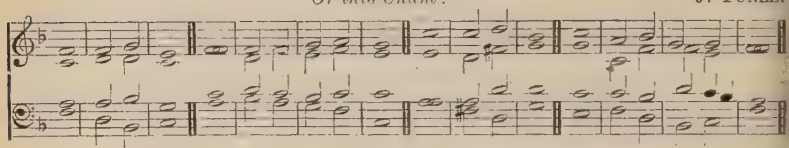
mf HOW amiable | are Thy | tabernacles,
O | Lord | of | hosts!

2 My soul longeth, * yea, even fainteth for the courts | of the | Lord:
My heart and my flesh crieth out | for the | living | God.

W. H. Havergal.



Or this Chant:— J. Turle.



3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, * and the swallow a nest for herself, * where she may | lay her | young,
Even Thine altars, O Lord of hosts, * my | King, | and my | God.

4 Blessed are they that | dwell in · Thy | house:
They will be | still | praising | Thee.

5 Blessed is the man whose strength | is in | Thee;
In whose heart | are the | ways of | them.

6 Who passing through the valley of Baca | make it · a | well;
The rain | also | filleth · the | pools.

7 They go from | strength to | strength,
Every one of them in Zion ap | peareth · be | fore | God.

8 O Lord God of hosts, | hear my | prayer:
Give | ear, O | God of | Jacob.

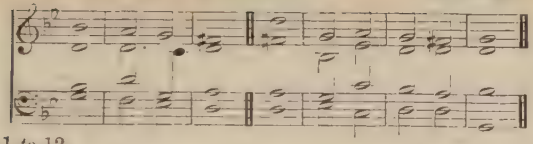
9 Behold, O | God our | shield,
And look up-on the | face of | Thine a | nointed.

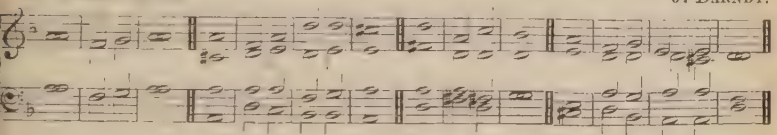
10 For a day in Thy courts is better | than a | thousand.
I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, * than to dwell | in the | tents of | wickedness.

11 For the Lord God is a | sun and | shield:
The Lord will give grace and glory: * no good thing will He withhold from | them that | walk up | rightly.

Unis. 12 O | Lord of | hosts,
Blessed is the | man that | trusteth · in | Thee.

Har. Glory be to the Father, etc.

A. *Verses* 1 *to* 12. **707** T. PURCELL.

B. *Verses* 1 *to* 12. J. BARNBY.



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PSALM XC.

p LORD, Thou hast bēen ŏur | dwelling | place
I'n | all | gene | rations.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth, * or ever Thou
hadst formed the eărth | and the | world,
Even from everlasting to ĕv'ĕr | lasting, | Thou art | God.

3 Thou turnest măn | to de | struction;
And sāyĕst, Rĕ | turn, ye | children · of | men.

4 For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yĕstĕrdāy |
when · it is | past,
A'nd ăs ă | watch | in the | night. [as a | sleep:

pp 5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; * thĕy' arĕ |
In the morning thĕy ăre lĭke | grass which | groweth | up.

6 In the morning it flŏurĭsheth, ănd | groweth | up;
In the ĕvenĭng | it is · cut | down, and | withereth.

7 For we are consū'mĕd | by Thine | anger,
And bў Thў | wrath | are we | troubled.

8 Thou hast set our inĭ'quĭ | ties be | fore Thee,
Our secret sĭns ĭn thĕ | light of | Thy | countenance.

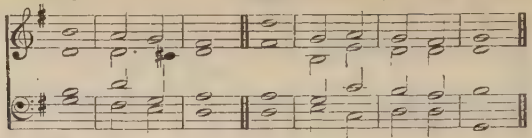
p 9 For all our days are passed awāy | in Thy | wrath:
We spend our yeārs ăs ă | tale | that is | told.

10 The days of our years are threescore years and ten; * and if
by reason of strĕngth thĕy bĕ | fourscore | years,
Yet is their strength labour and sorrow; * for it is soon cut
ŏff, | and we | fly a | way.

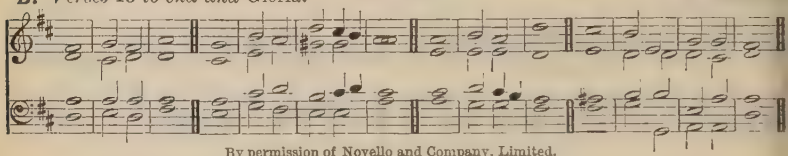
11 Who knoweth the pŏw'ĕr | of Thine | anger?
Even according to Thy fēar, | so | is Thy | wrath.

12 So teăch ŭs tŏ | number · our | days,
That we may applў' oŭr | hearts | unto | wisdom.

A. *Verses* 13 *to end and* Gloria. T. PURCELL.



B. *Verses* 13 *to end and* Gloria. J. BARNBY.



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mf 13 Return, O | Lord, how | long?
And let it repent | Thee con | cerning · Thy | servants.
14 O satisfy us early | with Thy | mercy;
That we may rejoice and be | glad | all our | days.

f 15 Make us glad according to the days wherein Thou hast af | flicted | us,
And the years wherein | we have | seen | evil.
16 Let Thy work appear | unto · Thy | servants,
And | Thy | glory | unto · their | children.

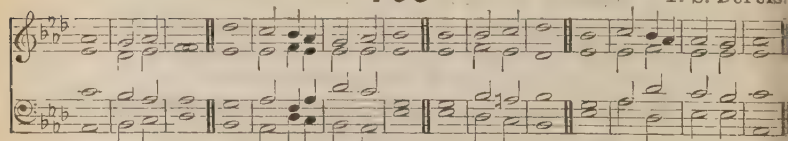
2nd half of Double Chant.

Unis. 17 And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: * and establish Thou the work of our | hands up | on us;
Yea, the work of our | hands es | tablish · Thou | it.

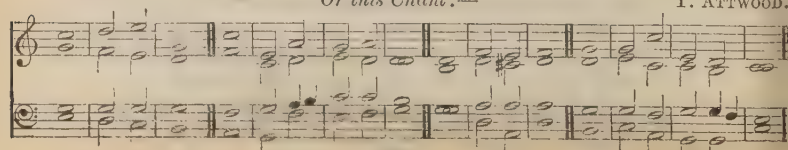
Har. GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, ETC.

708

T. S. DUPUIS



Or this Chant:— T. ATTWOOD.

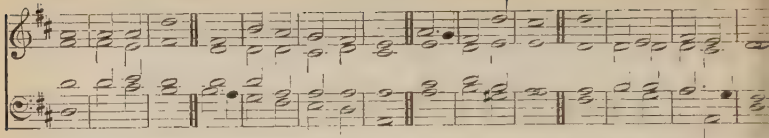


PSALM XCI.

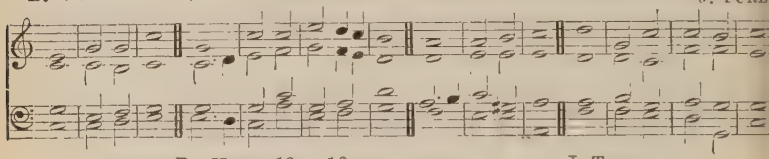
f HE that dwelleth in the secret plăce ŏf thĕ | most | High
Shall abīde ŭndĕr thĕ | shadow | of·the Al | mighty.
2 I will say of the Lord, ⋆ He is my rĕfŭge | and my | fortress:
My Gŏd, | ĭn | Him | will I | trust.
3 Surely He shall deliver thee from the snāre | of the | fowler,
Ănd | from the | noisome | pestilence.
4 He shall cover thee with His feathers, ⋆ and under His
wĭngs | shalt thou | trust:
His trŭth | shăll | be thy | shield and | buckler.
5 Thou shalt not be afraĭd fŏr thĕ | terror·by | night;
Nŏr fŏr thĕ | arrow·that | flieth·by | day;
6 Nor for the pēs'tĭlence thăt | walketh·in | darkness;
Nor for the destrŭctĭon thăt | wasteth·at | noon | day.
7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, ⋆ and ten thŏusănd ăt |
Bŭt ĭt shăll | not come | nigh | thee. [thy right | hand;
8 Only with thine eȳes | shăll | thou be | hold
And sēe thĕ rĕ | ward | of the | wicked.
9 Because thou hast made the Lŏrd, | Which is·my | refuge,
Even the mŏst | High, thy | habi | tation;
10 There shall nŏ | evil·be | fall thee,
Neither shall ă'nȳ | plague come | nigh thy | dwelling.
11 For He shall give His angels chărge | over | thee,
To kēep | thee in | all thy | ways.
12 They shall bear thee ŭp | in their | hands,
Lest thou dăsh | thȳ | foot a | gainst a | stone.
13 Thou shalt trēad | ŭpŏn thĕ | lion·and | adder:
The young lion and the dragon shalt thŏu | trample |
under | feet. [I de | liver him:
14 Because he hath set his love upon Me, ⋆ thĕrefŏre wĭll |
I will set him on hĭgh, | bĕ | cause·he hath | known My | name.
15 He shall call upon Mē, | ănd | I will | answer him:
I will be with him in trouble; ⋆ I ᵈ will dĕ | liver | him, and |
16 With long lĭfe will I ᵈ | satis·fy | him, [honour him.
A°nd | shew him | My sal | vation.

GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, ETC.

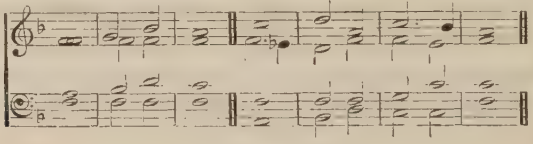
A. *For the whole Psalm.* R. Woodward



B. *Verses* 1 *to* 12, 17 *to end and* Gloria. J. Turle



B. *Verses* 13 *to* 16. J. Turle.



PSALM CIII.

Unis. f

BLESS the Lord, | O my | soul:
And all that is within me, | bless His | holy | name.

2 Bless the Lord, | O my | soul,
And for | get not | all His | benefits:

Har. mf

3 Who forgiveth all | thine in | iquities;
Who healeth | all | thy dis | eases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life | from de | struction;
Who crowneth thee with lov'ing | kindness · and | tender
mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with | good | things;
So that thy youth is re | new · ed | like the | eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth right'eous | ness and | judgment
For | all that | are op | pressed.

7 He made known His ways | unto | Moses,
His acts | unto · the | children · of | Israel.

8 The Lord is mer'ci | ful and | gracious,
Slow to | anger · and | plenteous · in | mercy.

9 Hĕ will nŏt | always | chide:
Nĕither will Hĕ | keep His | anger · for | ever.
10 He hath not dĕalt with ŭs | after · our | sins;
Nor rewārdĕd ŭs ăc | cording · to | our in | iquities.
11 For as the heaven is hĭgh' ă | bove the | earth,
So grĕat ĭs Hĭs | mercy · toward | them that | fear Him.
12 As far as the ĕast' ĭs | from the | west,
So far hath He remŏv'ĕd | our trans | gress · ions | from us.

p 13 Like as a fā'thĕr | pitieth · His | children,
So the Lŏrd | piti · eth | them that | fear Him.
14 For Hĕ | knoweth · our | frame;
Hĕ' rĕ | membereth · that | we are | dust.

pp 15 As for măn,' hĭs | days · are as | grass:
As a flŏw'ĕr ŏf thĕ | field, | so he | flourisheth.
16 For the wind passeth over ĭt' ănd | it is | gone;
And the plăce' thĕre | of shall | know it · no | more.

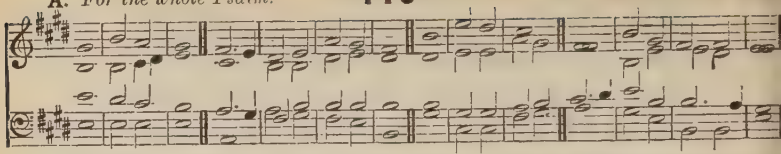
mf 17 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting * upŏn | them that | fear Him,
And His rĭghteŏusnĕss | unto | children's | children;
18 To sŭch' ăs | keep His | covenant,
And to those that remĕm'bĕr | His com | mandments · to | do them.

f 19 The Lord hath prepared His thrŏne | in the | heavens;
And His kĭng' dŏm | ruleth | over | all.
20 Bless the Lord, ye His angels, * thăt' ĕx | cel in | strength,
That do His commandments, * hearkening ŭntŏ thĕ | voice of | His | word.

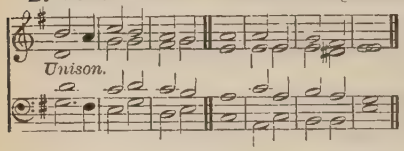
mis. 21 Bless ye the Lŏrd, | all · ye His | hosts;
Ye mĭnĭstĕrs ŏf | His, that | do His | pleasure.
22 Bless the Lord, all His works * in all plăcĕs ŏf | His do | minion:
ff Blĕss' thĕ | Lord, | O my | soul.

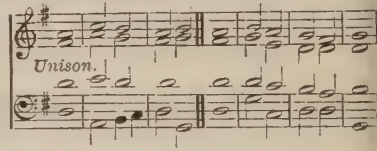
Var. f GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, ETC.

A. *For the whole Psalm.* J. Goss



B. *Verses* 1 *to* 10. Tonus Peregrinus. B. *Vv.* 11 *to end and* Gloria. Seventh Tone





PSALM CXVI.

mf I° | LOVE the | Lord,
Because He hath heard my voĭce | and my | suppli | cations.

2 Because He hath inclined His eăr | unto | me,
Therefore will I call upon Hĭm˙ ăs | long | as I | live.

p 3 The sorrows of death compassed me, * and the pains of hĕll˙ găt | hold up | on me:
I° | found | trouble · and | sorrow.

4 Then called I upon the nāme | of the | Lord;
O Lord, I besēech | Thee, de | liver · my | soul.

mf 5 Grā˙ cĭous ĭs thē | Lord, and | righteous;
Yēa, | our | God is | merciful.

6 The Lŏrd˙ prē | serveth · the | simple:
I was brought lŏw, | and He | helped | me.

7 Return unto thy rēst, | O my | soul;
For the Lord hath deālt | bounti | fully | with thee.

8 For Thou hast delĭvēred mў | soul from | death,
Mine eyes from teārs, | and my | feet from | falling.

9 I will wālk˙ bē | fore the | Lord
I˙n˙ thē | land | of the | living.

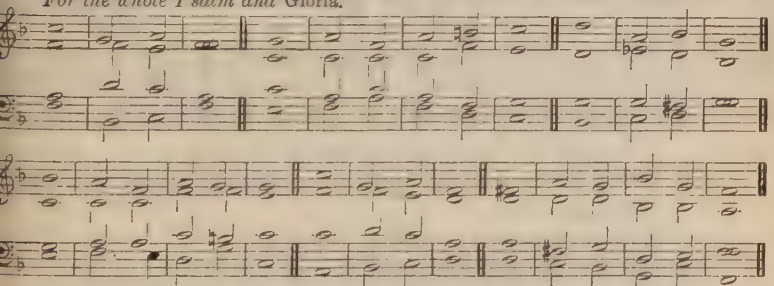
10 I believed, therefore have I spoken: * I˙˙ wās | greatly · af | flicted:
I said in my hāste, | All | men are | liars.

f 11 What shall I rĕn˙dĕr | unto · the | Lord
For āll˙ Hĭs | bene | fits to | ward me?

12 I will take the cŭp | of sal | vation,
And cāll˙ ŭpŏn thē | name | of the | Lord.

p 13 I will pay my vŏws | unto · the | Lord
Nŏw ĭn thĕ | presence · of | all His | people.
14 Precious in the sĭght | of the | Lord
I'ş thĕ | death of | His | saints.
mf 15 O Lord, trŭ'lў | I am · Thy | servant;
I am Thy servant, and the son of Thine handmaid: *
Thŏu' hăst | loos · ed | my | bonds.
16 I will offer to Thee the săc'rĭfice ŏf | thanks | giving,
And will căll' ŭpŏn thĕ | name | of the | Lord.
17 I will pay my vŏws | unto · the | Lord
Nŏw ĭn thĕ | presence · of | all His | people,
18 In the cŏurts ŏf thĕ | Lord's | house,
In the midst of thee, O Jerŭsălĕm. | *f* Praise | ye the | Lord.
GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, ETC.

1 TRIPLE CHANT. **711** BATTISON HAYNES.
For the whole Psalm and Gloria.



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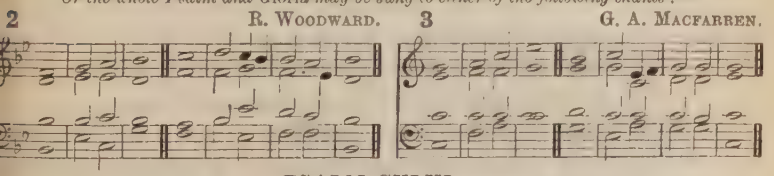
Or the whole Psalm and Gloria *may be sung to either of the following chants :—*

2 R. WOODWARD. 3 G. A. MACFARREN.

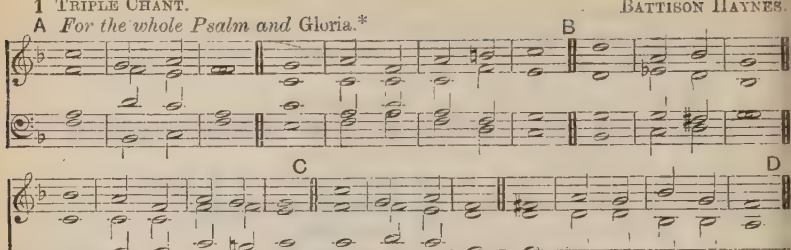


PSALM CXLVI.

f PRAISE ye the Lord. * Praise the Lŏrd, | O my | soul.
While I live will I praise the Lord: * I will sing
praises unto my Gŏd | while I | have · any | being.
mf 2 Pŭt nŏt yŏur | trust in | princes,
Nor in the son of măn,' ĭn | whom · there is | no | help.
3 His breath goeth forth, * he return'ĕth | to his | earth:
In that vĕ'rў | day his | thoughts | perish.

1 TRIPLE CHANT. BATTISON HAYNES.

A *For the whole Psalm and* Gloria.*



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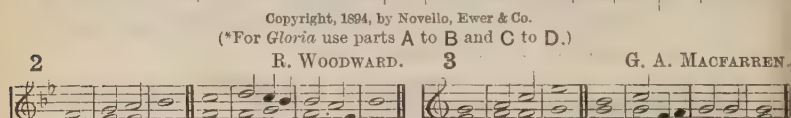
(*For *Gloria* use parts A to B and C to D.)

2 R. WOODWARD. 3 G. A. MACFARREN.



Unis. f 4 Happy is he that hath the God of Jăcŏb | for his | help,
Whose hŏpe | is | in the | Lord his | God:
5 Which made heaven, and earth, ⋆ the sea, and ăll | that | therein | is:
Whĭch | keepeth | truth for | ever:
6 Which executeth jŭdg | mĕnt | for the op | pressèd:
Which gĭv | ĕth | food | to the | hungry.

Har. p 7 The Lŏrd | looseth the | prisoners:
The Lord ŏpĕnĕth thĕ | eyes | of the | blind:
8 The Lord raiseth thĕm that arĕ | bow ed | down:
The Lŏrd | lov | eth the | righteous:
9 The Lord preserveth the strangers; ⋆ He relieveth the
fă ther | less and | widow:
But the way of the wĭckĕd Hĕ | turneth | upside | down.

Part C *to* D *of Triple Chant.*

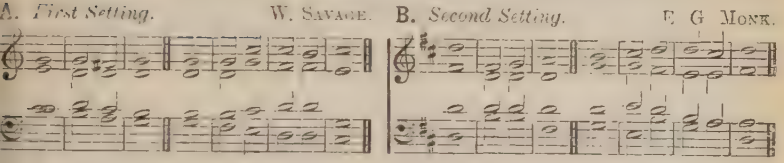
Unis. ff 10 The Lŏrd | shăll | reign for | ever,
Even thy God, O Zion, unto all generătĭons. | Praise |
ye the | Lord.

Har. f GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, ETC.

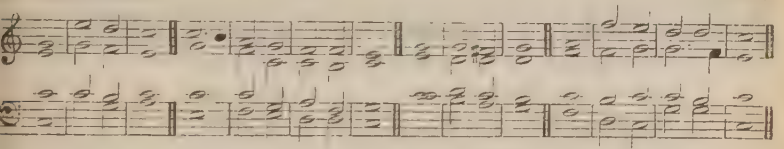
712

Te Deum Laudamus.

A. *First Setting.* W. Savage. B. *Second Setting.* E. G. Monk.



C. *Third Setting.* H. Lawes.



f WE praise | Thee, O | God:
We acknow'ledge | Thee to | be the | Lord.

2 All the earth' doth | worship | Thee:
The | Father | ever | lasting.

3 To Thee all an'gels | cry a | loud:
The heavens,' and | all the | powers · there | in.

4 To Thee cher'ubin and | seraph | in:
Con | tinual | ly do | cry,

5 Ho'ly, | Holy, | Holy:
Lord | God of | Saba | oth;

6 Heaven and earth are full of the | majes | ty:
O'f | Thy | glo | ry.

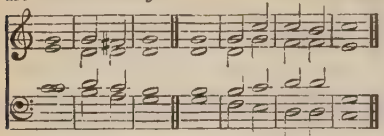
7 The glorious company | of · the a | postles:
Praise | — | — | Thee.

8 The goodly fellowship | of the | prophets:
Praise | — | — | Thee.

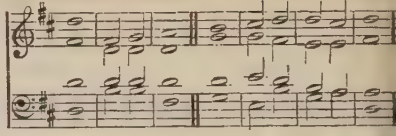
9 The no'ble | army · of | martyrs:
Praise | — | — | Thee.

mf 10 The holy Church throughout | all the | world:
Doth' ac | know | ledge | Thee;

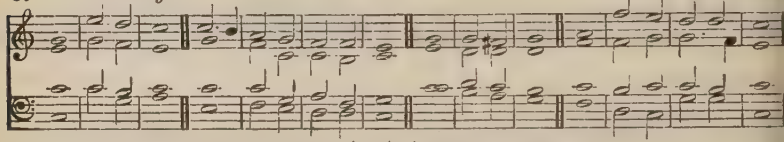
A. *First Setting.* W. Savage.



B. *Second Setting.* E. G. Monk.

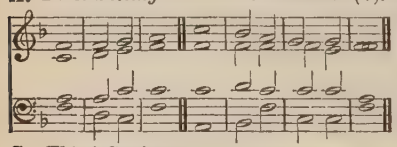


C. *Third Setting.* H. Lawes.

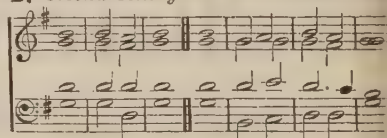


11 The Father, ⁎ of an infinite | majes | ty :
Thine honourable, | true, and | only | Son ;
12 Also the | Holy | Ghost :
The | Com | fort | er.

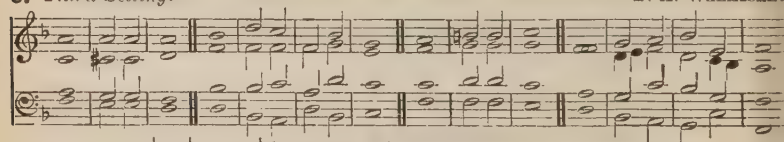
A. *First Setting.* R. Farrant (?).



B. *Second Setting.* Ancient Tone.



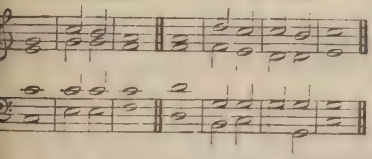
C. *Third Setting.* T. A. Walmisley.



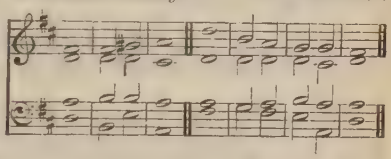
f 13 Thou art the | King of | Glory :
O | — | — | Christ.
14 Thou art the ever | lasting | Son :
Of | — the | Fa | ther.
p 15 When Thou tookest upon Thee to de | liver | man :
Thou didst not ab | hor the | Virgin's | womb.
c 16 When Thou hadst overcome the | sharpness · of | death :
Thou didst open the kingdom of | heaven to | all be | lievers.
f 17 Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God :
In the | glory | of the | Father.
mf 18 We believe that | Thou shalt | come :
To | be | our | Judge.

19 We therefore pray Thee, | help Thy | servants:
Whom Thou hast redeemed | with Thy | precious | blood.
20 Make them to be numbered | with Thy | saints:
In | glory | ever | lasting.

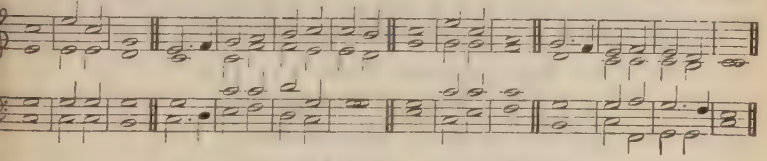
First Setting. R. Goodson.



B. *Second Setting.* T. Kelway.



Third Setting. G. J. Elvey.



p 21 O Lord, | save Thy | people:
And | bless Thine | herit | age.
c 22 Gov | — ern | them:
And | lift them | up for | ever.

f 23 Day | by | day:
We | magni | fy | Thee;
24 And we wor·ship | Thy | name:
Ev·er | world with | out | end.

p 25 Vouch | safe, O | Lord:
To keep us this | day with | out | sin.
26 O Lord, have | mercy·up | on us:
Have | mer | cy up | on us.

f 27 O Lord, let Thy mer·cy | lighten·up | on us:
As | our | trust | is in | Thee.
28 O Lord, in Thee | have I | trusted:
Let | me | never | be con | founded.

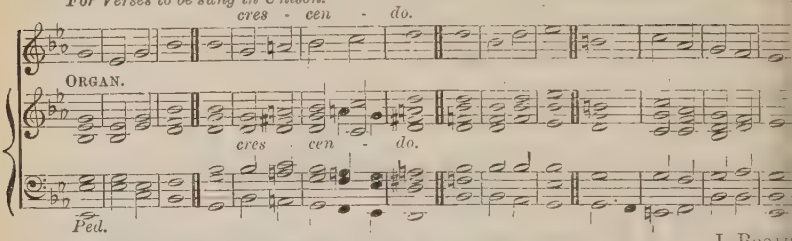
712

Fourth Setting.

Te Deum Laudamus.

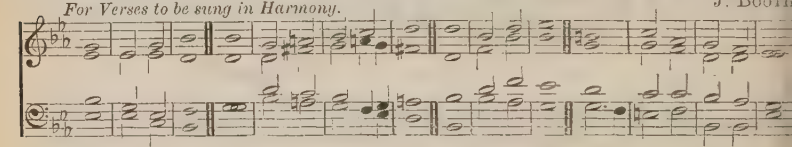
J. Booth

For Verses to be sung in Unison.



J. Booth

For Verses to be sung in Harmony.



Full. Unis. *f*

WE praise | Thee, O | God:
We acknowledge | Thee to | be the | Lord

2 All the earth doth | worship | Thee:
The | Father | ever | lasting.

Tenors and Basses, Unis. 3 To Thee all angels | cry a | loud:
The heavens, and | all the | powers · there | in.

Trebles and Altos, Unis. 4 To Thee cherubin and | seraph | im:
Con | tinual | ly do | cry,

Full. Har. 5 Holy, | Holy, | Holy:
Lord | God of | Saba | oth;

6 Heaven and earth are full of the | majes | ty:
Of | Thy | glo | ry.

Tenors and Basses, Unis. 7 The glorious company | of · the a | postles:
Praise | — | — | Thee.

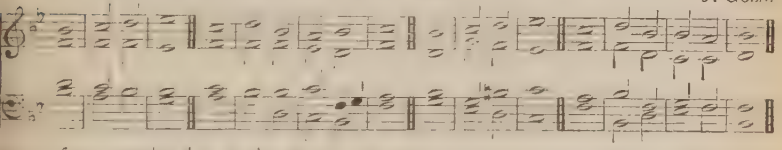
Trebles and Altos, Unis. 8 The goodly fellowship | of the | prophets:
Praise | — | — | Thee.

Tenors and Basses, Unis. 9 The noble | army · of | martyrs:
Praise | — | — | Thee.

Full. Har. *mf* 10 The holy Church throughout | all the | world:
Doth ac | know | ledge | Thee;

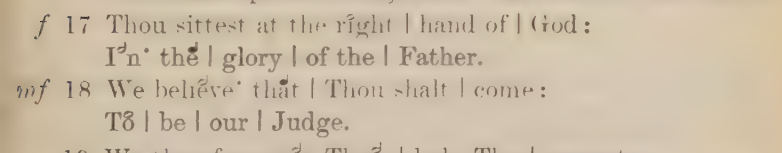
11 The Father, * of an infinite | majes | ty:
Thine honourable, | true, and | only | Son;
12 Also the | Holy | Ghost:
The | Com | fort | er.

J. Goss.



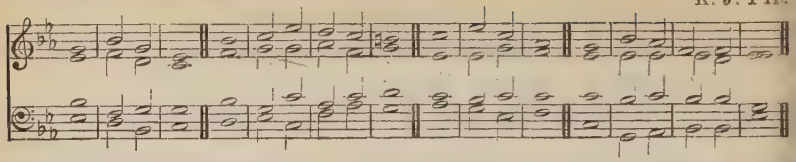
Unis. f 13 Thou art the | King of | Glory:
O° | — | — | Christ.
14 Thou art the ever | lasting | Son:
O°f | — the | Fa | ther.
Har. p 15 When Thou tookest upon Thee to de | liver | man:
Thou didst not ab | hor the | Virgin's | womb.
c 16 When Thou hadst overcome the | sharpness · of | death:
Thou didst open the kingdom of | heaven to | all be | lievers.
f 17 Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God:
I°n the | glory | of the | Father.
mf 18 We believe that | Thou shalt | come:
To | be | our | Judge.
19 We therefore pray Thee, | help Thy | servants:
Whom Thou hast redeemed | with Thy | precious | blood.
20 Make them to be numbered | with Thy | saints:
I°n | glory | ever | lasting.

K. J. Pye.



p 21 O Lord, | save Thy | people:
A°nd | bless Thine | herit | age.
c 22 Gov | — ern | them:
A°nd | lift them | up for | ever.

K. J. Pye.



Unis. f 23 Dāy | by | day:
We | magni | fy | Thee;
24 And we wŏr'ship | Thy | name:
E'ver | world with | out | end.

Har. p 25 Vouch | safe, O | Lord:
To kēep ŭs this | day with | out | sin.
26 O Lŏrd, have | mercy · up | on us:
Have | mer | cy up | on us.

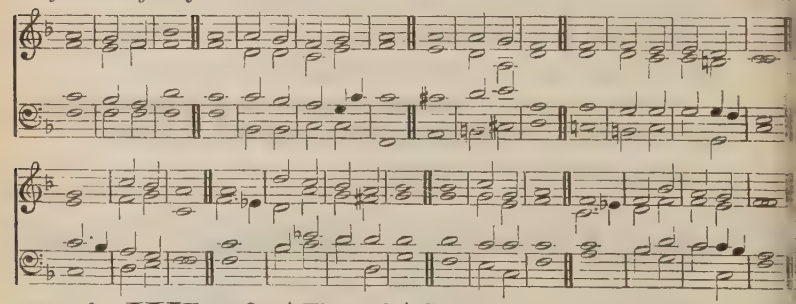
mf 27 O Lord, let Thy mĕr'cy | lighten · up | on us:
As' our | trust | is in | Thee.
28 O Lord, in Thee | have I | trusted:

rall. Lĕt' mē | never | be con | founded.

712

Te Deum Laudamus.

Fifth Setting. Quadruple Chant. H. S. Oakeley.



Unis. f WE praise | Thee, O | God:
We acknŏw'lĕdge | Thee to | be the | Lord.
2 All the earth' dŏth | worship | Thee:
The | Father | ever | lasting.
3 To Thee all ăn'gĕls | cry a | loud:
The heavens,' and | all the | powers · there | in.

4 To Thee chĕrŭbĭn ănd | seraph | in:
Cŏn | tinual | ly do | cry,

Har. 5 Hŏ'lў, | Holy, | Holy:
Lŏrd | God of | Saba | oth;

6 Heaven and earth are fŭll ŏf thē | majes | ty:
O°f | Thy | glo | ry.

7 The glorious cŏmpănў | of·the a | postles:
Praĭse | — | — | Thee.

8 The goodly fĕllŏwshĭp | of the | prophets:
Praĭse | — | — | Thee.

9 The nŏ'blē | army·of | martyrs:
Praĭse | — | — | Thee.

mf 10 The holy Chŭrch throŭghoŭt | all the | world:
Dŏth' ăc | know | ledge | Thee;

11 The Father, * of an ĭnfĭnĭte | majes | ty:
Thine hŏnoŭrăblē, | true, and | only | Son;

12 Ă'lsŏ thē | Holy | Ghost:
Thē | Com | fort | er.

Unis. f 13 Thŏu ărt thē | King of | Glory:
O° | — | — | Christ.

14 Thou art the ēvĕr | lasting | Son:
O°f | — the | Fa | ther.

Har. p 15 When Thou tookest upŏn Thēe tŏ dē | liver | man:
Thou dĭdst nŏt ăb | hor the | Virgin's | womb.

c 16 When Thou hadst overcŏme' thē | sharpness·of | death:
Thou didst open the kĭngdŏm ŏf | heaven to | all be | lievers.

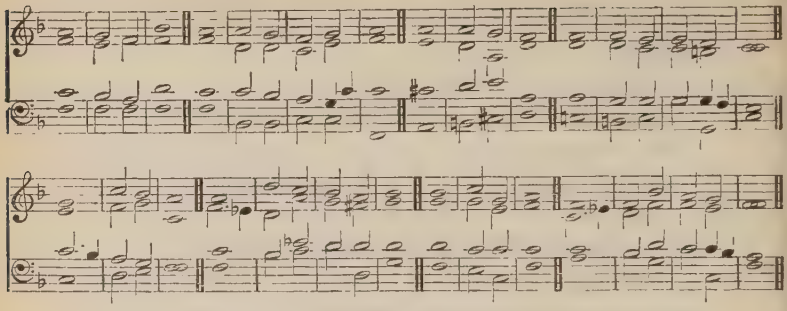
f 17 Thou sittest at the rĭght | hand of | God:
I°n' thē | glory | of the | Father.

mf 18 We beliēve' thăt | Thou shalt | come:
Tŏ | be | our | Judge.

19 We therefore prăy Thēe, | help Thy | servants:
Whom Thou hast redēem'ĕd | with Thy | precious | blood.

20 Make them to be nŭm'bĕred | with Thy | saints:
I°n | glory | ever | lasting.

Fifth Setting. QUADRUPLE CHANT. H. S. OAKELEY.

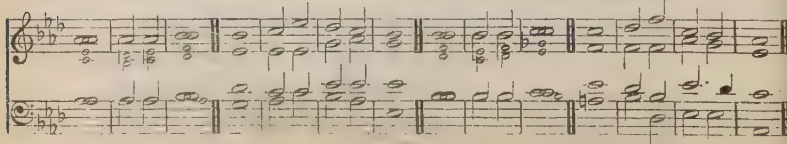


p 21 O Lord, | save Thy | people :
A°nd | bless Thine | herit | age.
c 22 Gov | — ern | them :
A°nd | lift them | up for | ever.
Unis. f 23 Day | by | day :
We | magni | fy | Thee ;
24 And we wor·ship | Thy | name :
E'v·er | world with | out | end.

Har. p 25 Vouch | safe, O | Lord :
To keep us this | day with | out | sin.
26 O Lord, · have | mercy · up | on us :
Have | mer | cy up | on us.
mf 27 O Lord, let Thy mer·cy | lighten · up | on us :
As · our | trust | is in | Thee.
28 O Lord, in Thee | have I | trusted :
rall. Let · me | never | be con | founded.

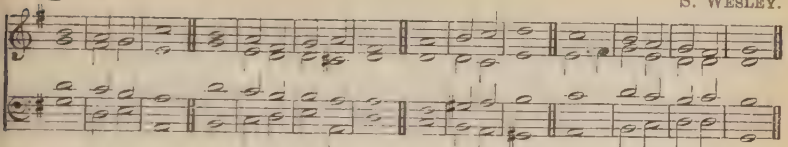
713

1 **Benedictus.** G. M. GARRETT.



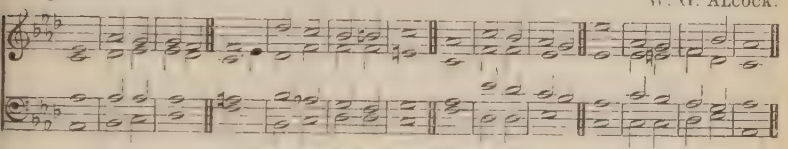
2

S. Wesley.



3

W. G. Alcock.



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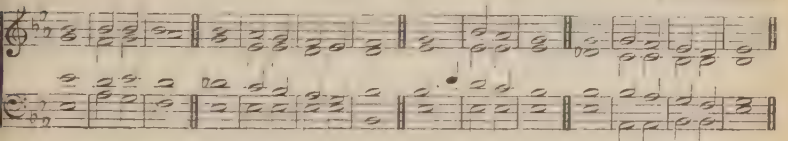
4

J. T. Harris.



mf

BLESSED be the Lŏrd | God of | Israel:
For He hath vĭsĭtĕd | and re | deemed · His | people;

2 And hath raised up a mĭghtў săl | vation | for us:
In the hoûse | of His | servant | David;

3 As He spake by the moûth ŏf Hĭs | holy | prophets:
Which have bēen | since the | world be | gan;

4 That we should be săv·ĕd | from our | enemies:
And frŏm· thĕ | hands of | all that | hate us;

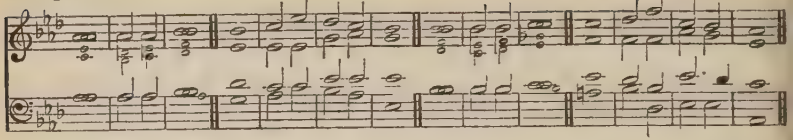
5 To perform the mercy prŏmĭsed tŏ | our fore | fathers:
And tŏ rĕ | member · His | holy | covenant;

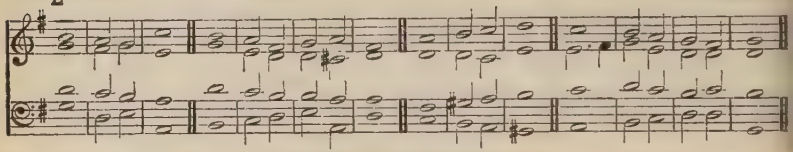
6 To perform the oath which He swăre tŏ oûr | fore · father |
Abraham:
Thât | He would | give | us,

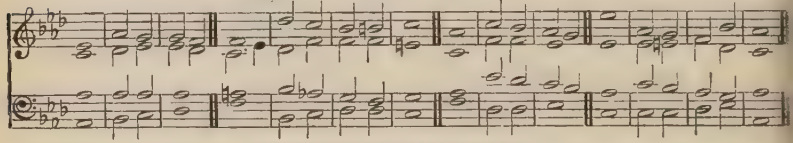
7 That we being delivered out of the hând | of our | enemies:
Might sĕrve | Him with | out | fear;

8 In holiness and rĭght·eoûs | ness be | fore Him:
All· thĕ | days of | our | life.

1 G. M. Garrett.



2 S. Wesley.

3 W. G. Alcock.



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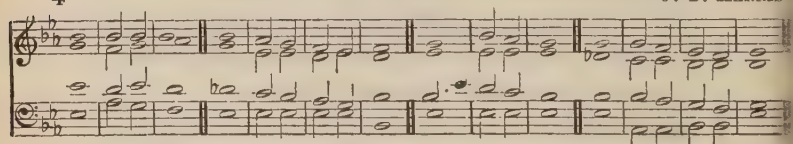
4 J. T. Harris.



9 And thou, child, * shalt be called the prō'phĕt | of the Highest:
For thou shalt go before the face of the Lōrd | to prepare His | ways;

10 To give knowledge of salvā'tion | unto · His | people:
For thĕ rĕ | mission | of their | sins,

11 Through the tender mĕr'cy | of our | God:
Whereby the dayspring from' ŏn | high hath | visit·ed | us;

p 12 To give light to them that sit in darkness * and ĭn' thĕ | shadow · of | death:

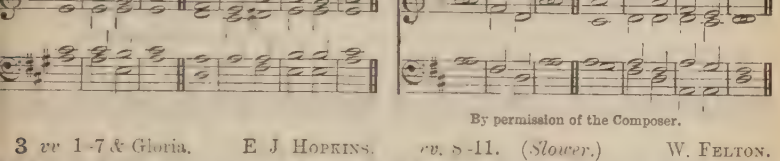
rall. And to guide our fēet | into · the | way of | peace.

f Glory be to the Father, etc.

714

Venite (Psalm XCV).

1 *For the whole Psalm.* W. Crotch. 2 *For the whole Psalm.* A. H. Mann.



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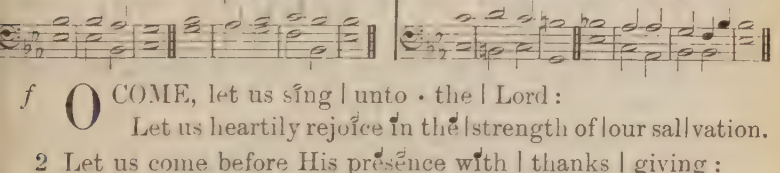
3 *vv* 1-7 & Gloria. E J Hopkins. *vv.* 8-11. (*Slower.*) W. Felton.



f O COME, let us sing | unto · the | Lord:
Let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal|vation.

2 Let us come before His presence with | thanks | giving:
And shew ourselves | glad in | Him with | psalms.

3 For the Lord is a | great | God:
And a great | King a | bove all | gods.

4 In His hand are all the corners | of the | earth:
And the strength of the | hills is | His | also.

5 The sea is His, | and He | made it:
And His hands pre | pared · the | dry | land.

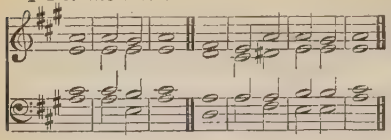
mf 6 O come, let us worship, and | fall | down:
And kneel· be | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

7 For He is the | Lord our | God:
And we are the people of His pasture * and· the | sheep of | His | hand.

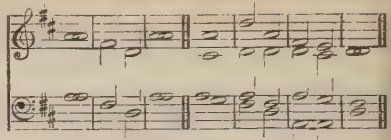
p 8 To-day if ye will hear His voice, * harden | not your | hearts:
As in the provocation, * and as in the day of tempt | ation | in the | wilderness;

9 When your fathers | tempted | Me:
Proved | Me, and | saw My | works.

1 *For the whole Psalm.* W. CROTCH.

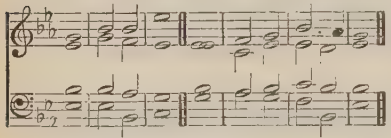


2 *For the whole Psalm.* A. H. MANN.

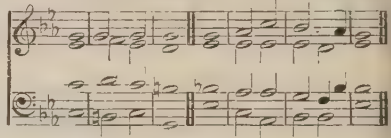


By permission of the Composer.

3 *vv.* 1–7 & Gloria. E. J. HOPKINS.



vv. 8–11. (*Slower.*) W. FELTON.



10 Forty years long was I grieved with this gener | ation, and | said:
It is a people that do err in their hearts, * for they | have not | known My | ways;

11 Unto whom I sware | in My | wrath:
That they should not | enter | into · My | rest.

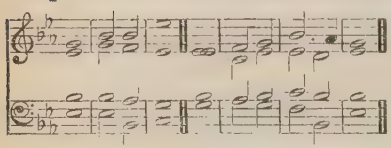
---

f GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, ETC.

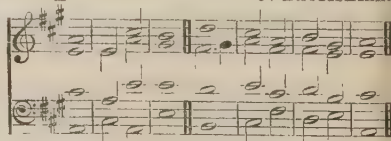
715

Jubilate (PSALM C).

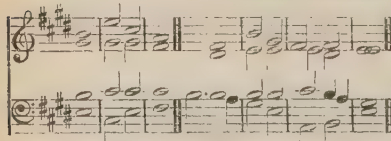
1 E. J. HOPKINS.



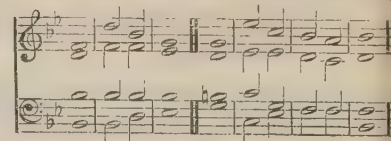
2 J. BATTISHILL.



3 F. A. G. OUSELEY.



4 G. J. ELVEY.



f O BE joyful in the Lord, | all ye | lands:
Serve the Lord with gladness, * and come · before His | presence | with a | song.

2 Be ye sure that the Lord | He is | God:
It is He That hath made us, and not we ourselves; * we are His people, and the | sheep of | His | pasture.

3 O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, * and into His | courts with | praise:
Be thankful unto Him, and | speak good | of His | name.

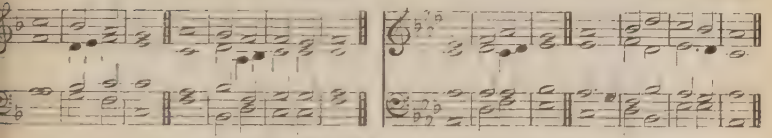
4 For the Lord is gracious; * His mercy is | ever | lasting:
And His truth endureth from gen|er|ation · to | gener|ation.

GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, ETC.

716

Deus Misereatur (PSALM LXVII).

1 P. FUSSELL. 2 G. J. ELVEY.



mf GOD be merciful unto | us, and | bless us:
And shew us the light of His countenance, * and be | merci · ful | unto | us;

2 That Thy way may be known up | on | earth:
Thy saving | health a | mong all | nations.

Unis. f 3 Let the people praise | Thee, O | God:
Yea, let | all the | people | praise Thee.

Har. 4 O let the nations rejoice | and be | glad:
For Thou shalt judge the folk righteously, * and govern the | nations · up | on | earth.

Unis. 5 Let the people praise | Thee, O | God:
Yea, let | all the | people | praise Thee.

Har. mf 6 Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase:
And God, * even our own God, shall | give | us His | blessing.

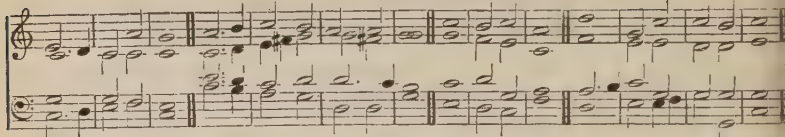
p 7 God shall | bless | us:
And all the ends of the | world shall | fear | Him.

f GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, ETC.

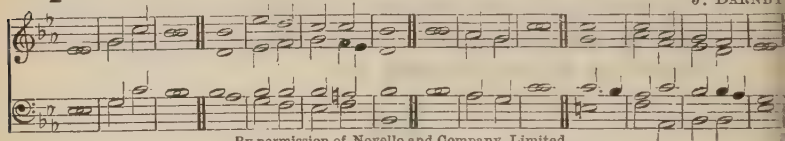
717

Cantate Domino (Psalm XCVIII).

1 T. S. Dupuis.

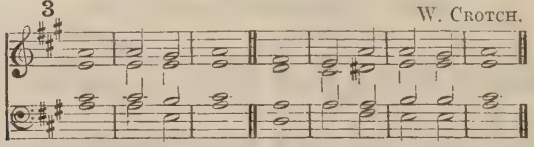


2 J. Barnby



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

3 W. Crotch.



Unis.f O SING unto the Lord a new song:
For He hath done marvelous things.

2 With His own right hand, * and with His holy arm:
Hath He gotten Him self the victory.

Har. 3 The Lord declared His salvation:
His righteousness hath He openly shewed in the sight of the heathen.

4 He hath remembered His mercy and truth toward the house of Israel:
And all the ends of the world have seen the salvation of our God.

5 Shew yourselves joyful unto the Lord, all ye lands:
Sing, rejoice, and give thanks.

6 Praise the Lord upon the harp:
Sing to the harp with a psalm of thanks giving.

Unis. 7 With trumpets also and shawms:
O shew yourselves joyful before the Lord the King.

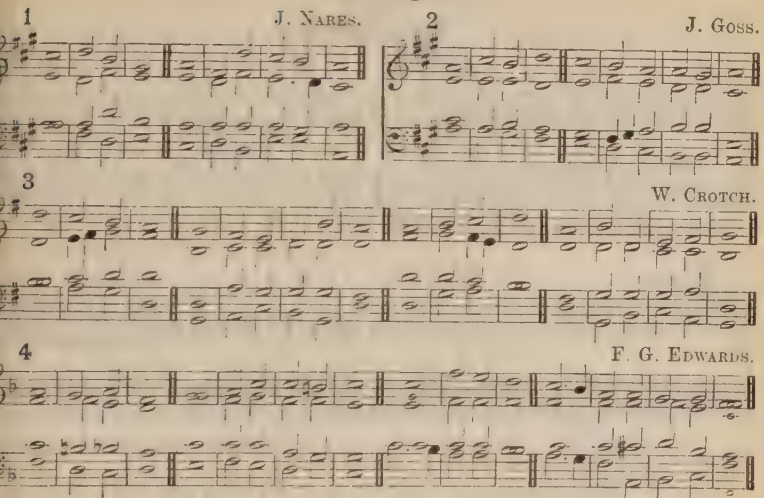
ff 8 Let the sea make a noise, * and all that therein is:
The round world, and they that dwell there in.

Har. 9 Let the floods clap their hands, * and let the hills be joyful together before the Lord:
For He cometh to judge the earth.

mf 10 With righteousness shall He judge the world:
And the people with equity.

f Glory be to the Father, etc.

718 Magnificat.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

f MY soul doth măg· nĭ | fy the | Lord:
And my spirit hăth· rĕ | joiced · in | God my | Saviour.

2 For Hē | hath re | garded:
The lŏw'lĭ | ness of | His hand | maiden:

mf 3 For behŏld· from | hence | forth:
All gĕnĕr | ations · shall | call me | blessed.

4 For He That is mĭghtў hăth | magni · fied | me:

p And | holy | is His | name.

2nd half of Double Chant.

mf 5 And His mĕr·cў ĭs ŏn | them that | fear Him:
Thrŏugh | out all | gener | ations.

f 6 He hath showed strĕngth | with His | arm:
He hath scattered the proud in the imă·gĭn | ation | of their | hearts.

7 He hath put down the mĭghtў· | from their | seat:
And hăth· ĕx | alted · the | humble · and | meek.

8 He hath filled the hŭngrў with | good | things:
And the rĭch Hē hăth | sent | empty · a | way.

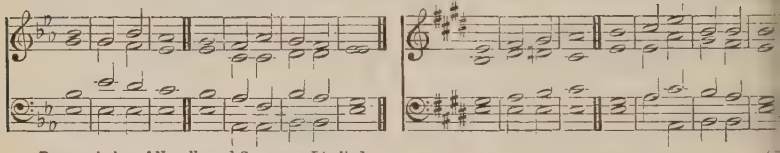
9 He, remembering His mercy, hath hŏlpĕn Hĭs servant Israel:
As He promised to our forefathers, * Abrăhăm | and his | seed, for | ever.

GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, ETC.

719

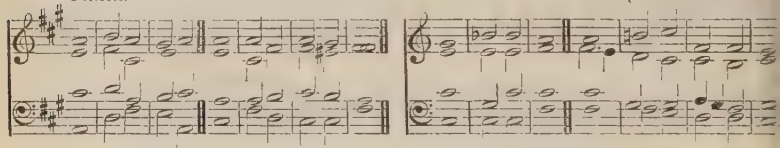
Nunc dimittis.

1 J. Barnby. 2 P. Arme-



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

3 *Unison.* Third Tone. 4 J. F. Bridge. (From H. Purcell



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

p LORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant de | part in | peace
A°c | cording | to Thy | word.

2 For mine | eyes have | seen :
Thy | — sal | va | tion,

3 Which Thou | hast pre | pared :
Before the | face of | all | people ;

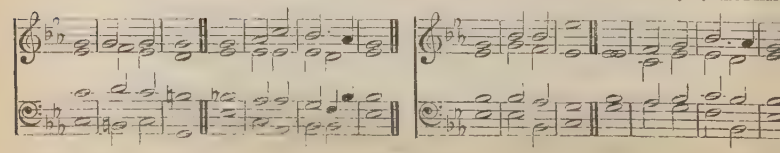
c 4 To be a light to | lighten · the | Gentiles :
And to be the glory | of Thy | people | Israel.

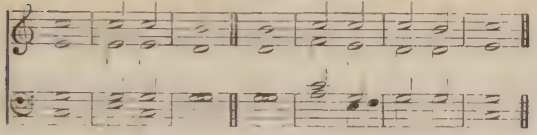
mf Glory be to the Father, etc.

720

Christ our Passover.

1 *vv.* 1–8. W. Felton. Gloria. E. J. Hopkin



2 *For the whole Canticle and* Gloria. P. HUMFREY.

mf CHRIST our passover is sac'ri | fi · ced | for us:
There'fore | let us | keep the | feast;

2 Not with the old leaven, * nor with the leaven of | malice · and | wickedness:
But with the unleavened bread of sin | ceri | ty and | truth.

f 3 Christ being raised from the dead | dieth · no | more:
Death hath no more' do | minion | over | Him.

mf 4 For in that He died, * He died unto | sin | once:

c But in that He liveth, He | liveth | unto | God.

mf 5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed | unto | sin:

c But alive unto God' through | Jesus | Christ our | Lord.

f 6 Christ is risen' | from the | dead:
And become the first | fruits of | them that | slept.

mf 7 For since' by | man came | death:

c By man came also the re'sur | rection | of the | dead.

mf 8 For as' in | Adam · all | die:

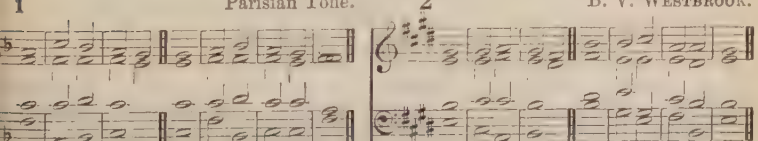
c Even so in Christ' shall | all be | made a | live.

f GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, ETC.

721

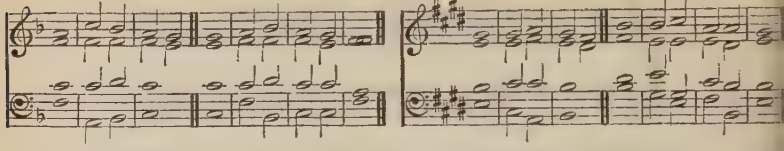
O Saviour of the World.

1 Parisian Tone. 2 B. V. WESTBROOK.



O SAVIOUR of the world, the | Son, Lord | Jesus:
Stir up Thy strength, and help us, we | humbly · be | seech | Thee.

1 Parisian Tone. 2 B. V. Westbrook



2 By Thy cross and precious blood · Thou | hast re | deemed us
Save us and help us, we | humbly · be | seech | Thee.

mf 3 Thou didst save Thy disciples when | ready · to | perish :
Hear us and save us, we | humbly · be | seech | Thee.

p 4 Let the pitifulness · of | Thy great | mercy :
Loose us from our sins, · we | humbly · be | seech | Thee.

mf 5 Make it appear that Thou art our Saviour and
mighty · De | liverer :
O save us, that we may praise Thee, we | humbly · be | seech
Thee.

6 Draw near, according to Thy promise ; ⋆ from · the
throne of · Thy | glory :
Look down and hear our cry ing, we | humbly · be | seech
Thee.

c 7 Come again, and dwell with us, O · | Lord Christ | Jesus
Abide with us for ever, we | humbly · be | seech | Thee.

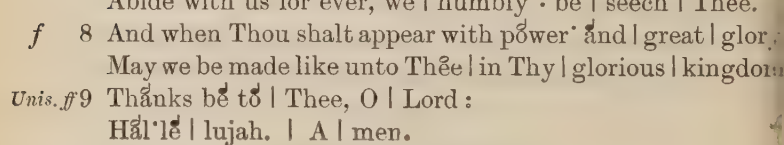
f 8 And when Thou shalt appear with power · and | great | glory,
May we be made like unto Thee | in Thy | glorious | kingdom.

Unis. ff 9 Thanks be to | Thee, O | Lord :
Hal·le | lujah. | A | men.

722

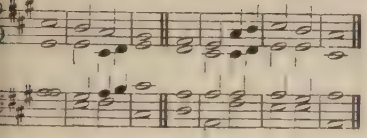
Gloria in excelsis.

A. *vv.* 1–3 & 9, 10. W. Turner. A. *vv.* 4–8. T. S. Dupuis

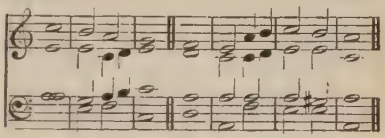


Or the following Chants:—

B. *vv.* 1-3 & 9, 10. R. Bacon.



B. *vv.* 4-8. R. Bacon.



f GLORY be to | God on | high:
And in earth | peace, good | will · towards | men.

2 We praise Thee, ⋆ we bless Thee, we | worship | Thee:
We glorify Thee, | we give | thanks to | Thee,

3 For Thy great glory, | O Lord | God:
Heavenly King, ⋆ God the | Father | Al | mighty.

---

f 4 O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ:
O Lord God, ⋆ Lamb of God, | Son · of the | Fa | ther;

p 5 That takest away the | sins · of the | world:
Have | mercy · up | on | us.

6 Thou That takest away the | sins · of the | world:
Have | mercy · up | on | us.

7 Thou That takest away the | sins · of the | world:
Re | ceive | our | prayer.

8 Thou That sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father:
Have | mercy · up | on | us.

---

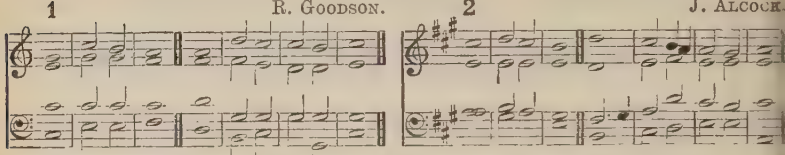
9 For Thou | only · art | holy:
Thou | only | art the | Lord;

f 10 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost:
Art most high in the glory of God the | Father. | A | men.

XVI.—Scripture Sentences, etc.

1.—*FOR USE AT THE OPENING OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.**

723

1 R. Goodson. 2 J. Alcock.

mf OUR help is in the name | of the | Lord,
Who | made | heaven · and | earth.

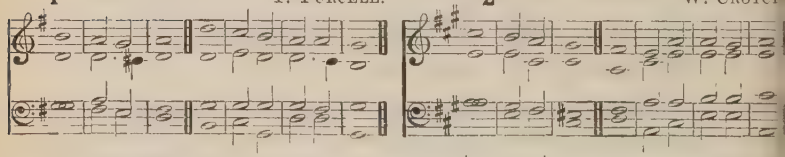
2 The Lord your God | is | gracious · and | merciful,
And will not turn away His face from you, | if | ye re | turn · unto | Him.

3 The Lord is good unto them | that | wait for | Him,
To | the | soul that | seeketh | Him.

4 O mag·nify the | Lord with | me,
And let us ex | alt His | name to | gether.

724

1 T. Purcell. 2 W. Crotch



mf THE Lord is nigh unto all them | that | call up · on | Him
To all | that | call up · on | Him in | truth.

2 He will fulfil the desire | of | them that | fear Him:
He also will hear | their | cry, | and will | save them.

3 Thus saith the high and lofty One That inhab·it | eth e | ternity,
Whose | name | is | Holy:

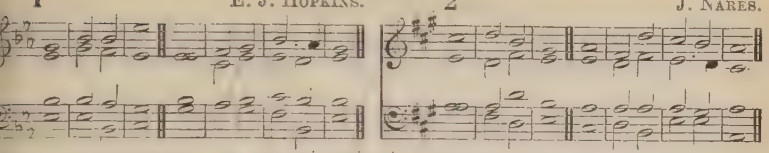
4 I dwell in the high | and | holy | place,
With him also that is | of a | contrite · and | humble | spirit

mp 5 O worship the Lord in the | beauty · of | holiness:
Tremble be | fore Him, | all the | earth.

* To be sung without *Gloria* or *Amen*.

725

1 E. J. HOPKINS. 2 J. NARES.



mp O COME, let us worship and | bow | down:
Let us kneel be | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

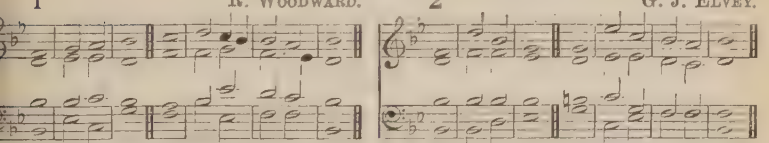
c 2 For He is | our | God;
And we are the people of His pasture, * and the | sheep of | His | hand.

mf 3 Give unto the Lord the glory due | unto · His | name:
Bring an offering, and come before Him; * worship the Lord in the | beau | ty of | holiness.

4 Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, * and into His | courts with | praise:
Give thanks unto | Him, and | bless His | name.

726

1 R. WOODWARD. 2 G. J. ELVEY.



mf WHO shall ascend into the hill | of the | Lord?
And who shall stand | in His | holy | place?

2 He that hath clean hands, and a | pure | heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, and | hath not | sworn de | ceitfully.

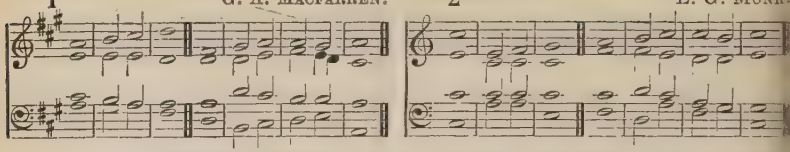
3 Seek ye the Lord while He | may be | found,
Call ye up | on Him | while · He is | near:

4 Let the wicked for | sake his | way,
And the un | righteous | man his | thoughts:

5 And let him return unto the Lord, * and He will have | mercy · up | on him:
And to our God, for | He · will a | bundant · ly | pardon.

727

1 G. A. MACFARREN. 2 E. G. MONK



mp O SEND out Thy light and Thy truth: | let them lead me:
Let them bring me unto Thy ho·ly | hill, and | to Thy tabernacles.

c 2 Then will I go unto the | altar · of | God,
Unto | God · my ex | ceeding | joy.

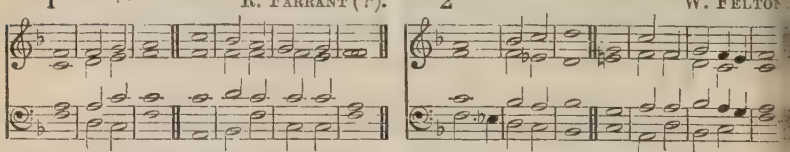
mf 3 The hour cometh, and | now | is,
When the true worshippers shall worship the | Father · in spirit · and | truth:

4 For such doth the | Father | seek
To | be | His | worshippers.

mp 5 God | is a | Spirit:
And they that worship Him · must | worship · in spirit · and | truth.

728

1 R. FARRANT (?). 2 W. FELTON



mp DRAW | nigh to | God,
And He will | draw | nigh to | you.

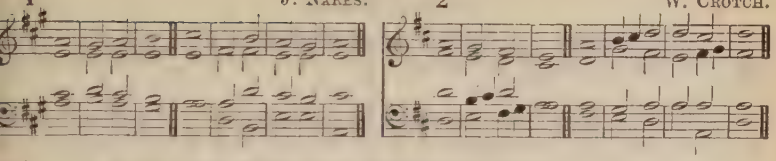
2 Like as a fa·ther | pitieth · his | children,
So the Lord | piti · eth | them that | fear Him.

3 I will arise · and | go to · my | Father,
And will | say | unto | Him,

4 Father, I have sinned against heaven, and | in Thy | sight:
I am no more wor·thy | to be | called · Thy | son.

729

1 J. NARES. 2 W. CROTCH.



mf I WAS glad when they said | unto | me,
Let us go | unto · the | house · of the | Lord.

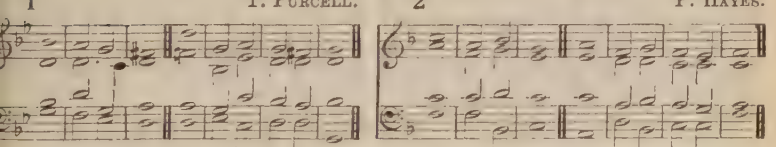
2 In the multitude of Thy lovingkindness will I come | into · Thy | house:
In Thy fear will I worship to | ward Thy | holy | temple.

3 Blessed is the man whom Thou choosest, and causest to approach | unto | Thee,
That he may | dwell | in Thy | courts.

4 We shall be satisfied with the good·ness | of Thy | house,
The ho·ly | place of | Thy | temple.

730

1 T. PURCELL. 2 P. HAYES.



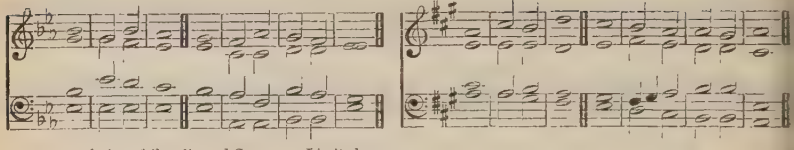
mp WE have not an high priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of | our in | firmities;
But One That hath been in all points tempted like as we are, | yet with | out | sin.

c 2 Let us therefore draw near with boldness unto the | throne of | grace,
That we may receive mercy, * and may find grace · to | help us · in | time of | need.

f 3 Through Him then let us offer up a sacrifice of praise · to | God con | tinually,
That is, * the fruit of lips which make con | fession | to His | name.

731

1 J. BARNBY. 2 J. GOSS



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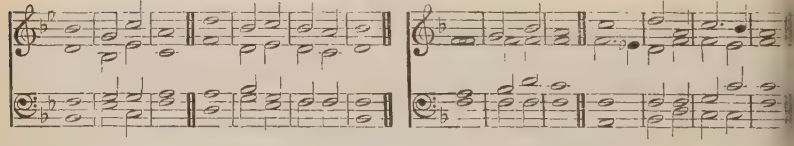
mf LORD, I love the habitā'tĭon | of Thy | house,
And the plăce | where Thy | glory | dwelleth.

2 Offer the sacrifĭcēs ŏf | righteous | ness,
And pŭt' yŏur | trust | in the | Lord.

mp 3 The sacrifices of Gŏd ăre ă | broken | spirit:
A broken and a contrite heart, O Gŏd, | Thou wilt not de | spise.

732

1 H. ALDRICH. 2 J. TURLE



[EVENING.]

mf ASK, and it shall be given you; * seĕk,' ănd | ye shall find;
Knock, and it shăll' bĕ | open·ĕd | unto | you:

2 For everyone that asketh receiveth, * and hĕ' thăt | seeketh | findeth:
And to hĭm' thăt | knocketh·it | shall be | opened.

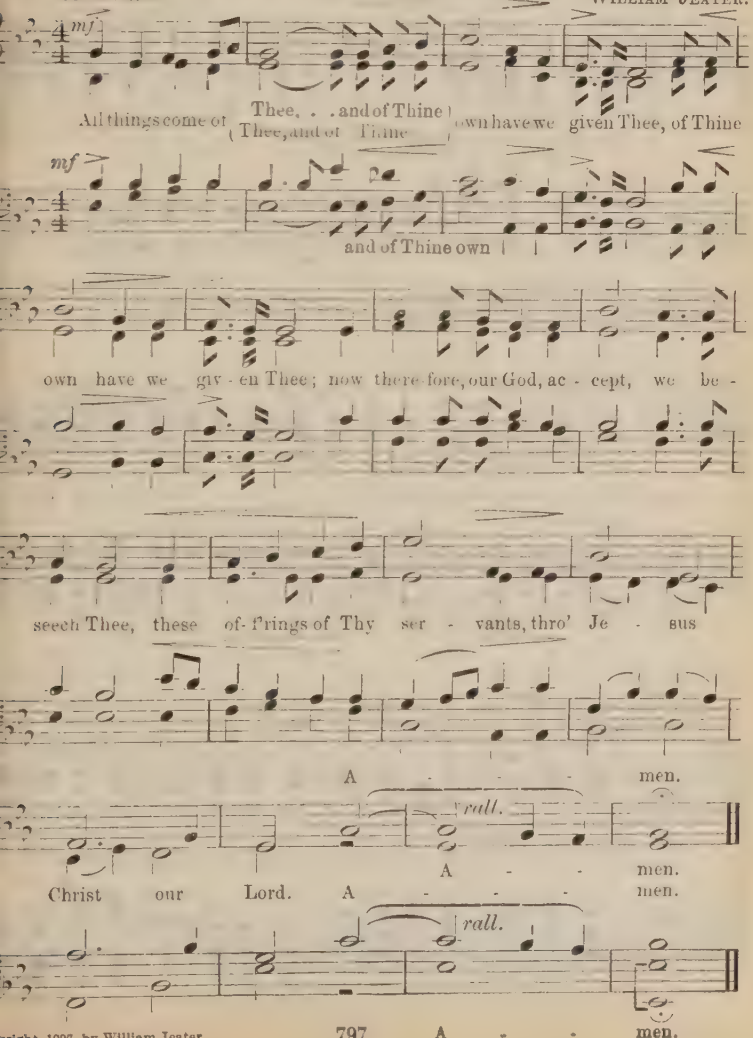
3 Let my prayer be set fŏrth' ăs | incense·be | fore Thee:
The lifting up of my hănds | as the | evening | sacrifice.

4 Abĭde | with | us:
For it is toward evening, * ănd' thĕ | day is | now far | spent

2. *FOR USE IN CONNECTION WITH THE OFFERING.*

733

All things come of Thee.

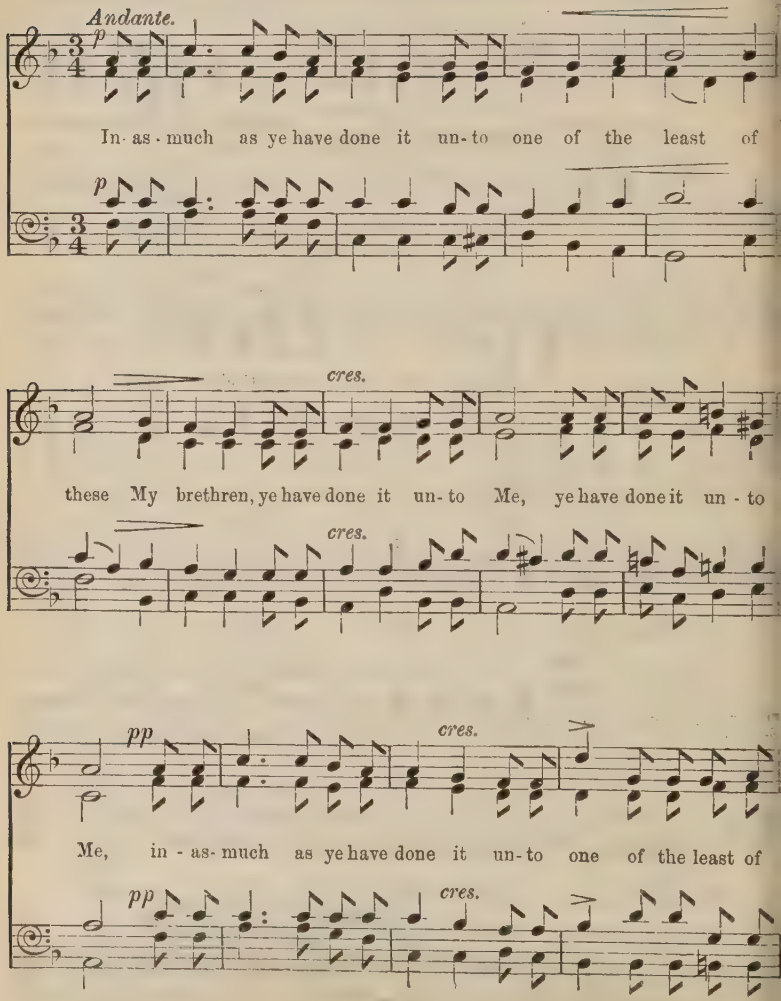
Moderato. WILLIAM JEATER.

mf
All things come of Thee, . . and of Thine own have we given Thee, of Thine
(Thee, and of Thine)
mf
and of Thine own
own have we giv - en Thee; now there-fore, our God, ac - cept, we be -
seech Thee, these of-ferings of Thy ser - vants, thro' Je - sus
A - - - men.
rall.
A - - - men.
Christ our Lord. A - - - men.
rall.

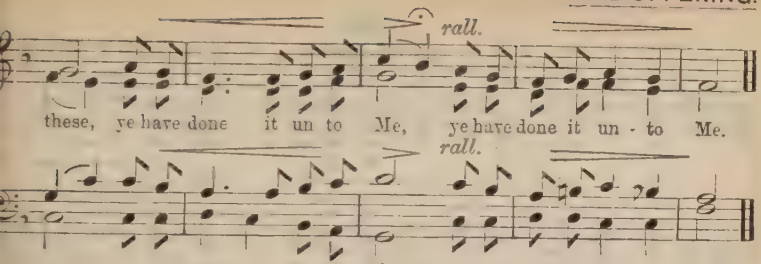
yright, 1907, by William Jeater.

734

Inasmuch as ye have done it.

J. A. CAPERN


Andante.
p
In- as - much as ye have done it un- to one of the least of
p
cres.
these My brethren, ye have done it un- to Me, ye have done it un - to
cres.
pp
cres.
Me, in - as- much as ye have done it un- to one of the least of
pp
cres.



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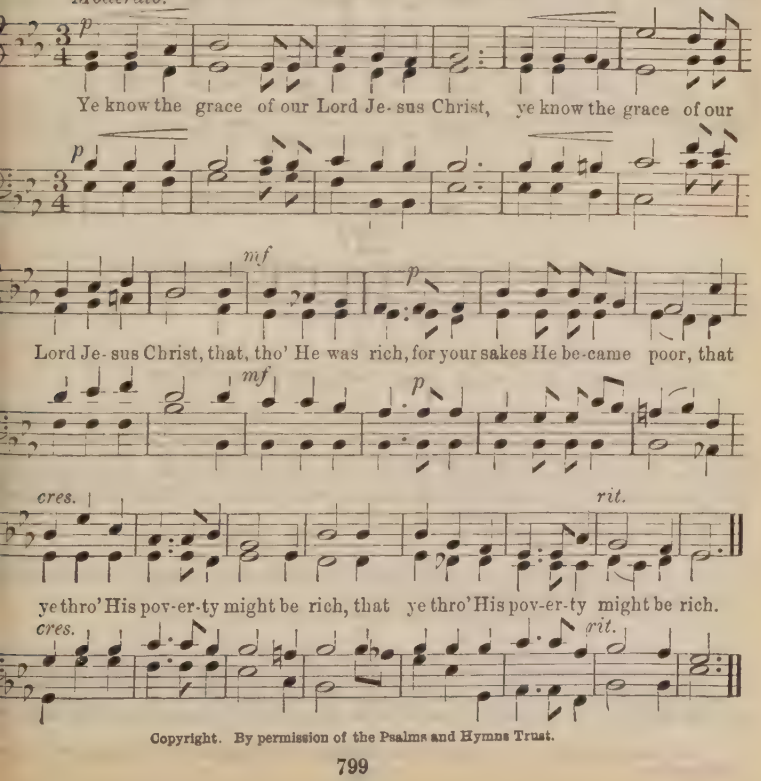
735

Moderato. **Ye know the grace of our Lord.** E. Earle.

p
Ye know the grace of our Lord Je- sus Christ, ye know the grace of our
p
mf
p
Lord Je- sus Christ, that, tho' He was rich, for your sakes He be-came poor, that
mf
p
cres.
rit.
ye thro' His pov-er-ty might be rich, that ye thro' His pov-er-ty might be rich.
cres.
rit.

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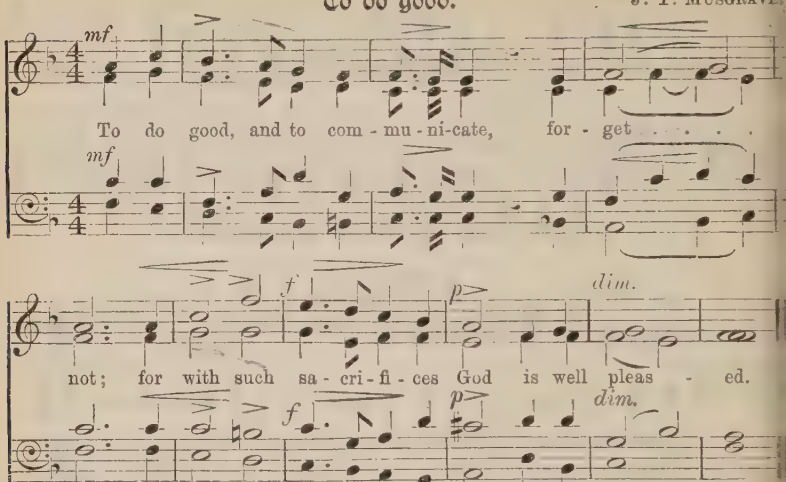
736

To do good.

J. T. MUSGRAVE.



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3.—*FOR GENERAL USE.*

737

The Ten Commandments, with Responses.*

GOD spake all these words, saying,—I am the Lord thy God, Which have brought the out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I.

Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

II.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

III.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

IV.

Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made

*The Commandments to be read by the Minister: the Responses to be sung by Choir and Congregation.

aven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore
e Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.
Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

V.

Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the
rd thy God giveth thee.
Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt not kill. VI.
Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt not commit adultery. VII.
Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt not steal. VIII.
Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

IX.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.
Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

X.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his
anservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's.
Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.

738

The New Testament Commandments, with Responses.

I.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with
l thy strength, and with all thy mind.
Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

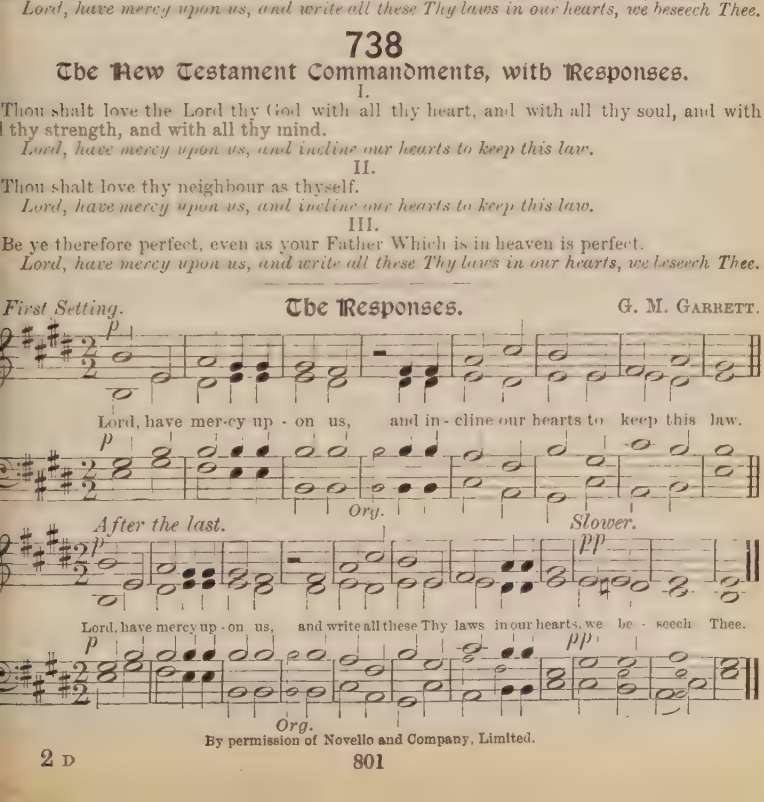
II.

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.
Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

III.

Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father Which is in heaven is perfect.
Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.

First Setting. **The Responses.** G. M. Garrett.


p
Lord, have mer-cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.
Org.
After the last.
Slower.
pp
Lord, have mercy up - on us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee.
Org.

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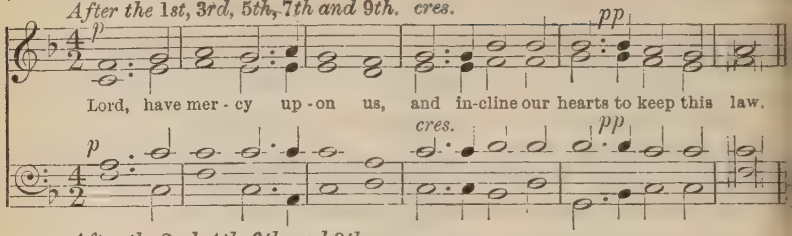
Second Setting.

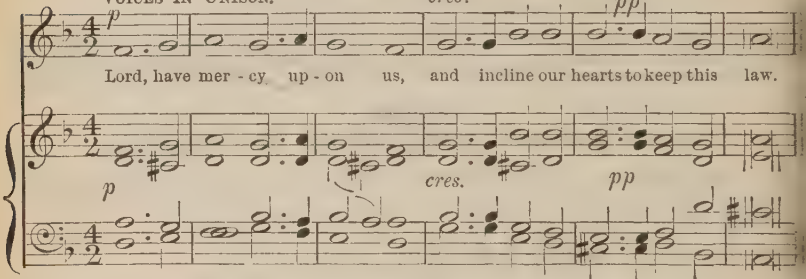
J. MERBECKE.
(Har. by J. STAINER.)

After the 1st, 3rd, 5th, 7th and 9th. *cres.*

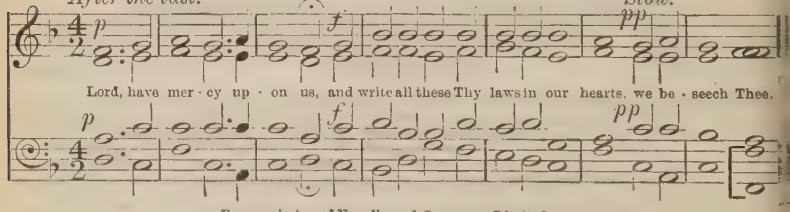


After the 2nd, 4th, 6th and 8th.

VOICES IN UNISON. *cres.*



After the last. *Slow.*



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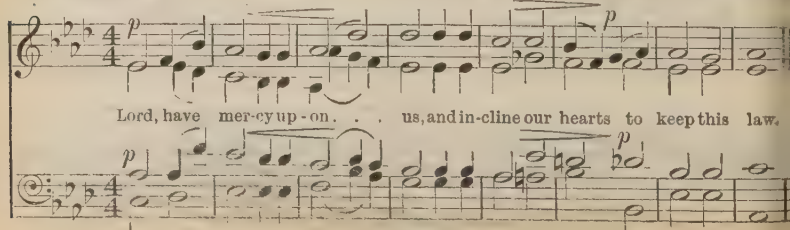
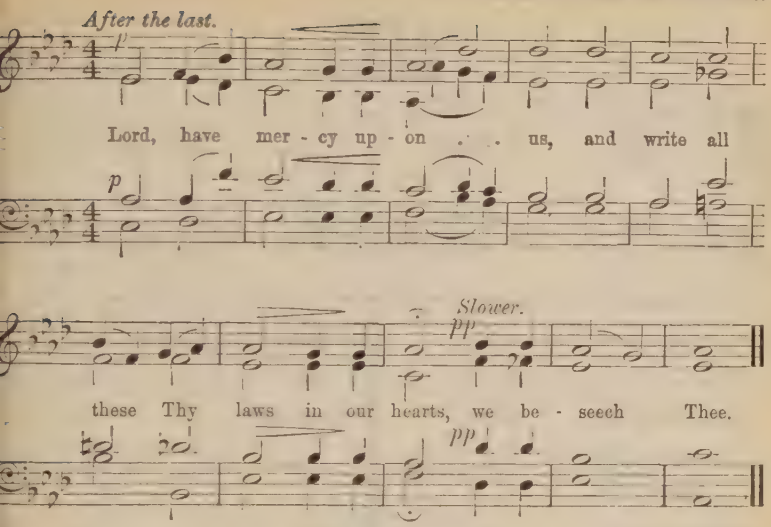
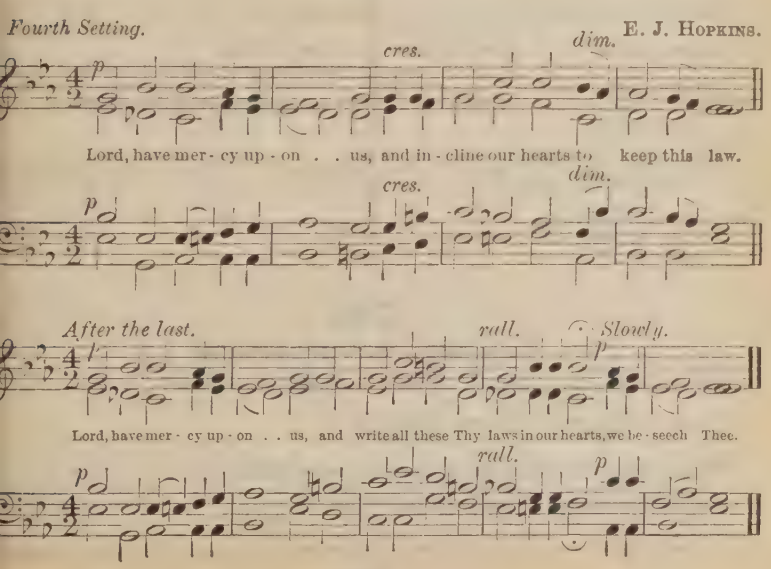
Third Setting.

From J. L. F. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.



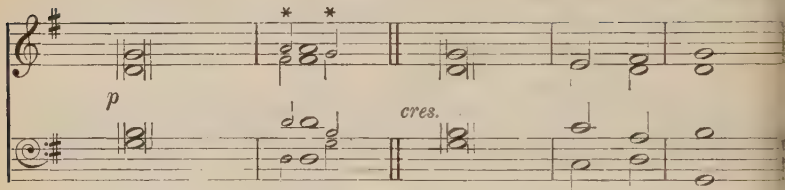

After the last.
p
Lord, have mer - cy up - on . . us, and write all
p
Slower.
pp
these Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee.
pp


Fourth Setting.
E. J. Hopkins.
cres.
dim.
p
Lord, have mer - cy up - on . . us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.
cres.
dim.
p
After the last.
rall.
Slowly.
p
Lord, have mer - cy up - on . . us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee.
rall.
p

739

Beatitudes.

Ancient Tone



* These small notes to be used where the second bar contains more than one syllable.

1	BLESSED are the **poor** in	spirit : . . .	for **theirs** is the	kingdom of	heaven. [1
2	Blessed are **they** that .	mourn : . .	for **they** . . .	shall be	comforted. [2
3	Blessed are the . . .	meek : . . .	for **they** shall in-	herit the	earth. [3
4	Blessed are they which do hunger and **thirst** after . .	righteousness :	for **they** . . .	shall be	filled. [4
5	Blessed are the . . .	merciful : . .	for **they** shall ob	tain . . .	mercy. [5
6	Blessed are the **pure** in	heart : . . .	for **they** shall .	see . . .	God. [6
7	Blessed are the . . .	peacemakers :	for they shall be **called** the. .	children of	God. [7
8	Blessed are they which are persecuted for **right**eousness' . .	sake : . . .	for **theirs** is the	kingdom of	heaven. [8
Unis. *f* 9	Glory be to the Father, * **and** to the	Son : . . .	**and** to the . .	Ho - ly	Ghost ; [9
10	As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and ever	shall be : . .	world without **end**	A - - -	men.

740

Beatitudes, with Responses.*

BLESSED are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

* The Beatitudes to be read by the Minister: the Responses to be sung by Choir and Congregatio

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

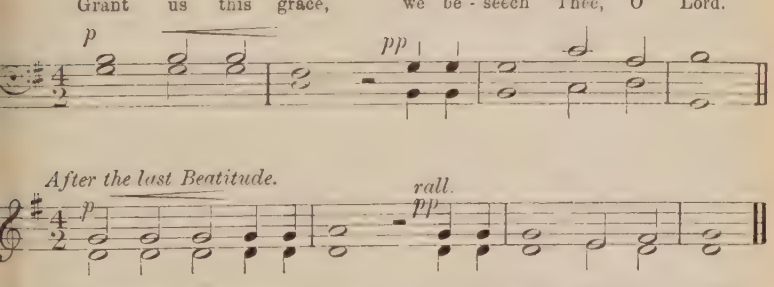
Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

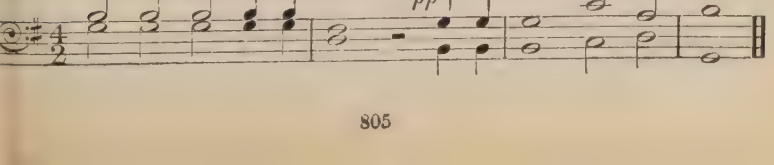
Write these words in our hearts, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

The Responses.

Ancient Tone.



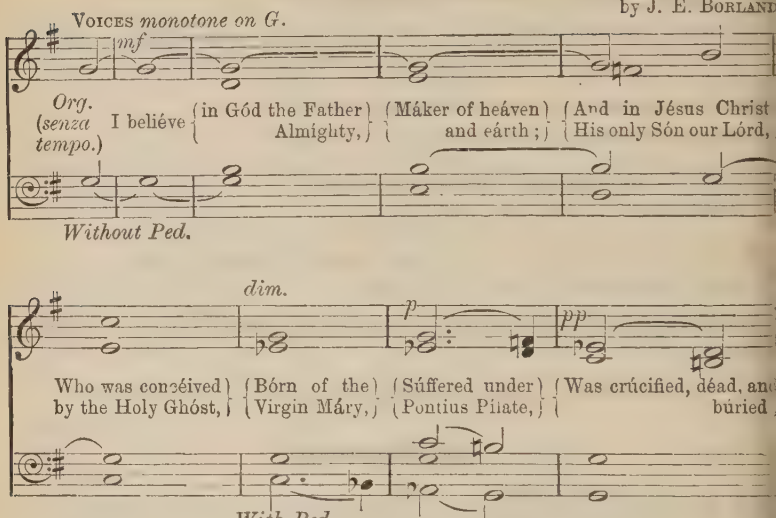
After the last Beatitude.

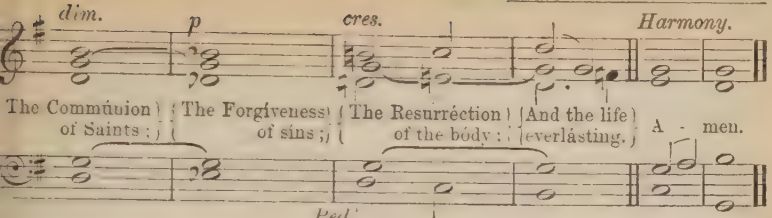


741

The Apostles' Creed.

Organ Harmonie
by J. E. Borland


Voices *monotone on G.*
mf
Org.
(senza tempo.)
I believe (in God the Father Almighty,) (Maker of heaven and earth;) (And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord,
Without Ped.
dim.
p
pp
Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost,) (Born of the Virgin Mary,) (Suffered under Pontius Pilate,) (Was crucified, dead, and buried
With Ped.
cres.
f
He descended into hell;) (The third day He rose again from the dead,) (He ascended into heaven,) (And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty
Without Ped.
dim.
mf
From thence He shall come) (to judge the quick and the dead.) (I believe in the Holy Ghost;) (The holy Catholic Church;


dim.
p
cres.
Harmony.
The Communion of Saints ; The Forgiveness of sins ; The Resurréction of the body ; And the life everlásting. A - men.
Ped.

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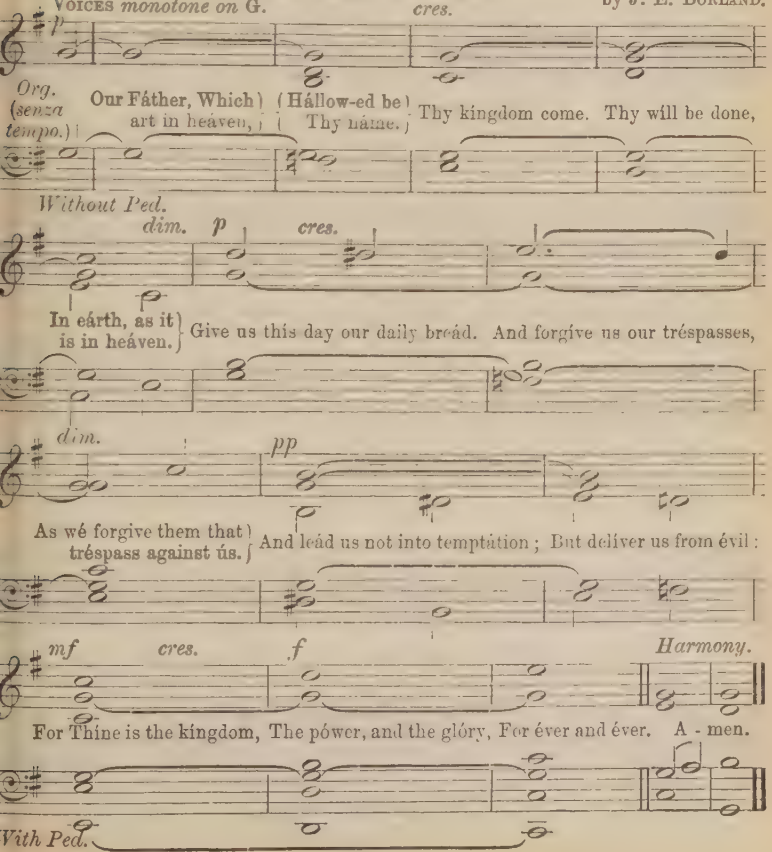
742

The Lord's Prayer.

Organ Harmonies by J. E. Borland.


Voices monotone on G.
p
cres.
Org. (senza tempo.)
Our Fáther, Which art in heaven, Hállow-ed be Thy náme. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done,
Without Ped.
dim.
p
cres.
In earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our tréspasses,
dim.
pp
As wé forgive them that tréspass against ús. And lead us not into temptátion ; But deliver us from évil :
mf
cres.
f
Harmony.
For Thine is the kingdom, The pówer, and the glóry, For éver and éver. A - men.
With Ped.

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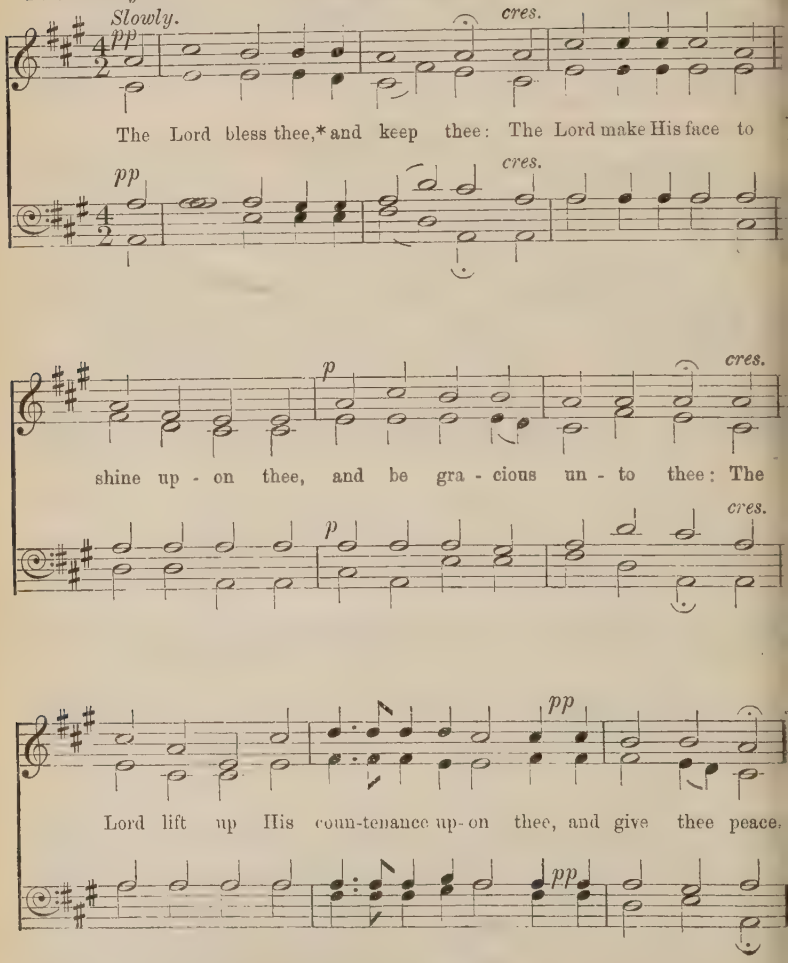
743

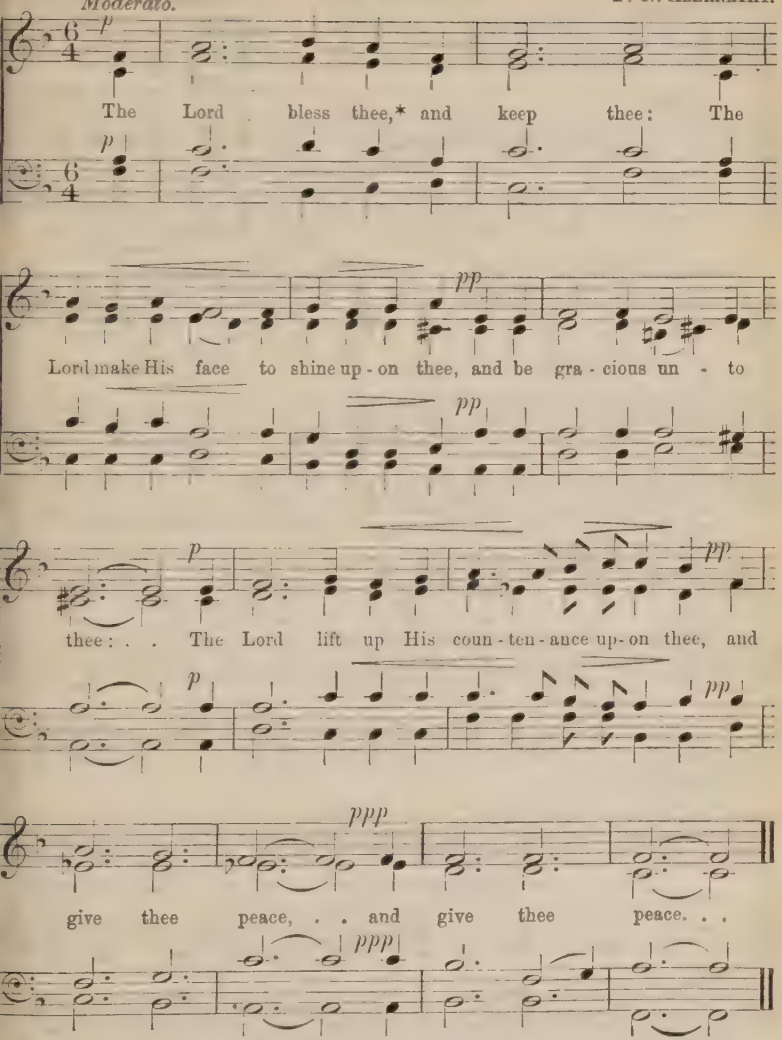
First Setting. **The Blessing.** Arr. by L. Mason.



* *Or* you, *and so throughout.*

Second Setting.

Moderato.

F. N. ABERNETHY.

p
The Lord bless thee,* and keep thee: The
p
pp
Lord make His face to shine up-on thee, and be gra-cious un-to
pp
p
thee: . . The Lord lift up His coun-ten-ance up-on thee, and
p
pp
ppp
give thee peace, . . and give thee peace. . .
ppp

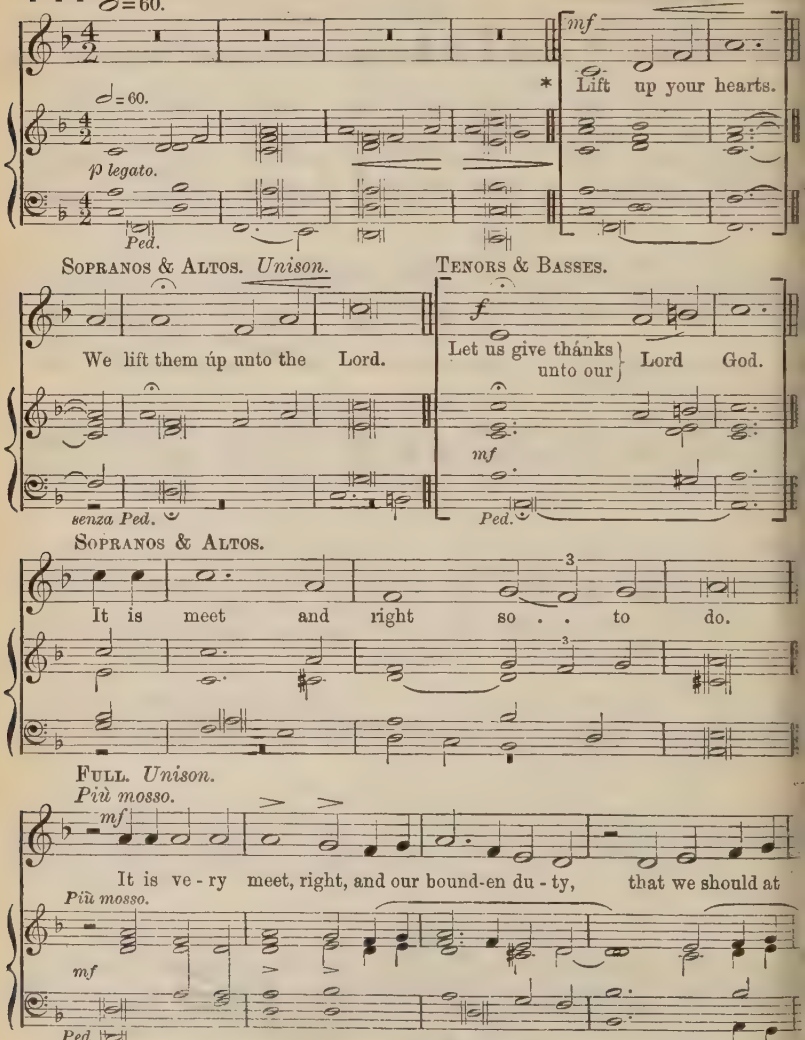
Copyright, 1907, by F. N. Abernethy.

* *Or* you, *and so throughout.*

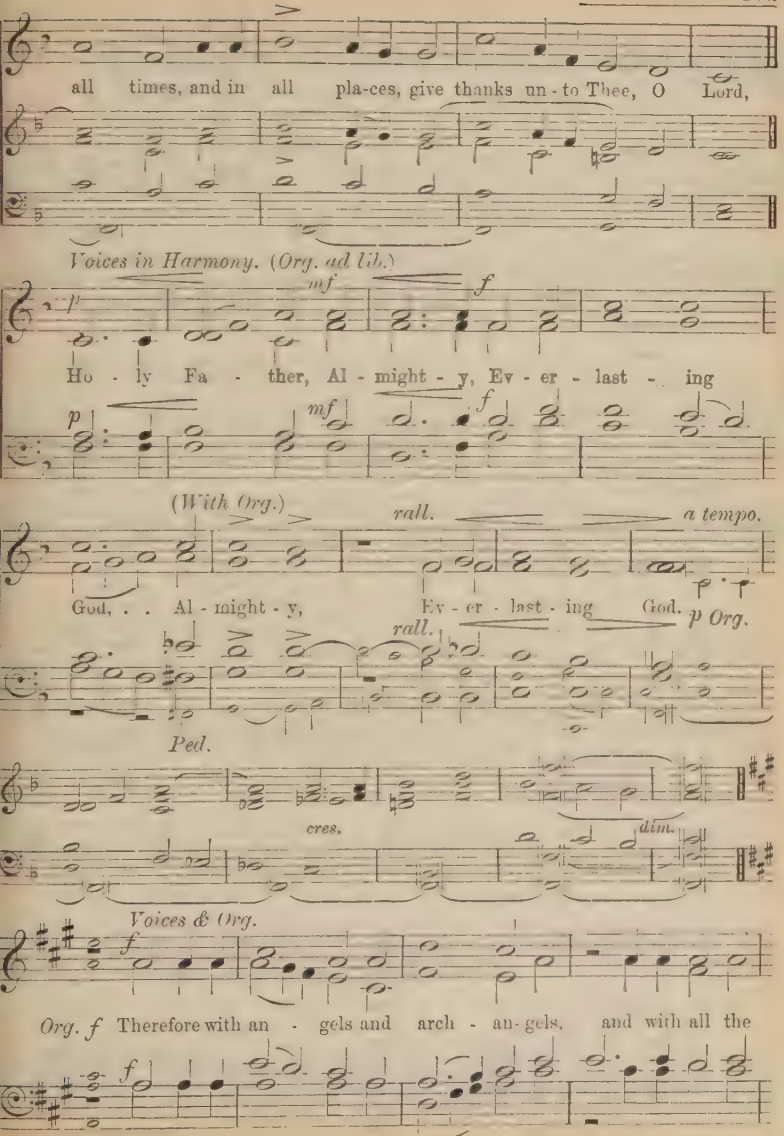
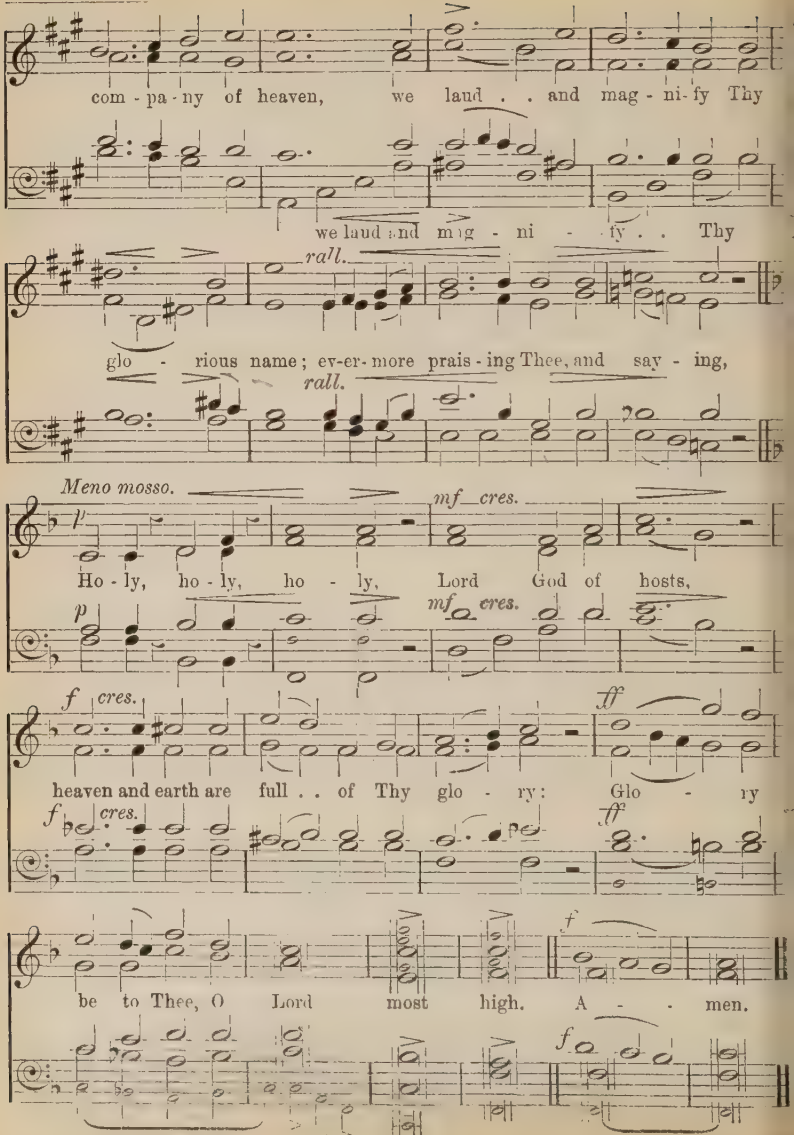
744 Sursum Corda.

J. E. Borland.

Tenors & Basses. *Unison.*



* The two phrases of music enclosed in brackets may be omitted, if desired, and the words spoken by the Minister; in which case the Responses which follow them should be sung by *all* voices in unison.


all times, and in all pla-ces, give thanks un-to Thee, O Lord,
Voices in Harmony. (Org. ad lib.)
Ho - ly Fa - ther, Al - might - y, Ev - er - last - ing
(With Org.)
rall.
a tempo.
God, . . Al - might - y, Ev - er - last - ing God.
p Org.
Ped.
cres.
dim.
Voices & Org.
Org. f Therefore with an - gels and arch - an-gels, and with all the

com - pa - ny of heaven, we laud . . and mag - ni - fy Thy
we laud and mag - ni - fy . . Thy
rall.
glo - rious name; ev-er-more prais - ing Thee, and say - ing,
rall.
Meno mosso.
mf cres.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of hosts,
p
mf cres.
f cres.
ff
heaven and earth are full . . of Thy glo - ry: Glo - ry
f cres.
ff
be to Thee, O Lord most high. A - men.
f
f

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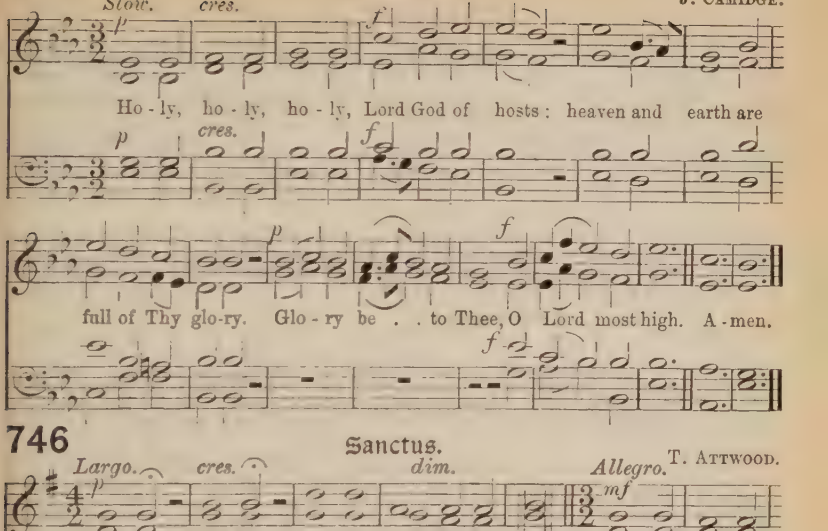
745

Sanctus.

J. CAMIDGE.



746

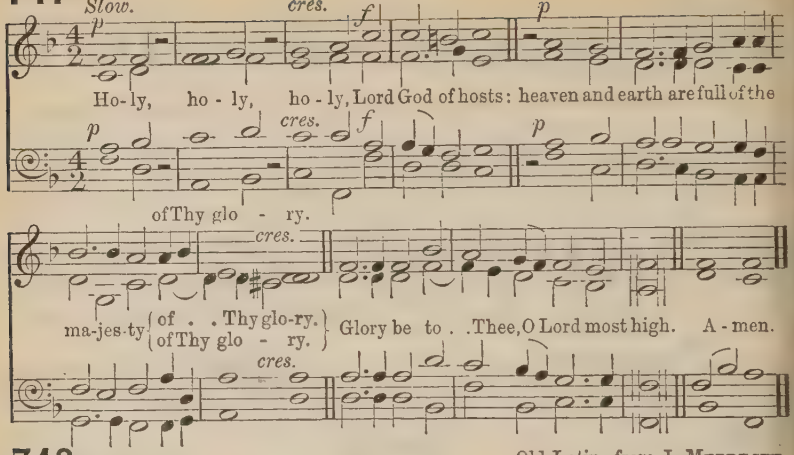
Sanctus.

T. ATTWOOD.

Largo.
cres.
dim.
Allegro.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of hosts: heaven and earth are
full of the ma-jes-ty, the ma-jes-ty of Thy great glo - ry.
Adagio.
dim.
Glo-ry be to Thee, glory be to Thee, glory be to Thee, O Lord most high. A - men.

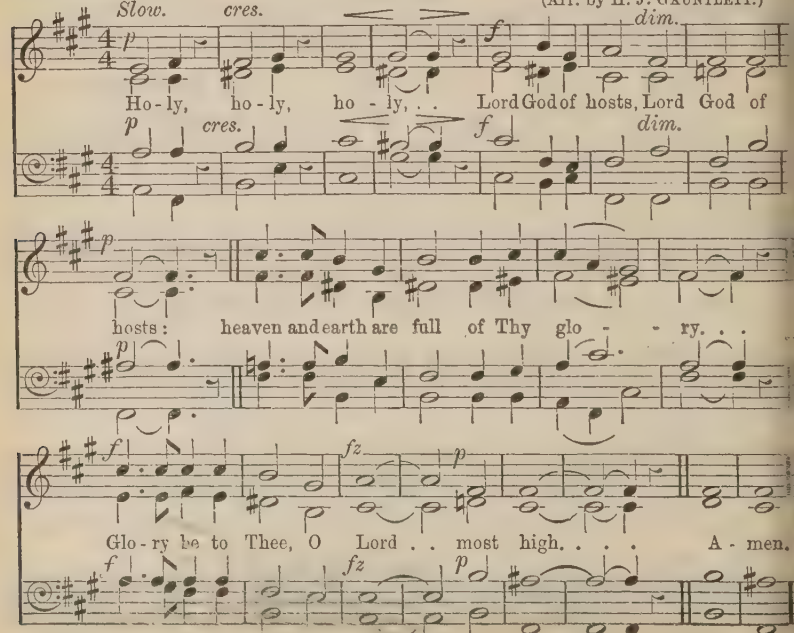
747 Sanctus.

O. GIBBONS.


Slow.
cres.
f
p
Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of hosts: heaven and earth are full of the
of Thy glo - ry.
ma-jes-ty { of . . Thy glo-ry. / of Thy glo - ry. }
Glory be to . . Thee, O Lord most high. A - men.

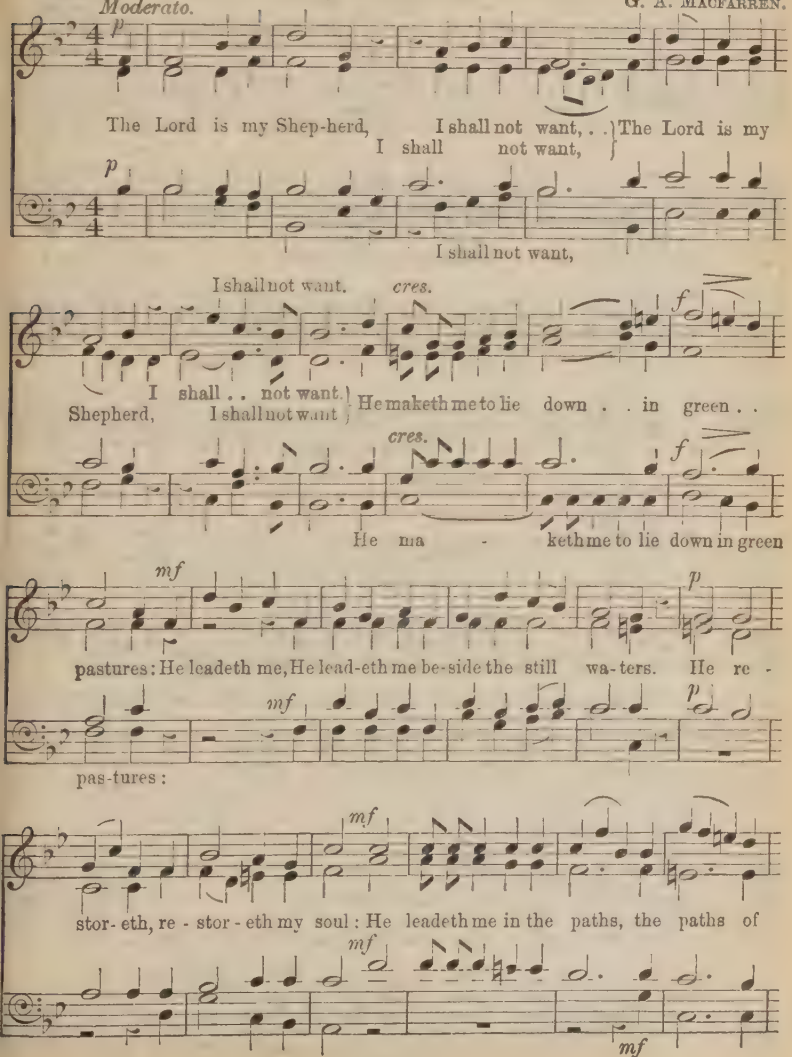
748 Sanctus.

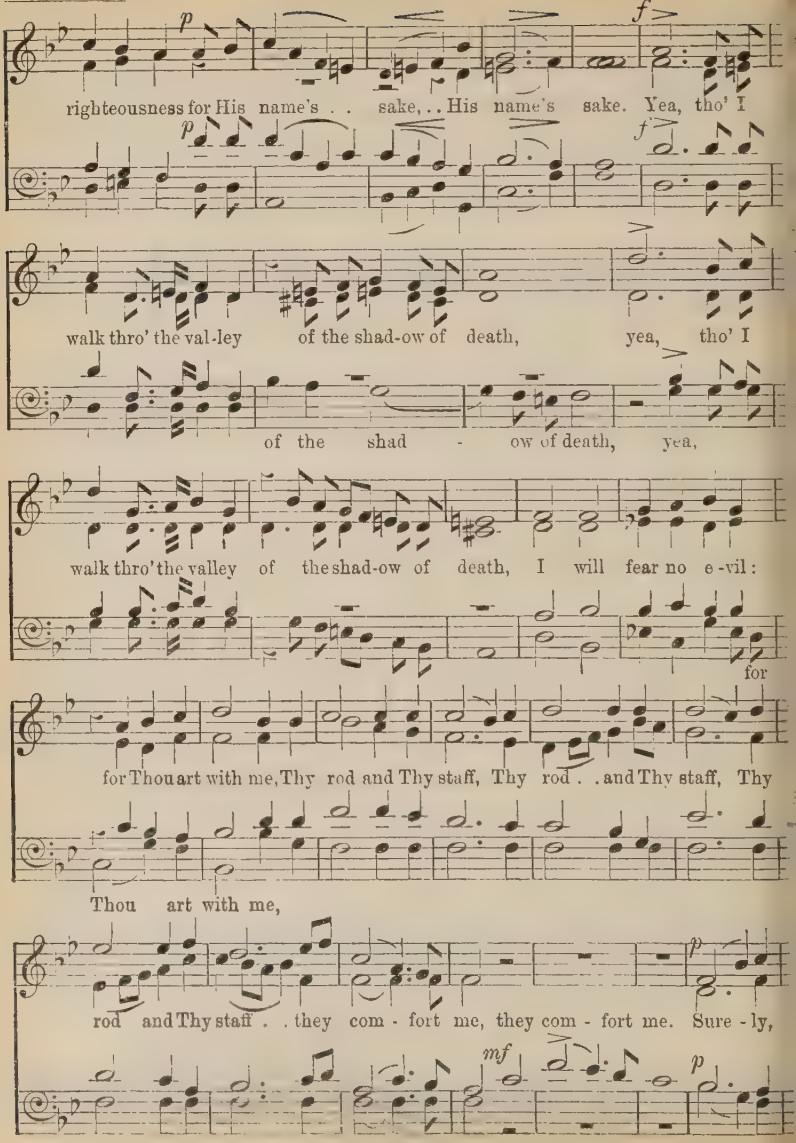
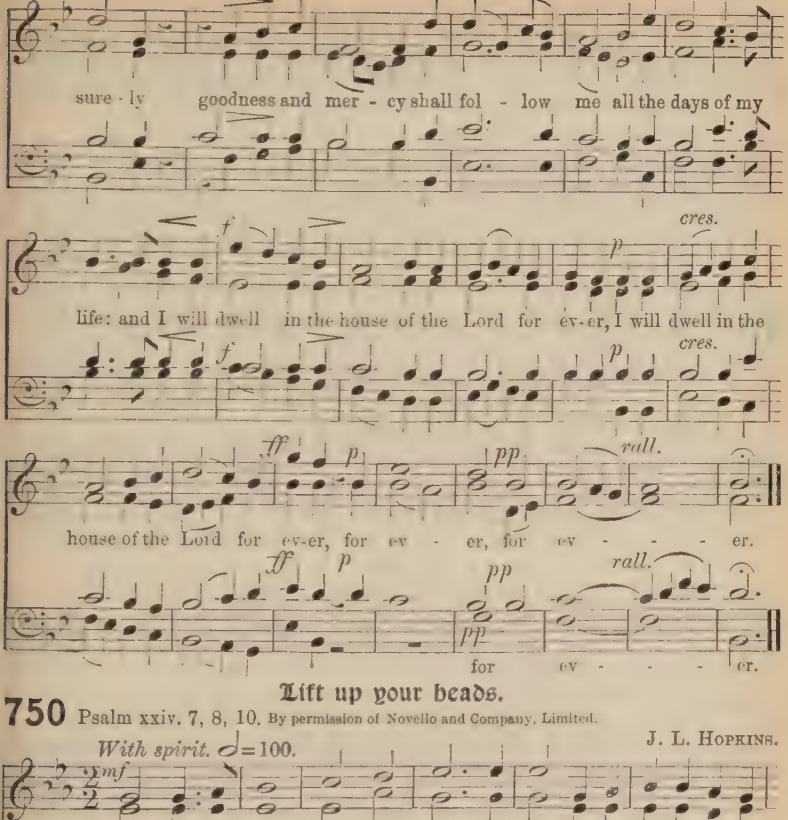
Old Latin, from J. MERBECKE.
(Arr. by H. J. GAUNTLETT.)


Slow.
cres.
dim.
Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, . . Lord God of hosts, Lord God of
hosts: heaven and earth are full of Thy glo - - ry. . .
fz
Glo-ry be to Thee, O Lord . . most high. . . . A - men.

749 The Lord is my Shepherd.

Psalm xxiii. 1—4, 6. By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

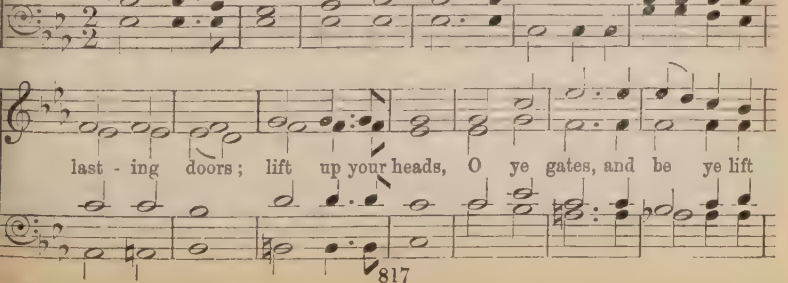
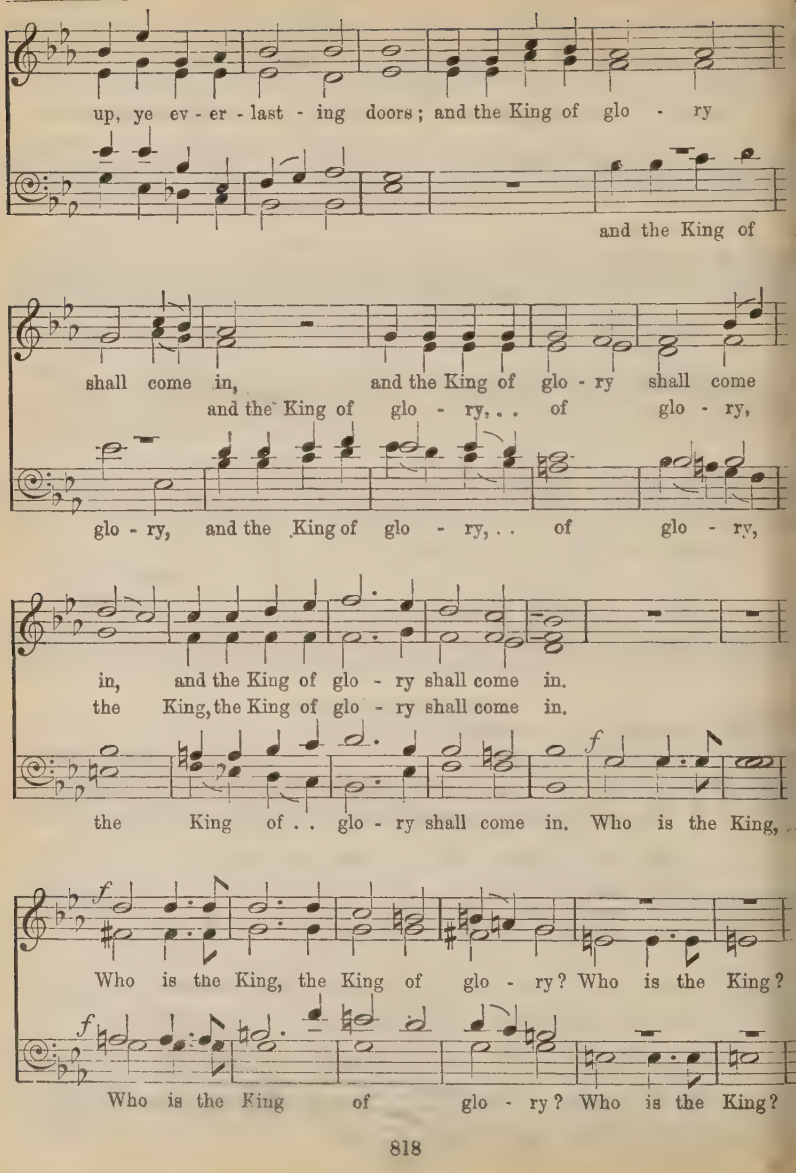
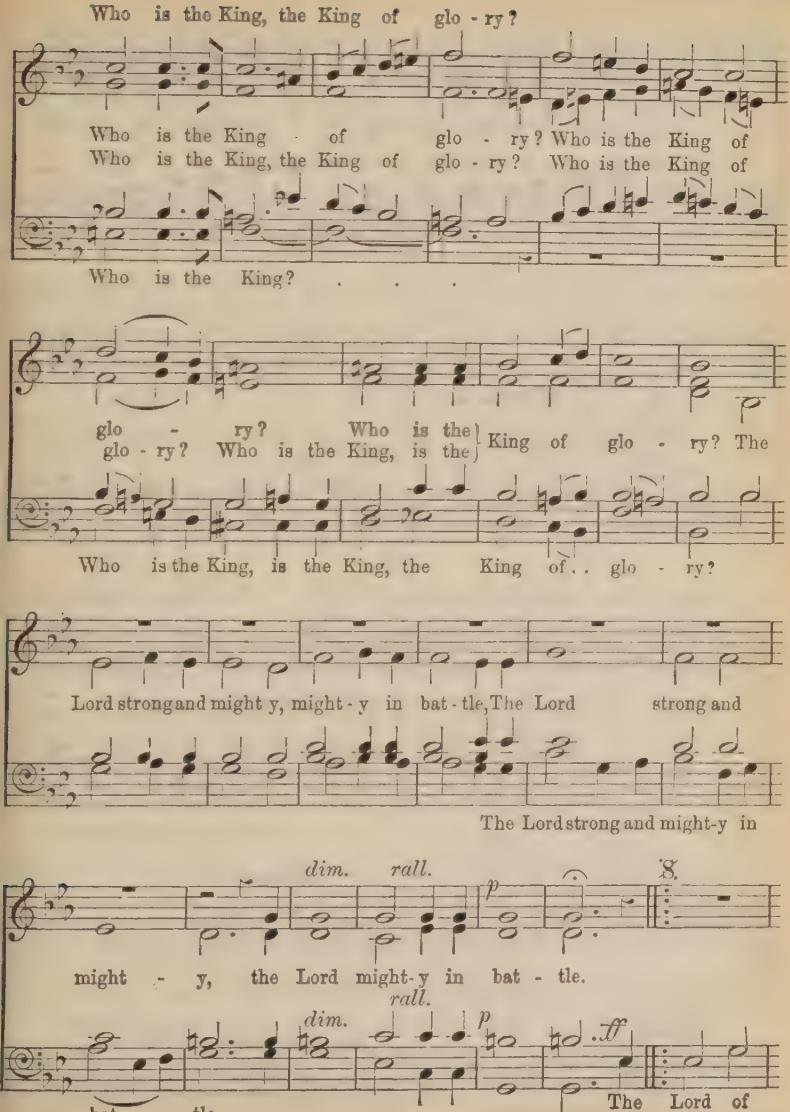
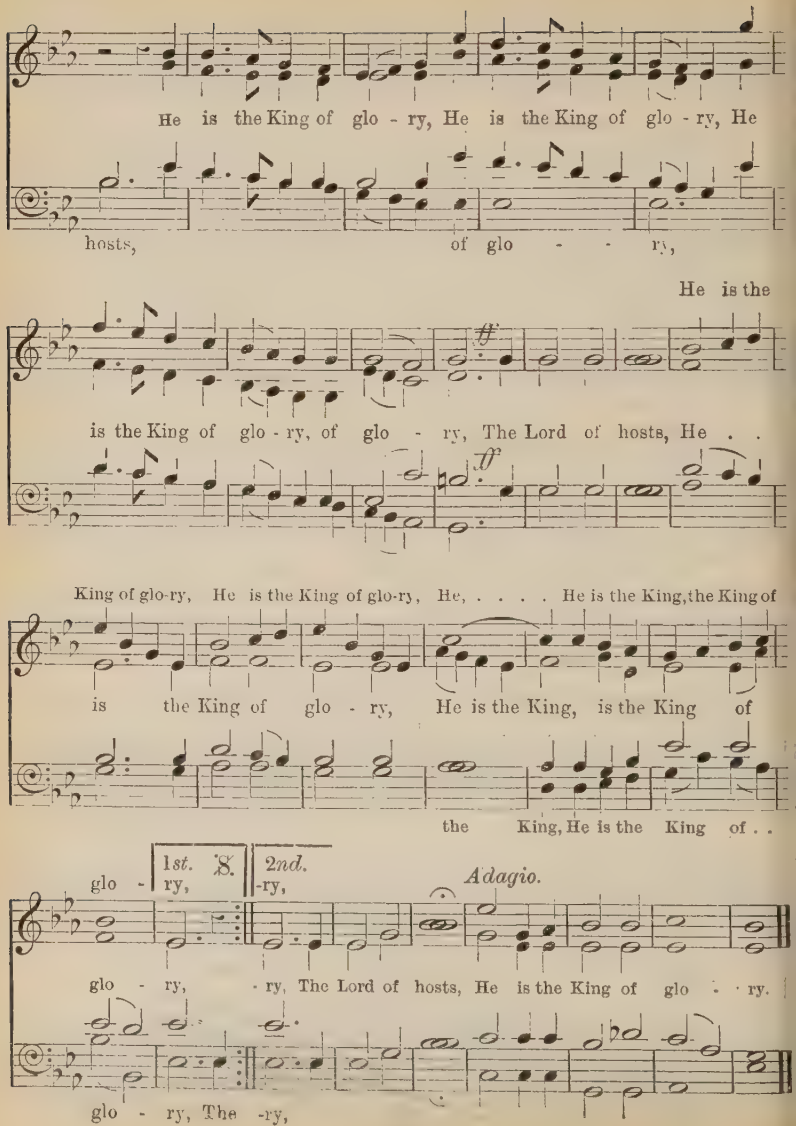
G. A. Macfarren.

Moderato.
p
The Lord is my Shep-herd, I shall not want, . . The Lord is my
I shall not want,
I shall not want,
I shall not want.
cres.
f
I shall . . not want.
Shepherd, I shall not want
He maketh me to lie down . . in green . .
He ma - keth me to lie down in green
mf
pastures: He leadeth me, He lead-eth me be-side the still wa-ters. He re -
pas-tures:
stor-eth, re - stor - eth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths, the paths of


p
f
righteousness for His name's . . sake, . . His name's sake. Yea, tho' I
p
f
walk thro' the val-ley of the shad-ow of death, yea, tho' I
of the shad - ow of death, yea,
walk thro' the valley of the shad-ow of death, I will fear no e-vil:
for
for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff, Thy rod . . and Thy staff, Thy
Thou art with me,
p
rod and Thy staff . . they com - fort me, they com - fort me. Sure - ly,
mf
p

sure - ly goodness and mer - cy shall fol - low me all the days of my
life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ev-er, I will dwell in the
house of the Lord for ev-er, for ev - er, for ev - - - - er.
for ev - - - - er.
cres.
rall.

Lift up your heads.

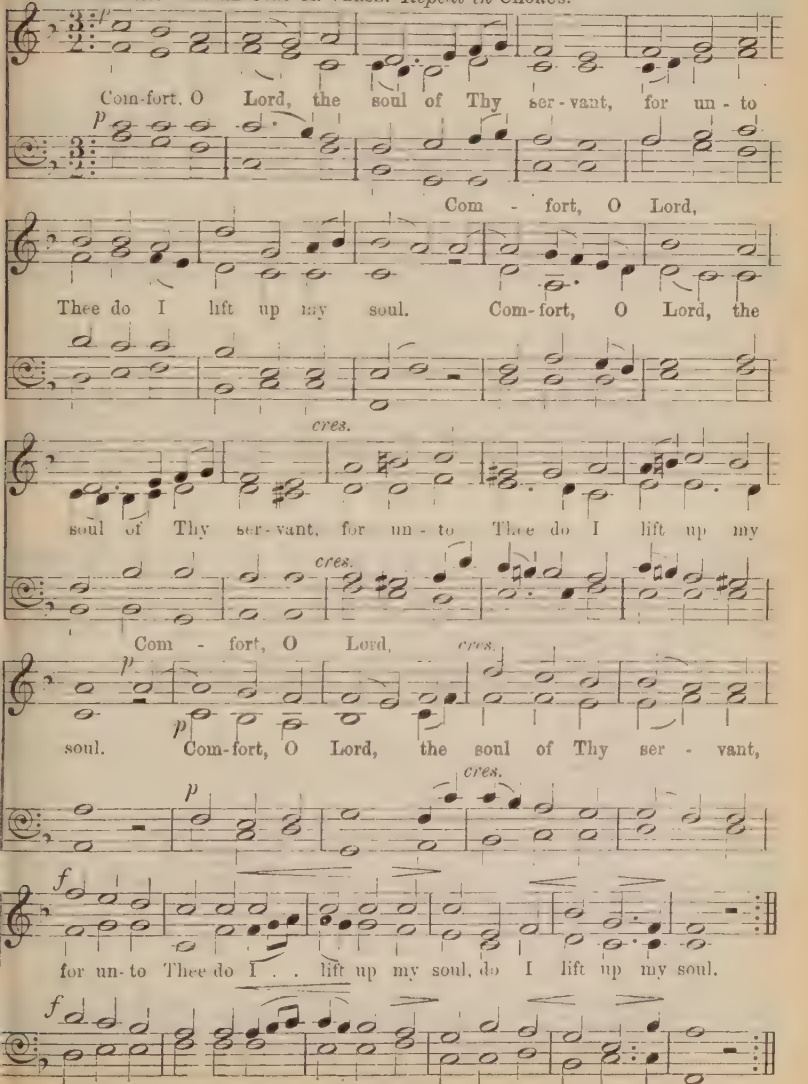
750 Psalm xxiv. 7, 8, 10. By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

J. L. Hopkins.

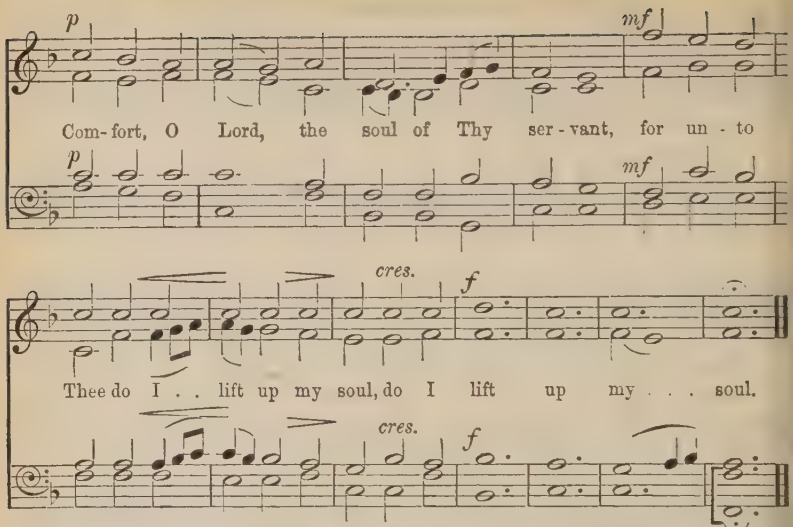

With spirit. ♩=100.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye ev-er -
last - ing doors; lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift

up, ye ev - er - last - ing doors; and the King of glo - ry
and the King of
shall come in, and the King of glo - ry shall come
and the King of glo - ry, . . of glo - ry,
glo - ry, and the King of glo - ry, . . of glo - ry,
in, and the King of glo - ry shall come in.
the King, the King of glo - ry shall come in.
f
the King of . . glo - ry shall come in. Who is the King,
f
Who is the King, the King of glo - ry? Who is the King?
f
Who is the King of glo - ry? Who is the King?

Who is the King, the King of glo - ry?
Who is the King of glo - ry? Who is the King of
Who is the King, the King of glo - ry? Who is the King of
Who is the King? . . .
glo - ry? Who is the
glo - ry? Who is the King, is the
King of glo - ry? The
Who is the King, is the King, the King of . . glo - ry?
Lord strong and might y, might - y in bat - tle, The Lord strong and
The Lord strong and might-y in
dim.
rall.
p
might - y, the Lord might-y in bat - tle.
rall.
dim.
p
ff
bat - tle,
The Lord of

He is the King of glo - ry, He is the King of glo - ry, He
hosts, of glo - - - ry,
He is the
is the King of glo - ry, of glo - ry, The Lord of hosts, He . .
King of glo-ry, He is the King of glo-ry, He, ... He is the King, the King of
is the King of glo - ry, He is the King, is the King of
the King, He is the King of . .
glo - 1st. ry, 8. 2nd. -ry,
Adagio.
glo - ry, - ry, The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glo - ry.
glo - ry, The -ry,

751 Comfort, O Lord, the soul of Thy servant.

Psalm lxxxvi. 4. W. CROTCH.

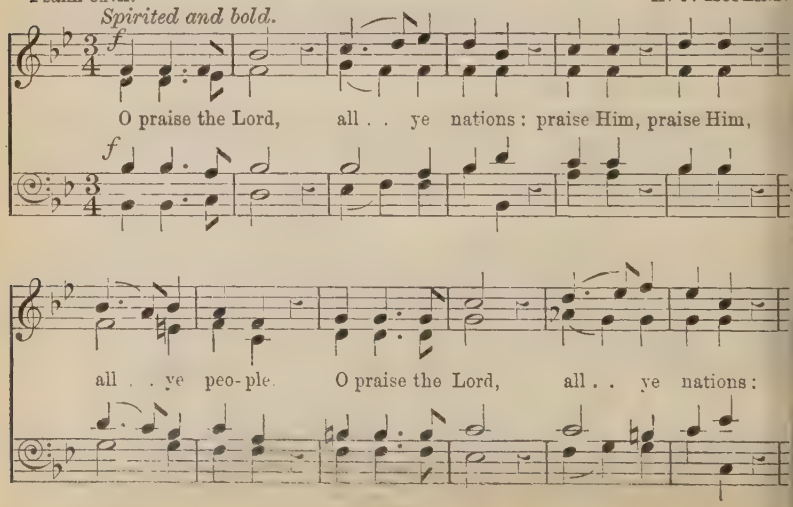
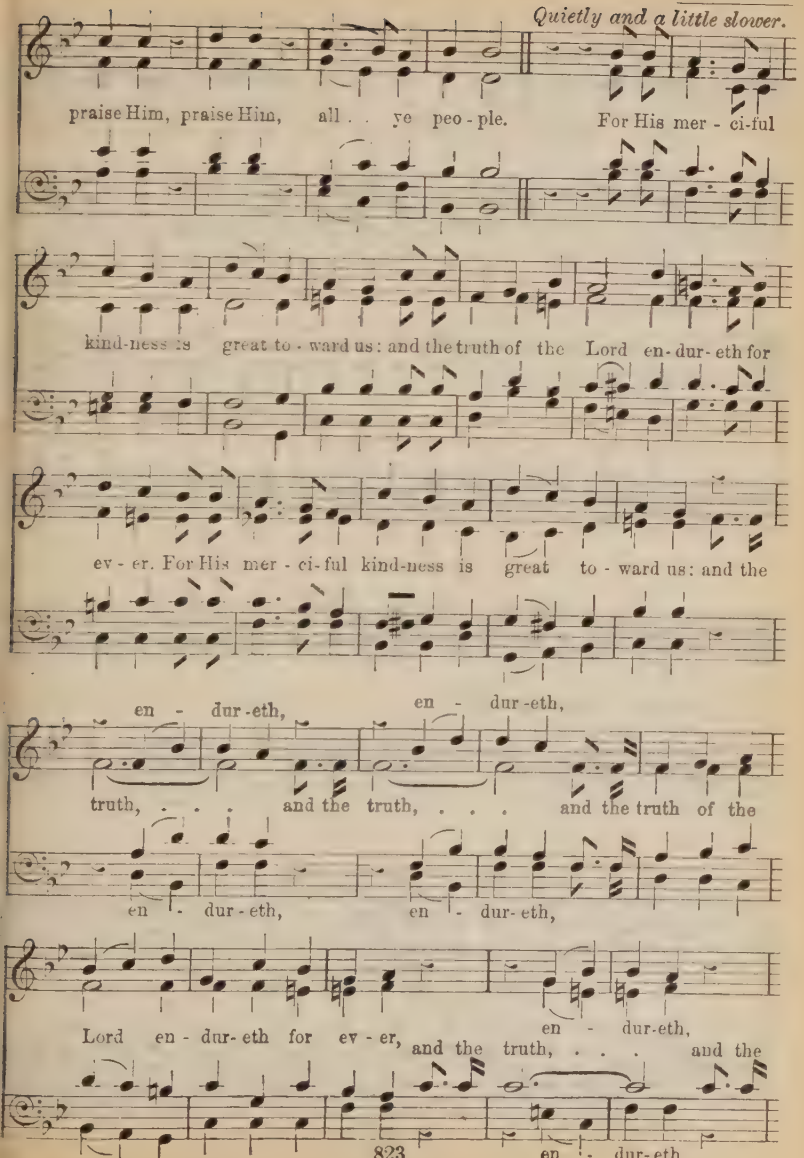
Andante. TREBLE SOLO OR VERSE. *Repeat in* CHORUS.

Com-fort, O Lord, the soul of Thy ser-vant, for un-to
Com - fort, O Lord,
Thee do I lift up my soul. Com-fort, O Lord, the
cres.
soul of Thy ser-vant, for un-to Thee do I lift up my
Com - fort, O Lord,
soul. Com-fort, O Lord, the soul of Thy ser - vant,
for un-to Thee do I lift up my soul, do I lift up my soul.

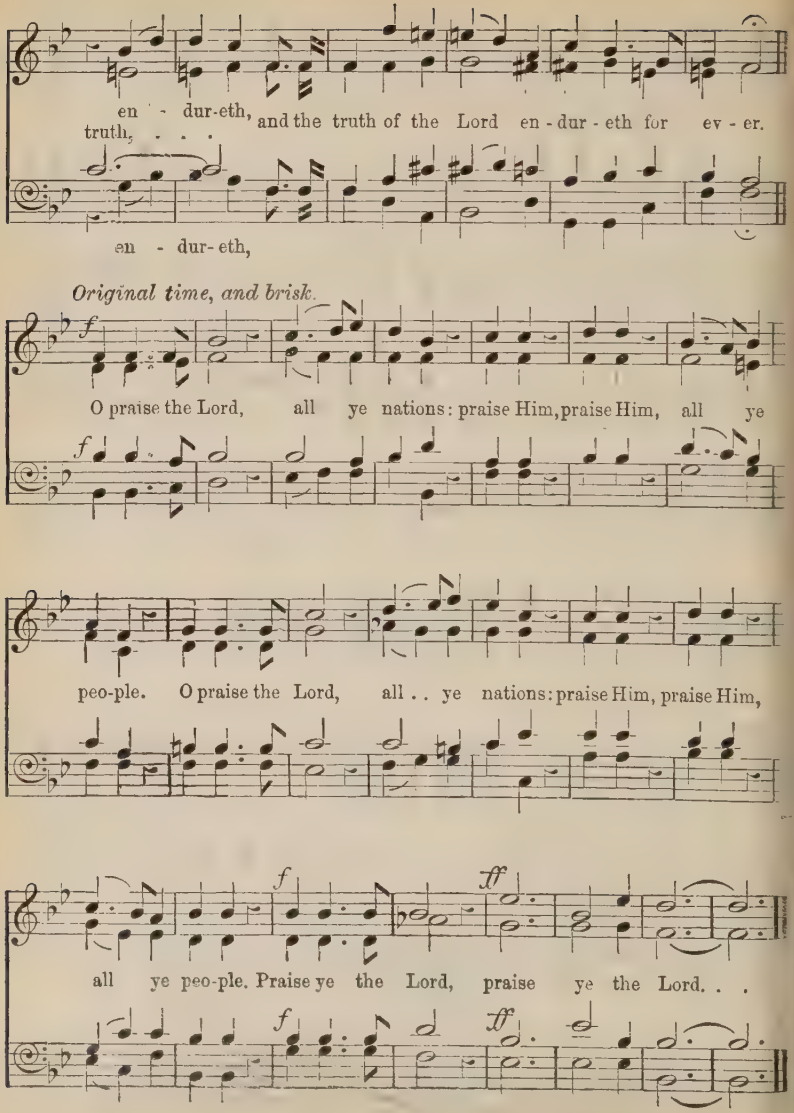
[SEE NEXT PAGE.



752 O praise the Lord.

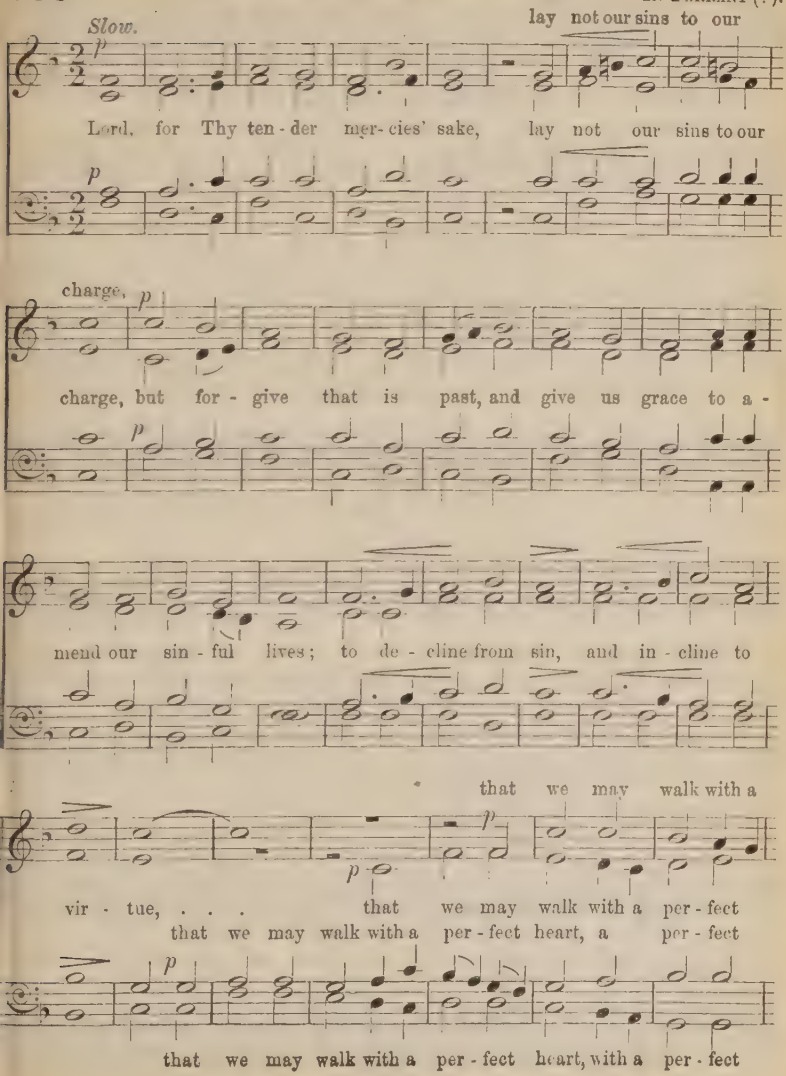
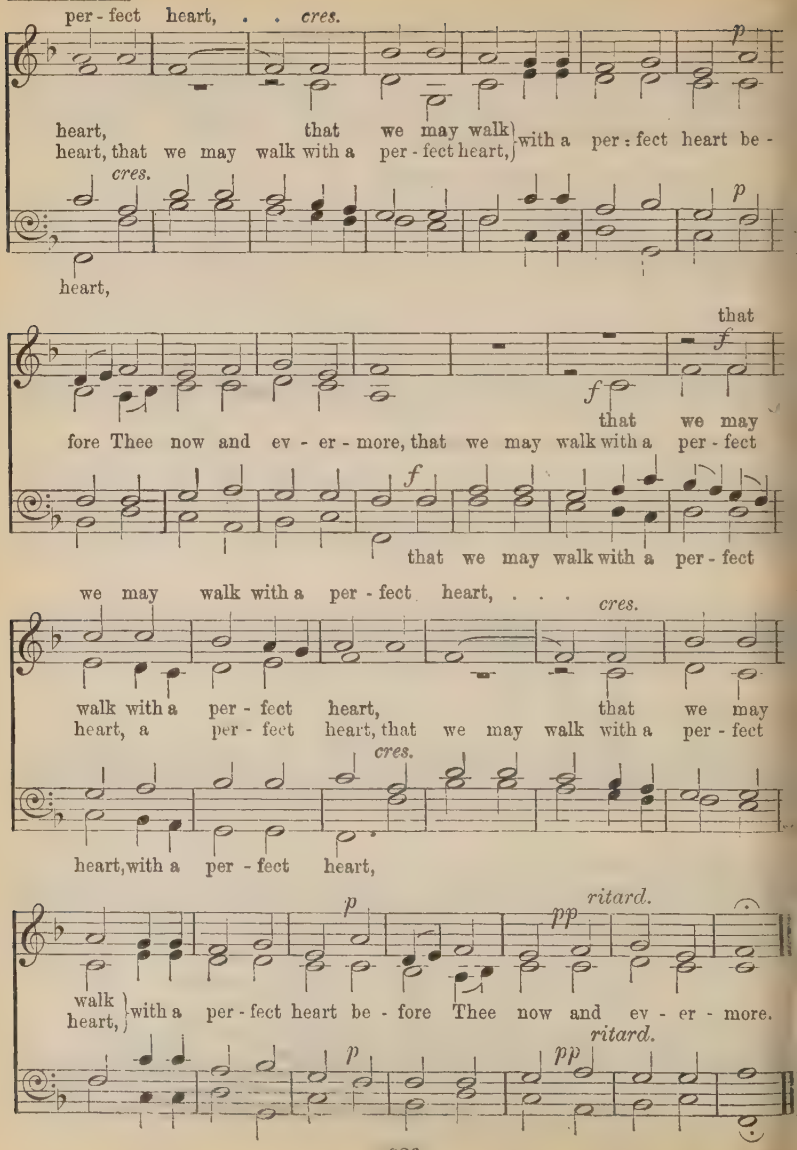
Psalm cxvii. E. J. Hopkins.



Quietly and a little slower.
praise Him, praise Him, all . . ye peo - ple. For His mer - ci-ful
kind-ness is great to - ward us: and the truth of the Lord en-dur- eth for
ev - er. For His mer - ci-ful kind-ness is great to - ward us: and the
en - dur-eth, en - dur-eth,
truth, . . . and the truth, . . . and the truth of the
en - dur - eth, en - dur - eth,
en - dur-eth,
Lord en - dur- eth for ev - er, and the truth, . . . and the
en - dur-eth,

en - dur-eth, and the truth of the Lord en - dur - eth for ev - er.
truth, . . .
en - dur- eth,
Original time, and brisk.
f
O praise the Lord, all ye nations: praise Him, praise Him, all ye
f
peo-ple. O praise the Lord, all . . ye nations: praise Him, praise Him,
f
ff
all ye peo-ple. Praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord. . .
f
ff

753 Lord, for Thy tender mercies' sake.

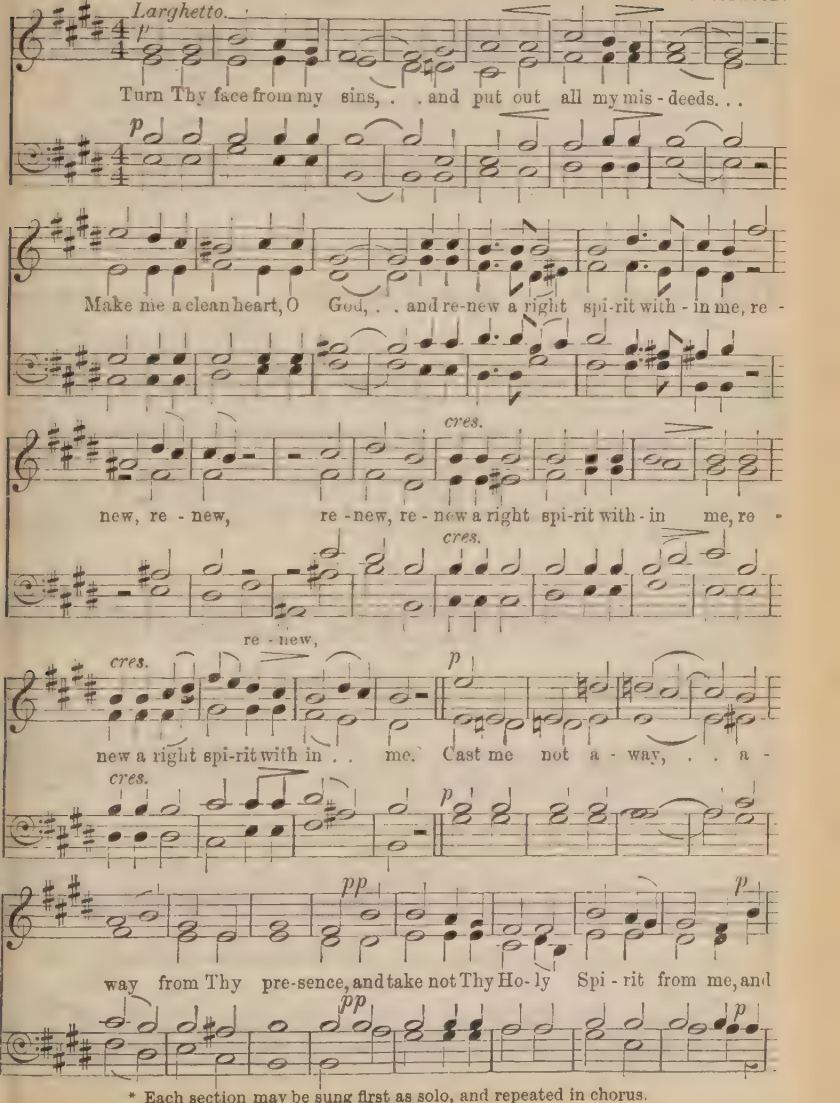
R. Farrant (?).


Slow.
lay not our sins to our
Lord, for Thy ten - der mer - cies' sake, lay not our sins to our
charge,
charge, but for - give that is past, and give us grace to a -
mend our sin - ful lives; to de - cline from sin, and in - cline to
that we may walk with a
vir - tue, . . . that we may walk with a per - fect
that we may walk with a per - fect heart, a per - fect
that we may walk with a per - fect heart, with a per - fect

per - fect heart, . . cres.
p
heart, that we may walk
heart, that we may walk with a per - fect heart,
with a per - fect heart be -
cres.
p
heart,
that
f
f
that we may
fore Thee now and ev - er - more, that we may walk with a per - fect
f
that we may walk with a per - fect
we may walk with a per - fect heart, . . .
cres.
walk with a per - fect heart, that we may
heart, a per - fect heart, that we may walk with a per - fect
cres.
heart, with a per - fect heart,
p
pp
ritard.
walk
heart,
with a per - fect heart be - fore Thee now and ev - er - more.
ritard.
p
pp

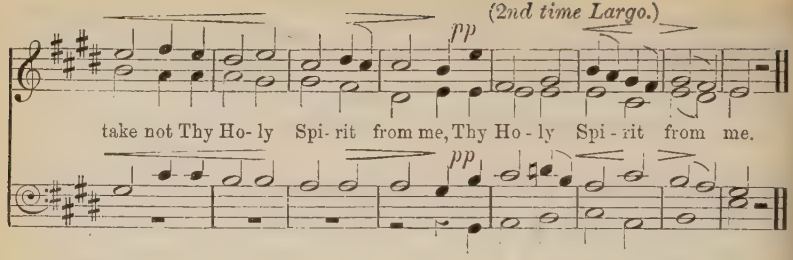
754 Turn Thy face from my sins.*

Psalm li. 9—11.

T. Attwood.

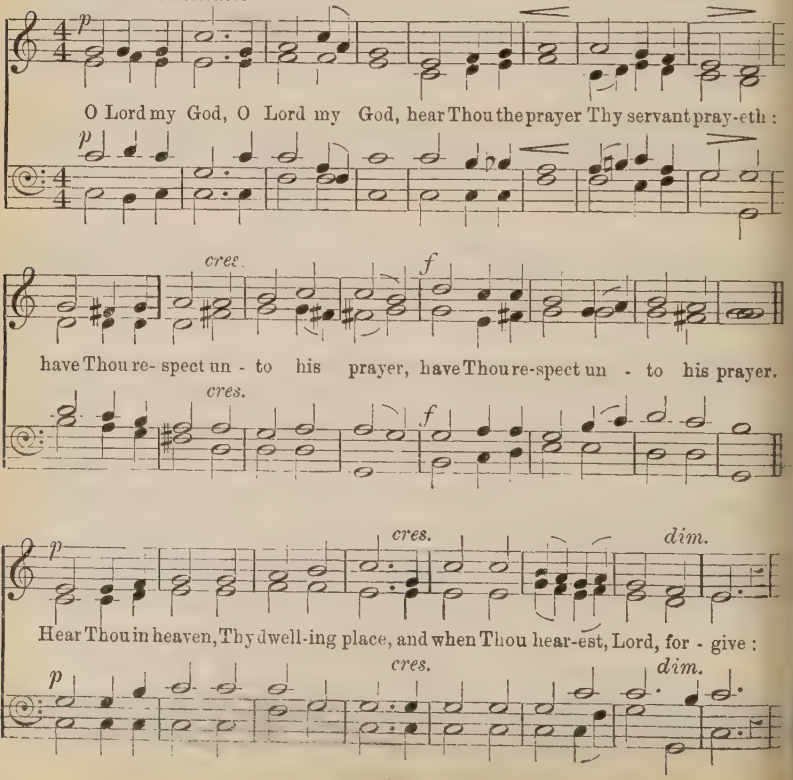

Larghetto.
p
Turn Thy face from my sins, . . and put out all my mis - deeds. . .
Make me a clean heart, O God, . . and re-new a right spi-rit with - in me, re -
cres.
new, re - new, re - new, re - new a right spi-rit with - in me, re -
cres.
re - new,
cres.
p
new a right spi-rit with in . . me. Cast me not a - way, . . a -
cres.
p
pp
p
way from Thy pre-sence, and take not Thy Ho - ly Spi - rit from me, and
pp
p

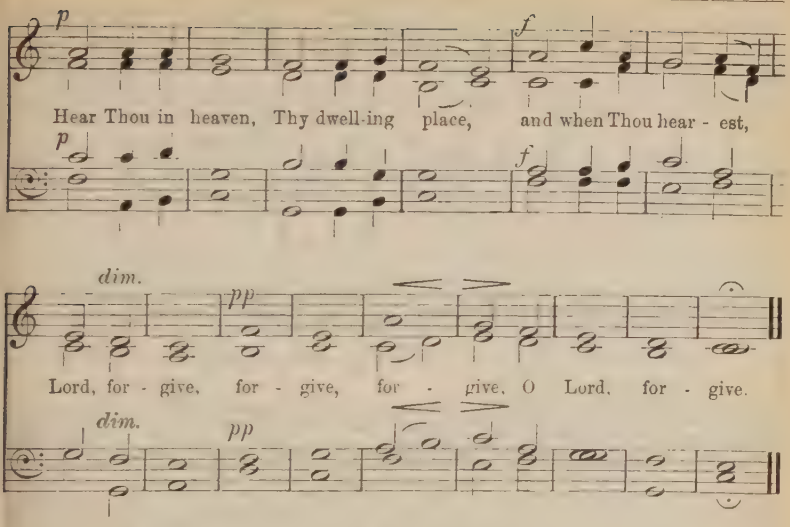
* Each section may be sung first as solo, and repeated in chorus.



755 1 Kings viii. 28, 30. O Lord my God.

H. A. C. Malan.

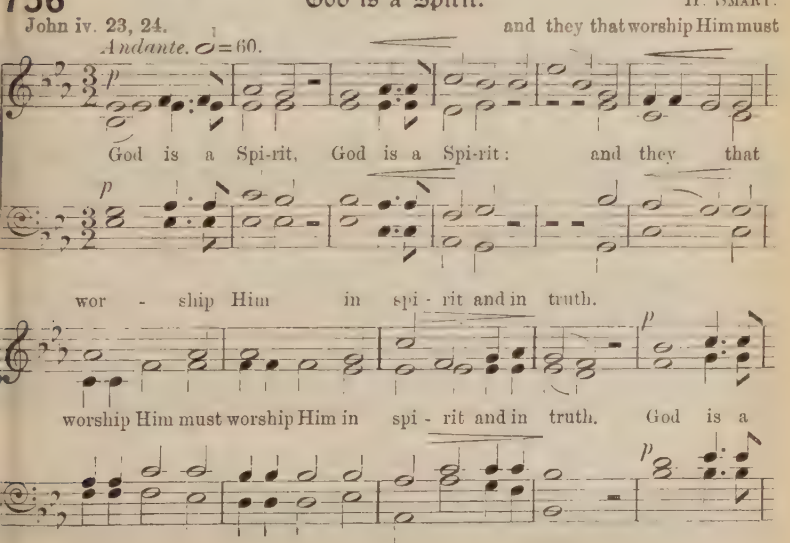
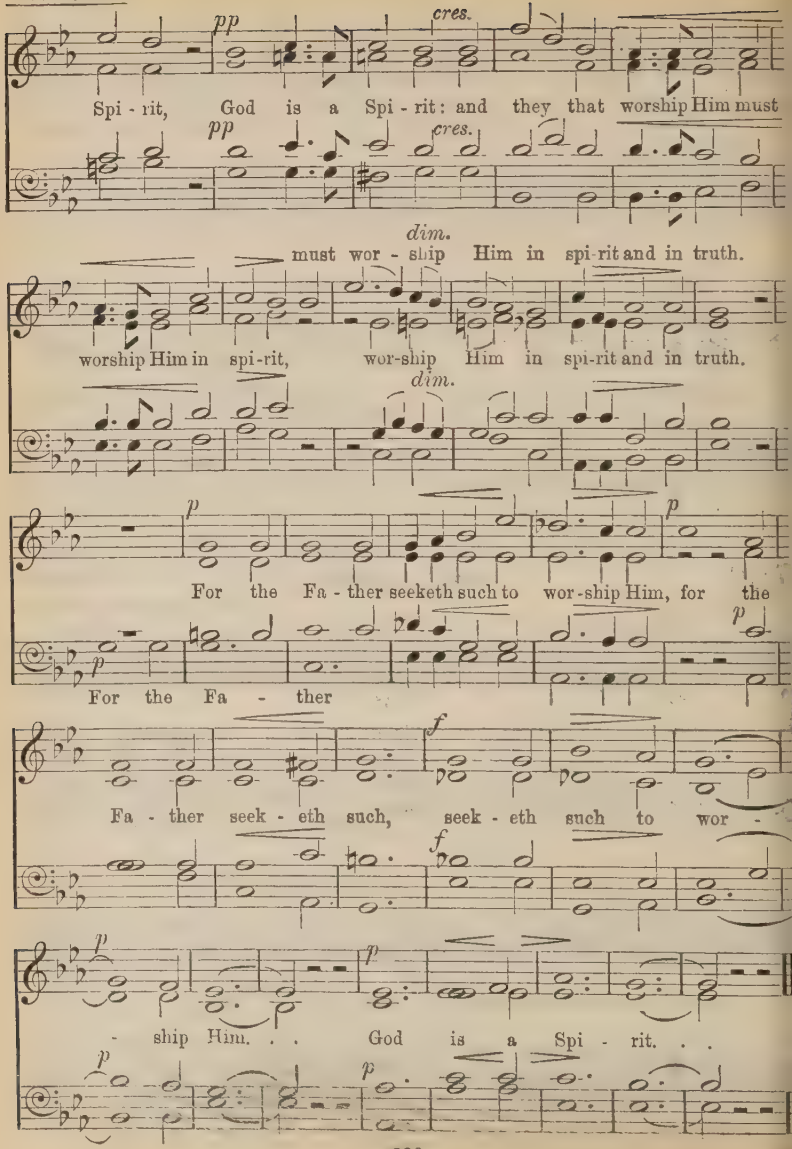




756 God is a Spirit.

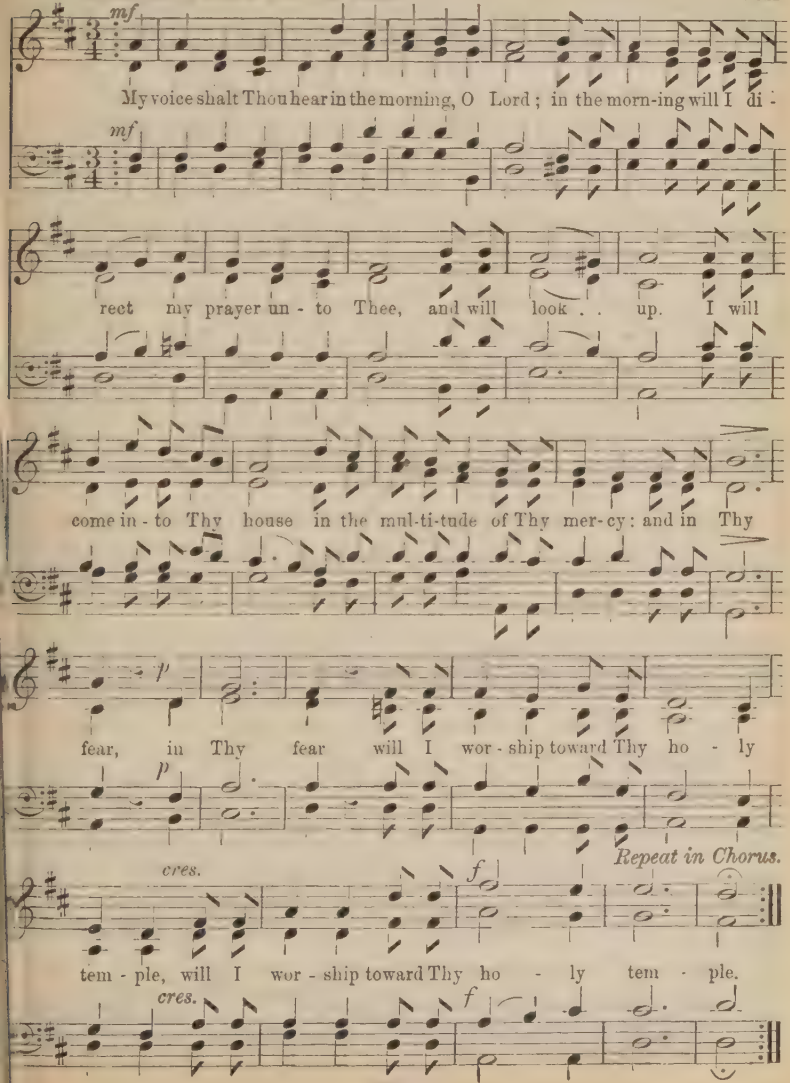
H. Smart.

John iv. 23, 24.

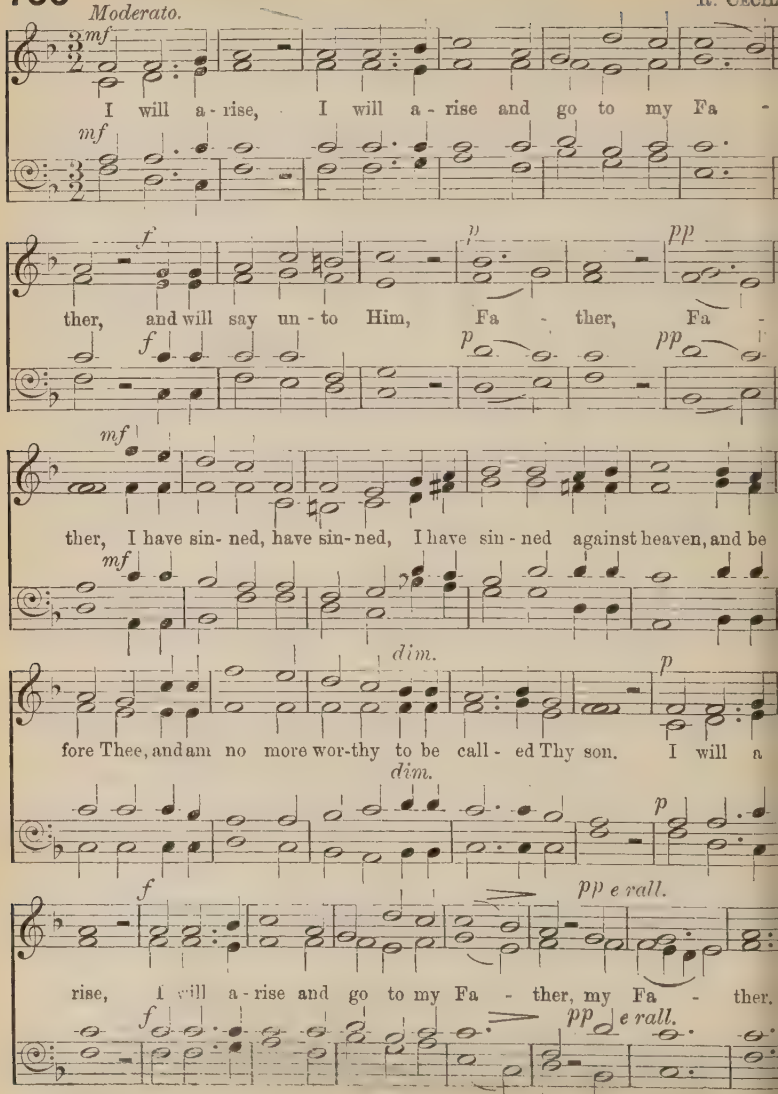

and they that worship Him must
Andante. ♩ = 60.
p
God is a Spi-rit, God is a Spi-rit: and they that
p
wor - ship Him in spi - rit and in truth.
p
worship Him must worship Him in spi - rit and in truth. God is a
p

pp
cres.
Spi - rit, God is a Spi - rit: and they that worship Him must
dim.
must wor - ship Him in spi-rit and in truth.
worship Him in spi-rit, wor-ship Him in spi-rit and in truth.
p
For the Fa - ther seeketh such to wor-ship Him, for the
For the Fa - ther
f
Fa - ther seek - eth such, seek - eth such to wor -
- ship Him. . God is a Spi - rit. .

My voice shalt Thou hear.

757 Psalm v. 3, 7. By permission of the Proprietors of "Congregational Church Music."

Moderato. TREBLE SOLO OR VERSE. J. Goss.

mf
My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morn-ing will I di-
mf
rect my prayer un-to Thee, and will look . . up. I will
come in-to Thy house in the mul-ti-tude of Thy mer-cy: and in Thy
p
fear, in Thy fear will I wor-ship toward Thy ho-ly
p
cres.
f
Repeat in Chorus.
tem-ple, will I wor-ship toward Thy ho-ly tem-ple.
cres.
f

758 Luke xv. 18, 19. I will arise.

R. Cecil

Moderato.
mf
I will a - rise, I will a - rise and go to my Fa -
f
p
pp
ther, and will say un - to Him, Fa - ther, Fa -
mf
ther, I have sin - ned, have sin - ned, I have sin - ned against heaven, and be
dim.
fore Thee, and am no more wor-thy to be call - ed Thy son. I will a
f
pp e rall.
rise, I will a - rise and go to my Fa - ther, my Fa - ther.

Jesus, Word of God Incarnate.

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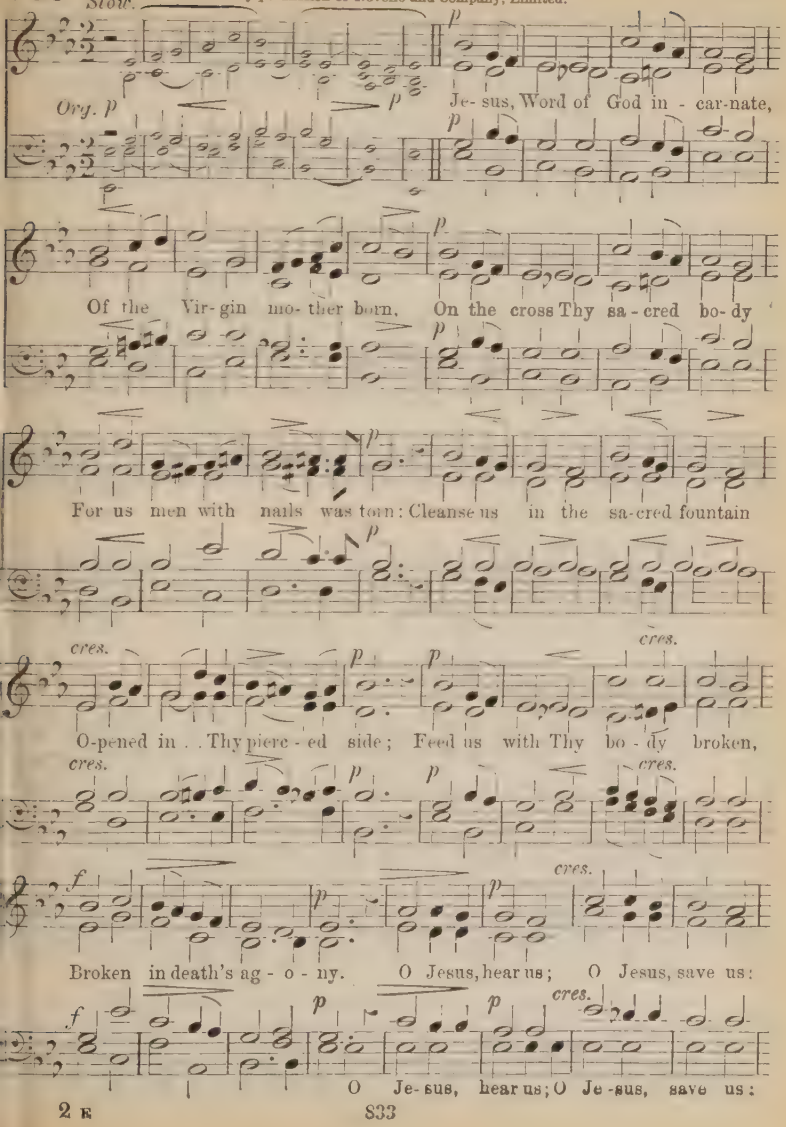
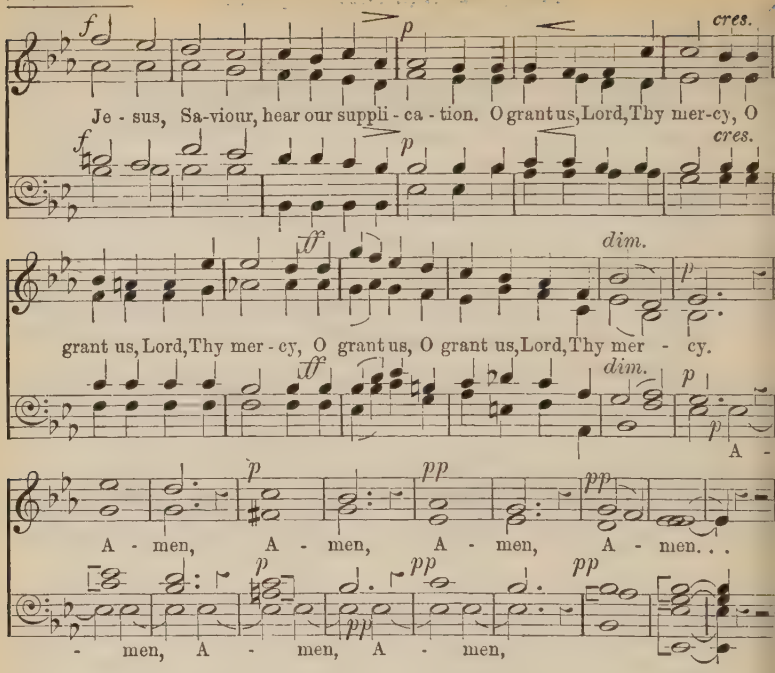
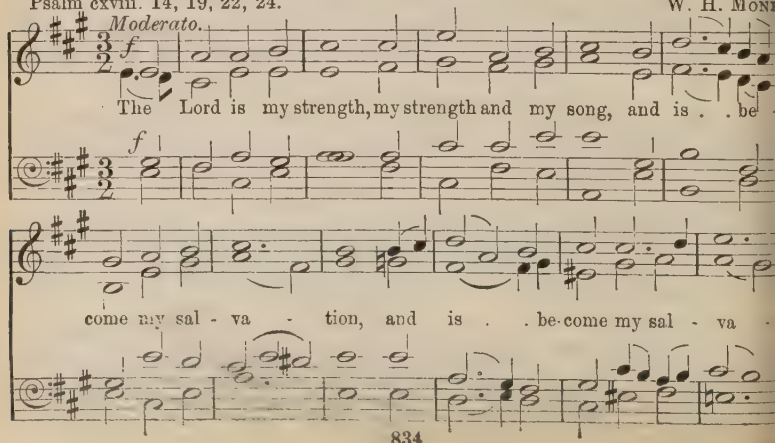
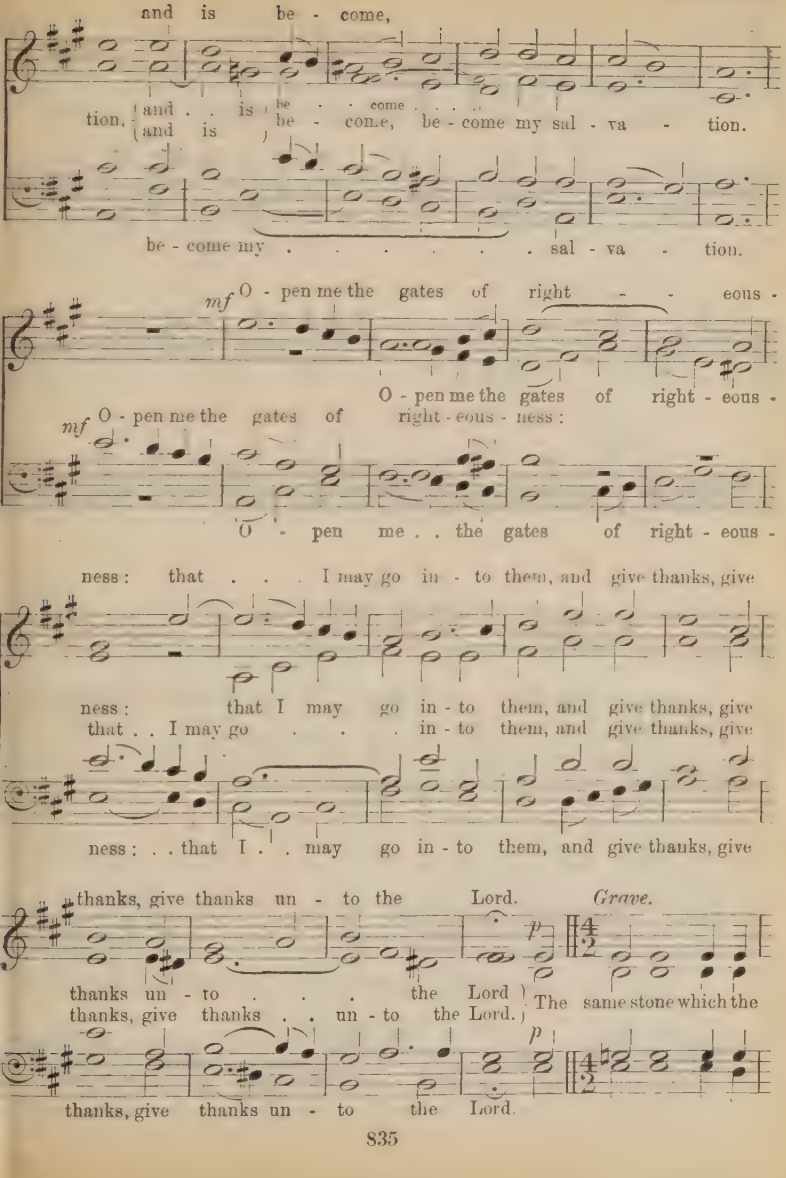
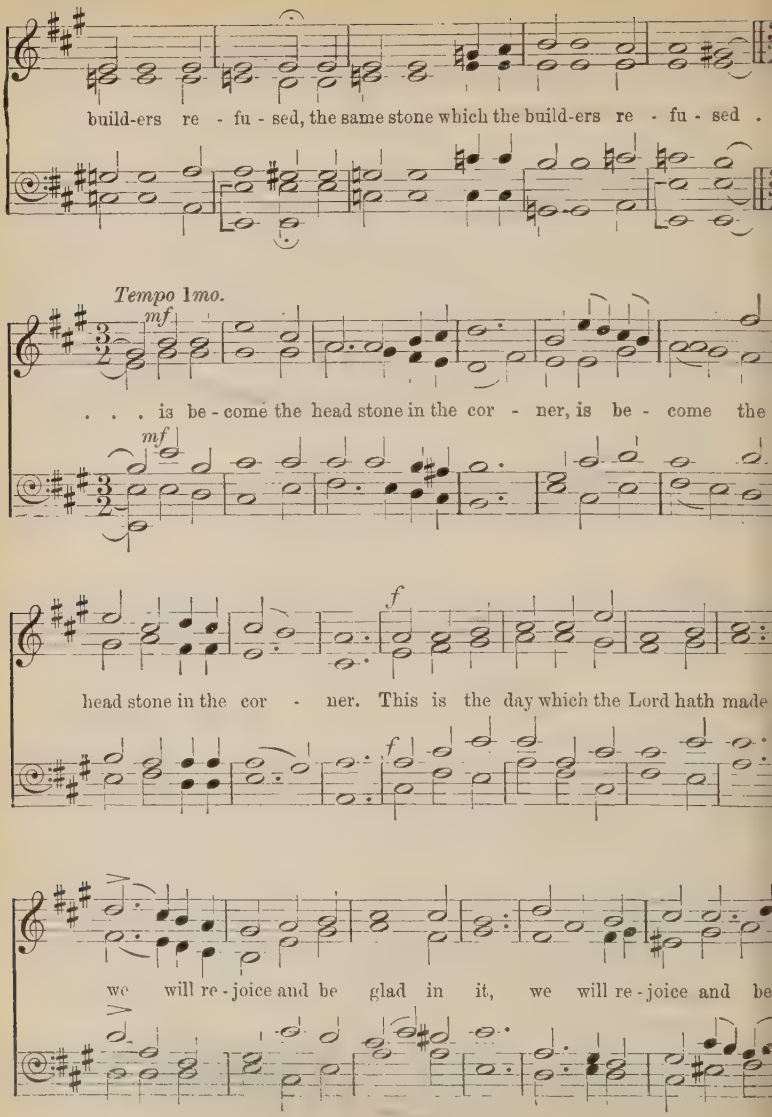
C. Gounod.

Slow.
Org. p
Je- sus, Word of God in - car-nate,
Of the Vir-gin mo-ther born, On the cross Thy sa-cred bo-dy
For us men with nails was torn: Cleanse us in the sa-cred fountain
cres.
O-pened in . . Thy pierc-ed side; Feed us with Thy bo-dy broken,
Broken in death's ag-o-ny. O Jesus, hear us; O Jesus, save us:
O Je-sus, hear us; O Je-sus, save us:

f
p
cres.
Je - sus, Sa-viour, hear our suppli - ca - tion. O grant us, Lord, Thy mer-cy, O
ff
dim.
grant us, Lord, Thy mer - cy, O grant us, O grant us, Lord, Thy mer - cy.
A -
pp
A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men. . .
- men, A - men, A - men,

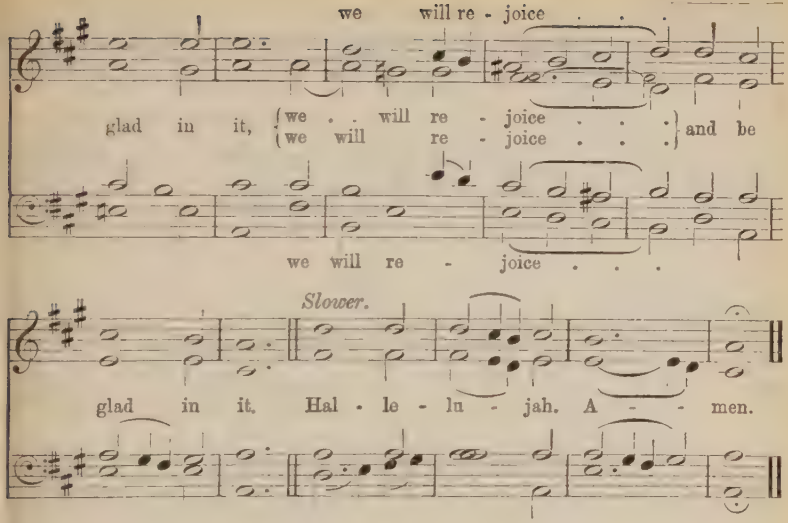
760 The Lord is my strength.

Psalm cxviii. 14, 19, 22, 24. W. H. Mon



and is be - come,
tion, and . . is be . . come . . . .
and is be - come, be - come my sal - va - tion.
be - come my . . . . . sal - va - tion.
mf O - pen me the gates of right - - eous -
O - pen me the gates of right - eous -
mf O - pen me the gates of right - eous - ness:
O - pen me . . the gates of right - eous -
ness: that . . . I may go in - to them, and give thanks, give
ness: that I may go in - to them, and give thanks, give
that . . I may go . . . in - to them, and give thanks, give
ness: . . that I . . may go in - to them, and give thanks, give
thanks, give thanks un - to the Lord.
p
Grave.
thanks un - to . . . the Lord
thanks, give thanks . . un - to the Lord.
The same stone which the
p
thanks, give thanks un - to the Lord.


build-ers re - fu - sed, the same stone which the build-ers re - fu - sed .
Tempo 1mo.
mf
. . . is be - come the head stone in the cor - ner, is be - come the
mf
f
head stone in the cor - ner. This is the day which the Lord hath made
f
we will re - joice and be glad in it, we will re - joice and be

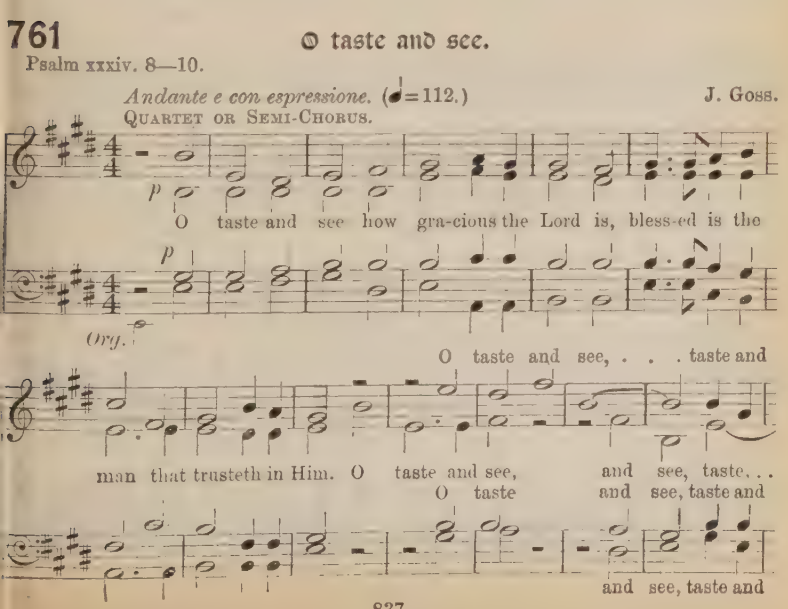
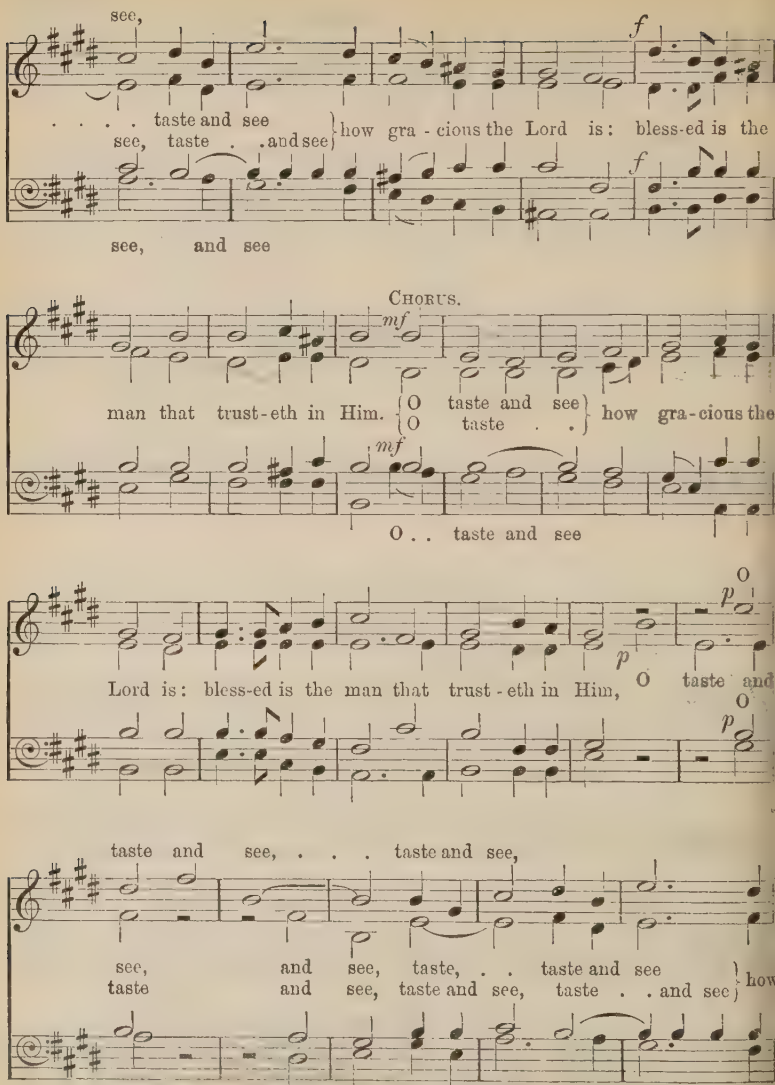
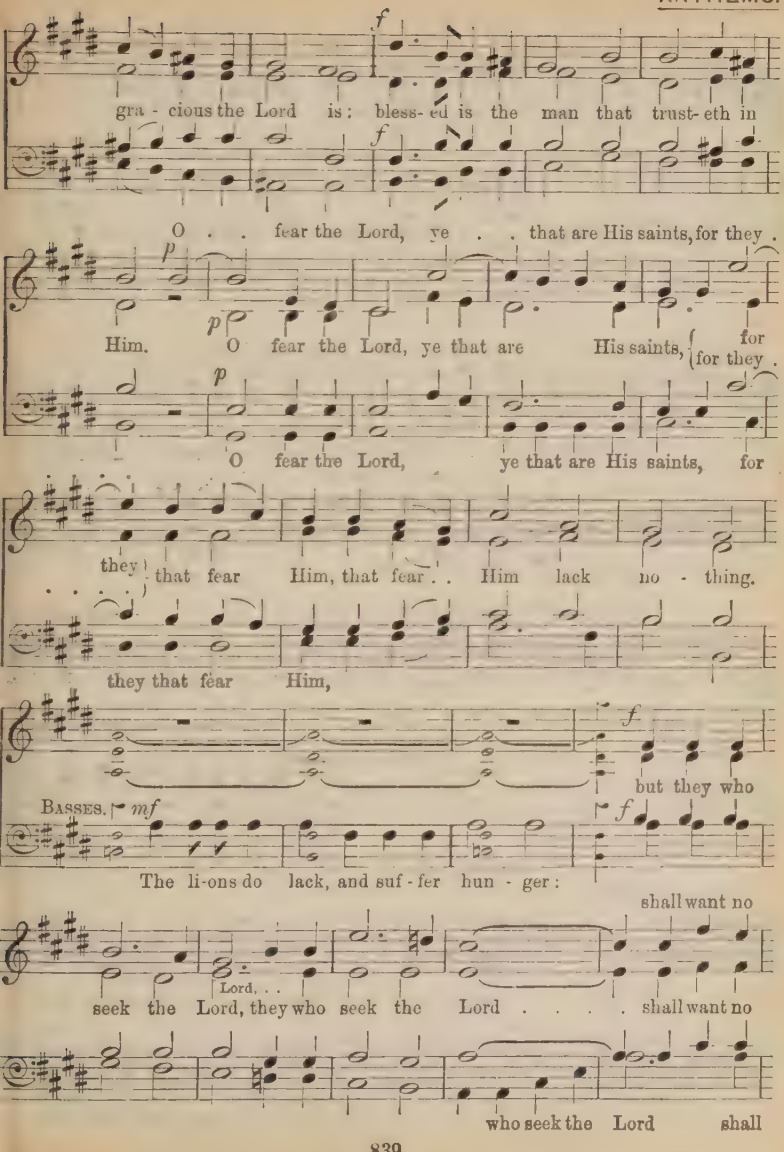


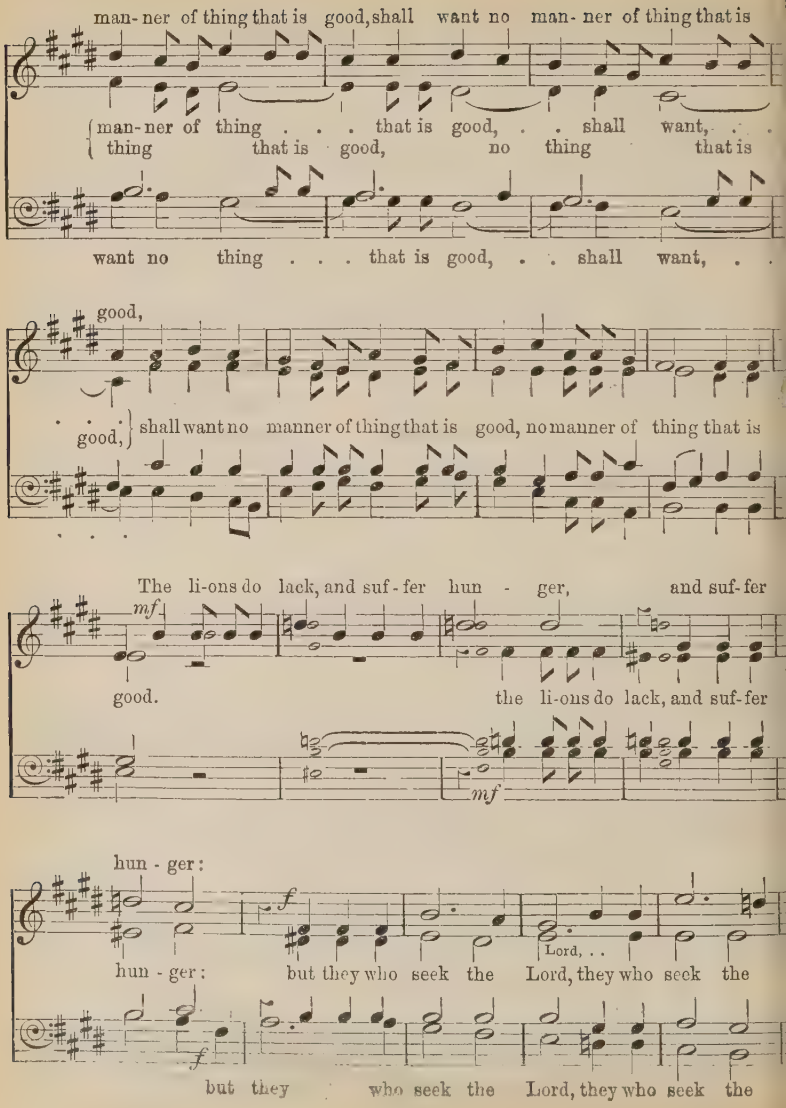
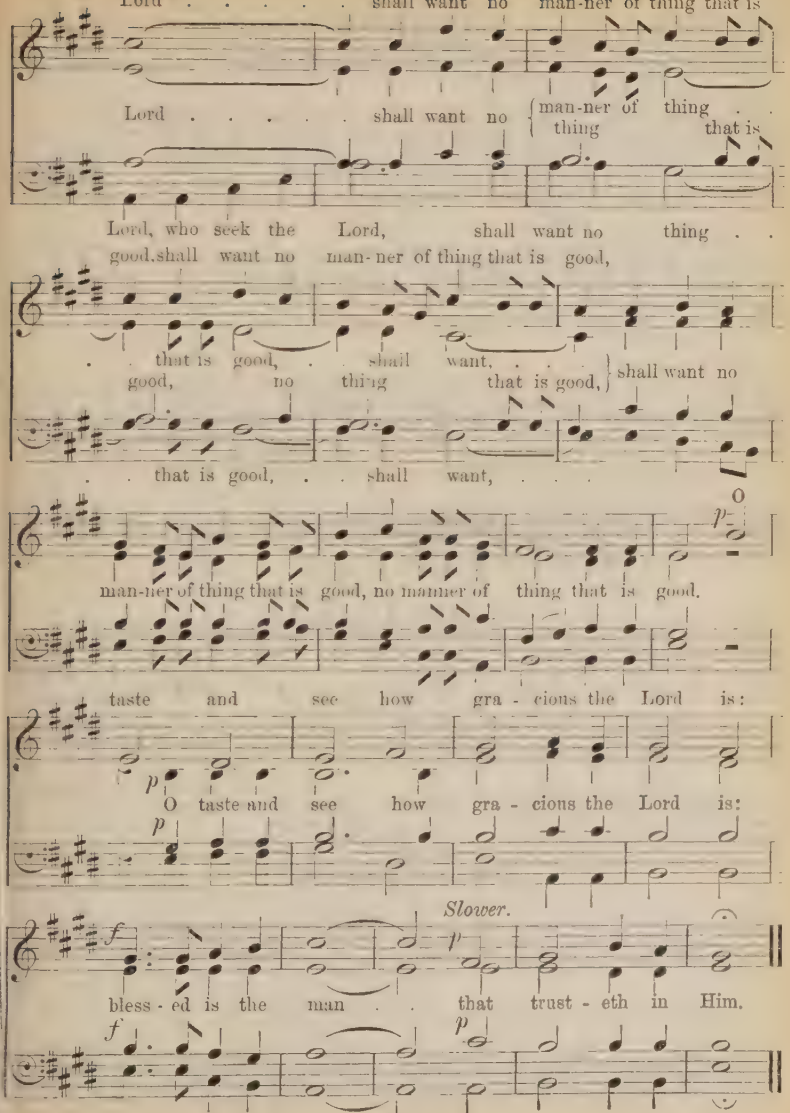
761

O taste and see.

Psalm xxxiv. 8—10.

Andante e con espressione. (♩=112.) J. Goss.

Quartet or Semi-Chorus.

p
O taste and see how gra-cious the Lord is, bless-ed is the
p
Org.
O taste and see, . . . taste and
man that trusteth in Him. O taste and see, and see, taste. . .
O taste and see, taste and
and see, taste and

see,
. . . . taste and see
see, taste . . and see
how gra - cious the Lord is: bless-ed is the
see, and see
CHORUS.
mf
man that trust-eth in Him.
O taste and see
O taste . .
how gra-cious the
O . . taste and see
p
O taste and
Lord is: bless-ed is the man that trust-eth in Him,
taste and see, . . . taste and see,
see, and see, taste, . . taste and see
taste and see, taste and see, taste . . and see
how
and see, taste and see, and see

f
gra - cious the Lord is: bless- ed is the man that trust- eth in
f
O . . fear the Lord, ye . . that are His saints, for they .
p
p
Him. O fear the Lord, ye that are His saints, for
for they .
p
O fear the Lord, ye that are His saints, for
they that fear Him, that fear . . Him lack no - thing.
they that fear Him,
f
but they who
Basses.
mf
f
The li-ons do lack, and suf - fer hun - ger:
shall want no
Lord, . .
seek the Lord, they who seek the Lord . . . . shall want no
who seek the Lord shall


man-ner of thing that is good, shall want no man-ner of thing that is
man-ner of thing . . . that is good, . . shall want, . . .
thing that is good, no thing that is
want no thing . . . that is good, . . shall want, . . .
good,
good, shall want no manner of thing that is good, no manner of thing that is
The li-ons do lack, and suf-fer hun - ger, and suf-fer
mf
good. the li-ons do lack, and suf-fer
mf
hun - ger:
f
Lord, . .
hun - ger: but they who seek the Lord, they who seek the
f
but they who seek the Lord, they who seek the

Lord . . . . . shall want no man-ner of thing that is
Lord . . . . . shall want no man-ner of thing . . thing that is
Lord, who seek the Lord, shall want no thing . .
good. shall want no man-ner of thing that is good,
. . that is good, . . shall want, . . . good, no thing that is good, shall want no
. . that is good, . . shall want, . . .
O
p
man-ner of thing that is good, no manner of thing that is good.
taste and see how gra - cious the Lord is:
p
O taste and see how gra - cious the Lord is:
p
Slower.
f
p
bless - ed is the man . . that trust - eth in Him.
f
p

762 What are these?

Rev. vii. 13—17.

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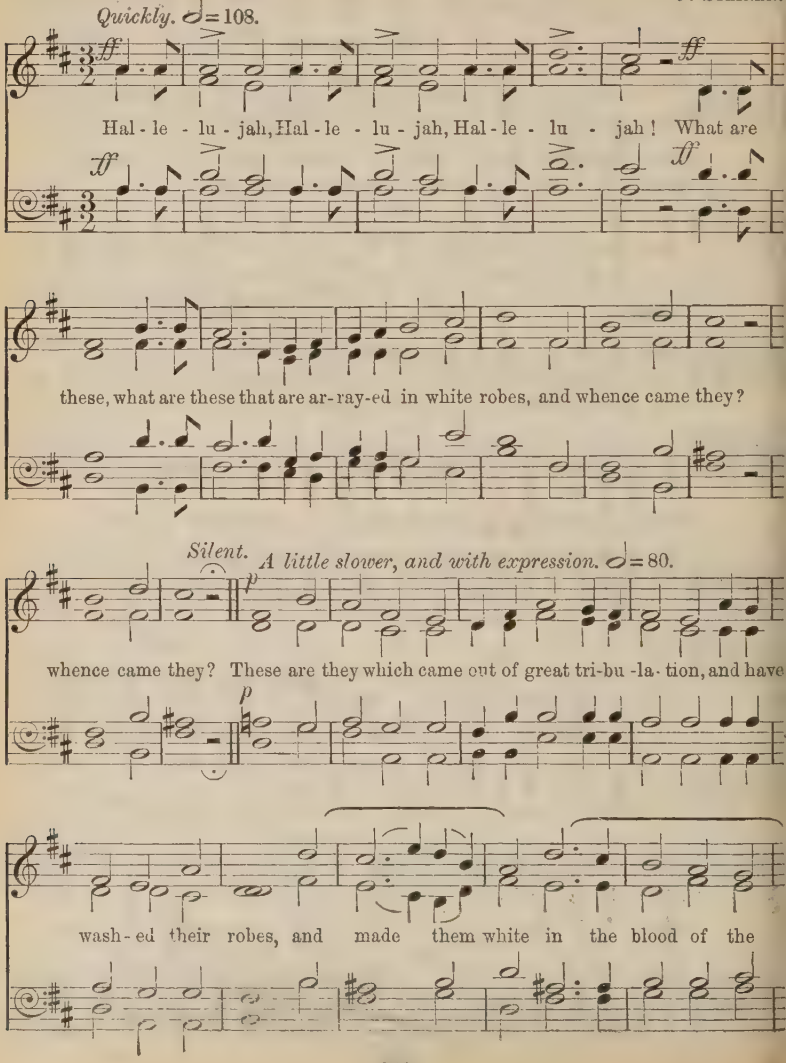
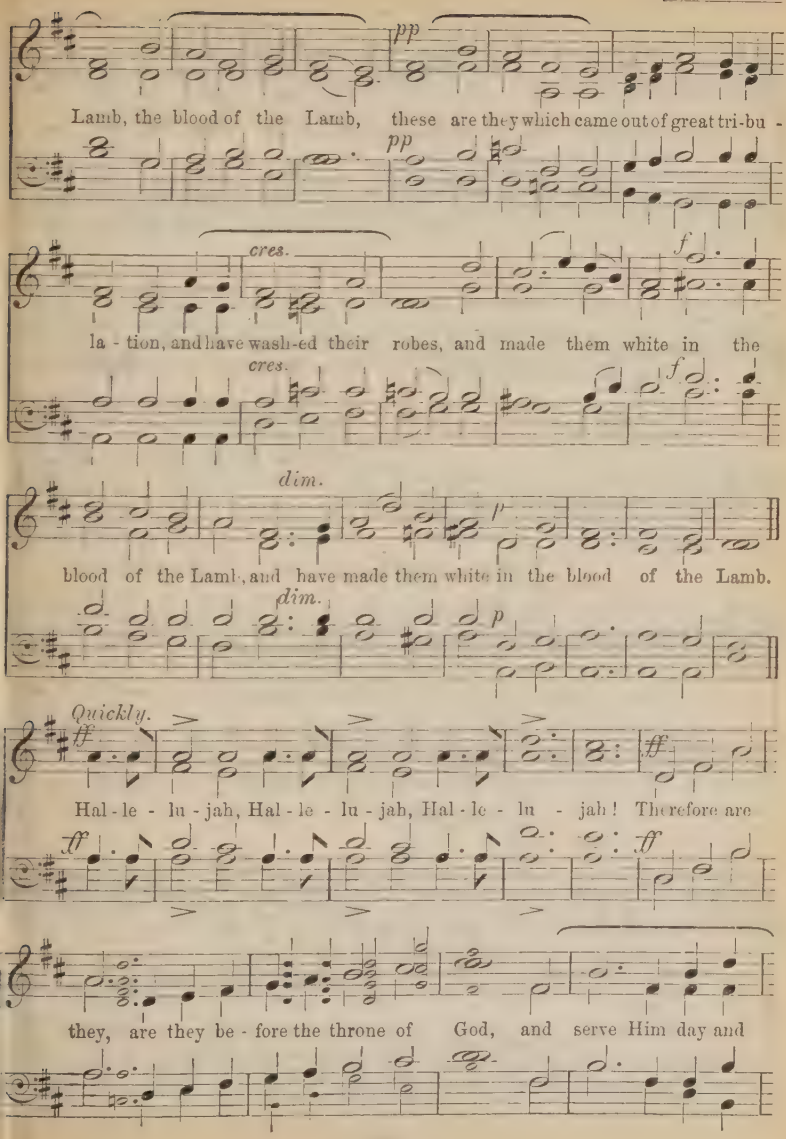
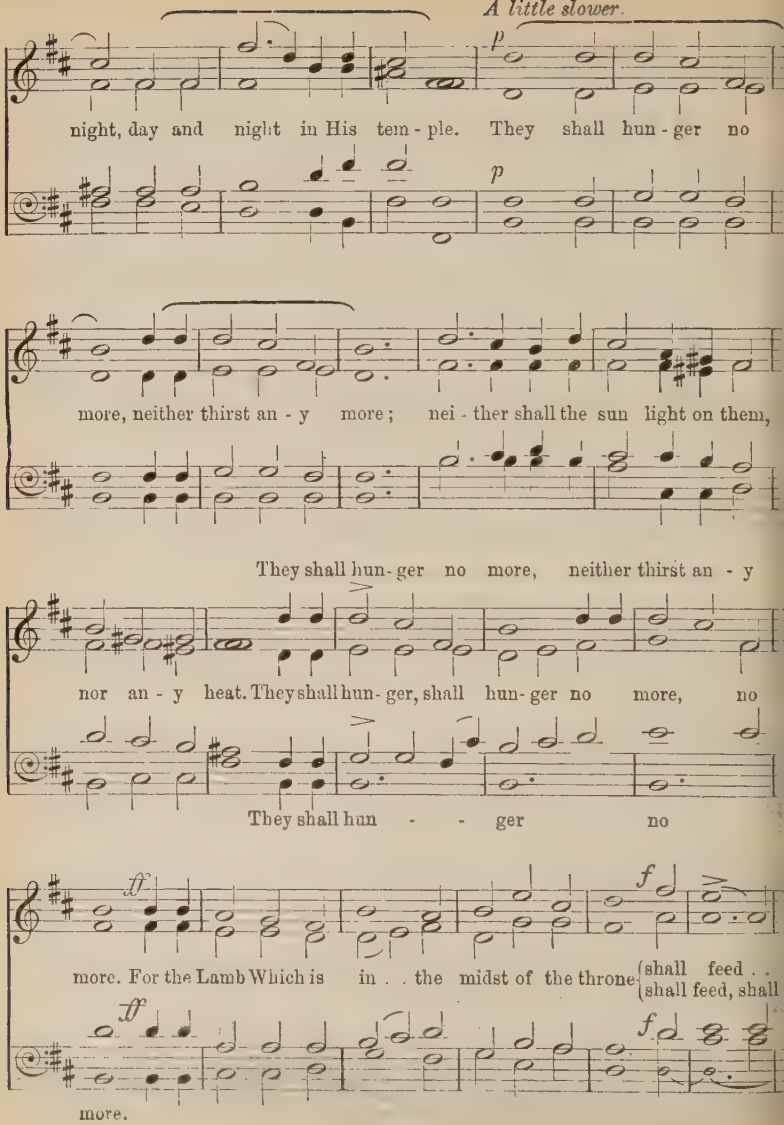
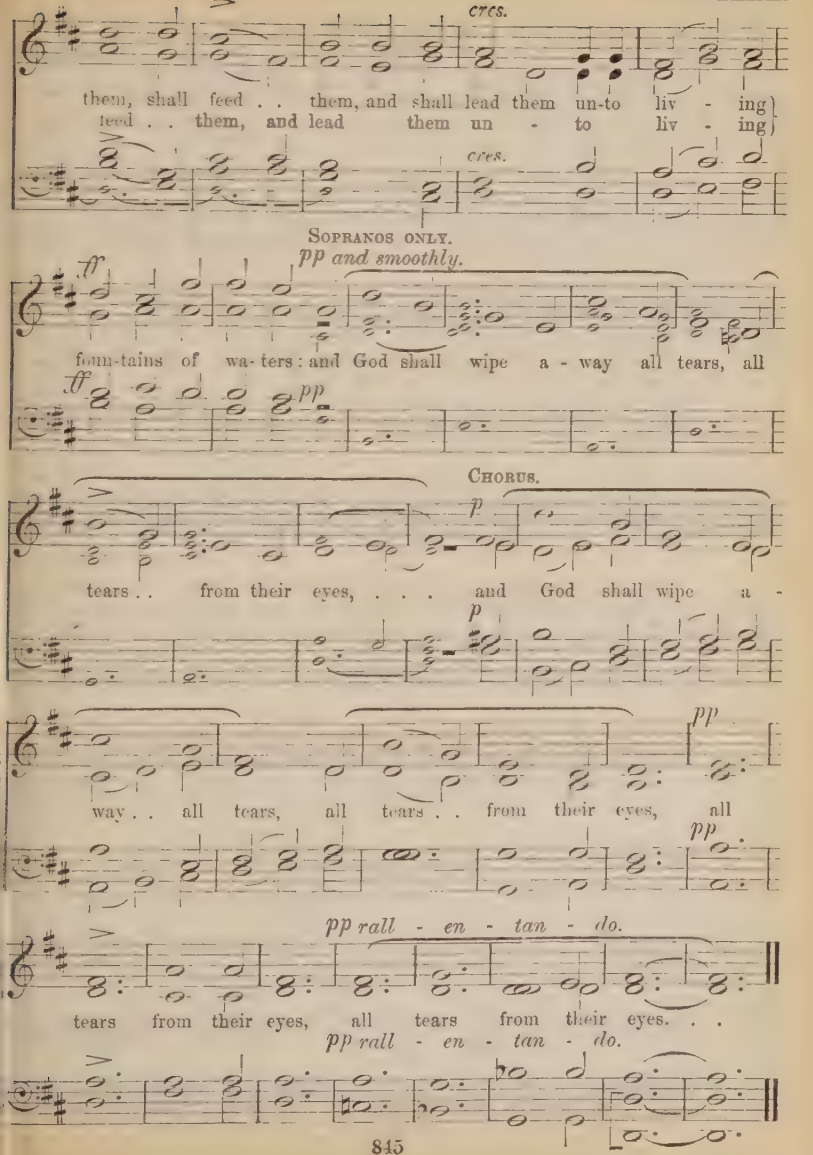
J. STAINER.


Quickly. ♩= 108.
ff
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! What are
these, what are these that are ar-ray-ed in white robes, and whence came they?
Silent.
A little slower, and with expression. ♩= 80.
p
whence came they? These are they which came out of great tri-bu-la-tion, and have
wash-ed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the


pp
Lamb, the blood of the Lamb, these are they which came out of great tri-bu -
pp
cres.
f
la - tion, and have wash-ed their robes, and made them white in the
cres.
f
dim.
blood of the Lamb, and have made them white in the blood of the Lamb.
dim.
p
Quickly.
ff
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! Therefore are
ff
ff
they, are they be - fore the throne of God, and serve Him day and

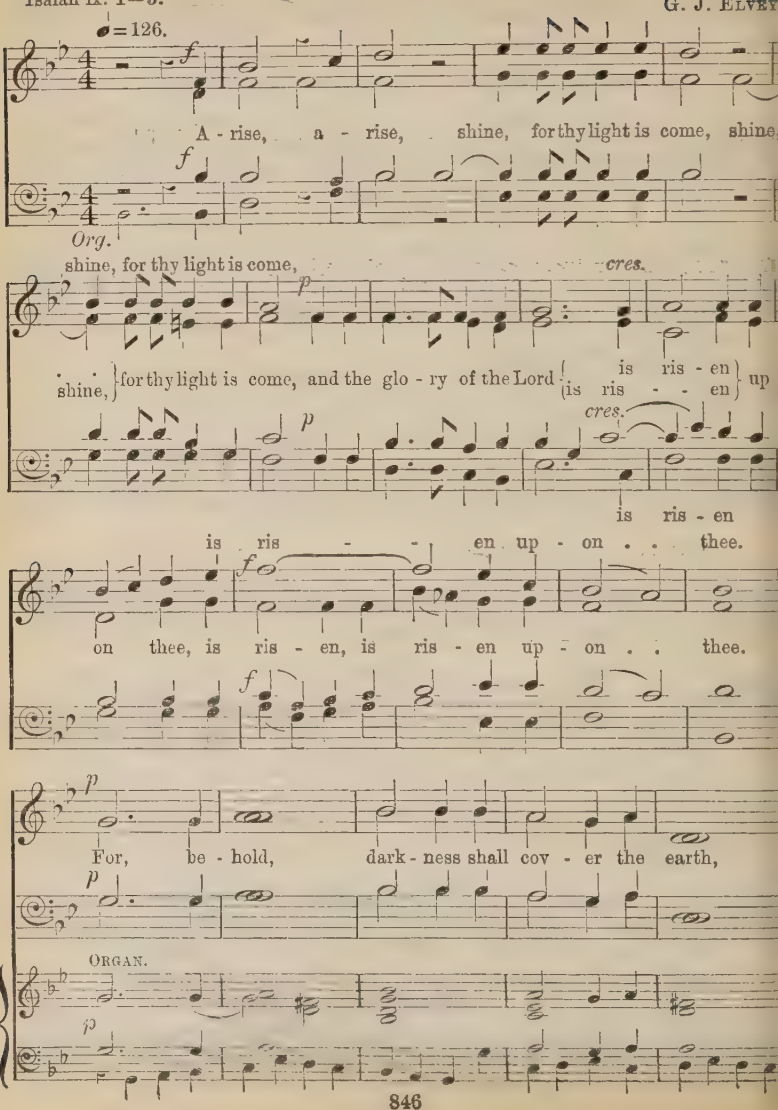
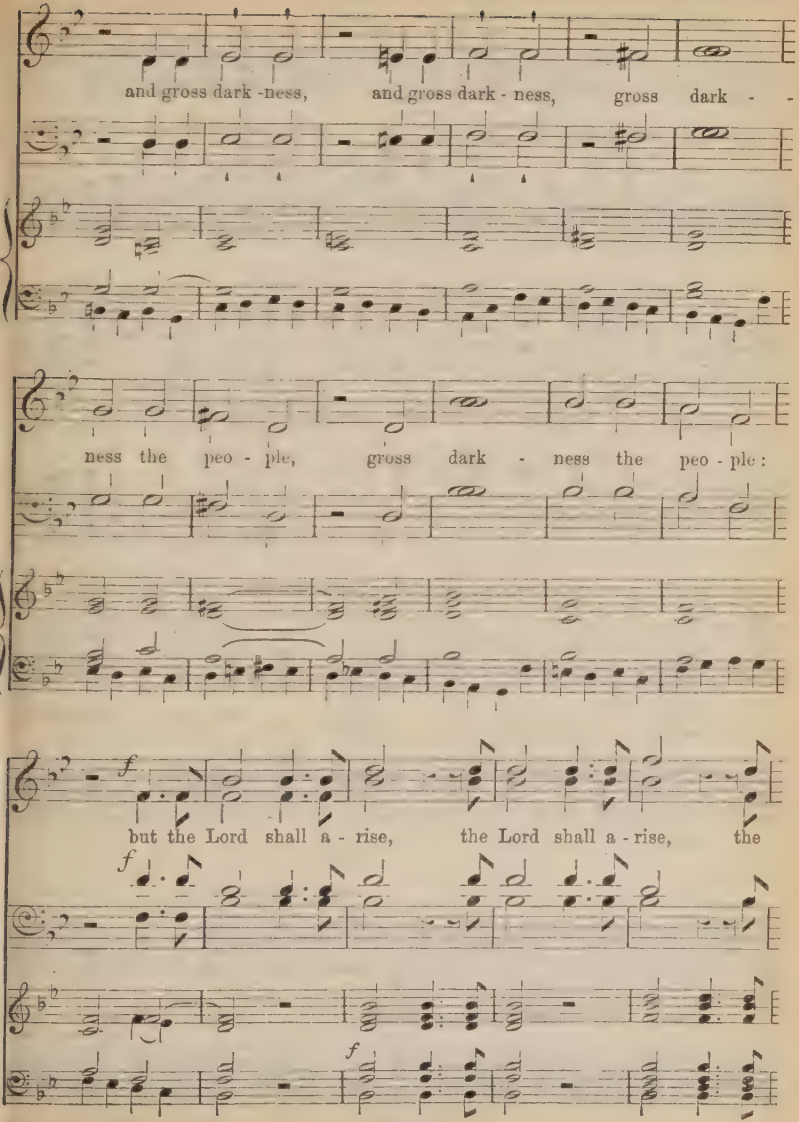

A little slower.
p
night, day and night in His tem - ple. They shall hun - ger no
p
more, neither thirst an - y more; nei - ther shall the sun light on them,
They shall hun - ger no more, neither thirst an - y
nor an - y heat. They shall hun - ger, shall hun - ger no more, no
They shall hun - - ger no
ff
f
more. For the Lamb Which is in . . the midst of the throne { shall feed . . / shall feed, shall
ff
f
more.

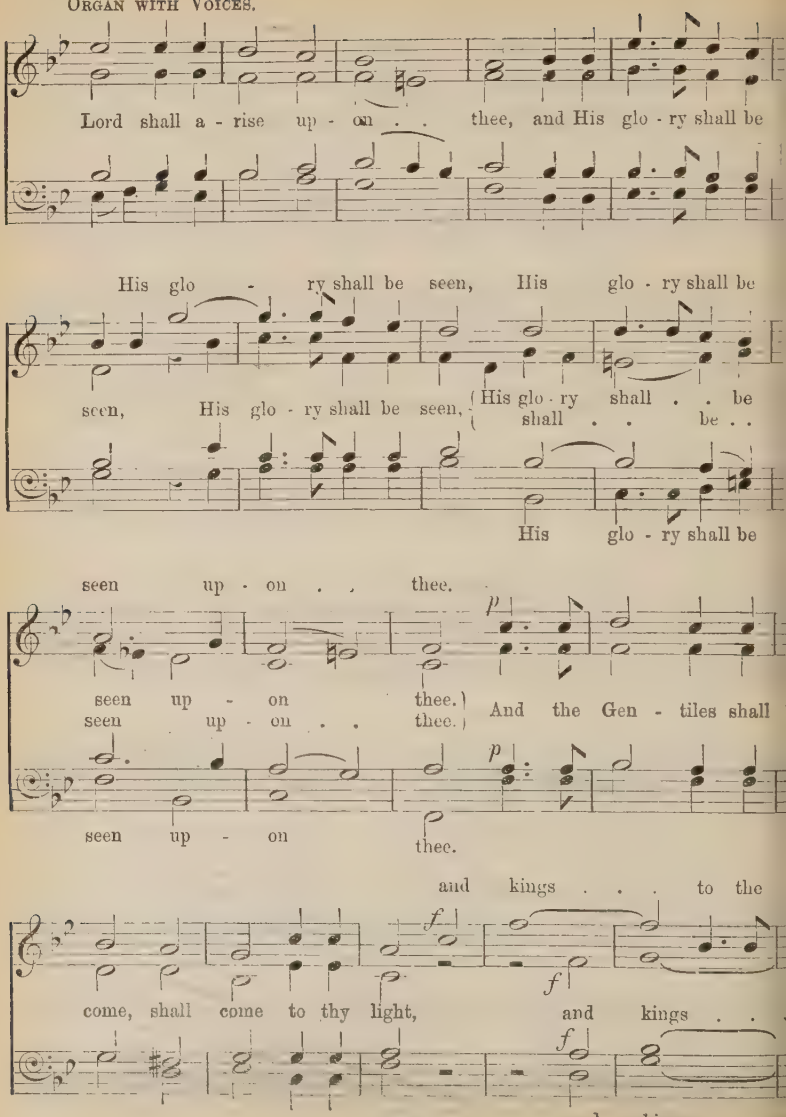
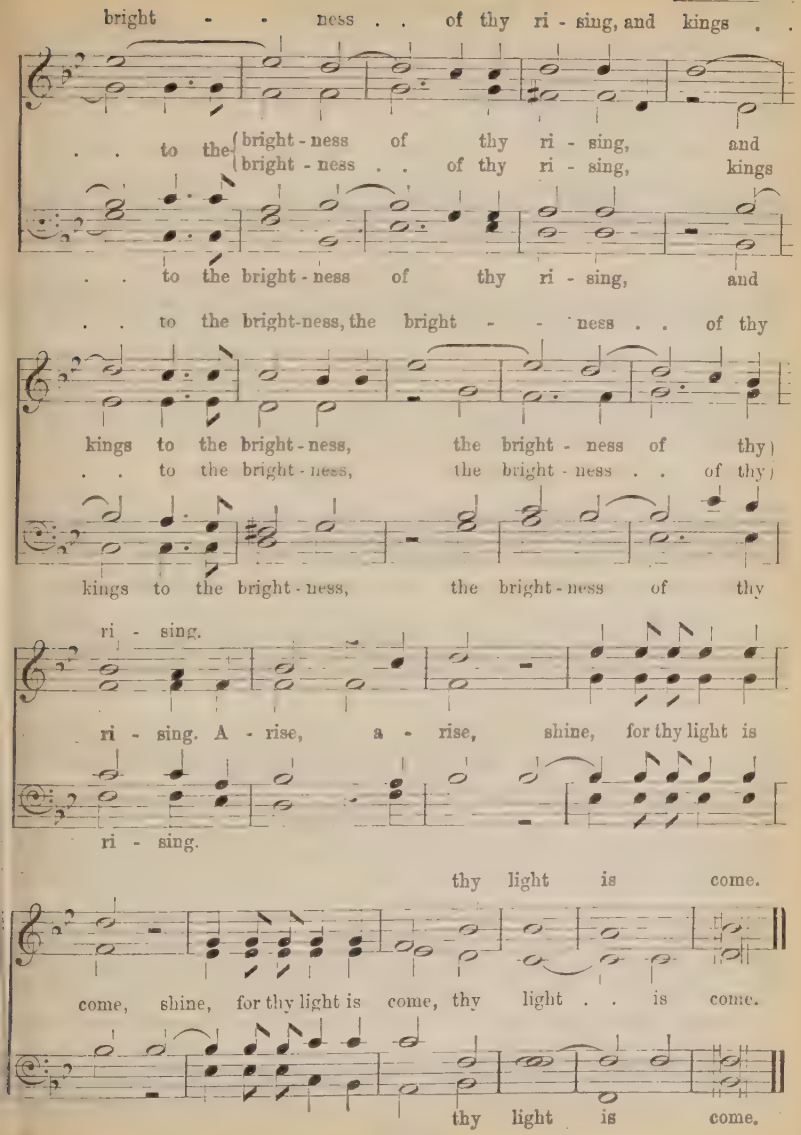

them, shall feed . . them, and shall lead them un-to liv - ing
feed . . them, and lead them un - to liv - ing
cres.
cres.
Sopranos only.
ff
pp and smoothly.
foun-tains of wa-ters: and God shall wipe a - way all tears, all
ff
pp
Chorus.
p
tears . . from their eyes, . . . and God shall wipe a -
p
pp
way . . all tears, all tears . . from their eyes, all
pp
pp rall - en - tan - do.
tears from their eyes, all tears from their eyes. . .
pp rall - en - tan - do.

763

Isaiah lx. 1—3.

Arise, shine.

G. J. Elvey

♩=126.
A - rise, a - rise, shine, for thy light is come, shine,
Org.
shine, for thy light is come,
cres.
shine, for thy light is come, and the glo - ry of the Lord is ris - en up
is ris - en
is ris - en up - on . . thee.
on thee, is ris - en, is ris - en up - on . . thee.
For, be - hold, dark - ness shall cov - er the earth,
ORGAN.

and gross dark - ness, and gross dark - ness, gross dark - -
ness the peo - ple, gross dark - ness the peo - ple:
but the Lord shall a - rise, the Lord shall a - rise, the

ORGAN WITH VOICES.

Lord shall a - rise up - on . . thee, and His glo - ry shall be
His glo - ry shall be seen, His glo - ry shall be
seen, His glo - ry shall be seen, His glo - ry shall . . be
shall . . be . .
His glo - ry shall be
seen up - on . . thee.
p
seen up - on thee.
seen up - on . . thee.
And the Gen - tiles shall
p
seen up - on thee.
and kings . . . to the
f
f
come, shall come to thy light, and kings . .
f
and kings . .

bright - - ness . . of thy ri - sing, and kings . .
. . to the bright - ness of thy ri - sing, and
bright - ness . . of thy ri - sing, kings
. . to the bright - ness of thy ri - sing, and
. . to the bright-ness, the bright - - ness . . of thy
kings to the bright - ness, the bright - ness of thy
. . to the bright - ness, the bright - ness . . of thy
kings to the bright - ness, the bright - ness of thy
ri - sing.
ri - sing. A - rise, a - rise, shine, for thy light is
ri - sing.
thy light is come.
come, shine, for thy light is come, thy light . . is come.
thy light is come.

764

Lead, kindly Light.

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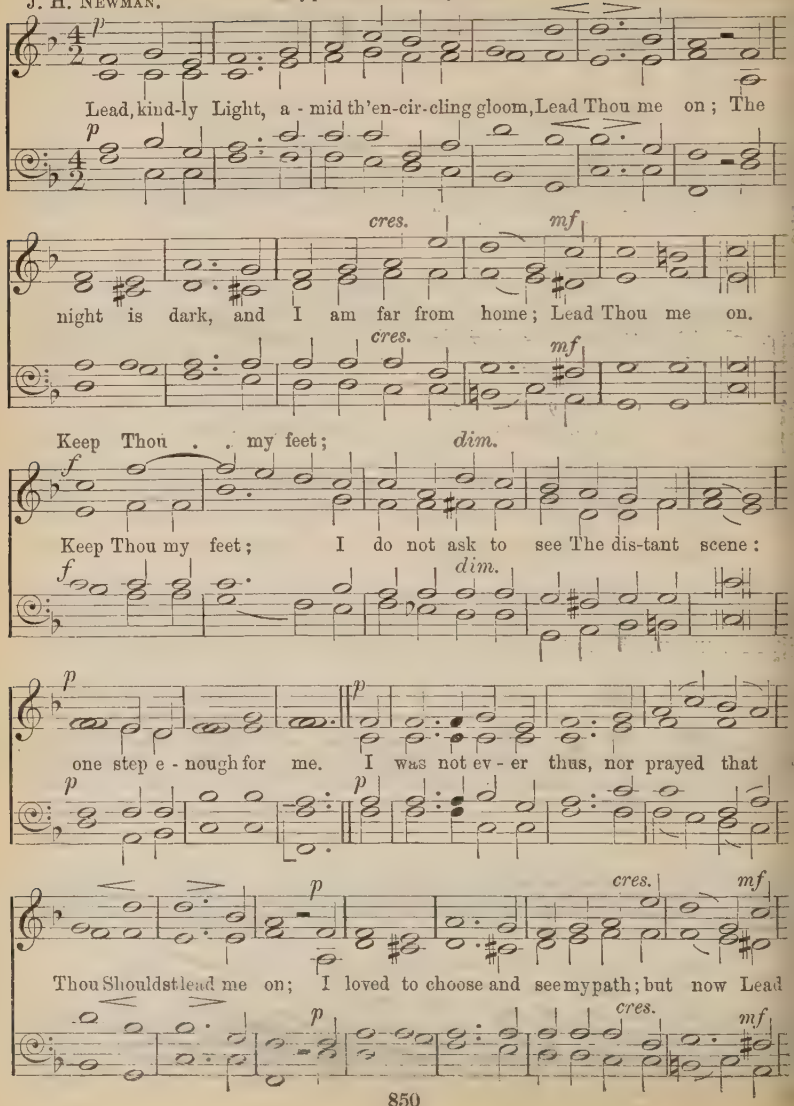
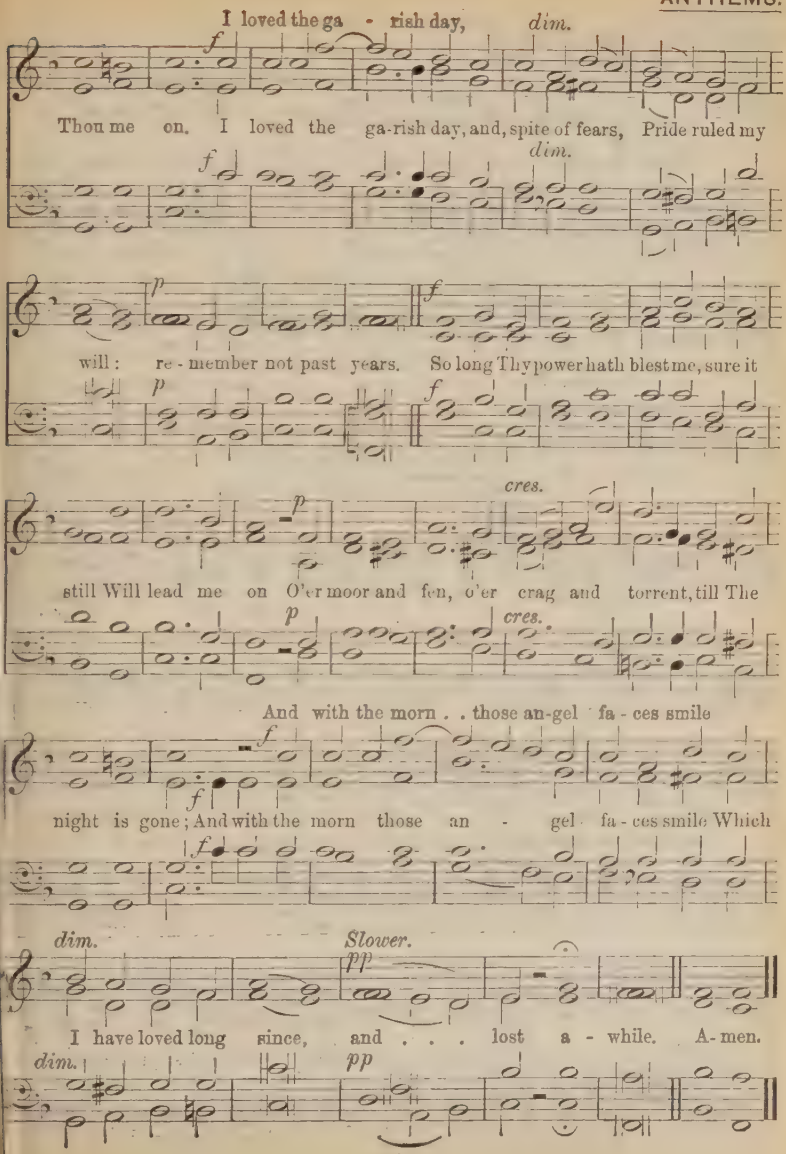
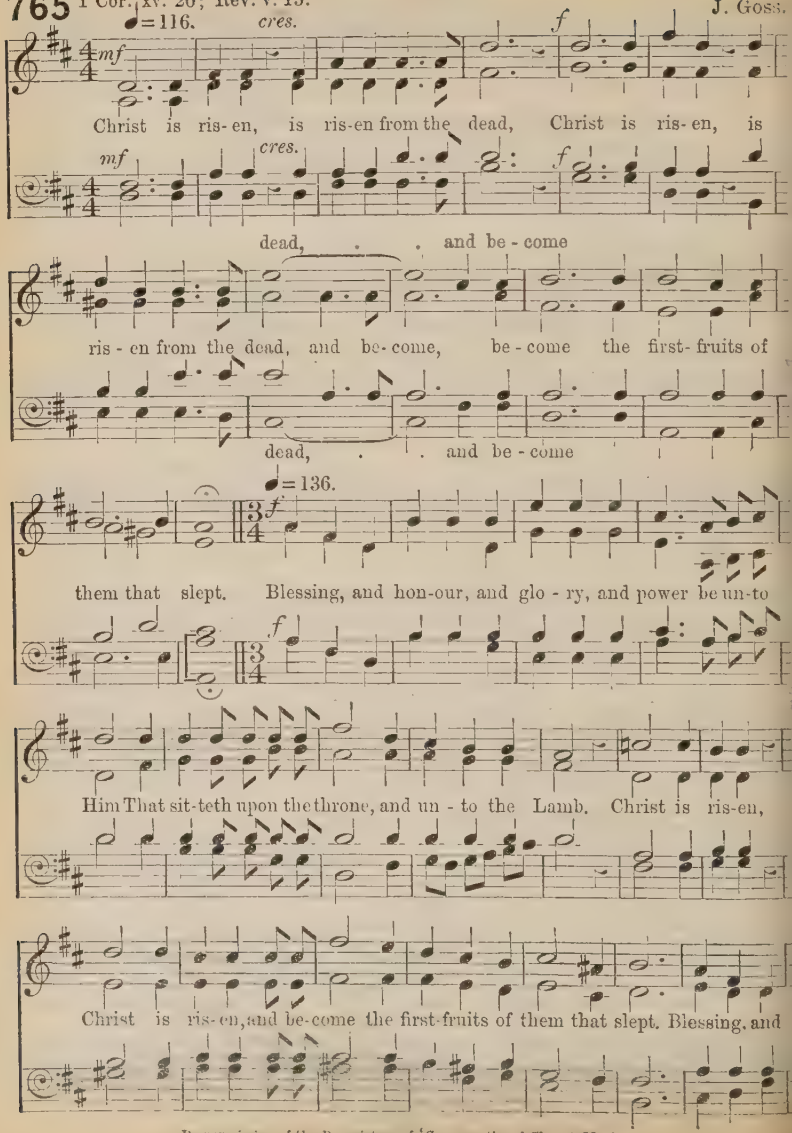
J. H. NEWMAN. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The
night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou . . my feet;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The dis-tant scene:
one step e - nough for me. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that
Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead

I loved the ga - rish day, dim.
Thou me on. I loved the ga-rish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my
will: re - member not past years. So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it
still Will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The
night is gone; And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile Which
And with the morn . . those an-gel fa - ces smile
I have loved long since, and . . . lost a - while. A - men.
Slower.
cres.
dim.
pp

Christ is risen.

765 1 Cor. xv. 20; Rev. v. 13. J. Goss.

♩=116.
cres.
mf
f
Christ is ris-en, is ris-en from the dead, Christ is ris-en, is
dead, . . and be-come
ris-en from the dead, and be-come, be-come the first-fruits of
dead, . . and be-come
♩=136.
them that slept. Blessing, and hon-our, and glo-ry, and power be un-to
Him That sit-teth upon the throne, and un-to the Lamb. Christ is ris-en,
Christ is ris-en, and be-come the first-fruits of them that slept. Blessing, and

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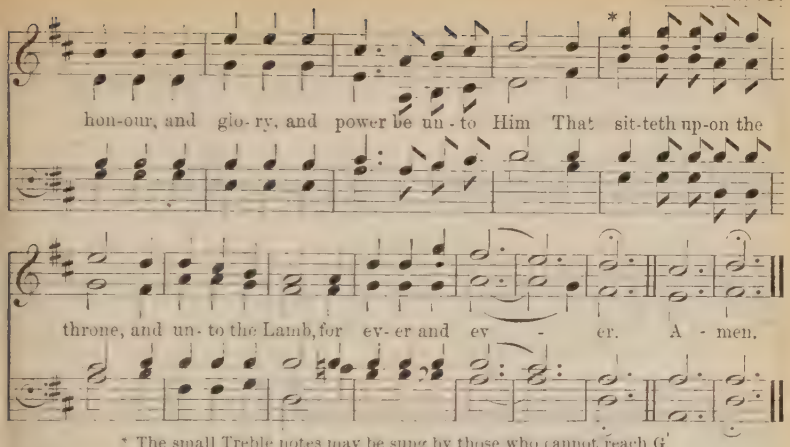
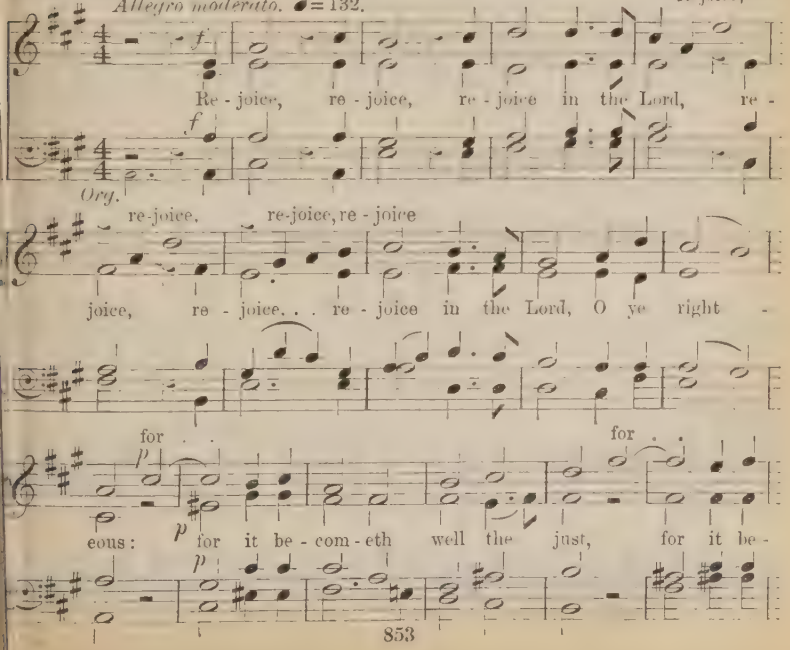
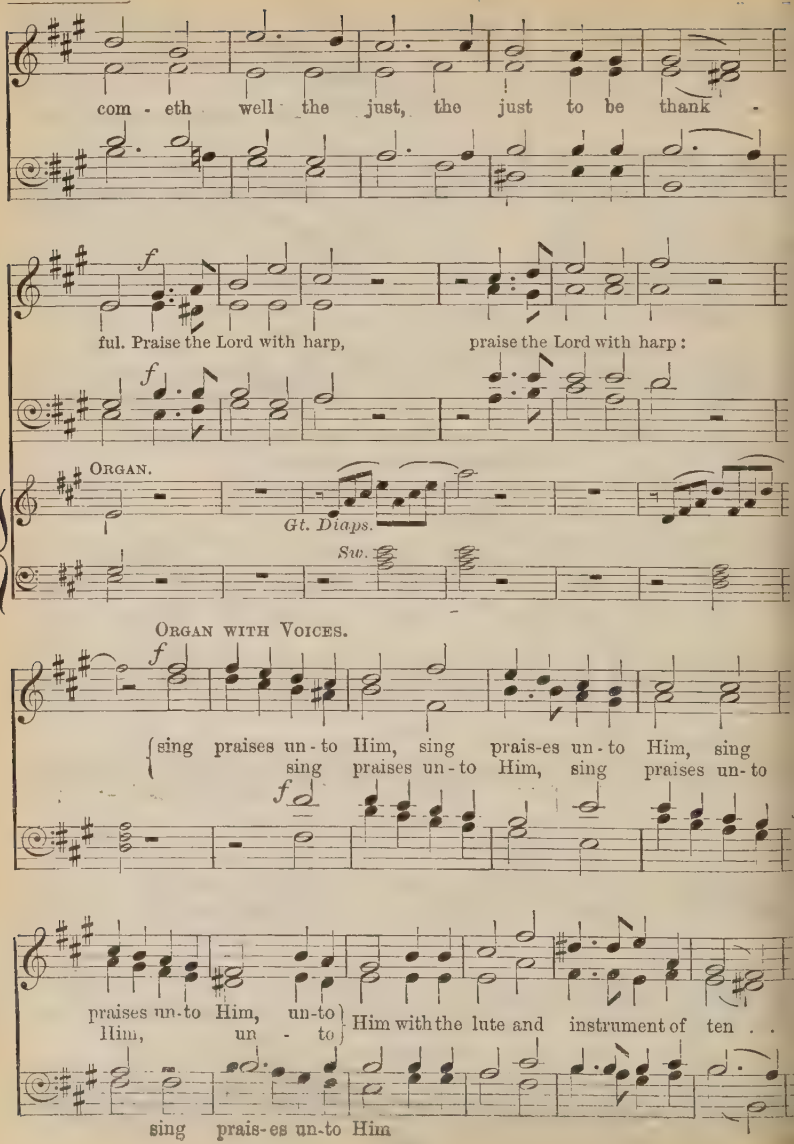
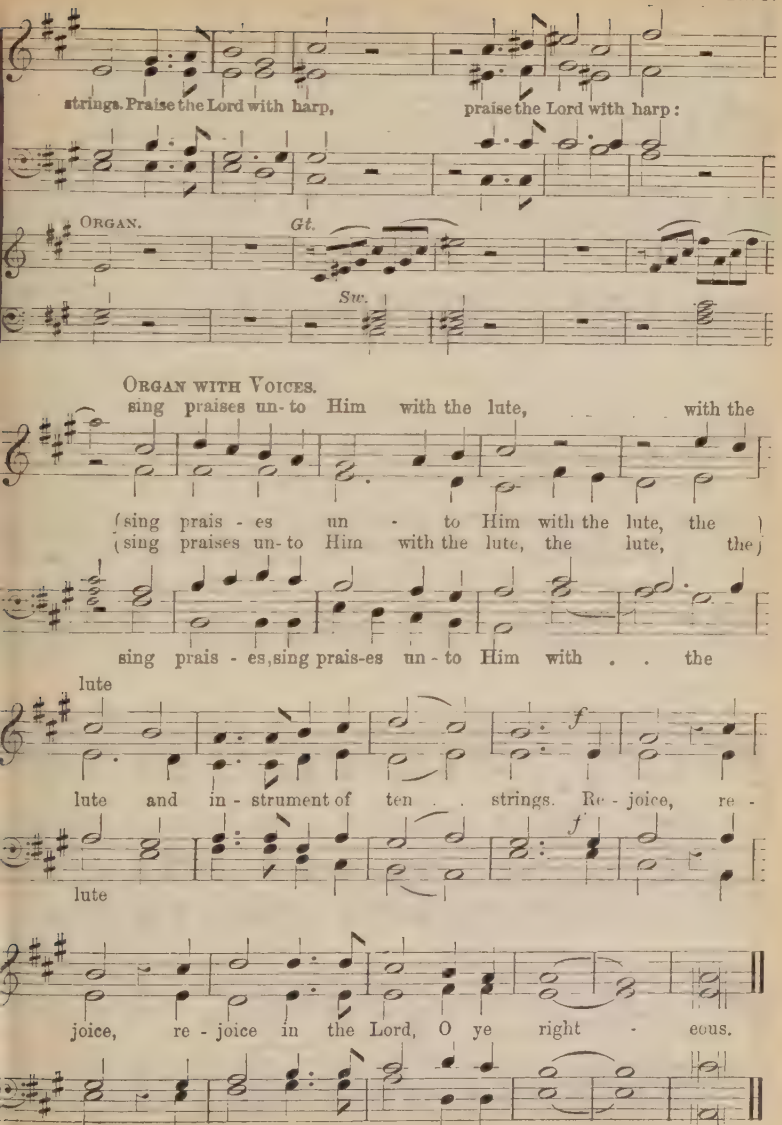


* The small Treble notes may be sung by those who cannot reach G.

766 Rejoice in the Lord.

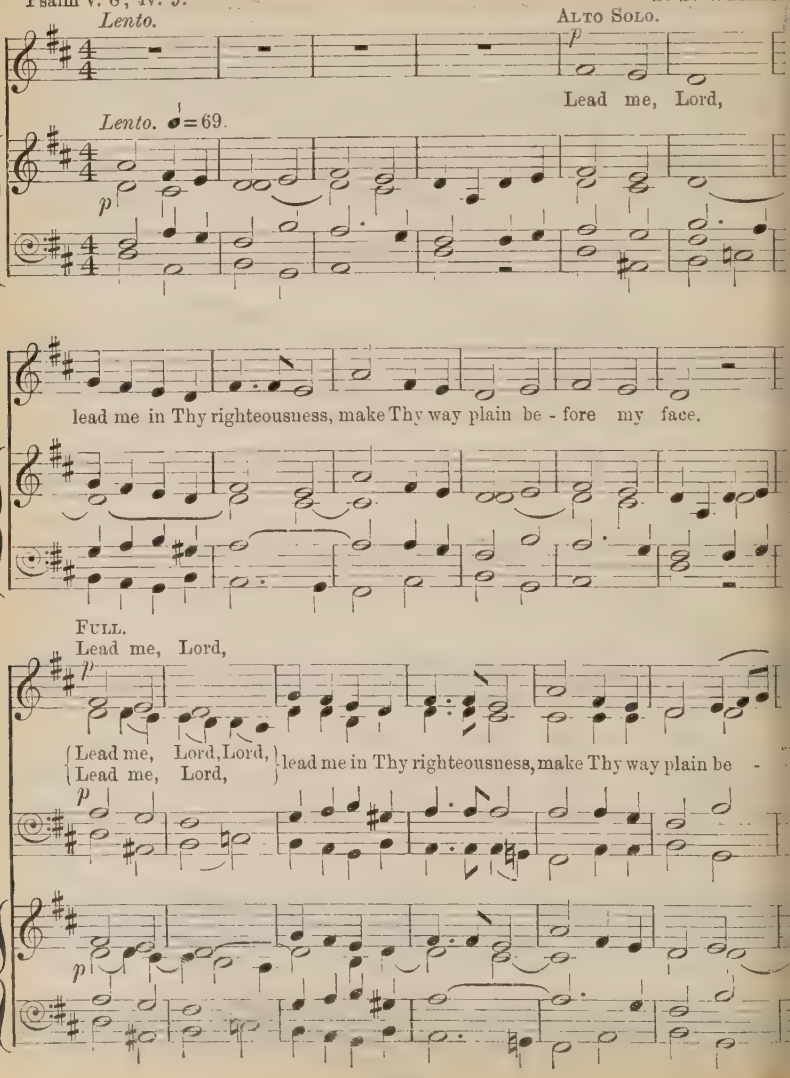
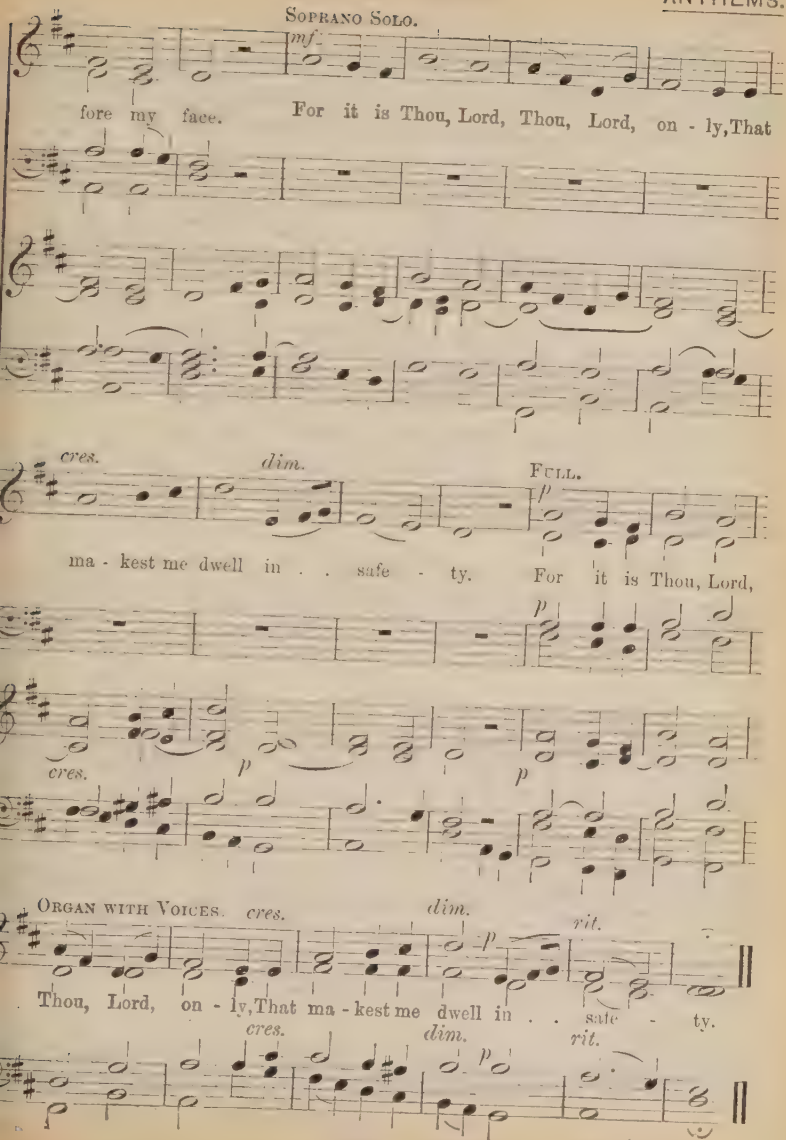
Psalm xxxiii. 1, 2. By permission of Novello and Company, Limited. G. J. Elvey.


Allegro moderato. ♩= 132.
f
Re - joice, re - joice, re - joice in the Lord, re - joice,
f
Org.
re-joice, re-joice, re - joice
joice, re - joice. . . re - joice in the Lord, O ye right -
for . . for . .
p
eous: for it be - com - eth well the just, for it be -
p


com - eth well the just, the just to be thank -
f
ful. Praise the Lord with harp, praise the Lord with harp:
f
ORGAN.
Gt. Diaps.
Sw.
ORGAN WITH VOICES.
f
sing praises un-to Him, sing prais-es un-to Him, sing
sing praises un-to Him, sing praises un-to
f
praises un-to Him, un-to
Him, un - to
Him with the lute and instrument of ten . .
sing prais-es un-to Him

strings. Praise the Lord with harp, praise the Lord with harp:
ORGAN.
Gt.
Sw.
ORGAN WITH VOICES.
sing praises un-to Him with the lute, with the
sing prais - es un - to Him with the lute, the
sing praises un-to Him with the lute, the lute, the
sing prais - es, sing prais-es un - to Him with . . the
lute
lute and in - strument of ten . strings. Re - joice, re -
lute
joice, re - joice in the Lord, O ye right - eous.

767 Lead me, Lord.

(FROM 'PRAISE THE LORD, MY SOUL.')

Psalm v. 8; iv. 9. S. S. Wesley.


Soprano Solo.
mf.
fore my face. For it is Thou, Lord, Thou, Lord, on - ly, That
cres.
dim.
Full.
p
ma - kest me dwell in . . safe - ty. For it is Thou, Lord,
p
cres.
p
p
Organ with Voices.
cres.
dim.
p
rit.
Thou, Lord, on - ly, That ma - kest me dwell in . . safe - ty.
cres.
dim.
p
rit.

768

O Saviour of the World.

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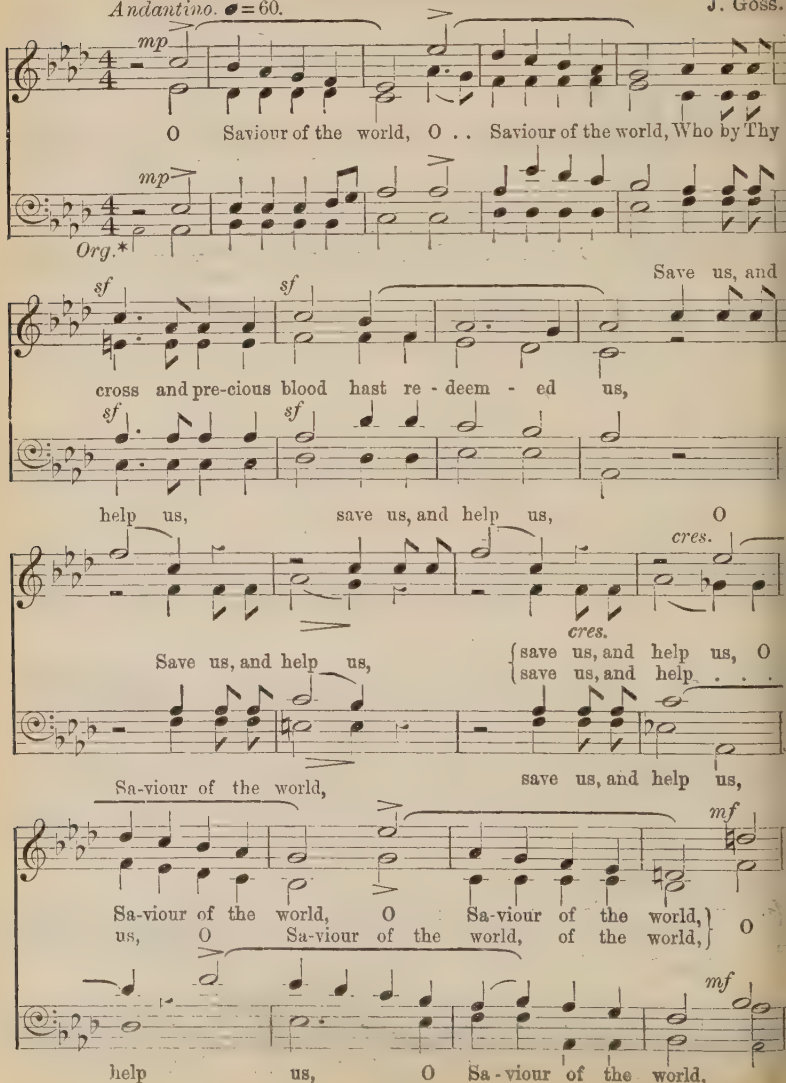
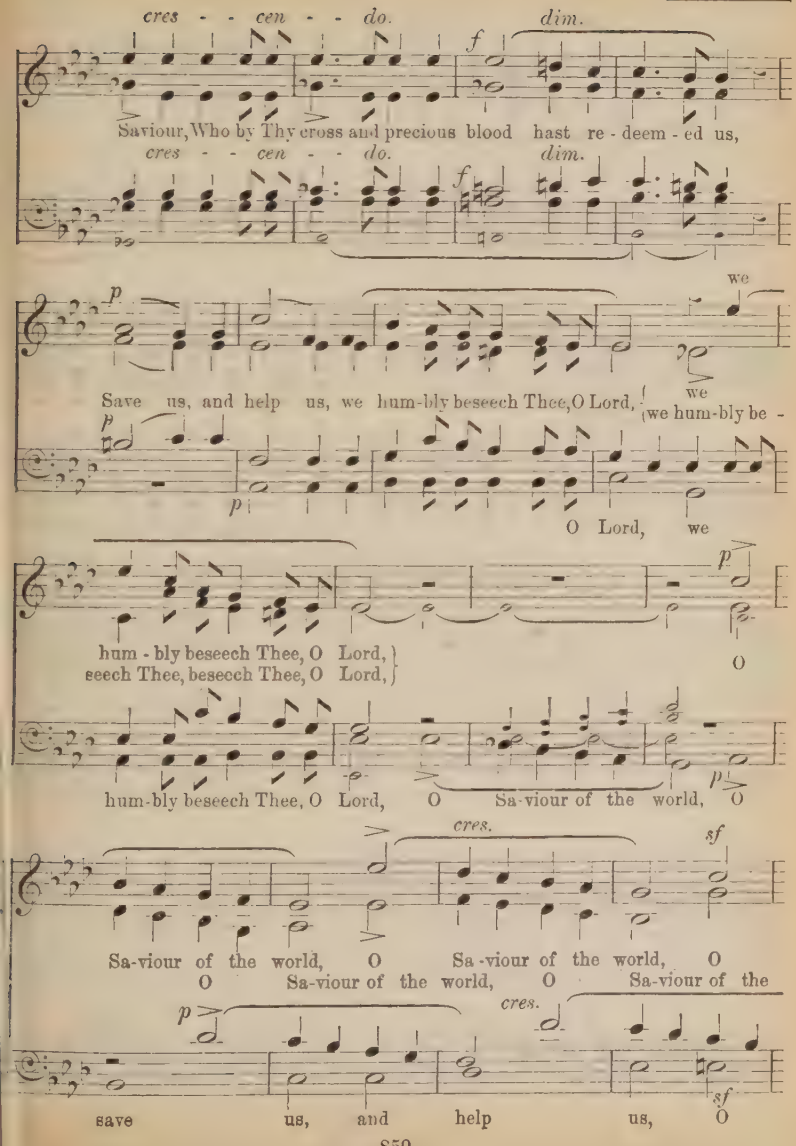
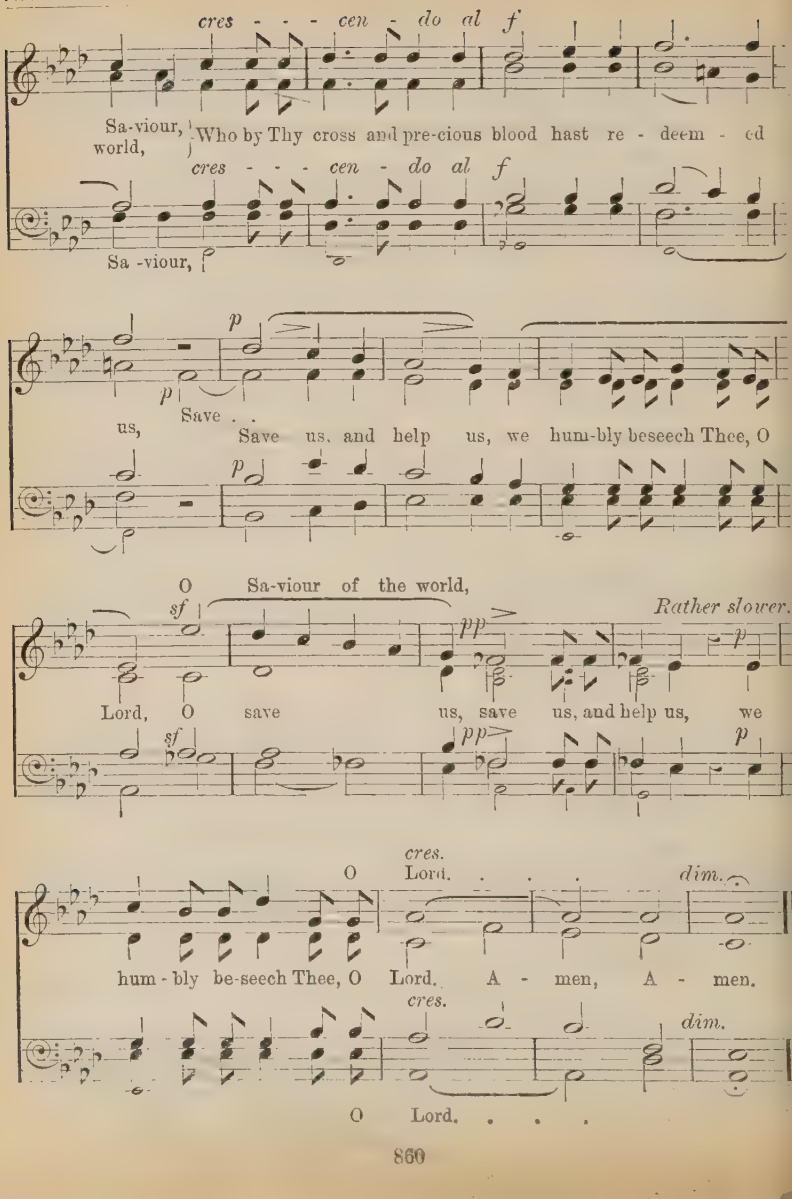
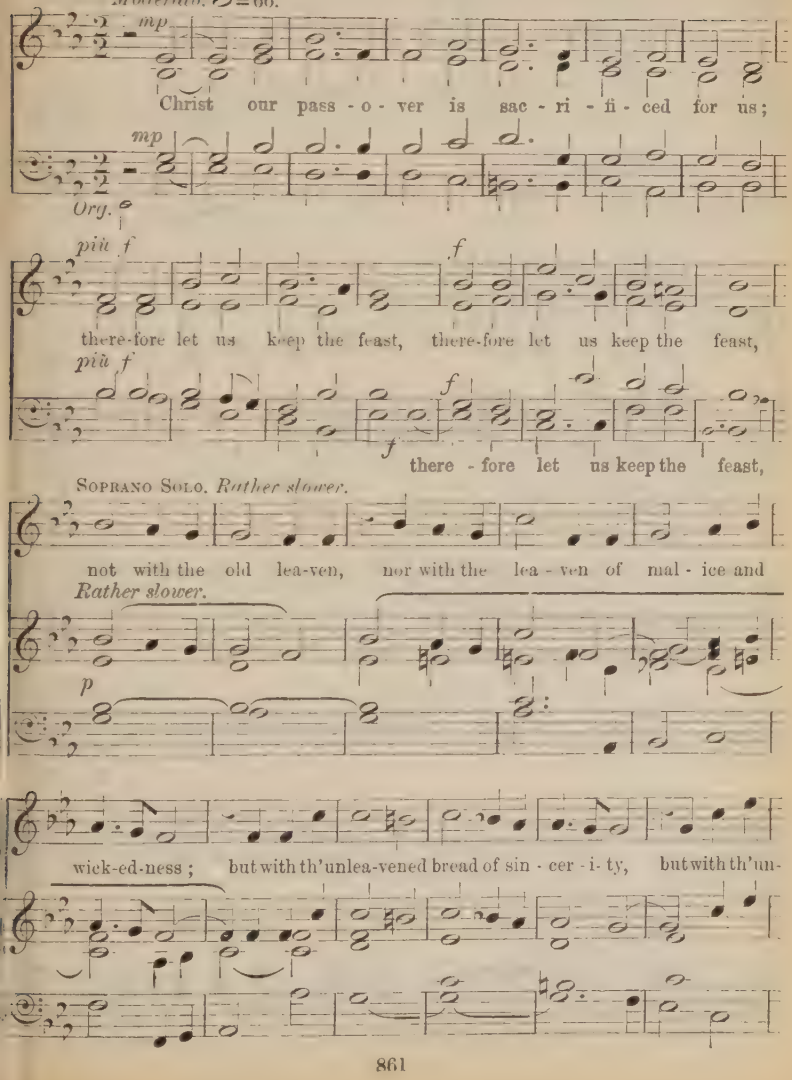
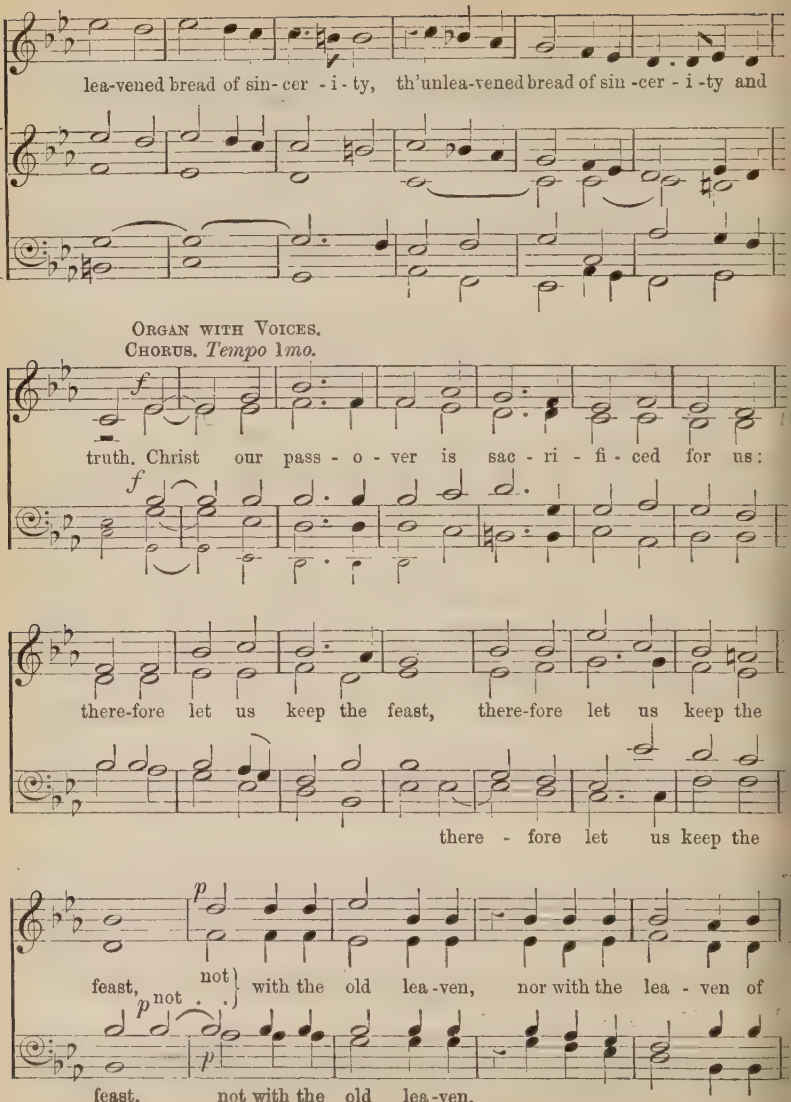
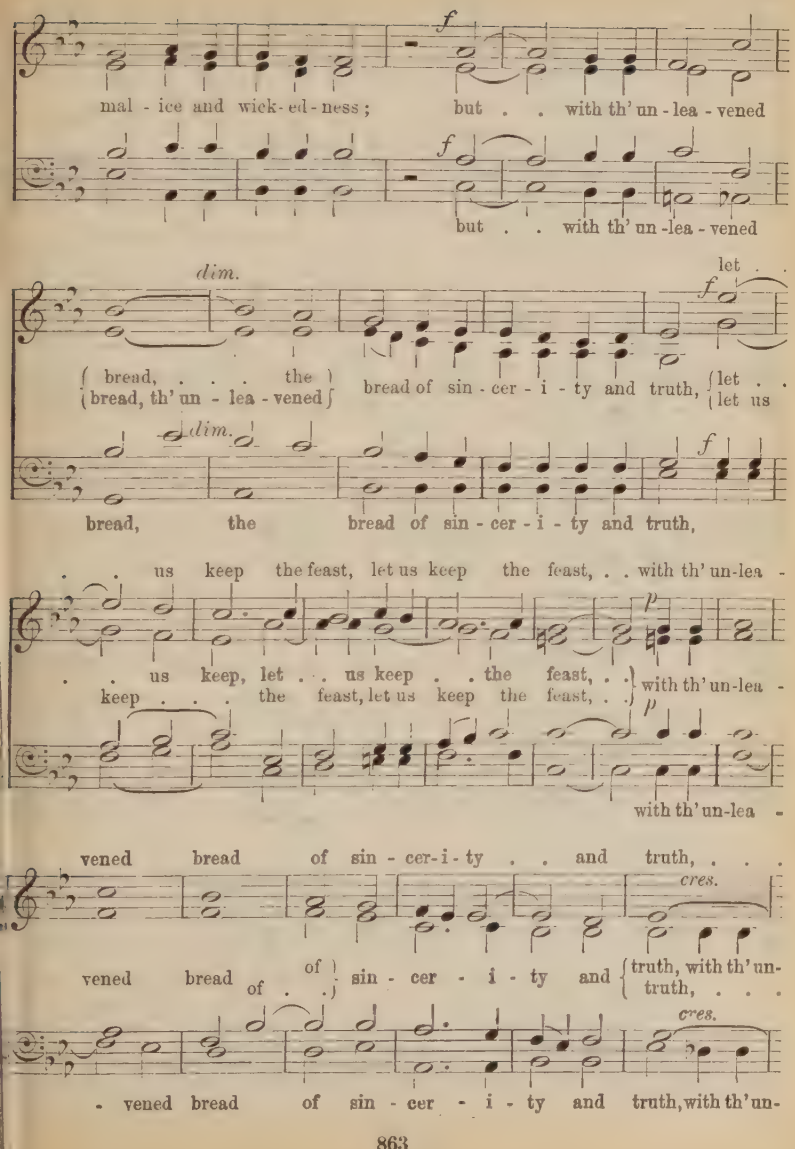
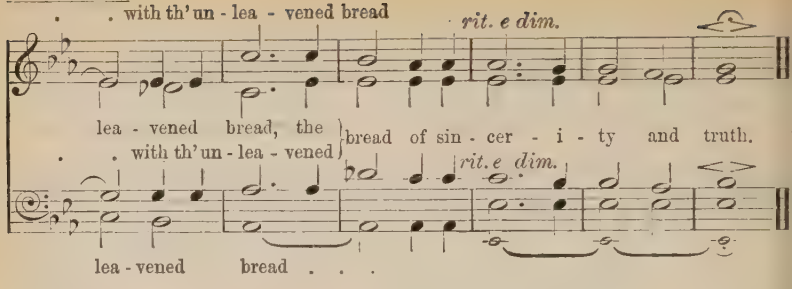
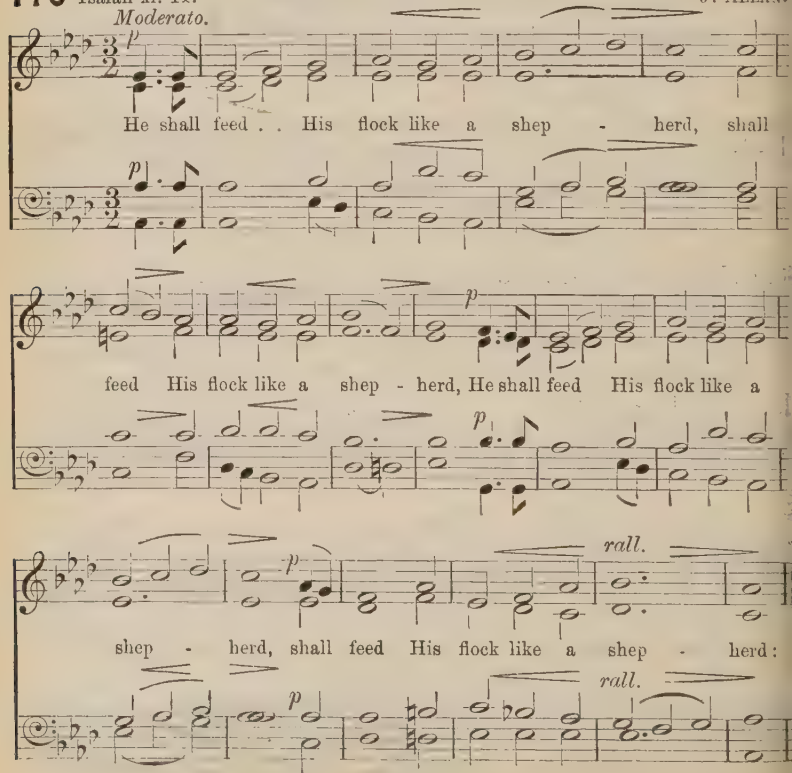
Andantino. ♩ = 60. J. Goss.

mp
O Saviour of the world, O . . Saviour of the world, Who by Thy
Org.*
sf
Save us, and
cross and pre-cious blood hast re - deem - ed us,
help us, save us, and help us, O
cres.
Save us, and help us,
save us, and help us, O
save us, and help . . .
Sa-viour of the world,
save us, and help us,
mf
Sa-viour of the world, O Sa-viour of the world,
us, O Sa-viour of the world, of the world,
O
help us, O Sa-viour of the world,

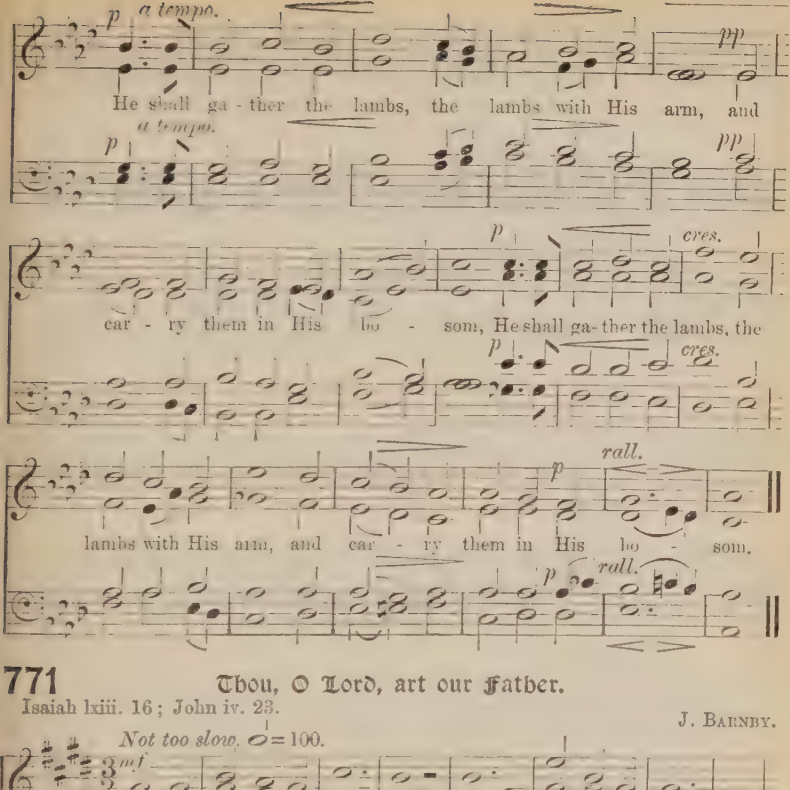
* May be sung without Accompaniment.

cres - - cen - - do.
dim.
Saviour, Who by Thy cross and precious blood hast re - deem - ed us,
cres - - cen - - do.
dim.
Save us, and help us, we hum-bly beseech Thee, O Lord,
we
we hum-bly be -
O Lord, we
hum - bly beseech Thee, O Lord,
seech Thee, beseech Thee, O Lord,
O
hum-bly beseech Thee, O Lord, O Sa-viour of the world, O
cres.
Sa-viour of the world, O Sa-viour of the world, O
O Sa-viour of the world, O Sa-viour of the
cres.
save us, and help us, O

cres - - - cen - do al f
Sa-viour, Who by Thy cross and pre-cious blood hast re - deem - ed
world,
cres - - - cen - do al f
Sa - viour,
p
p
Save . .
us, Save us, and help us, we hum-bly beseech Thee, O
p
O Sa-viour of the world,
sf
pp
Rather slower.
p
Lord, O save us, save us, and help us, we
sf
pp
p
cres.
O Lord. . . .
dim.
hum - bly be-seech Thee, O Lord. A - men, A - men.
cres.
dim.
O Lord. . . .

769 Christ our passover is sacrificed for us.

1 Cor. v. 7, 8. J. Goss.

Moderato. ♩=66.
mp
Christ our pass - o - ver is sac - ri - fi - ced for us;
mp
Org.
più f
f
there-fore let us keep the feast, there-fore let us keep the feast,
più f
f
f
there - fore let us keep the feast,
Soprano Solo. Rather slower.
not with the old lea-ven, nor with the lea - ven of mal - ice and
Rather slower.
p
wick-ed-ness; but with th'unlea-vened bread of sin - cer - i - ty, but with th'un-

lea-vened bread of sin- cer - i - ty, th'unlea-vened bread of sin -cer - i -ty and
ORGAN WITH VOICES.
CHORUS. *Tempo 1mo.*
truth. Christ our pass - o - ver is sac - ri - fi - ced for us:
there-fore let us keep the feast, there-fore let us keep the
there - fore let us keep the
feast, not with the old lea-ven, nor with the lea - ven of
not
feast, not with the old lea-ven,

mal - ice and wick-ed-ness; but . . with th' un-lea-vened
but . . with th' un-lea-vened
dim.
let . .
bread, . . . the
bread, th' un - lea - vened
bread of sin - cer - i - ty and truth,
let . .
let us
dim.
bread, the bread of sin - cer - i - ty and truth,
. . us keep the feast, let us keep the feast, . . with th' un-lea -
. . us keep, let . . us keep . . the feast, . .
keep . . . the feast, let us keep the feast, . .
with th' un-lea -
with th' un-lea -
vened bread of sin - cer-i-ty . . and truth, . . .
cres.
vened bread of sin - cer - i - ty and truth, with th' un-
of . .
truth, . . .
cres.
- vened bread of sin - cer - i - ty and truth, with th' un-


. . with th' un - lea - vened bread
rit. e dim.
lea - vened bread, the
. . with th' un - lea - vened
bread of sin - cer - i - ty and truth.
rit. e dim.
lea - vened bread . . .

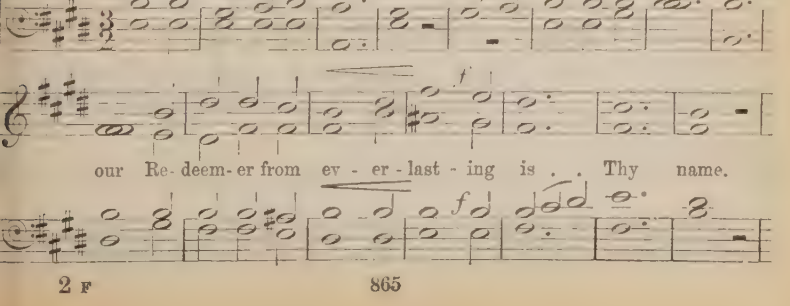
770 Isaiah xl. 11. **He shall feed His flock.** J. Allan.

Moderato.
p
He shall feed . . His flock like a shep - herd, shall
feed His flock like a shep - herd, He shall feed His flock like a
rall.
shep - herd, shall feed His flock like a shep - herd:
rall.

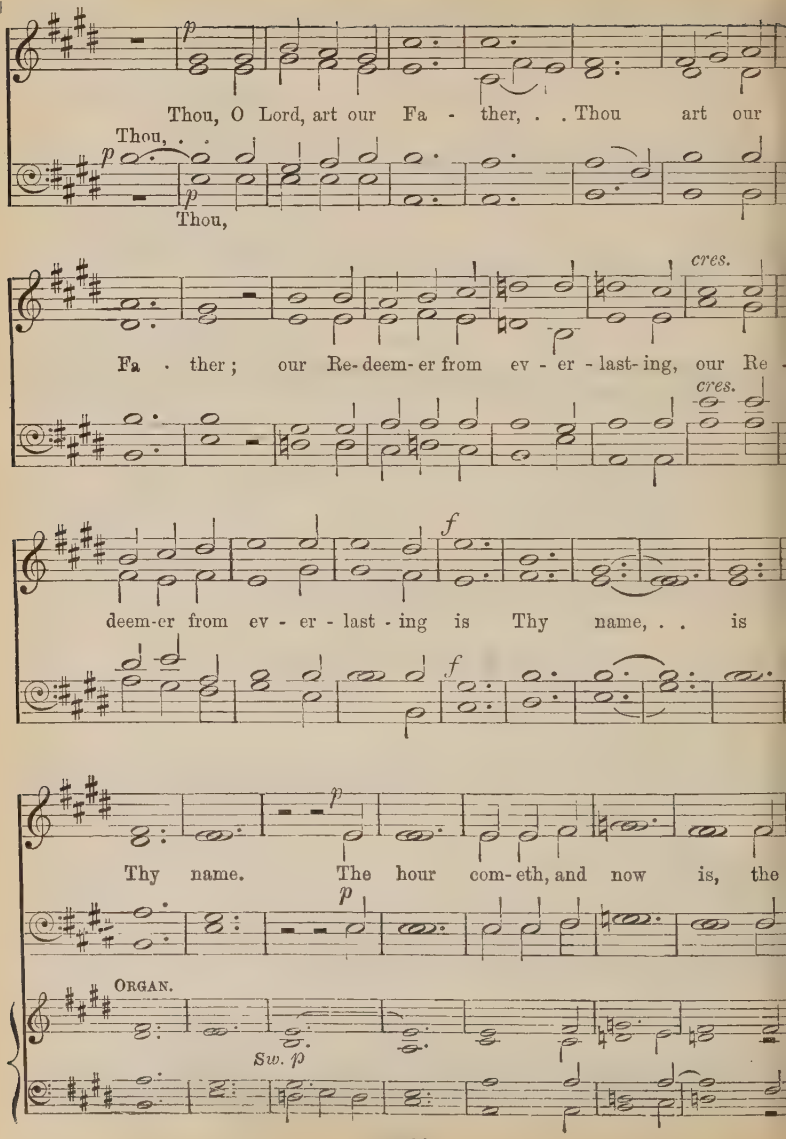


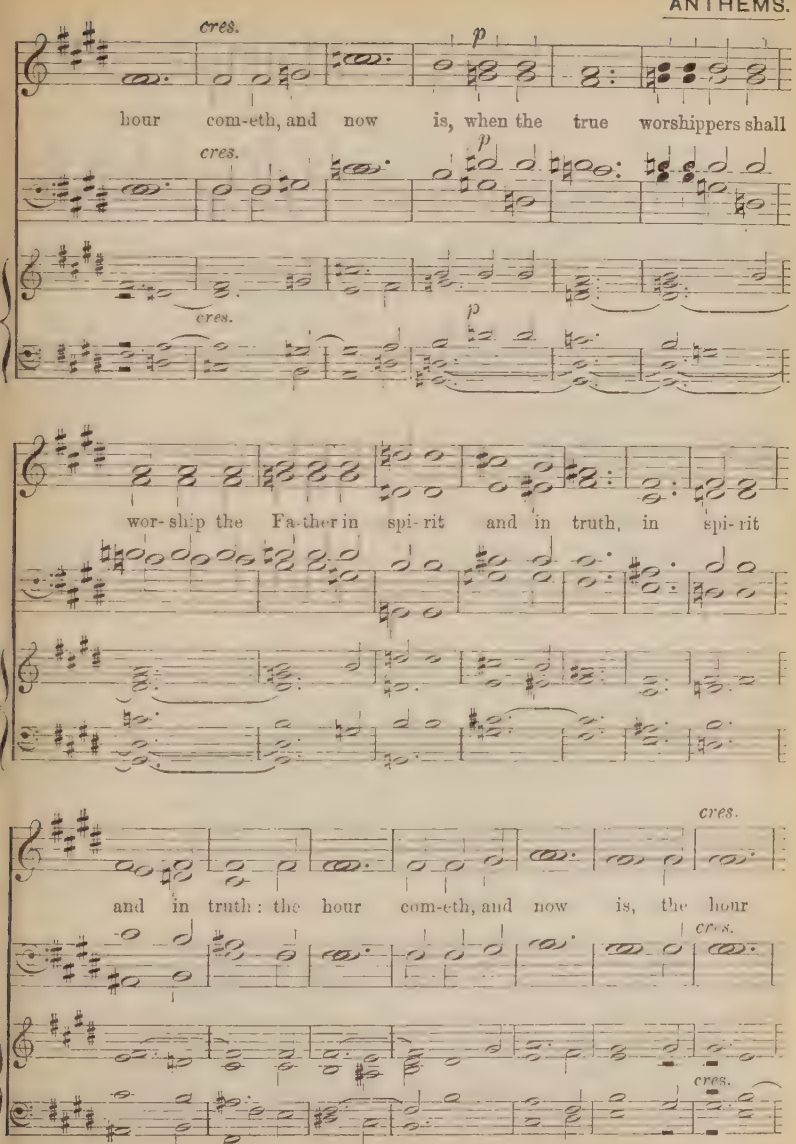
771 Thou, O Lord, art our Father.

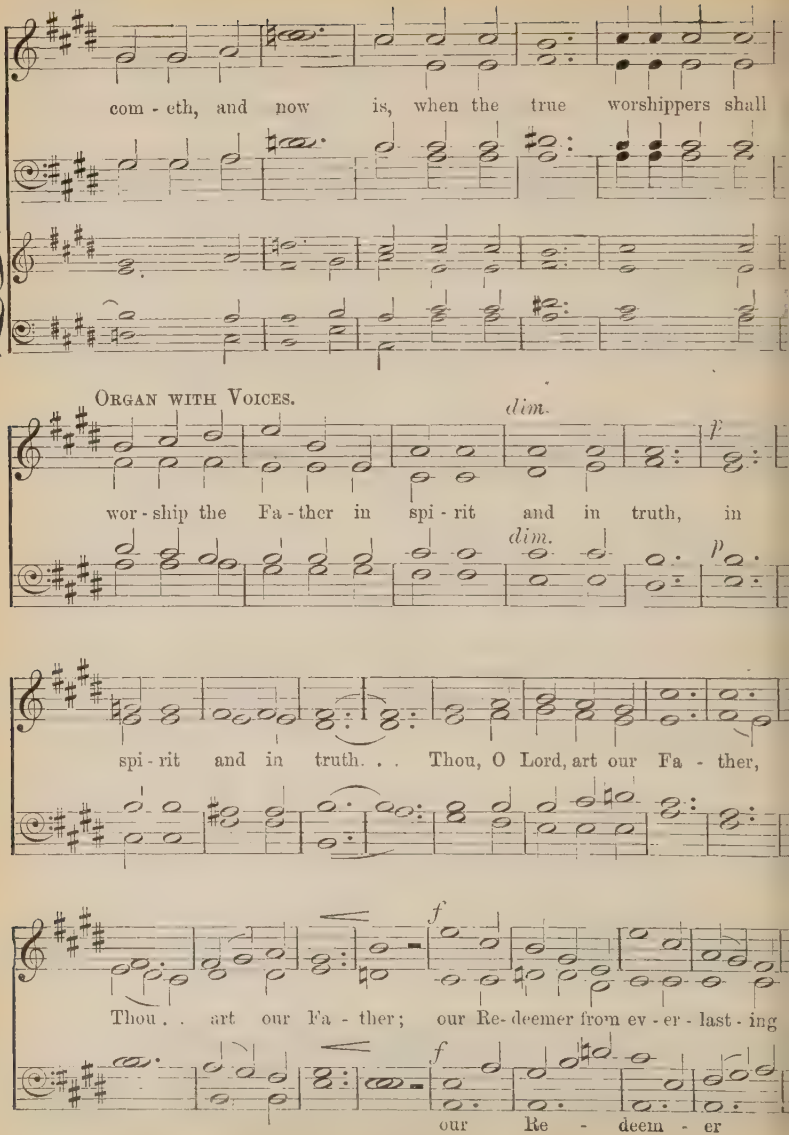
Isaiah lxiii. 16; John iv. 23.

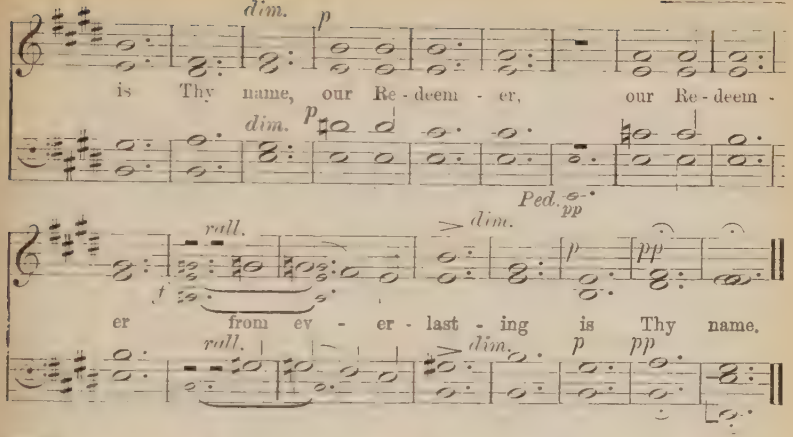
J. Barnby.




Thou, O Lord, art our Fa - ther, . . Thou art our
Thou, . .
Thou,
cres.
Fa . ther; our Re-deem-er from ev - er - last-ing, our Re -
cres.
deem-er from ev - er - last - ing is Thy name, . . is
Thy name. The hour com-eth, and now is, the
ORGAN.
Sw. p

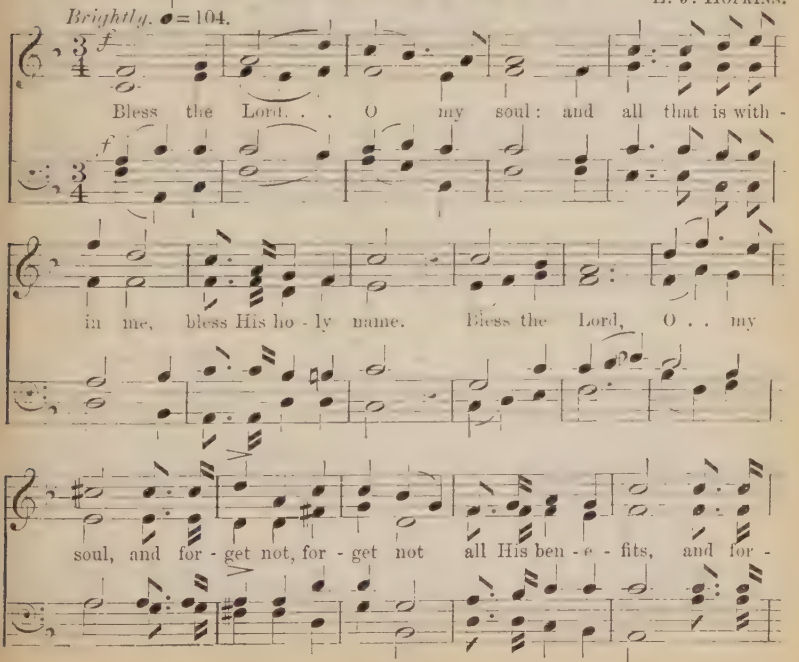
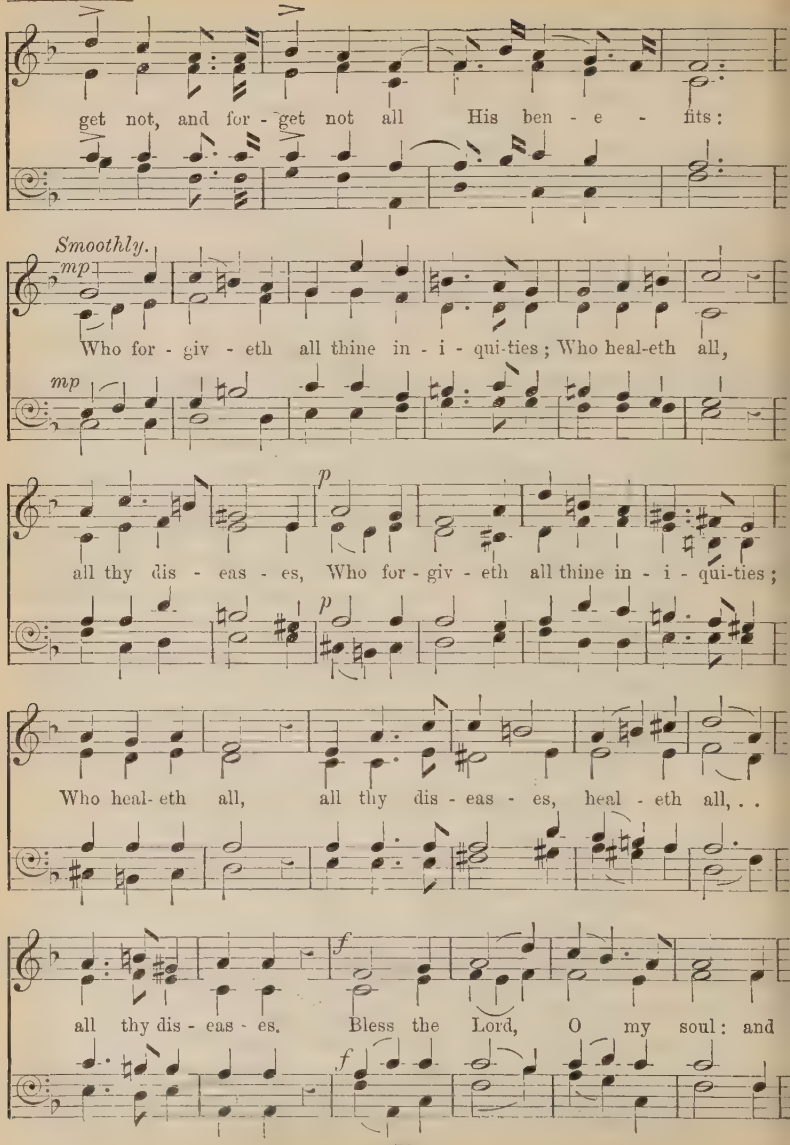
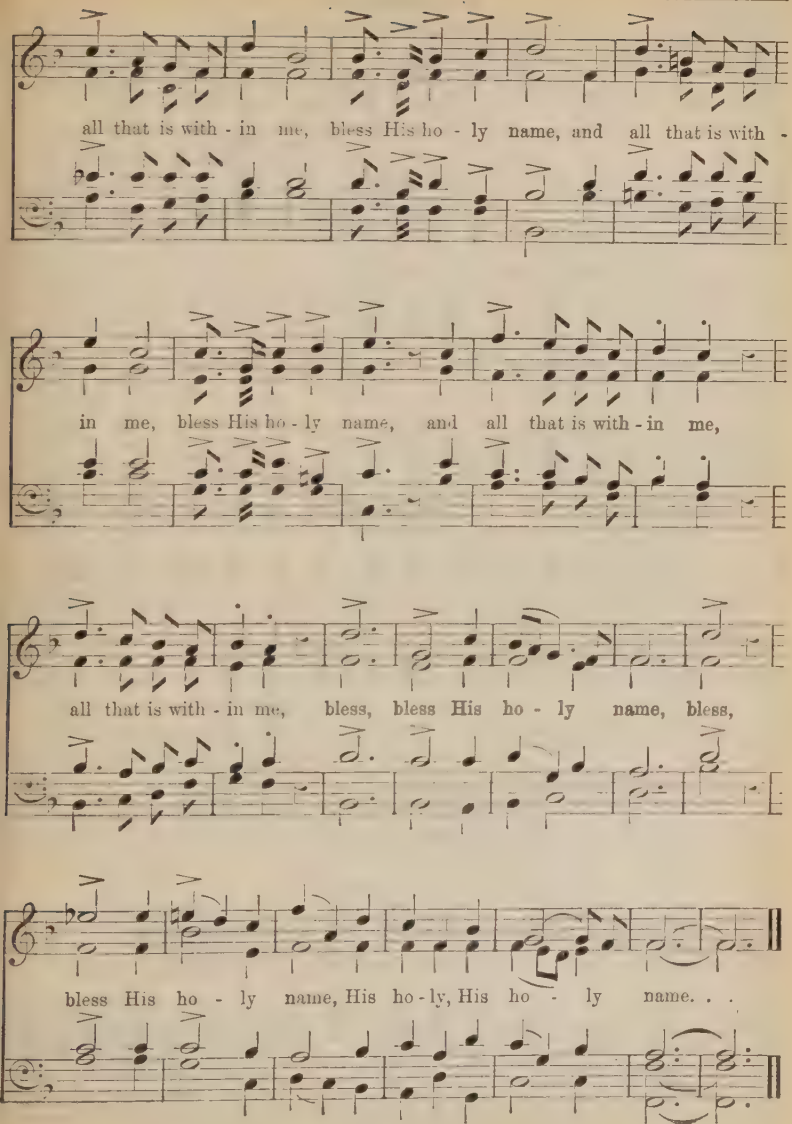

cres.
p
hour com-eth, and now is, when the true worshippers shall
cres.
p
cres.
p
wor-ship the Fa-ther in spi-rit and in truth, in spi-rit
cres.
and in truth: the hour com-eth, and now is, the hour
cres.
cres.


com - eth, and now is, when the true worshippers shall
ORGAN WITH VOICES.
dim.
p
wor - ship the Fa - ther in spi - rit and in truth, in
dim.
p
spi - rit and in truth. . . Thou, O Lord, art our Fa - ther,
f
Thou . . art our Fa - ther; our Re - deemer from ev - er - last - ing
f
our Re - deem - er



772 Psalm ciii. 1—3. Bless the Lord, O my soul.

E. J. Hopkins.


Brightly. ♩ = 104.
f
Bless the Lord, . . O my soul: and all that is with -
f
in me, bless His ho - ly name. Bless the Lord, O . . my
soul, and for - get not, for - get not all His ben - e - fits, and for -

get not, and for - get not all His ben - e - fits:
Smoothly.
mp
Who for - giv - eth all thine in - i - qui-ties; Who heal-eth all,
mp
p
all thy dis - eas - es, Who for - giv - eth all thine in - i - qui-ties;
p
Who heal- eth all, all thy dis - eas - es, heal - eth all, . .
f
all thy dis - eas - es. Bless the Lord, O my soul: and
f

all that is with - in me, bless His ho - ly name, and all that is with -
in me, bless His ho - ly name, and all that is with - in me,
all that is with - in me, bless, bless His ho - ly name, bless,
bless His ho - ly name, His ho - ly, His ho - ly name. . .

773 O Daysprung.

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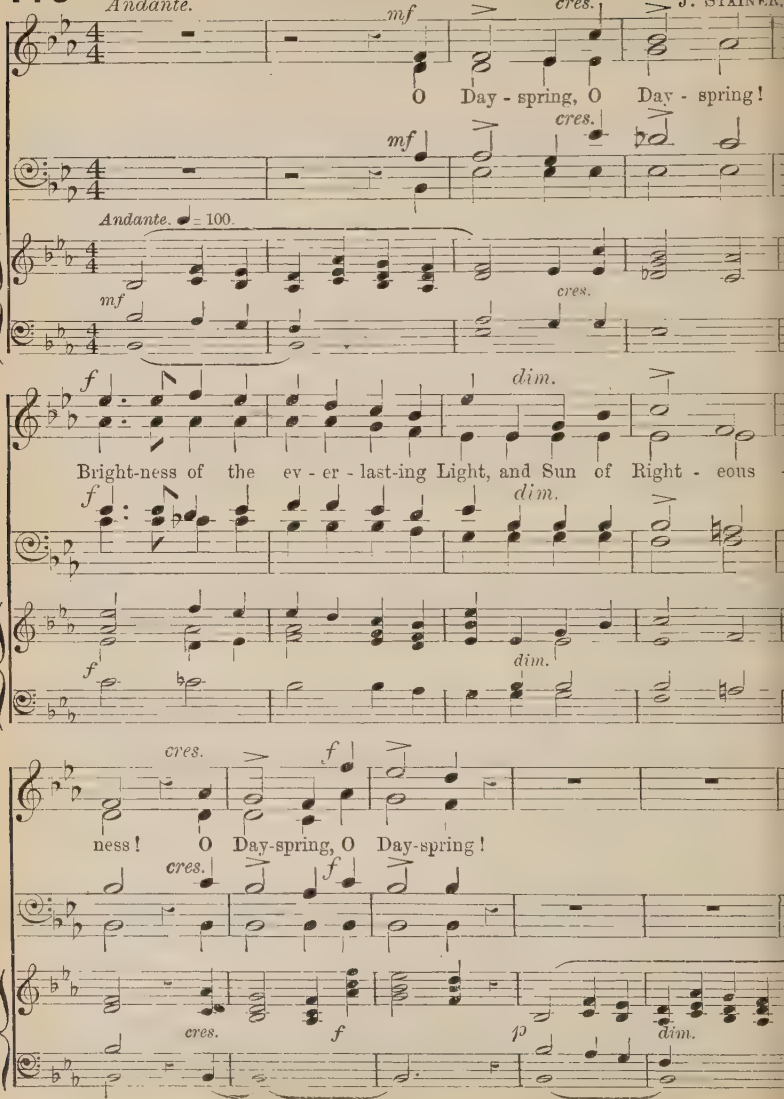
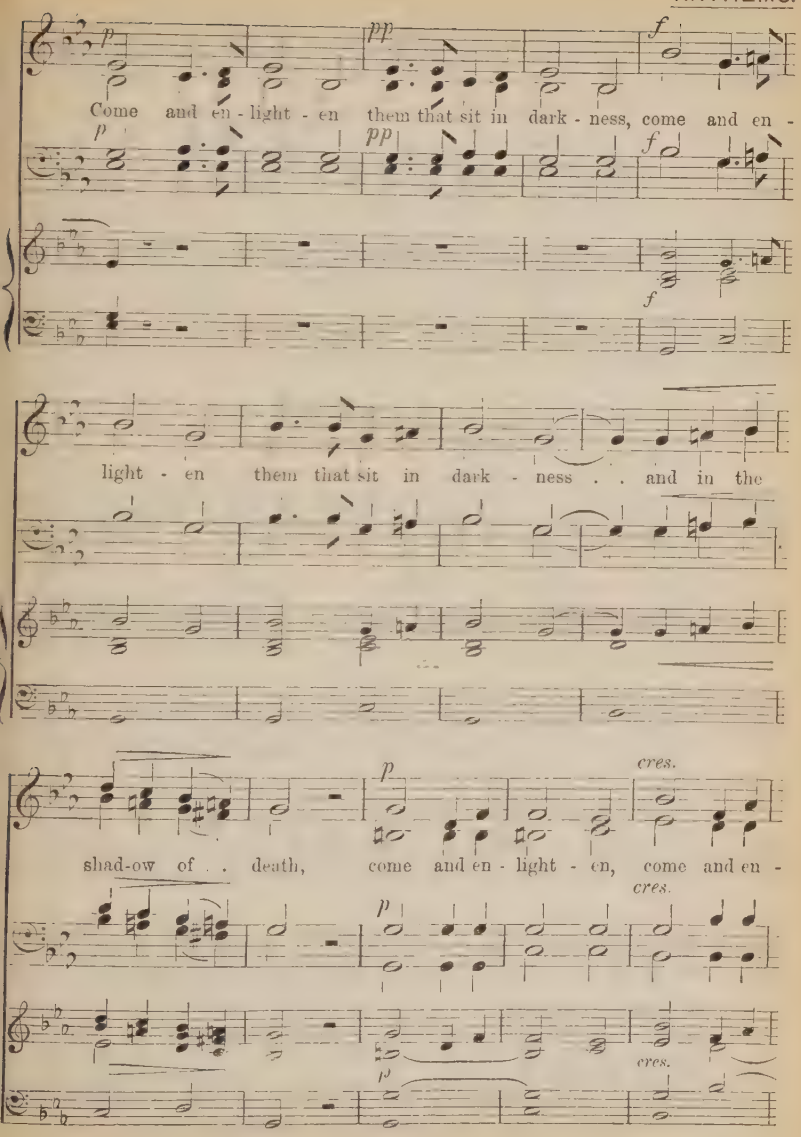
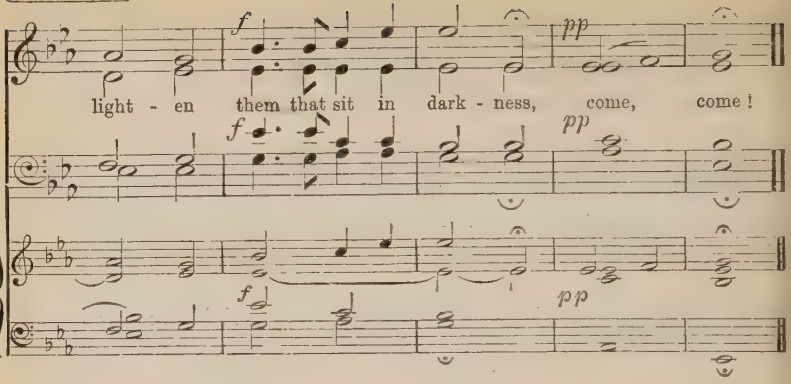
J. STAINER.

Andante.
mf
cres.
O Day - spring, O Day - spring!
Andante. ♩ = 100.
dim.
Bright-ness of the ev - er - last-ing Light, and Sun of Right - eous
ness! O Day-spring, O Day-spring!
p


p
pp
f
Come and en - light - en them that sit in dark - ness, come and en -
light - en them that sit in dark - ness . . and in the
shad-ow of . . death, come and en - light - en, come and en -
cres.



774 God so loved the world.*

John iii. 16, 17.

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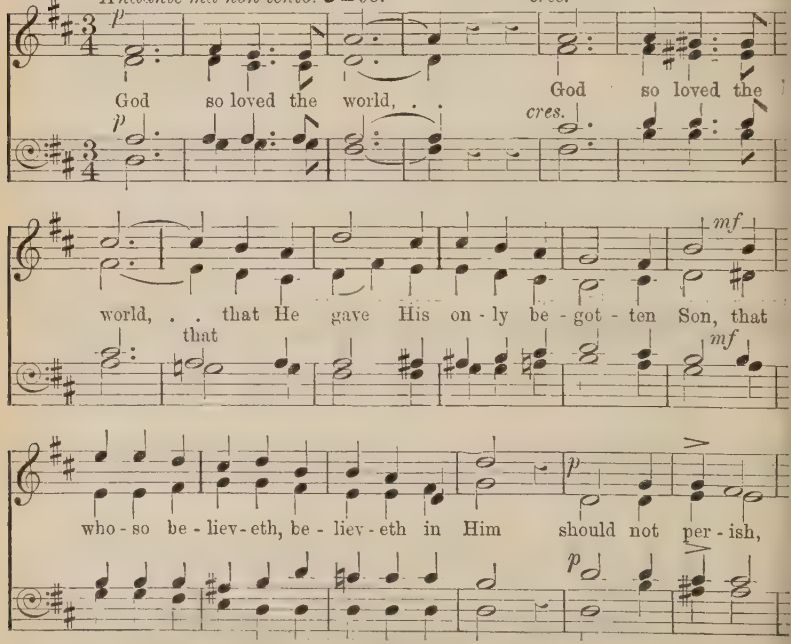
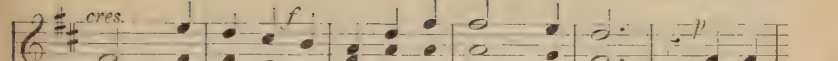
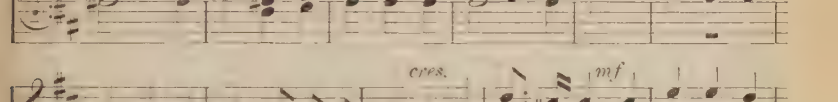
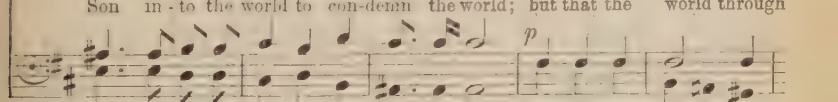
J. STAINER.

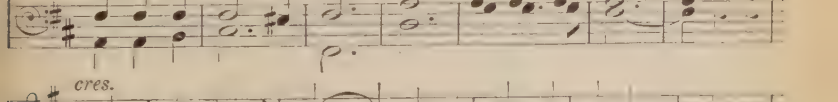

Andante ma non lento. ♩=90.
cres.
p
God so loved the world, . . God so loved the
p
cres.
mf
world, . . that He gave His on - ly be - got - ten Son, that
that
mf
who - so be - liev - eth, be - liev - eth in Him should not per - ish,
p
p

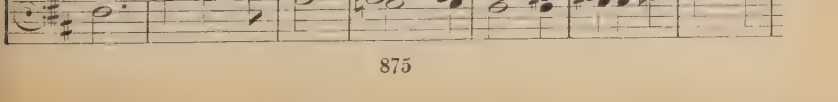
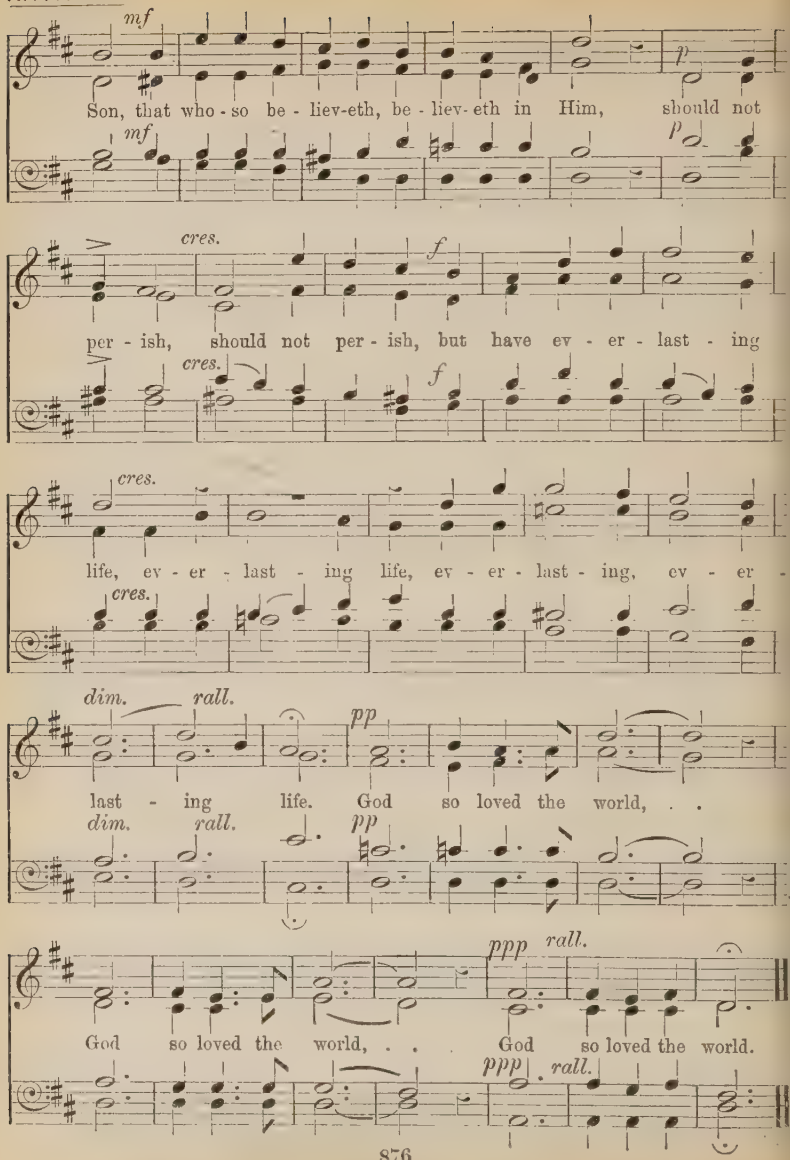
* When possible this Anthem should be sung unaccompanied.


cres.
f
p
should not per-ish, but have ev - er - last - ing life. For God


cres.
f
p
cres.
mf
sent not His Son in - to the world to con-demn the world, God sent not His
cres.
mf


p
Son in - to the world to con-demn the world; but that the world through
p


pp
Him might be sav - ed. God so loved the world. . .
pp


cres.
God so loved the world, . . that He gave His on - ly be - got - ten
cres.
that

mf
p
Son, that who - so be - liev-eth, be - liev-eth in Him, should not
mf
p
cres.
f
per - ish, should not per - ish, but have ev - er - last - ing
cres.
f
cres.
life, ev - er - last - ing life, ev - er - last - ing, ev - er -
cres.
dim.
rall.
pp
last - ing life. God so loved the world, . .
dim.
rall.
pp
ppp
rall.
God so loved the world, . . God so loved the world.
ppp
rall.

775 Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace.*

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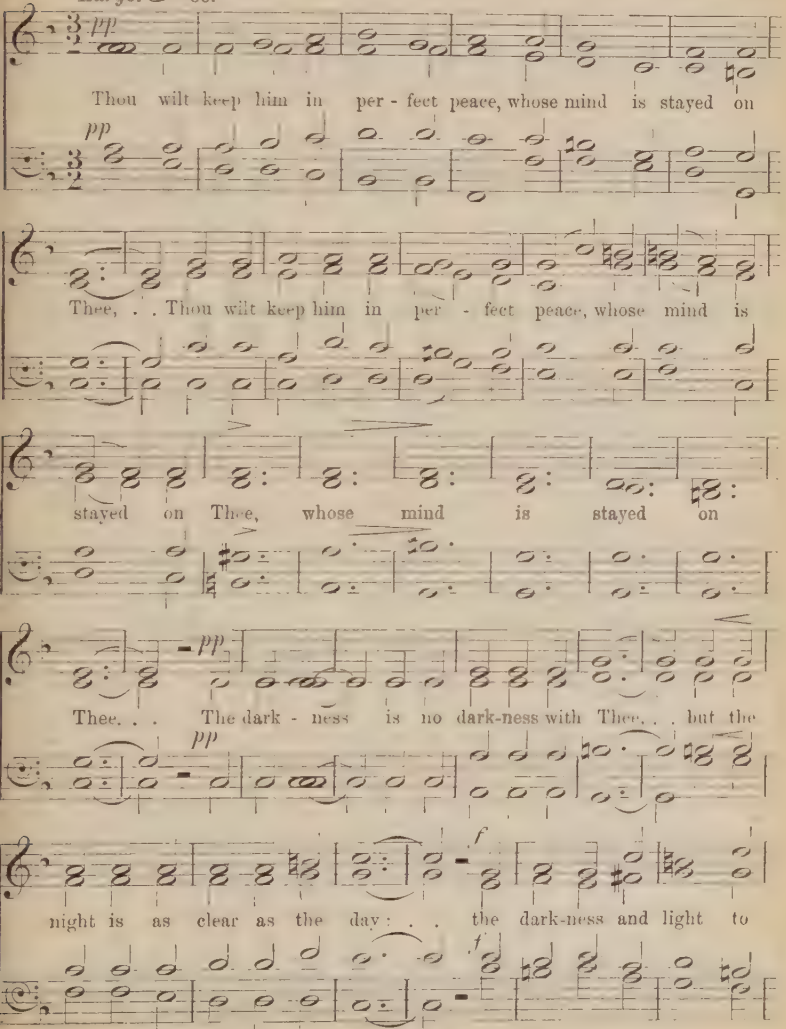
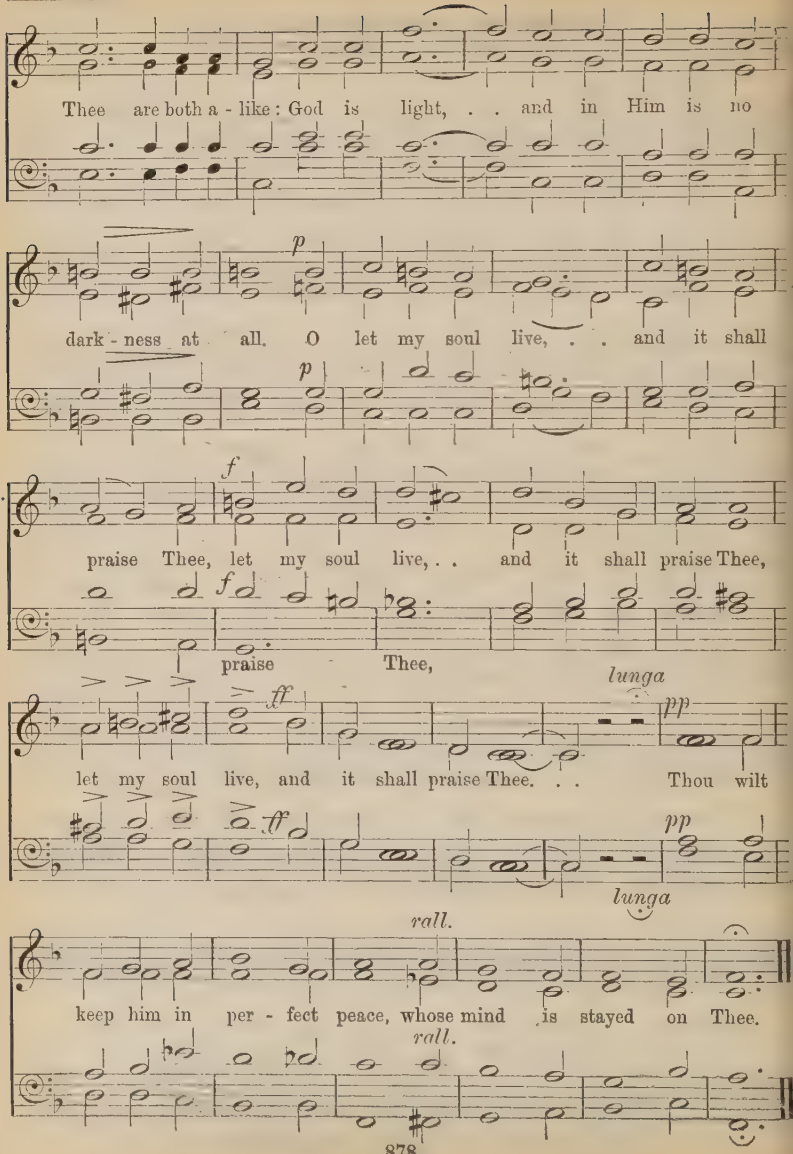
Isaiah xxvi. 3; Psalm cxxxix. 11; cxix. 175. C. L. Williams.

Largo. 𝅗𝅥=60.


pp
Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace, whose mind is stayed on
pp
Thee, . . Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace, whose mind is
stayed on Thee, whose mind is stayed on
pp
Thee. . . The dark - ness is no dark-ness with Thee. . . but the
pp
f
night is as clear as the day: . . the dark-ness and light to
f

* When possible this Anthem should be sung unaccompanied.

Thee are both a - like: God is light, . . and in Him is no
p
dark - ness at all. O let my soul live, . . and it shall
p
f
praise Thee, let my soul live, . . and it shall praise Thee,
f
praise Thee,
ff
lunga
pp
let my soul live, and it shall praise Thee. . . Thou wilt
ff
pp
lunga
rall.
keep him in per - fect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee.
rall.

776 Crossing the Bar.

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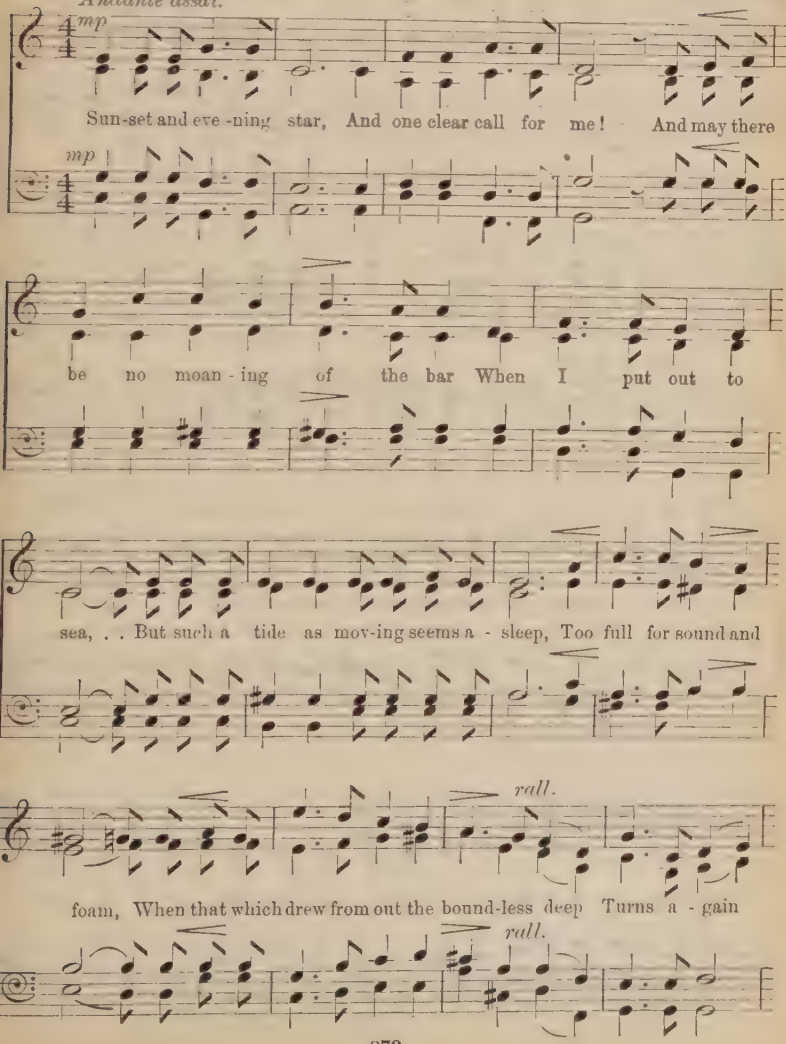
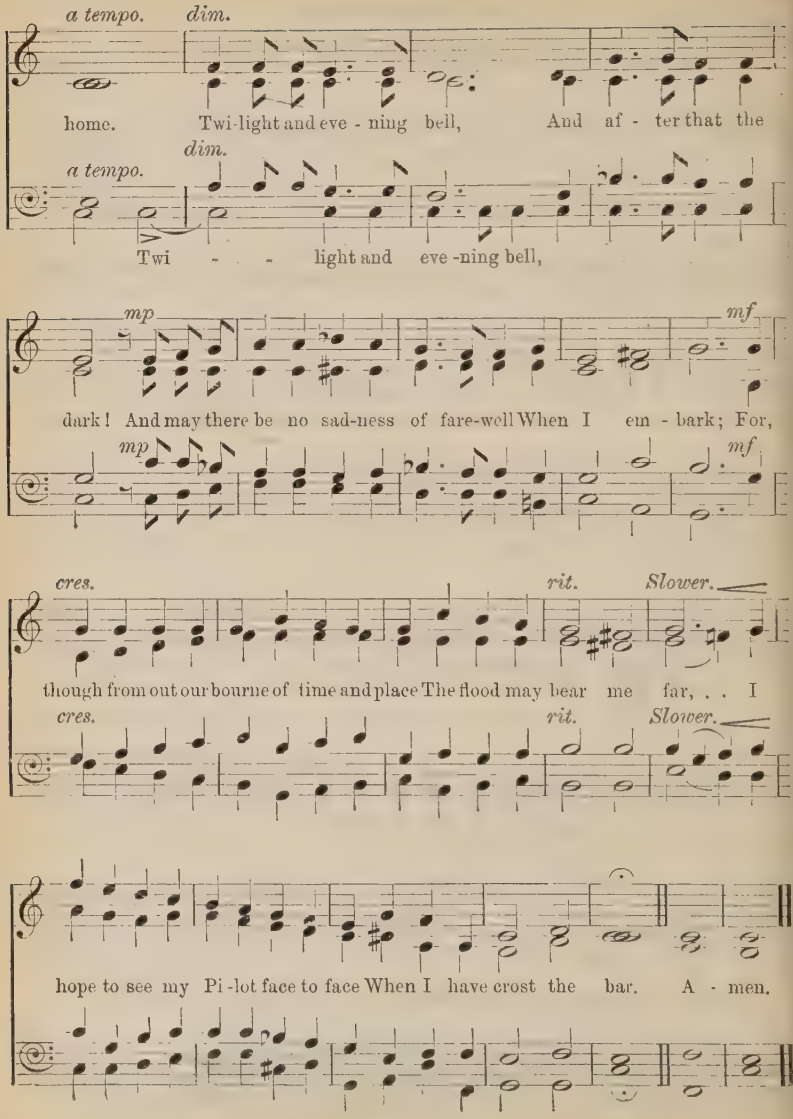
Words by ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

J. BARNBY.

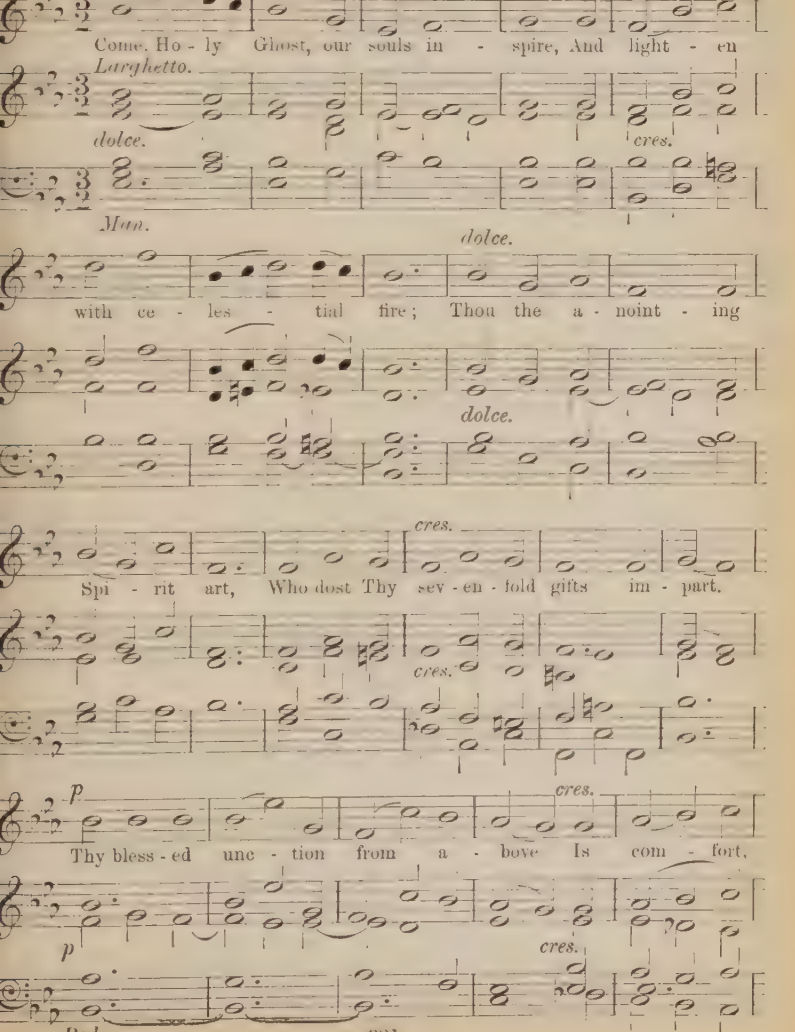
Andante assai.

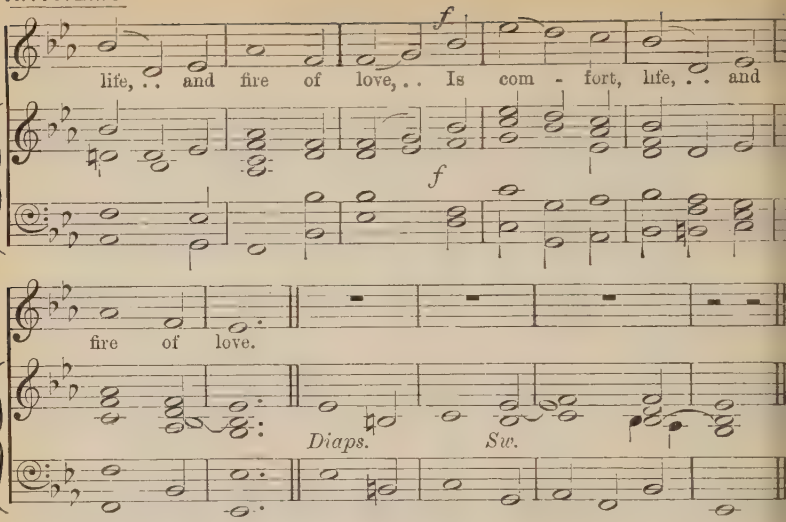

mp
Sun-set and eve-ning star, And one clear call for me! And may there
mp
be no moan-ing of the bar When I put out to
sea, . . But such a tide as mov-ing seems a-sleep, Too full for sound and
rall.
foam, When that which drew from out the bound-less deep Turns a-gain
rall.

a tempo.
dim.
home. Twi-light and eve - ning bell, And af - ter that the
a tempo.
dim.
Twi - - - light and eve-ning bell,
mp
mf
dark! And may there be no sad-ness of fare-well When I em - bark; For,
mp
mf
cres.
rit.
Slower.
though from out our bourne of time and place The flood may bear me far, . . I
cres.
rit.
Slower.
hope to see my Pi-lot face to face When I have crost the bar. A - men.

Latin, translated by J. Cosin.

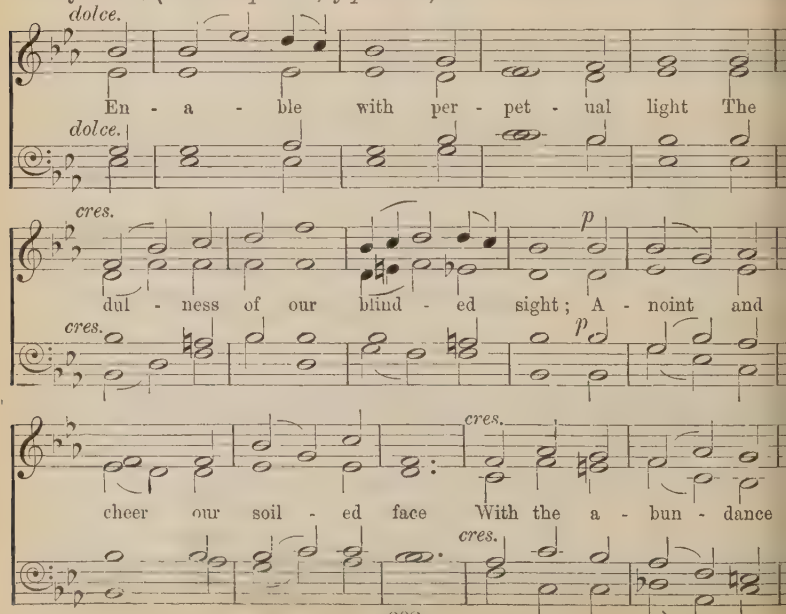
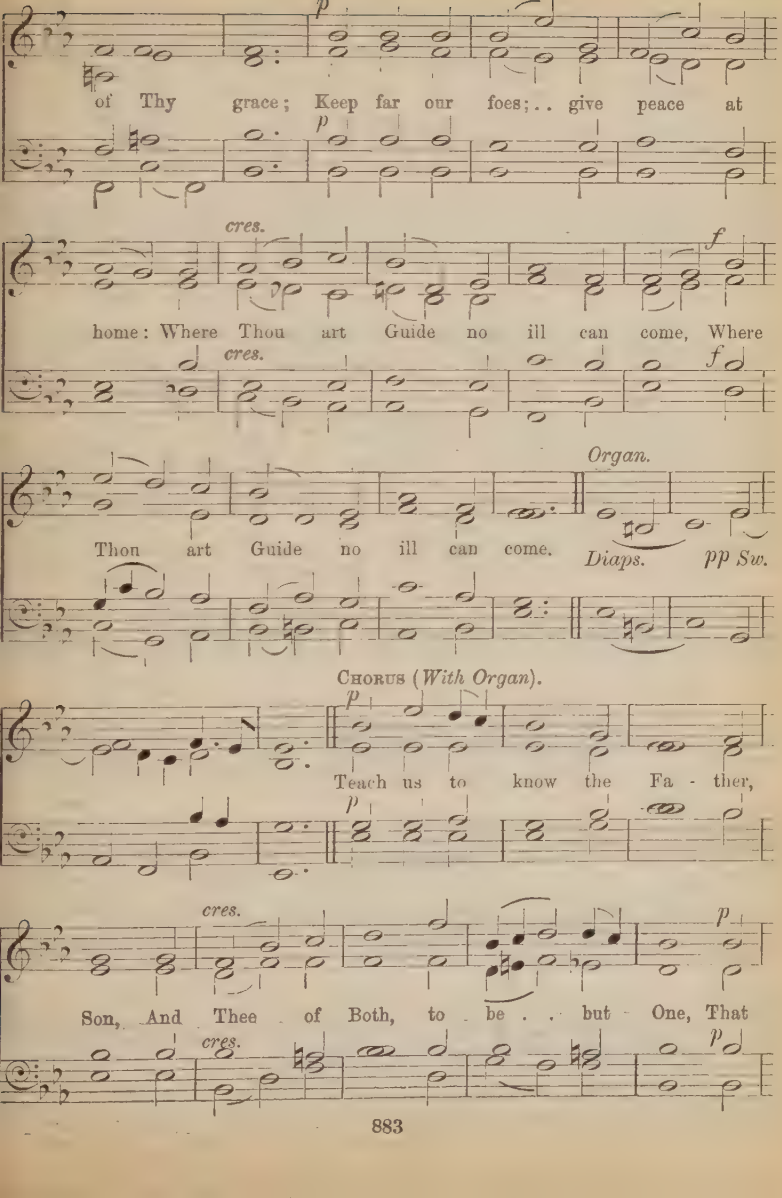
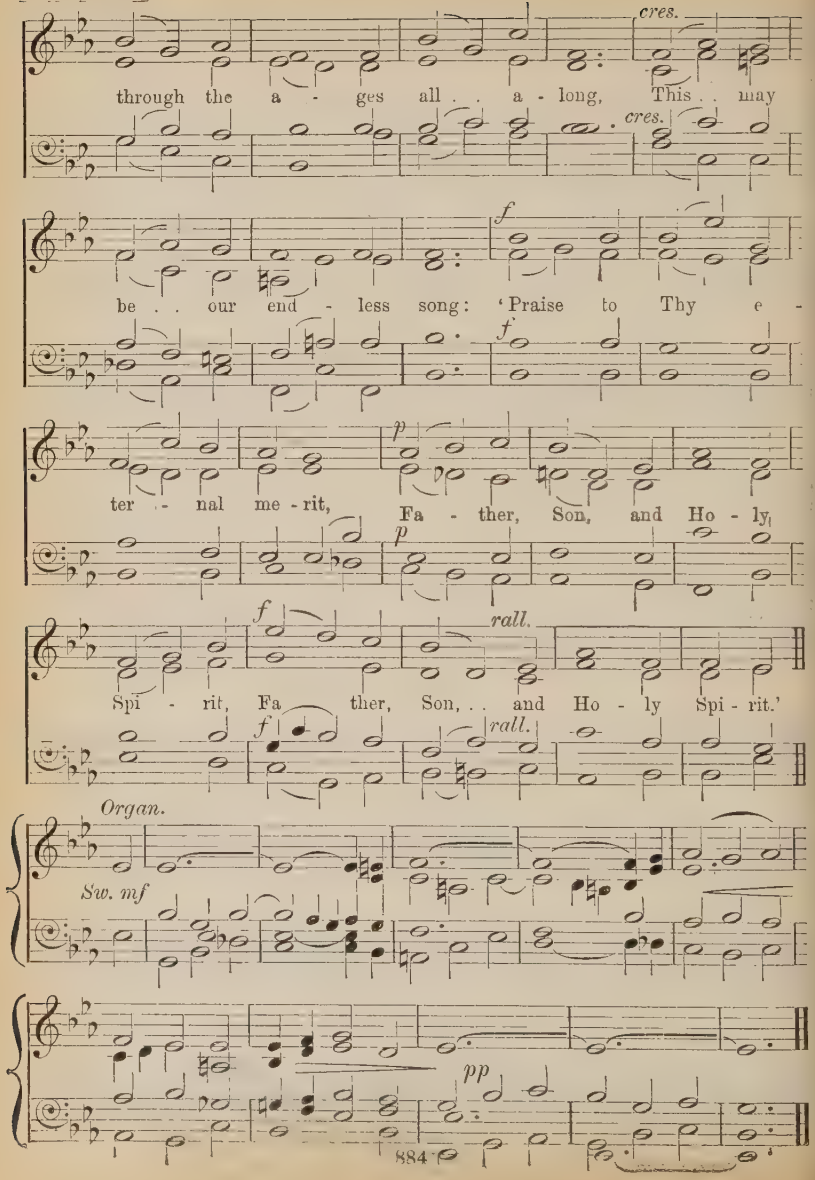
Larghetto. T. Attwood.

Soprano Solo. *dolce.*

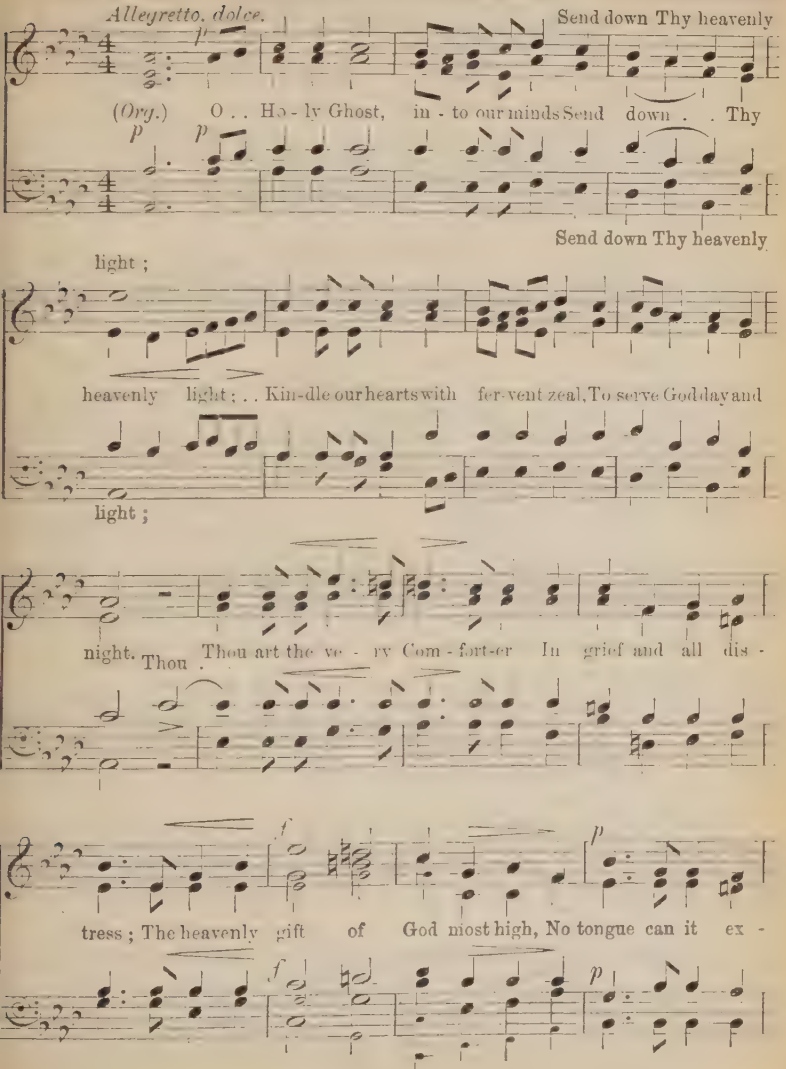
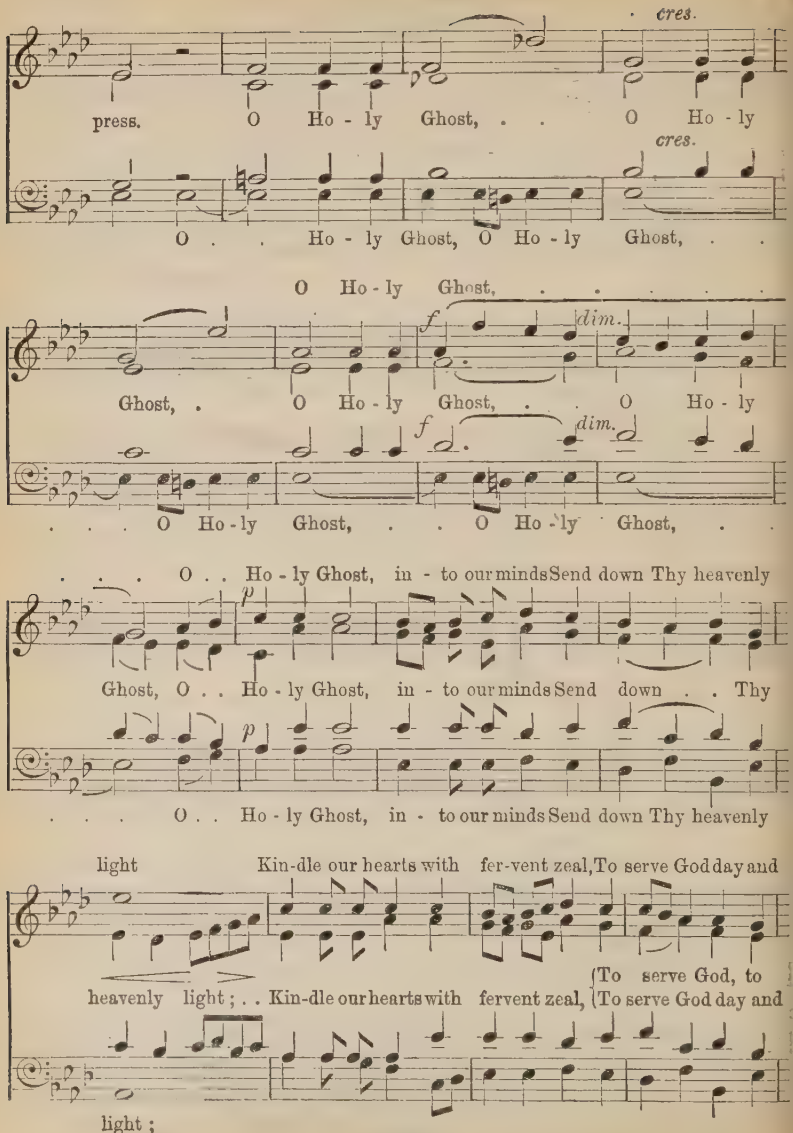
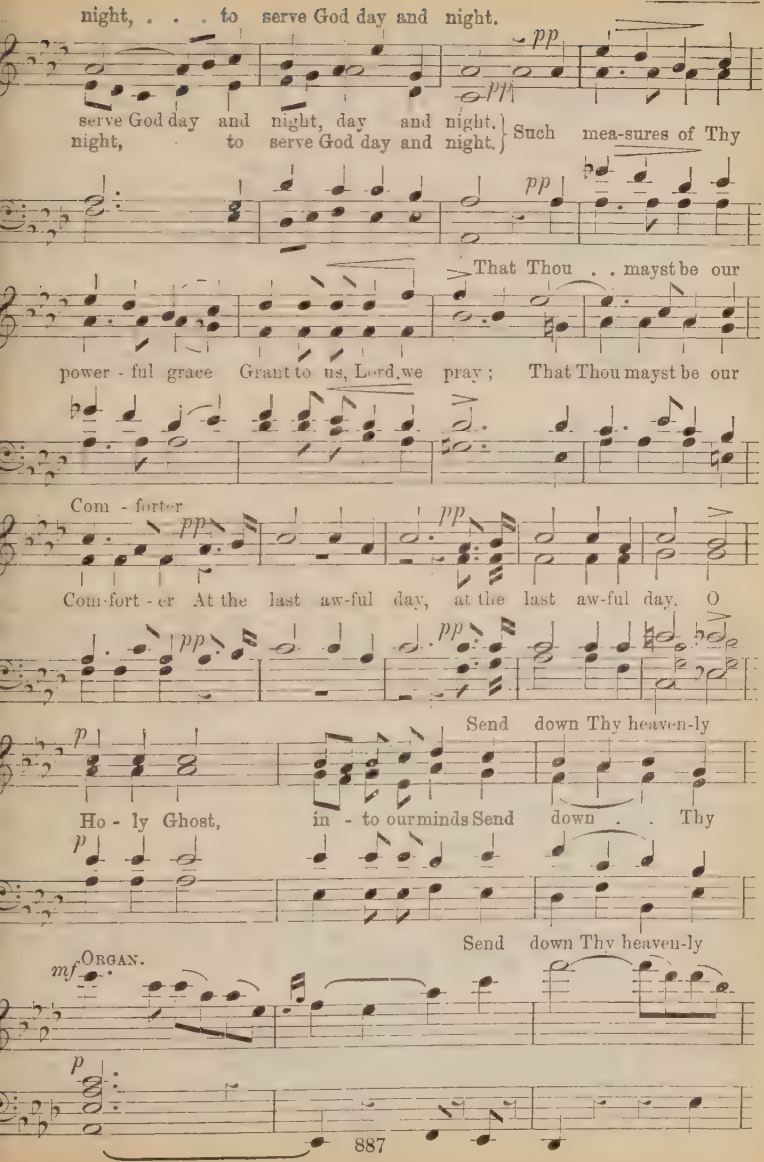

cres.
Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls in - spire, And light - en
Larghetto.
dolce.
cres.
Man.
dolce.
with ce - les - tial fire; Thou the a - noint - ing
dolce.
cres.
Spi - rit art, Who dost Thy sev - en - fold gifts im - part.
cres.
p
cres.
Thy bless - ed unc - tion from a - bove Is com - fort,
p
cres.
Ped.

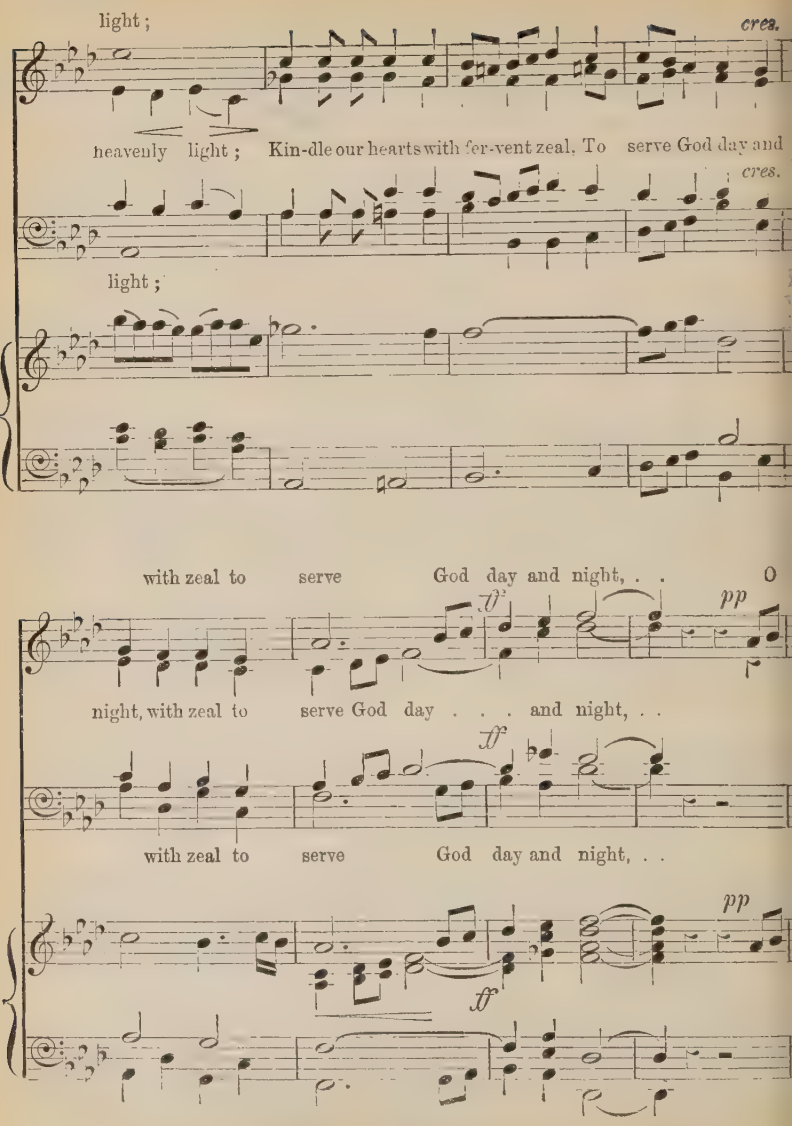
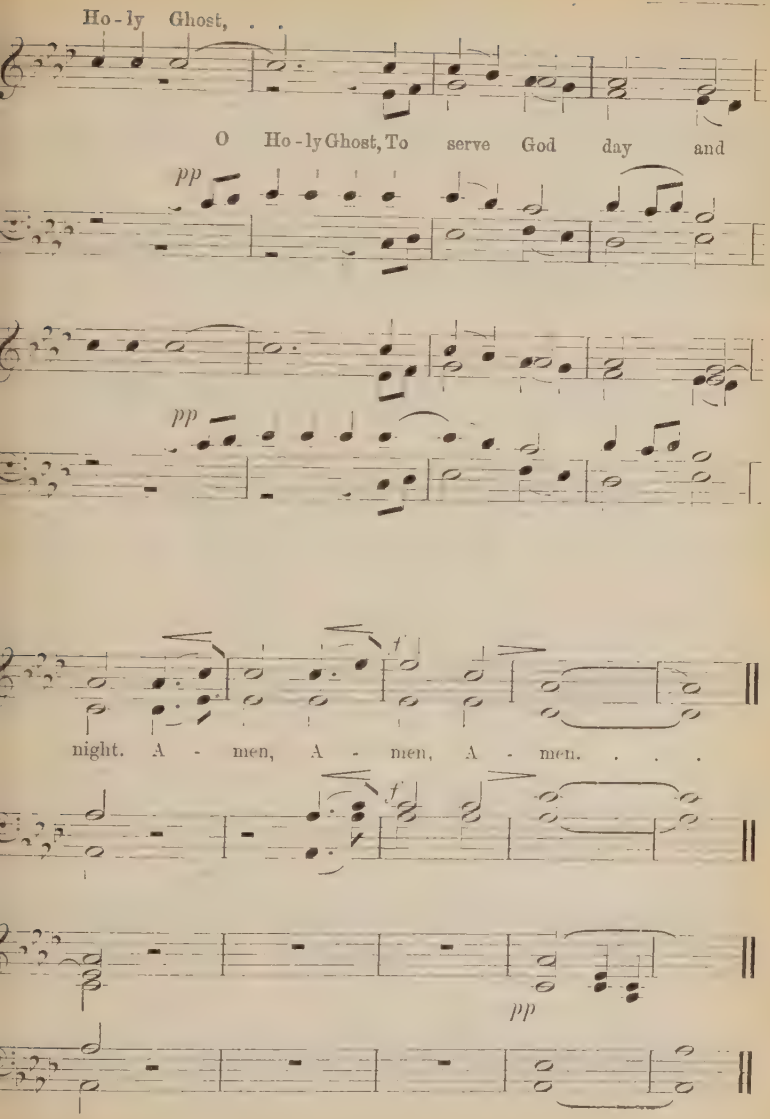


QUARTET. (*Unaccompanied, if possible.*)


dolce.
En - a - ble with per - pet - ual light The
dolce.
cres.
p
dul - ness of our blind - ed sight; A - noint and
cres.
p
cres.
cheer our soil - ed face With the a - bun - dance
cres.

p
of Thy grace; Keep far our foes; . . give peace at
p
cres.
f
home: Where Thou art Guide no ill can come, Where
cres.
f
Organ.
Thou art Guide no ill can come.
Diaps.
pp Sw.
Chorus (With Organ).
p
Teach us to know the Fa - ther,
p
cres.
p
Son, And Thee of Both, to be . . but One, That
cres.
p

cres.
through the a - ges all . . a - long, This . . may
cres.
f
be . . our end - less song: 'Praise to Thy e -
f
p
ter - nal me - rit, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly
p
f
rall.
Spi - rit, Fa ther, Son, . . and Ho - ly Spi - rit.'
f
rall.
Organ.
Sw. mf
pp

778 O Holy Ghost, into our minds.

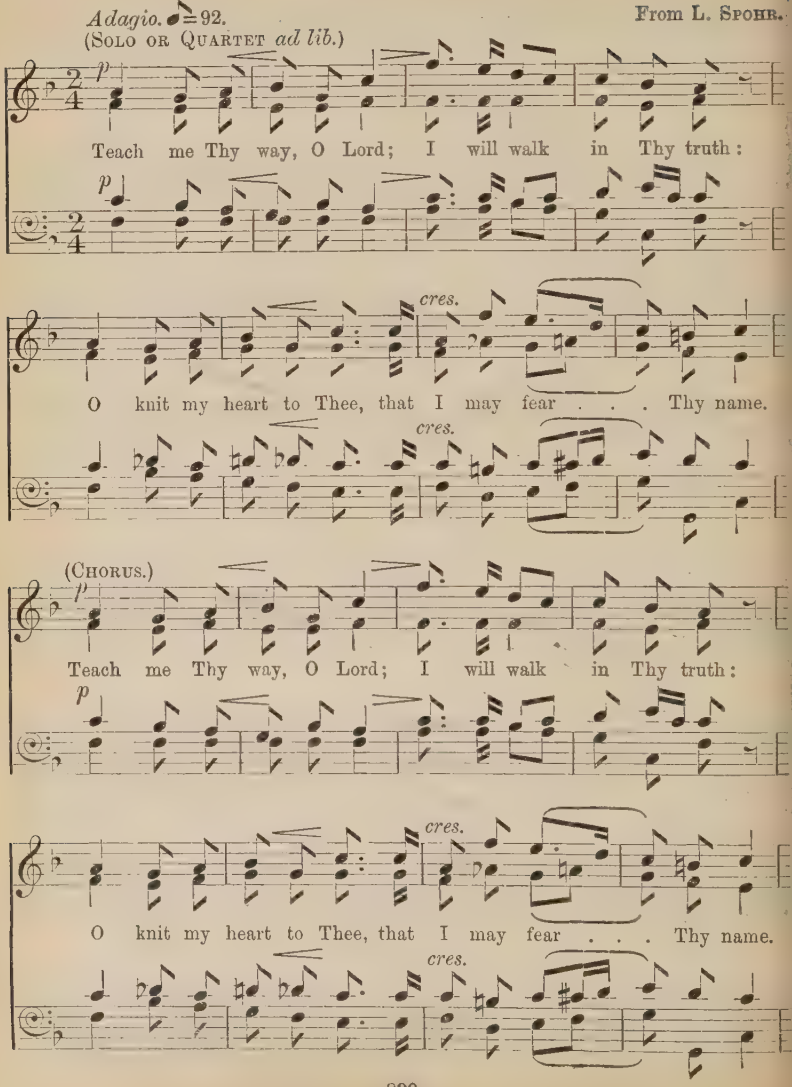
From the Latin. By permission of Novello and Company, Limited. G. A. Macfarren.

Allegretto, dolce.
Send down Thy heavenly
(Org.) O . . Ho - ly Ghost, in - to our minds Send down . . Thy
Send down Thy heavenly
light ;
heavenly light ; . . Kin-dle our hearts with fer-vent zeal, To serve God day and
light ;
night. Thou . Thou art the ve - ry Com - fort-er In grief and all dis -
tress ; The heavenly gift of God most high, No tongue can it ex -

cres.
press. O Ho - ly Ghost, . . O Ho - ly
cres.
O . . Ho - ly Ghost, O Ho - ly Ghost, . .
O Ho - ly Ghost, ...
f dim.
Ghost, . O Ho - ly Ghost, . . O Ho - ly
f dim.
. . . O Ho - ly Ghost, . . O Ho - ly Ghost, . .
. . . O . . Ho - ly Ghost, in - to our minds Send down Thy heavenly
p
Ghost, O . . Ho - ly Ghost, in - to our minds Send down . . Thy
p
. . . O . . Ho - ly Ghost, in - to our minds Send down Thy heavenly
light Kin-dle our hearts with fer-vent zeal, To serve God day and
To serve God, to
heavenly light; . . Kin-dle our hearts with fervent zeal, To serve God day and
light;

night, . . . to serve God day and night.
pp
pp
serve God day and night, day and night.
night, to serve God day and night.
Such mea-sures of Thy
pp
That Thou . . mayst be our
power - ful grace Grant to us, Lord, we pray; That Thou mayst be our
Com - forter
pp
pp
Com-fort - er At the last aw-ful day, at the last aw-ful day. O
pp
pp
Send down Thy heaven-ly
p
Ho - ly Ghost, in - to our minds Send down . . Thy
p
Send down Thy heaven-ly
mf ORGAN.
p

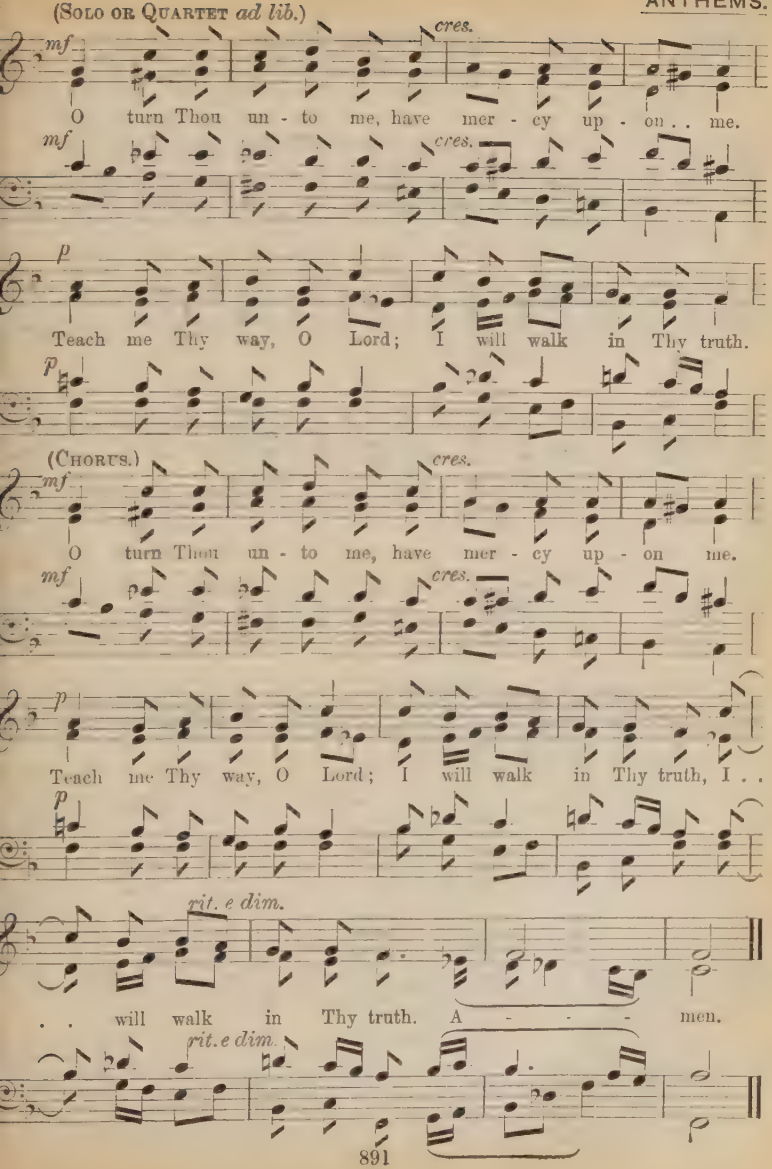

light ;
cres.
heavenly light ; Kin-dle our hearts with fer-vent zeal, To serve God day and
cres.
light ;
with zeal to serve God day and night, . . O
night, with zeal to serve God day . . . and night, . .
with zeal to serve God day and night, . .
pp
pp

Ho - ly Ghost, . .
O Ho - ly Ghost, To serve God day and
pp
pp
night. A - men, A - men, A - men. . . .
f
f
pp

779 Teach me Thy way.

Psalm lxxxvi. 11, 16.

From L. Spohr.


Adagio. ♩ = 92.
(Solo or Quartet ad lib.)
p
Teach me Thy way, O Lord; I will walk in Thy truth:
cres.
O knit my heart to Thee, that I may fear . . . Thy name.
(Chorus.)
Teach me Thy way, O Lord; I will walk in Thy truth:
O knit my heart to Thee, that I may fear . . . Thy name.


(Solo or Quartet *ad lib.*)
cres.
mf
O turn Thou un - to me, have mer - cy up - on . . me.
mf
cres.
p
Teach me Thy way, O Lord; I will walk in Thy truth.
p
(Chorus.)
cres.
mf
O turn Thou un - to me, have mer - cy up - on me.
mf
cres.
p
Teach me Thy way, O Lord; I will walk in Thy truth, I . .
p
rit. e dim.
. . will walk in Thy truth. A - - - - men.
rit. e dim.

780 Suffer the little children.

Mark x. 14.

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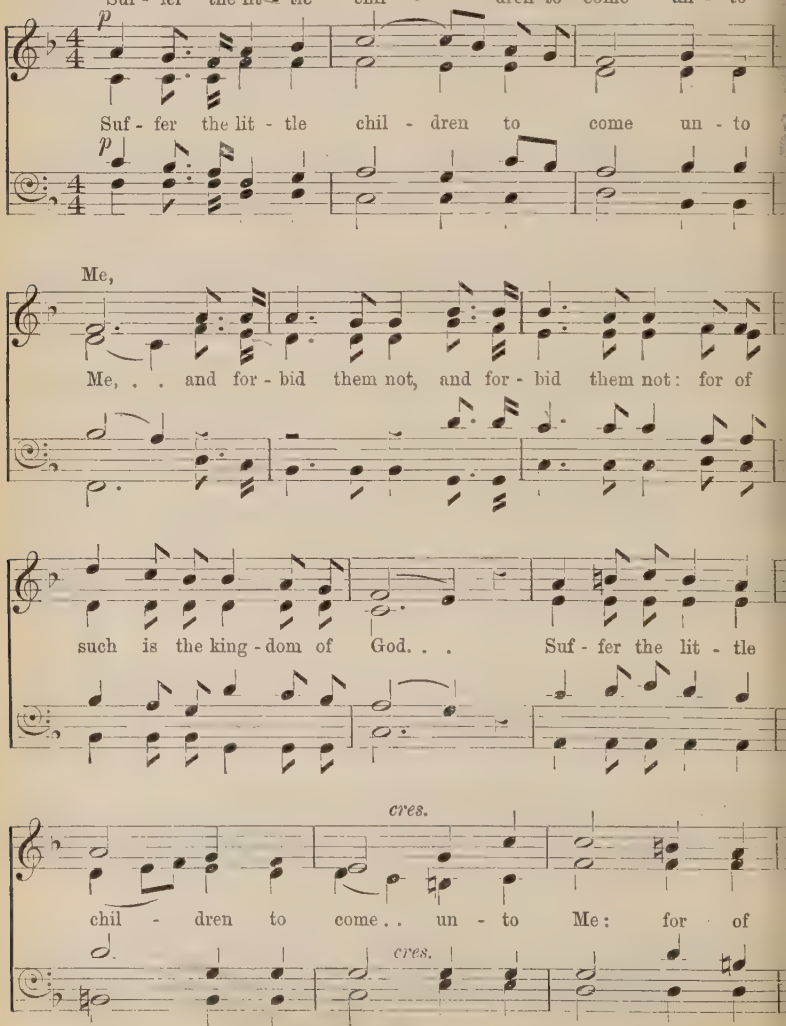
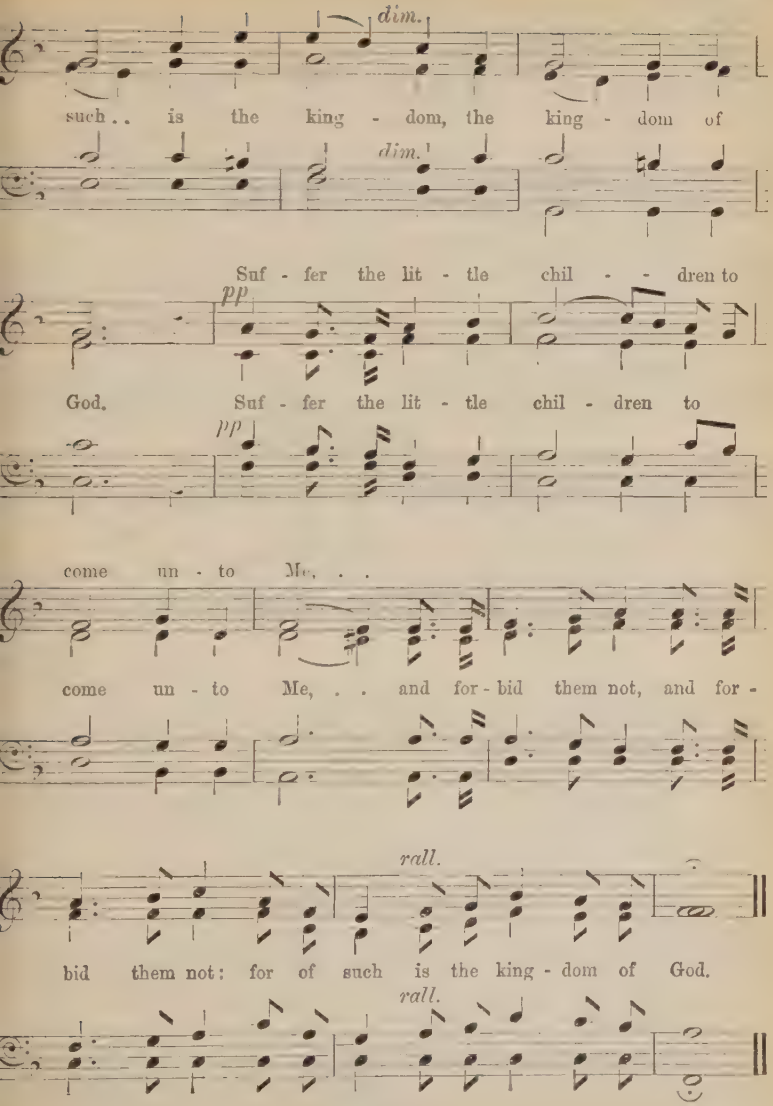
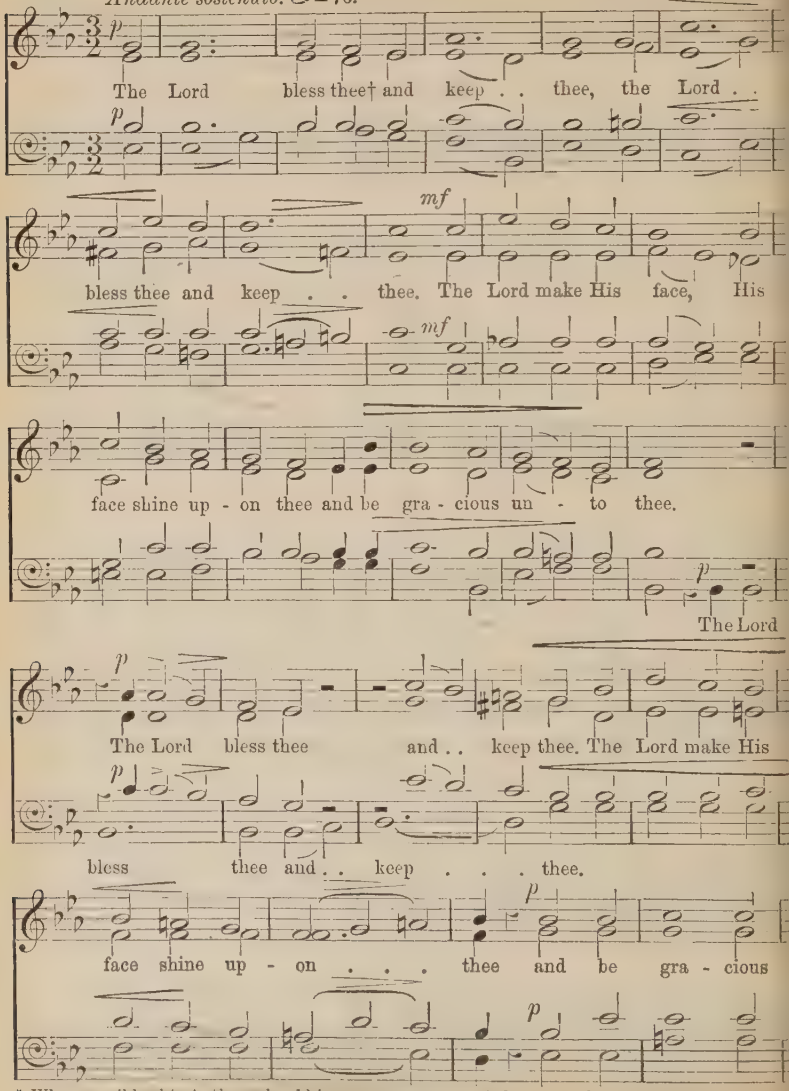
Not too slowly. H. GADSBY.

Suf - fer the lit - tle chil - - dren to come un - to
p
Suf - fer the lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to
p
Me,
Me, . . and for - bid them not, and for - bid them not: for of
such is the king - dom of God. . . Suf - fer the lit - tle
cres.
chil - dren to come . . un - to Me: for of
cres.

dim.
such . . is the king - dom, the king - dom of
dim.
Suf - fer the lit - tle chil - - dren to
pp
God. Suf - fer the lit - tle chil - dren to
pp
come un - to Me, . .
come un - to Me, . . and for - bid them not, and for -
rall.
bid them not: for of such is the king - dom of God.
rall.

781 The Lord bless thee.*

Numb. vi. 24—26.

ARTHUR E. GODFREY.

Andante sostenuto. ♩=76.

p
The Lord bless thee† and keep . . thee, the Lord . .
mf
bless thee and keep . . thee. The Lord make His face, His
face shine up - on thee and be gra - cious un - to thee.
The Lord
The Lord bless thee and . . keep thee. The Lord make His
bless thee and . . keep . . . thee.
face shine up - on . . . . thee and be gra - cious

* When possible this Anthem should be sung unaccompanied.

† *Or* you, *and so throughout.*

un - to thee. . . . . *dolce.* *pp*

un - to thee, un - to thee: The Lord lift

pp

un - to thee. . . . . .

up . . His coun - ten-ance up - on thee and give

ppp *Lento.* *pp*

thee . . peace, . . . and give thee

ppp *Lento.* *pp*

p

peace. . . . A - - men. . . .

p

782

Amens.

[To be transposed into other Keys, if desired.]

I. A-men.

II. A-men.

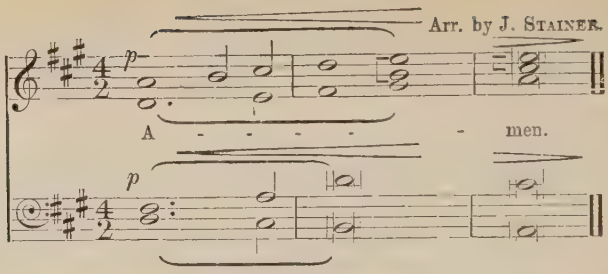
III. A-men.

IV. *Soft and slow.* A - men.

783

Dresden Amen.

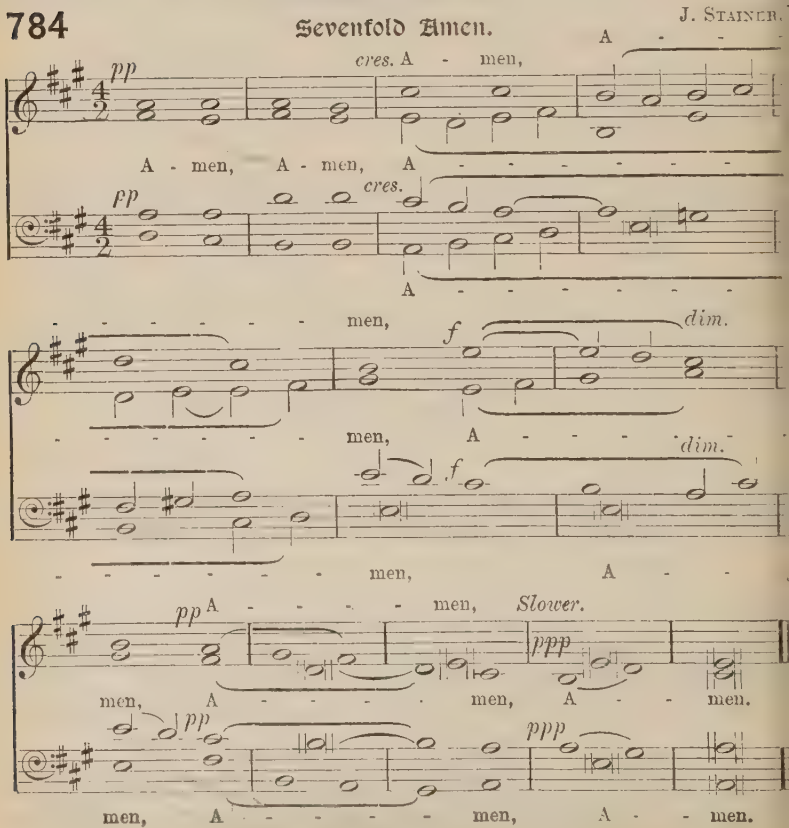
Arr. by J. STAINER.



784

Sevenfold Amen.

J. STAINER.



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134	1. Miles Lane ..	William Shrubsole (1760?-1806) ..	C.M., Repeat.
	2. Laus Tibi, Christe	Gerard Francis Cobb (1838-1904) ..	C.M. D.
372	Old Hundredth ..	Genevan Psalter, 1551	L.M.
475	Tallis's Canon ..	Thomas Tallis (1510?-1585)	L.M.
343	All things bright	Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart., Mus.D. (1825-1889)	76.76.
733	..	William Jeater (1858-)	—
22	Te laudant omnia .	James Frederick Swift (1847-) ..	77.77.77.
182	Jackson .. .	Thomas Jackson (1715-1781)	C.M.
259	Angel Voices .. .	Edward G. Monk, Mus.D. (1819-1900) ..	85.85.84.3.
34	Wildersmouth .	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus.D. (1818-1901)	87.87.47.
20	Seraphim	Henry Thomas Smart (1813-1879) ..	447.887.
288	St. Cyril	Arthur Patton (1853-1892)	C.M.
763	—	Sir George J. Elvey, Mus.D. (1816-1893)	—
214	Truro	Psalmodia Evangelica, 1790 ..	L.M.
391	Glory	Curwen's Tune Book, 1842	C.M., Refrain.
187	1. Rest	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus.D. (1842-1900) ..	85.83.
	2. Stephanos	Rev. Sir H. W. Baker, Bart. (1821-1877) harmonies by W. H. Monk	
702	1. Chant in C	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus.D. (1818-1901)	—
	2. Chant in A♭	Arnold Kennedy, Mus.B. (1852-) ..	
36	Dix	Conrad Kocher (1786-1872)	77.77.77.
32	1. Chant in B♭	Very Rev. Henry Aldrich, D.D. (1647-1710)	—
	2. Chant in F	James Turle (1802-1882)	
47	Ne derelinquas me ..	Charles H. Lloyd, Mus.B. (1849-) .	L.M.
76	Angelus	Derived from Georg Joseph, 1657 ..	L.M.
69	Barmouth .. .	Walter Cecil Macfarren (1826-1905) ..	77.77.77.
13	Deerhurst	James Langran (1835-)	87.87 D.
64	Morning Hymn	François H. Barthélémon (1741-1808) ..	L.M.

HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR.
Be still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side	336	Katharina von Schlegel (1697-), *tr.* J. L. Borthwick (1813-1897)
Be with us, gracious Lord, to-day ..	522	C. D. Bell (1818-1893).
Before Jehovah's awful throne	246	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748).
Behold, a Stranger at the door	189	Joseph Grigg (1721-1768).
Behold, how good a thing it is	691	Metrical Psalm cxxxiii.
Behold the amazing gift of love	317	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748).
Behold us, Lord, a little space	261	John Ellerton (1826-1893).
Belovèd, let us love: love is of God ..	325	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-1889).
Bless the Lord, O my soul	709	*Psalm ciii.*
Bless the Lord, O my soul (A)	772	*Psalm ciii. 1—3.*
Blessed are the poor in spirit	739	*Beatitudes (Matt. v. 3—10).*
Blessed are the poor in spirit	740	*Beatitudes with Responses.*
Blessed be the Lord God of Israel	713	*Benedictus (Luke i. 68—79).*
Blessèd, blessèd be Jehovah (Dox.) ..	611	From Psalm cvi.
Blessed is he whose transgression	701	*Psalm xxxii.*
Blessing and honour and glory and power	124	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-1889).
Blest are the pure in heart	331	John Keble (1792-1866).
Blest be the everlasting God	318	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748).
Blest be Thy love, dear Lord	334	John Austin (-1669).
Blest Father, we commend	496	Vesper Verse.
Blest morning, whose first dawning rays	84	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748).
Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed ..	281	Josiah Conder (1789-1855).
Bread of the world, in mercy broken ..	273	Reginald Heber, D.D., Bp. (1783-1826).
Break Thou the bread of life	183	Mary Ann Lathbury (1841-).
Breathe on me, Breath of God	164	Edwin Hatch (1835-1889).
Brief life is here our portion	454	Bernard of Cluny (*c.* 1145), *tr.* J. M. Neale
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	35	Reginald Heber, D.D., Bp. (1783-1826).
*Brightly gleams our banner	588	Thomas Joseph Potter (1827-1873).
By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored ..	268	George Rawson (1807-1889).
*By cool Siloam's shady rill	586	Reginald Heber, D.D., Bp. (1783-1826).
By Jesus' grave, on either hand	68	Isaac Gregory Smith (1826-).
By what means shall a young man learn	683	Metrical Psalm cxix. 9—16.
Child of sin and sorrow	194	Thomas Hastings (1784-1872).
Children of the heavenly King	438	John Cennick (1718-1755).
Christ is made the sure foundation ..	523	Latin, *tr.* J. M. Neale (1818-1866).
Christ is our Corner-stone	255	Latin, *tr.* J. Chandler (1806-1876).
Christ is risen (A)	765	*I. Cor. xv. 20; Rev. v. 13.*
Christ, of all my hopes the ground ..	332	Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. (1779-1853).
Christ our Passover	720	*Canticle from I. Cor. v. 7, etc.*
Christ our Passover (A)	769	*I. Cor. v. 7, 8.*
Christ the Lord is risen again	81	M. Weisse (1480-1534), *tr.* C. Winkworth.

NO.	TUNE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	METRE.
356	St. Helen	Walter Hately (1843-1907)	10 10.10 10.10 10.
522	Eden	Timothy Battle Mason (1801-1861) ..	L.M.
246	Old Hundredth	Genevan Psalter, 1551	L.M.
189	Eden	Timothy Battle Mason (1801-1861) ..	L.M.
691	Arnold	Samuel Arnold, Mus.D. (1740-1802) ..	C.M.
317	Abridge	Isaac Smith, Psalm Tunes, 1770 ..	C.M.
261	Tallis's Ordinal ..	Thomas Tallis (1510?-1585)	C.M.
325	Grandpont	Sir John Stainer, Mus.D. (1840-1901) ..	10 10 (Iambic).
709	1. Chant in D	R. Woodward, Mus.D. (1744?-1777)	
	2. Chants in C and F ..	James Turle (1802-1882)	
772	—	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus.D. (1818-1901)	
739	Ancient Tone	—	—
740	Ancient Tone	—	—
713	1. Chant in A♭	George M. Garrett, Mus.D. (1834-1897)	
	2. Chant in G	Samuel Wesley (1766-1837)	
	3. Chant in A♭	Walter G. Alcock, Mus.D. (1861-) ..	—
	4. Chant in E♭ ..	Joseph Thorne Harris (1828-1869) ..	
611	Milan	Essay on the Church Plain Chant, 1782	Irregular.
701	1. Chant in D ..	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	
	2. Chant in E	Thomas Attwood (1765-1838)	—
124	O quanta qualia ..	François de la Feillée, 1745	10 10.10 10 (Dact.)
331	Franconia	König's Choralbuch, 1738. Arr. by Rev. W. H. Havergal	S.M.
318	St. Fulbert	Henry J. Gauntlett, Mus.D. (1805-1876)	C.M.
334	Strathpeffer	Sir G. A. Macfarren, Mus.D. (1813-1887)	S.M.
496	Dolomite Chant	—	66.66.
84	Irish	Hymns and Sacred Poems, Dublin, 1749	C.M.
281	Bread of Heaven ..	W. D. Maclagan, Archbp. (1826-) ..	77.77.77.
273	Bethsaida	S. Austen Pearce, Mus.D. (1836-1900) ..	98.98 (Dact-Troc.)
183	Congleton	M. Wise (?1648-1687). Har. by J. E. B.	10 10.10 10.
164	Veni Spiritus	Sir John Stainer, Mus.D. (1840-1901) ..	S.M.
454	1. St. Alphege	Henry J. Gauntlett, Mus.D. (1805-1876)	76.76.
	2. Pearsall	Robert L. de Pearsall (1795-1856) ..	76.76 D.
35	Epiphany	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus.D. (1818-1901)	11 10. 11 10.
588	St. Theresa	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus.D. (1842-1900) ..	65.65 (12 lines).
268	1. Ilkley	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876) ..	888.4.
	2. Memoria ..	Samuel S. Wesley, Mus.D. (1810-1876)	
586	Belmont	Gardiner's Sacred Melodies, 1812 (?) ..	C.M.
68	Holy Sepulchre	Edward Henry Thorne (1834-) ..	888.
683	Hayes' 47th ..	William Hayes, Mus.D. (1706-1777) ..	C.M. D.
194	Tarring	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus.D. (1818-1901)	64.64.44.64.
438	Laudate Pueri	Frederick G. Edwards (1853-) ..	77.77.
523	Oriel	Cantica Sacra, Munich, 1840	87.87.87.
255	Christchurch	Charles Steggall, Mus.D. (1826-1905) ..	66.66.44.44.
765	—	Sir John Goss, Mus.D. (1800-1880) ..	—
332	Lübeck	Freylinghausen's Gesangbuch, 1704 ..	77.77.
720	1. Chants in E♭	William Felton and E. J. Hopkins ..	—
	2. Chant in C	Pelham Humfrey (1647-1674)	
769	—	Sir John Goss, Mus.D. (1800-1880) ..	—
81	Ascension	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus.D. (1818-1901)	77.77, Hallelujahs

HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR.
Christ the Lord is risen to-day'	83	Charles Wesley (1707-1788).
Christ, Whose glory fills the skies ..	466	Charles Wesley (1707-1788).
Christian, seek not yet repose	418	Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871).
Christians, awake! salute the happy morn	40	John Byrom (1692-1763).
*Come, children, join to sing	546	Christian Henry Bateman (1813-1889).
Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell ..	693	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748).
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove .	156	Simon Browne (1680-1732).
Come, Holy Ghost, in love	153	Latin, *tr.* Ray Palmer, D.D. (1808-1887).
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire ..	155	Latin, *tr.* John Cosin, Bp. (1594-1672).
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire (A) ..	777	Latin, *tr.* John Cosin, Bp. (1594-1672).
Come, Holy Spirit, calm our minds .	154	(?) James Haldane Stewart, 1803.
Come, Holy Spirit, come	158	Joseph Hart (1712-1768).
Come, labour on	408	Jane L. Borthwick (1813-1897).
Come, let us join our cheerful songs ..	119	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748).
Come, let us join our friends above ..	175	Charles Wesley (1707-1788).
Come, let us to the Lord our God	289	John Morison, D.D. (1749-1798).
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare	373	John Newton (1725-1807).
*Come, praise your Lord and Saviour ..	545	W. Walsham How, D.D., Bp. (1823-1897).
Come, Thou Fount of every blessing ..	339	Robert Robinson (1735-1790).
Come, Thou long-expected Jesus	148	Charles Wesley (1707-1788).
Come to Calvary's holy mountain .	186	James Montgomery (1771-1854).
Come to our poor nature's night	163	George Rawson (1807-1889).
Come unto Me, ye weary	188	William Chatterton Dix (1837-1898).
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish	207	Thomas Moore (1779-1852).
Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched ..	196	Joseph Hart (1712-1768).
Come, ye souls by sin afflicted	197	Joseph Swain (1761-1796).
Come, ye thankful people, come	503	Henry Alford, D.D. (1810-1871).
Comfort, O Lord, the soul of Thy servant (A)	751	*Psalm lxxxvi. 4.*
Command Thy blessing from above ..	247	James Montgomery (1771-1854).
Commit thou all thy griefs	358	Paul Gerhardt (1607-1676), *tr.* John Wesley (1703-1791).
Courage, brother! do not stumble ..	424	Norman Macleod, D.D. (1812-1872).
Creator Spirit, by Whose aid	152	Latin, *tr.* John Dryden (1631-1700).
Crown Him with many crowns	100	M. Bridges (1800-1893) and Godfrey Thring.
Dear Lord and Father of mankind ..	323	John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892).
Dismiss me not Thy service, Lord	409	Thomas Toke Lynch (1818-1871).
Draw nigh to God	728	*Scripture Sentence.*
Ere I sleep, for every favour	488	John Cennick (1718-1755).
Eternal Father, strong to save	533	William Whiting (1825-1878).
Eternal Light! eternal Light!	24	Thomas Binney (1798-1874).
Every morning mercies new	471	Greville Phillimore (1821-1884).
*Fair waved the golden corn..	565	John Hampden Gurney (1802-1862).
Faith of our fathers! living still	176	Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814-1863).
Far from my heavenly home	439	Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847).
*Father, from Thy throne of glory	599	S. L. Moore.
Father, hear us for our sisters	538	Mary L. G. McGaw (1871-1893).
Father, I know that all my life	357	Anna Letitia Waring (1820-).

No.	TUNE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	METRE.
83	St. George's, Windsor ..	Sir George J. Elvey, Mus.D. (1816-1893)	77.77 D.
466	Day-Star	Samuel S. Wesley, Mus.D. (1810-1876)	77.77.77.
418	Vigilate	William H. Monk, Mus.D. (1823-1889)	77.73.
40	Yorkshire (or Stockport)	John Wainwright (1723-1768)	10 10. 10 10. 10 10.
546	Madrid	Spanish Melody	66.66 D.
603	Angels' Song ..	Orlando Gibbons, Mus.D. (1583-1625) ..	L.M
156	Holley	George Hews (1806-1873)	L.M.
153	Fiat Lux	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876) ..	664.66.6.
155	Veni Creator ..	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876) ..	Irregular.
777	—	Thomas Attwood (1765-1838)	—
154	Ludborough ..	Rev. T. R. Matthews (1826-) ..	L.M.
158	St. Michael	Genevan Psalter, 1543	S.M.
408	Come, labour on	Thomas Facer, 1901	Irregular.
119	Nativity ..	Henry Lahee (1826-)	C.M.
175	Kilmarnock	Neil Dougall (1776-1862)	C.M.
289	Balerma	Adapted by Robert Simpson, 1833 ..	C.M.
373	Christ Chapel ..	Charles Steggall, Mus.D. (1826-1905) ..	77.77.
545	Ellacombe ..	Hartig's Gesangbuch, Mainz, 1833 (?)..	76.76 D.
339	Stuttgart	Psalmodia Sacra, Gotha, 1715	87.87.
148	Sharon	William Boyce, Mus.D. (1710-1779) ..	87.87.
186	Requiem	Wilhelm Schulthes (1816-1879)	87.87.77.
163	Consolator	A. Croil Falconer (1850-1903)	777.5.
188	Come unto Me	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876) ..	76.76 D.
207	Springfield ..	Henry J. Gauntlett, Mus.D. (1805-1876)	11 10.11 10.
196	Mannheim ..	Friedrich Filitz, Ph.D. (1804-1876) ..	87.87.87.
197	Kelton	John E. Borland, Mus.D. (1866-) ..	87.87.47.
503	St. George's, Windsor ..	Sir George J. Elvey, Mus.D. (1816-1893)	77.77 D.
751	—	William Crotch, Mus.D. (1775-1847) ..	—
247	St. Alkmund ..	A Collection of Easy Litanies, etc., 1852	L.M.
388	St. Andrew ..	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	S.M.
424	Courage, Brother ..	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus.D. (1842-1900)..	87.87.87.86.7.
152	Melita	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876) ..	88.88.88.
100	Diademata	Sir George J. Elvey, Mus.D. (1816-1893)	S.M. D.
323	Rest	Frederick Charles Maker (1844-) ..	86.886.
409	Wootton	M. J. Partridge, 1904	86.86.86.
728	1. Chant in F	(?) Richard Farrant (*fl.* 1564-1580) ..	—
	2. Chant in F	Rev. William Felton (1715-1769) ..	
388	1. Thanet	Rev. Joseph Jowett (1784-1856) ..	8.33.6.
	2. Goppa	John Roberts (1807-1876)..	
533	Melita	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876) ..	88.88.88.
24	Newcastle..	Henry L. Morley, 1876	86.886.
471	Morning	William H. Monk, Mus.D. (1823-1889)	77.77.77.
365	Holyrood	James Watson (1816-1880)	S.M.
176	Holy Faith	Sir George C. Martin, Mus.D. (1844-)	88.88.88.
439	Lyte	John Wilkes, 1861	S.M.
599	Father, from Thy throne	T. Wild, 1881	87.87.66.65.
538	St. Oswald	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876) ..	87.87.
357	Slingsby	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876) ..	86.86.86.

HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR.
Father, in high heaven dwelling	486	George Rawson (1807-1889).
*Father, lead me day by day.. ..	579	John Page Hopps (1834-).
Father, let me dedicate	507	Laurence Tuttiett (1825-1897).
Father of all, from land and sea	177	Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Bp. (1807-1885).
Father of heaven, Whose love profound..	3	Edward Cooper (1770-1833).
Father of peace and God of love	375	Philip Doddridge, D.D. (1702-1751), and W. Cameron (1751-1811).
Fear not, O little flock, the foe	425	Johann Michael Altenburg (1584-1640), *tr.* Catherine Winkworth (1829-1878).
Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep ..	54	Godfrey Thring (1823-1903).
Fierce was the wild billow	324	Anatolius, *tr.* J. M. Neale (1818-1866).
Fight the good fight	429	John S. B. Monsell (1811-1875).
For all the saints who from their labours rest	170	W. Walsham How, D.D., Bp. (1823-1897).
'For ever with the Lord!'	453	James Montgomery (1771-1854).
'For My sake and the gospel's, go' ..	226	E. H. Bickersteth, Bp. (1825-1906).
For the beauty of the earth	125	Folliott Sandford Pierpoint (1835-).
For the bread and for the wine .. .	279	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-1889).
For Thee, my God, for Thee alone ..	374	James Drummond Burns (1823-1864).
For Thy mercy and Thy grace	511	Henry Downton (1818-1885).
Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go	467	Charles Wesley (1707-1788).
'Forward!' be our watchword	422	Henry Alford, D.D. (1810-1871).
Fountain of mercy, God of love	501	Alice Flowerdew (1759-1830).
From all that dwell below the skies ..	225	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748).
From depths of woe I raise to Thee ..	295	M. Luther (1483-1546), *tr.* R. Massie.
From every stormy wind that blows ..	381	Hugh Stowell (1799-1865).
From Greenland's icy mountains	221	Reginald Heber, D.D., Bp. (1783-1826).
From the eastern mountains	227	Godfrey Thring (1823-1903).
From Thee all skill and science flow ..	535	Charles Kingsley (1819-1875).
'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild	570	Charles Wesley (1707-1788).
Gird your loins about with truth	428	Walter Chalmers Smith, D.D. (1824-).
Give ear unto me when I call	626	Metrical Psalm iv. 1, 6, 7, 8.
Give praise and thanks unto the Lord ..	676	Metrical Psalm cvi. 1—5.
Give to our God immortal praise	9	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748).
Give ye the glory to the Lord	670	Metrical Psalm xcvi. 8—13.
Glorious things of thee are spoken ..	173	John Newton (1725-1807).
Glory be to God on high	722	*Gloria in Excelsis.*
Glory be to God the Father..	2	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-1889).
Go, labour on; spend and be spent ..	401	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-1889).
Go to dark Gethsemane	62	James Montgomery (1771-1854).
God and Father, we adore Thee	47	Anon.
God be merciful unto us	716	*Deus Misereatur* (*Psalm lxvii*).
God bless our native land	517	Anon.
God good and upright is	636	Metrical Psalm xxv. 8—14.

NO.	TUNE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	METRE.
486	Evening Hymn	William Jackson of Masham (1815-1866)	887.887.
579	Litany	W. W. Woodward (1819-1882)	77.77.
507	St. Ignatius	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	75.75 D.
177	Riseholme	Henry J. Gauntlett, Mus.D. (1805-1876)	888.4.
3	Rivaulx	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876)	L.M.
375	St. Paul	James Chalmers's Collection, 1749	C.M.
423	1. Hull 2. Westminster College	Old Melody From Old 113th	886.886.
54	St. Aëlred	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876)	888.3.
324	Euroclydon	Rev. G. W. Torrance, Mus.D. (1835-1907)	Irregular.
429	Pentecost	Rev. William Boyd (1847-)	L.M.
170	St. Philip	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	10 10 10.4.
453	Nearer Home	Isaac Baker Woodbury (1819-1858). Arr. by Sir A. S. Sullivan	S.M. D.
225	Bishopgarth	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus.D. (1842-1900)	87.87 D. (Iambic)
125	Praise	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus.D. (1818-1901)	77.77.77.
279	Gratias Agimus	Walter G. Alcock, Mus.D. (1861-)	777.6.
374	Maryton	Rev. Henry Percy Smith (1825-1898)	L.M.
511	Gibbons	Orlando Gibbons, Mus.D. (1583-1625)	77.77.
467	Illsley	John Bishop (1665-1737)	L.M.
422	Smart	Henry Thomas Smart (1813-1879)	65.65 (12 lines).
501	Tiltey Abbey	Arthur Henry Brown (1830-)	C.M.
225	Old Hundredth	Genevan Psalter, 1551	L.M.
295	Elberfeld	Later form of a melody arranged by Nicolaus Decius (-1541)	87.87.887.
381	Hesperus	Henry Baker, Mus.B. (1835-)	L.M.
221	1. Missionary 2. Lancashire	Lowell Mason, Mus.D. (1792-1872) Henry Thomas Smart (1813-1879)	76.76 D.
227	Kirkbraddan	Rev. E. C. Walker (-*c.* 1873)	65.65 D.
535	Holy Trinity	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	C.M.
570	Dijon	Fliedner's Liederbuch, 1842	77.77.
428	Buckley	John R. Griffiths, Mus.B. (1857-)	Irregular.
626	Dundee	Damon's Psalms, 1591	C.M.
676	Huddersfield	Rev. Martin Madan (1726-1790)	C.M.
9	Winchester New	Musikalisches Handbuch, Hamburg, 1690	L.M.
670	Howard	Wilson's Collection, 1825	C.M.
173	Austria	Franz Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)	87.87 D.
722	1. Chant in A Chant in A minor 2. Chant in A Chant in A minor	William Turner, Mus.D. (1652-1740) T. S. Dupuis, Mus.D. (1730-1796) Rev. Robert Bacon (-1759)	—
2	Regent Square	Henry Thomas Smart (1813-1879)	87.87.87.
401	Creation	Sir John Goss, Mus.D. (1800-1880)	L.M. D.
62	Orchard	Arthur Henry Mann, Mus.D. (1850-)	77.77.77.
47	Newton Ferns	Samuel Smith (1821-)	87.87.
716	1. Chant in F 2. Chant in A♭	Peter Fussell (1750?-1802) Sir George J. Elvey, Mus.D. (1816-1893)	—
517	Hermon	Johann Georg Braun, 1675	664.66.64
636	St. Andrew	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	S.M.

HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR.
God is a Spirit (A)	756	*John iv. 23, 24.*
God is our refuge and our strength ..	647	Metrical Psalm xlvi.
God loved the world of sinners lost ..	199	Martha M. Stockton (1821-1885).
God moves in a mysterious way	10	William Cowper (1731-1800).
*God of glory, God of grace	544	Anon.
God of mercy, God of grace	215	Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847).
God of pity, God of grace	248	Eliza Fanny Morris (1821-1874).
God of that glorious gift of grace	265	John S. B. Monsell, LL.D. (1811-1875).
God of the living, in Whose eyes	449	John Ellerton (1826-1893).
God reveals His presence	249	G. Tersteegen (1697-1769), *tr.* F. W. Foster.
God save our gracious King	516	—
God shall endure for aye; He doth ..	628	Metrical Psalm ix. 7—11.
God so loved the world (A)	774	*John iii. 16, 17.*
God spake all these words, saying	737	*Commandments with responses.*
God That madest earth and heaven ..	474	Reginald Heber and Richard Whately.
God the All-terrible, King, Who ordainest	521	Henry Fothergill Chorley (1808-1872).
*God, Who hath made the daisies	540	Edwin Paxton Hood (1820-1885).
*God, Who made the earth	585	Sarah Betts Rhodes, 1870.
God will I bless all times; His praise ..	641	Metrical Psalm xxxiv. 1—15.
God's bright temple in the skies	492	William B. Robertson, D.D. (1820-1886).
God's law is perfect, and converts	630	Metrical Psalm xix. 7—14.
God's mercies I will ever sing	663	Metrical Psalm lxxxix. 1—8.
Golden harps are sounding	94	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879).
Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd ..	264	Jane E. Leeson and John Keble.
Gracious Spirit, dwell with me!	157	Thomas Toke Lynch (1818-1871).
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	335	Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Bp. (1807-1885).
Great God, we sing that mighty hand ..	497	Philip Doddridge, D.D. (1702-1751).
Great is the Lord; and greatly He ..	648	Metrical Psalm xlviii. 1, 10—14.
Great King of nations, hear our prayer ..	519	John Hampden Gurney (1802-1862).
Great Shepherd of Thy people, hear ..	251	John Newton (1725-1807).
Great the joy when Christians meet ..	245	George Burder (1752-1832).
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah	441	W. Williams (1717-1791), *tr.* P. and W. Williams.
Hail, gladdening Light, of His pure glory	482	Greek, *tr.* John Keble (1792-1866).
Hail the day that sees Him rise	95	Charles Wesley (1707-1788).
Hail, Thou once despisèd Jesus!	120	John Bakewell (1721-1819).
Hail to the Lord's Anointed	224	James Montgomery (1771-1854).
Hallelujah! hallelujah!	80	C. Wordsworth, D.D., Bp. (1807-1885).
Hallelujah! joyful raise (Dox.)	619	C. Newman Hall, LL.B., D.D. (1816-1902).
Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs are	431	Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814-1863).
Hark, my soul! it is the Lord	104	William Cowper (1731-1800).
Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes	37	Philip Doddridge, D.D. (1702-1751).
Hark! the herald angels sing	38	Charles Wesley (1707-1788).

NO.	TUNE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	METRE.
756	—	Henry Thomas Smart (1813-1879) ..	—
647	Stroudwater	(?) Matthew Wilkins's Psalmody, 1730	C.M.
199	Wondrous Love	William Gustavus Fischer	C.M., Refrain.
10	St. Nathaniel	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus.D. (1842-1900)..	C.M.
544	Tichfield	John Richardson (1816-1879)	77.77 D.
215	Heathlands ..	Henry Thomas Smart (1813-1879) ..	77.77.77.
248	Capetown	Friedrich Filitz, Ph.D. (1804-1876) ..	777.5.
265	Angels' Song ..	Ad. from O. Gibbons, Mus.D. (1583-1625)	L.M.
449	God of the living ..	F. E. W. Hulton, Mus.B. (1845-) ..	88.88.88.
249	Gröningen	Joachim Neander (1650-1680)	668.668.33.66.
516	National Anthem	—	664.6664.
628	Gräfenberg .	Johann Crüger, 1658	C.M.
774	—	Sir John Stainer, Mus.D. (1840-1901) ..	—
737	Settings to Responses ..	1. G. M. Garrett, Mus.D. (1834-1897) .. 2. J. Merbecke, har. by Sir J. Stainer 3. From J. L. F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy 4. Edward J. Hopkins, Mus.D.(1818-1901)	—
474	Nutfield	William H. Monk, Mus.D. (1823-1889)	84.84.88.84.
521	Rephidim	Alexis Feodorovich Lwoff (1799-1870)..	11 10.11 9.
540	Leipsic ..	J. L. Felix Mendelssohn - Bartholdy, Ph.D. (1809-1847)	76.76 D., Repeat.
588	Mayfield .. .	R. Tomlinson, har. by A. Croil Falconer	56.64.
641	St. Fulbert ..	Henry J. Gauntlett, Mus.D. (1805-1876)	C.M.
492	Nassau	(?) Johann Rosenmüller, 1655	76.76.33.66.
630	St. Andrew	Tans'ur's New Harmony of Sion, 1764	C.M.
663	Bon Accord . ..	Scottish Psalter, Aberdeen, 1625 ..	C.M.
94	Deva	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus.D. (1818-1901)	65.65 (12 lines).
264	Requiem	Wilhelm Schulthes (1816-1879)	87.87.87.
157	Cassel	Johann Thommen's Choralbuch, 1745	77.77.77.
338	Charity	Sir John Stainer, Mus.D. (1840-1901) .	777.5.
497	Wareham	William Knapp (1698-1768)	L.M.
648	Colchester	Tans'ur's Compleat Melody, 1736 ..	C.M.
519	St. Matthew ..	William Croft, Mus.D. (1678-1727) ..	C.M. D.
251	Semper Aspectemus ..	J. Hornsey Casson (1843-)	C.M.
245	Innocents	(?) Ad. from Joseph Smith (1800-1873)..	77.77.
441	1. Mannheim .. .. 2. Ardudwy	Friedrich Filitz , Ph.D. (1804-1876) .. John Roberts (1822-1877)..	87.87.87.
482	Sebaste	Sir John Stainer, Mus.D. (1840-1901) ..	Irregular.
95	Ascension	William H. Monk, Mus.D. (1823-1889)	77.77, Hallelujahs.
120	St. Hilda	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	87.87 D.
224	Morning Light	George James Webb (1803-1887) ..	76.76 D.
80	Lux Eoi	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus.D. (1842-1900)..	87.87 D.
619	Victory	Johann Friedrich Christmann(1752-1817)	77.77 D.
431	Pilgrims	Henry Thomas Smart (1813-1879) ..	11 10. 11 10. 9 11.
104	St. Bees	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876)..	77.77.
37	St. Stephen	Rev. William Jones (1726-1800).. ..	C.M.
38	Mendelssohn	J. L. Felix Mendelssohn - Bartholdy, Ph.D. (1809-1847). Adapted by W. H. Cummings, Mus.D.	77. 77. 77. 77. 77.

HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR.
Hark! the song of jubilee	228	James Montgomery (1771-1854).
Hark! the voice of Jesus crying	410	Daniel March (1816-).
Hark! 'tis the watchman's cry	398	Anon. (in 'The Revival,' 1859).
Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard	306	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748).
Have mercy upon me, O God	704	*Psalm li.*
He is gone—beyond the skies	96	Arthur Penrhyn Stanley (1815-1881).
He liveth long who liveth well	416	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-1889).
He shall feed His flock (A)	770	*Isaiah xl. 11.*
He that dwelleth in the secret place ..	708	*Psalm xci.*
Head of Thy Church triumphant	121	Charles Wesley (1707-1788).
Hear, Israel's Shepherd! like a flock ..	661	Metrical Psalm lxxx. 1—3, 17—19.
*Here, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest	598	A. G. W. Blunt (1827-1902).
Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face	274	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-1889).
His name for ever shall endure	659	Metrical Psalm lxxii. 17—19.
Ho! ye that thirst, approach the spring	195	(?) W. Robertson (-1743).
Holy Father, cheer our way	481	Richard Hayes Robinson (1842-1892).
Holy Father, in Thy mercy	534	Isabella S. Stephenson, 1889.
Holy, holy, holy, Lord	4	James Montgomery (1771-1854).
Holy, holy, holy Lord (Dox.)	617	Charles Wesley (1707-1788).
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty ..	1	Reginald Heber, D.D., Bp., (1783-1826)
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts ..	745	*Sanctus.*
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts ..	746	*Sanctus.*
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts ..	747	*Sanctus.*
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts ..	748	*Sanctus.*
*Holy Spirit, hear us	572	William H. Parker (1845-).
Holy Spirit, Lord of Light	165	Latin, *tr.* Edward Caswall (1814-1878).
Holy Spirit, Truth Divine	166	Samuel Longfellow (1819-1892).
*Hosanna, loud hosanna	559	Jennette Threlfall (1821-1880).
*Hosanna we sing, like the children dear	555	George Samuel Hodges (1827-).
How amiable are Thy tabernacles	706	*Psalm lxxxiv.*
How are Thy servants blest, O Lord ..	532	Joseph Addison (1672-1719).
How blessèd, from the bonds of sin ..	399	Spitta (1801-1859), *tr.* J. L. Borthwick.
How bright these glorious spirits shine!	455	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748).
How excellent in all the earth	627	Metrical Psalm viii.
How great 's the goodness Thou for them	639	Metrical Psalm xxxi. 19—24.
How lovely is Thy dwelling-place	662	Metrical Psalm lxxxiv.
*How loving is Jesus, Who came	566	R. H. Ballantyne (1821-1861).
How shall I follow Him I serve?	48	Josiah Conder (1789-1855).
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds ..	132	John Newton (1725-1807).
How welcome was the call	527	Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart. (1821-1877).
*Hushed was the evening hymn	573	James Drummond Burns (1823-1864).
I am not worthy, holy Lord	270	Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart. (1821-1877).
I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus	309	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879).

NO.	TUNE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	METRE.
228	Schonberg	Jakob Hintze (1622-1702)	77.77 D.
410	Sanctuary	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876)	87.87 D.
398	Vigil	Arthur Patton (1853-1892)	64.64.67.64.
306	French	Scottish Psalter, 1615	C.M.
704	1. Chants in E Min. & Maj. 2. Chants in G Min. & Maj.	William Hayes, Mus.D. (1706-1777) John Stafford Smith (1750-1836)	-
96	Stanley	Sir John Goss, Mus.D. (1800-1880)	77.77 D.
416	Hope	Herbert Stephen Irons (1834-1905)	L.M.
770		James Allan (1842-1885)	-
708	1. Chant in A♭ 2. Chant in C	Thomas Sanders Dupuis (1730-1796) Thomas Attwood (1765-1838)	—
121	Esdaile	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus.D. (1818-1901)	77.447 D.
661	Tallis's Ordinal	Thomas Tallis (1510?-1585)	C.M.
598	Clare Market	Mary Palmer, 1873	11 10. 11 10.
274	Pt. I. St. Agnes Pt. II. Ellers	James Langran (1835-) Edward J. Hopkins, Mus.D. (1818-1901)	10 10. 10 10.
659	Waldeck	Justin Heinrich Knecht (1752-1817)	C.M.
195	Salzburg	Ad. from J. M. Haydn (1737-1806)	C.M.
481	Vesper	Sir John Stainer, Mus.D. (1840-1901)	777.5.
534	Cairnbrook	Ebenezer Prout, Mus.D. (1835-)	85.83.
4	Tersanctus	Edouard Silas (1827-)	77.77 D.
617	Alexa	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus.D. (1818-1901)	77.77.77.77.77.
1	Nicæa	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876)	11 12.12 10.
745		John Camidge, Mus.D. (1790-1859)	—
746		Thomas Attwood (1765-1838)	—
747		Orlando Gibbons, Mus.D. (1583-1625)	-
748		Old Latin, from John Merbecke, Mus.D. Arr. by H. J. Gauntlett	
572	St. John Baptist	Oswald Mosley Feilden (1837-)	65.65.
165	Veni, Sancte Spiritus	Samuel Webbe, Senior (1740-1816)	777.777.
166	Buckland	Rev. L. G. Hayne, Mus.D. (1836-1883)	77.77.
559	Isleworth	Henry G. Trembath, Mus.B. (1844-)	76.76 D.
555	Hosanna we sing	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876)	Irregular.
706	1. Chant in E♭ 2. Chant in F	Rev. William H. Havergal (1793-1870) James Turle (1802-1882)	
532	Belgrave	William Horsley, Mus.B. (1774-1858)	C.M.
399	St. Leonards	Henry Hiles, Mus.D. (1826-1904)	C.M. D.
455	1. Beatitudo 2. St. Asaph	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876) Giovanni M. Giornovichi (1745-1804)	C.M. C.M. D.
627	Tiverton	(?) F. T. Grigg	C.M.
639	St. Lawrence	Robert Archibald Smith (1780-1829)	C.M.
662	Harington	Henry Harington, M.D. (1727-1816)	C.M.
566	Rest	J. White	11 11.11 11.
48	Hesperus	Henry Baker, Mus.B. (1835-)	L.M.
132	St. Peter	Alexander Robert Reinagle (1799-1877)	C.M.
527	St. George	Henry J. Gauntlett, Mus.D. (1805-1876)	S.M.
573	(Hushed was the Evening) Hymn	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus.D. (1842-1900)	66.66.88.
270	Leicester	William Hurst (1849-)	C.M.
309	St. Helen's	Sir R. P. Stewart, Mus.D. (1825-1894)	85.83.

HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR.
I believe in God the Father	741	*The Apostles' Creed.*
I could not do without Thee	313	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879).
I hear Thy welcome voice	202	L. Hartsough (1829-).
I heard the voice of Jesus say	190	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-1889).
I joyed when ' To the house of God ..	686	Metrical Psalm cxxii.
I lay my sins on Jesus	299	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-1889).
I love the Lord	710	*Psalm cxvi.*
I love the Lord, because my voice.. ..	680	Metrical Psalm cxvi. 1—7.
*I love to hear the story	557	Emily Huntington Miller (1833-).
I need Thee every hour	397	Annie Sherwood Hawks (1835-1872).
I need Thee, precious Jesus..	284	Frederick Whitfield (1829-1904).
*I think, when I read that sweet story of old	552	Jemima Luke (1813-1906).
I to the hills will lift mine eyes	685	Metrical Psalm cxxi.
I waited for the Lord my God	644	Metrical Psalm xl. 1—5.
I was glad when they said	729	*Scripture Sentence.*
I will arise (A)	758	*St. Luke xv. 18, 19.*
I worship thee, sweet will of God.. ..	362	Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814-1863).
*If I come to Jesus	568	Frances Jane Van Alstyne (1823-).
If thou but suffer God to guide thee ..	371	G. Neumark (1621-1681), *tr.* C. Winkworth.
I'll of salvation take the cup	681	Metrical Psalm cxvi. 13—19.
*I 'm a little pilgrim	584	John Curwen (1817-1880).
I 'm not ashamed to own my Lord ..	298	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748).
Immortal love, for ever full	117	John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892).
In the cross of Christ I glory	74	Sir John Bowring (1792-1872).
In the hour of trial	360	James Montgomery (1771-1854).
In the name of Jesus	122	Caroline M. Noel.
In Thy name, O Lord, assembling	253	Thomas Kelly (1769-1855).
Inasmuch as ye have done it	734	*Scripture Sentence.*
It came upon the midnight clear	39	Edmund Hamilton Sears, D.D. (1810-1876).
*It is a thing most wonderful	558	W. Walsham How, D.D., Bp. (1823-1897).
It passeth knowledge, that dear love of Thine	108	Mary Shekleton (1827-1883).
I've found a Friend ; O such a Friend ! ..	337	James Grindlay Small (1817-1888).
Jehovah hear thee in the day	631	Metrical Psalm xx. 1—5.
Jerusalem, my happy home..	452	James Montgomery (?).
Jerusalem the golden..	456	Bernard of Cluny (*c.* 1145), *tr.* J. M. Neale.
Jesus ! and shall it ever be	341	Joseph Grigg (1720-1768) and B. Francis.
Jesus calls us : o'er the tumult	344	Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-1895).
Jesus came, the heavens adoring	143	Godfrey Thring (1823-1903).
Jesus Christ is risen to-day	82	Lyra Davidica, 1708.
*Jesus, from Thy throne on high	571	Thomas Benson Pollock (1836-1896).
*Jesus, high in glory	541	Anon.
*Jesus, holy, undefiled..	600	Emily Mary Shapcote (1828-).
Jesus, I my cross have taken .. .	353	Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847).
Jesus, I will trust Thee	303	Mary Jane Walker (-1878).
Jesus, infinite Redeemer	510	Edward Caswall (1814-1878) and others.

No.	TUNE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	METRE.
741	Monotone Setting	John E. Borland, Mus.D. (1866-) ..	—
313	Magdalena	Sir John Stainer, Mus.D. (1840-1901) ..	76.76 D.
202	Welcome Voice ..	Charles Steggall, Mus.D. (1826-1905) ..	S.M., Refrain
190	1. Vox Dilecti	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876) ..	C.M. D.
	2. Audite, audientes Me	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus.D. (1842-1900) ..	
686	St. Paul ..	James Chalmers's Collection, 1749 ..	C.M.
299	Holy Church	Arthur Henry Brown (1830-)	76.76 D.
710	1. Chant in E	Sir John Goss, Mus.D. (1800-1880)	—
	2. Peregrine Tone and Seventh Tone	—	
680	Palestrina ..	Adapted from Palestrina (-1594) ..	C.M.
557	Angels' Story ..	Arthur H. Mann, Mus.D. (1850-) ..	76.76 D.
397	I need Thee ..	Rev. Robert Lowry, D.D. (1826-1899) ..	64.64, Refrain.
284	Munich ..	Meiningisches Gesangbuch, 1693	76.76 D.
552	Salamis	Greek Melody	Irregular.
685	French ..	Scottish Psalter, 1615	C.M.
644	Bedford ..	William Weale, Mus.B. (-1727)	C.M.
729	1. Chant in A	James Nares, Mus.D. (1715-1783)	—
	2. Chant in D	William Crotch, Mus.D. (1775-1847)	
758		Rev. Richard Cecil, (1748-1810) ..	—
362	St. Hugh ..	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus.D. (1818-1901)	C.M.
568	Mountmellick	Thomas R. G. Jozé, Mus.D. (1853-)	65.65 D.
371	Neumark ..	Georg Neumark (1621-1681) ..	98.98.88.
681	St. Matthew	William Croft, Mus.D. (1678-1727)	C.M. D.
584	Infant Praises	Friedrich Silcher (1789-1860) ..	65.65., Repeat.
298	Jackson	Thomas Jackson (1715-1781)	C.M.
117	Fingal	James S. Anderson, Mus.B. (1853-)	C.M.
74	All for Jesus ..	Sir John Stainer, Mus.D. (1840-1901) ..	87.87.
360	St. Mary Magdalene	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876) ..	65.65 D.
122	Evelyns	William H. Monk, Mus.D. (1823-1889)	65.65 D.
253	Heber	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus.D. (1818-1901)	87.87.47.
734		James Alfred Capern (1866-) ..	—
39	Noel	Traditional Air, arranged by Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus.D.	C.M. D.
558	Brookfield	Thomas Bishop Southgate (1814-1868)	L.M.
105	St. Keverne	Arthur Henry Brown (1830-) ..	10 10.10 10.4.
337	Constance ..	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus.D. (1842-1900) ..	87.87 D (Iambic).
631	Kilmarnock ..	Neil Dougall (1776-1862)	C.M.
652	Southwell	Herbert Stephen Irons (1834-1905) ..	C.M.
756	Ewing ..	Alexander Ewing (1830-1895) ..	76.76 D.
641	Mainzer	Joseph Mainzer, Ph.D. (1801-1851)	L.M.
644	St. Andrew	Edward Henry Thorne (1834-)	87.87.
643	St. Peter's, Westminster	James Turle (1802-1882)	87.87.87.
682	Easter Hymn ..	Lyra Davidica, 1708	77.77, Hallelujahs.
771	Evelyn	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus.D. (1842-1900) ..	777.6.
741	North Coates	Rev. T. R. Matthews (1826-) ..	65.65.
700	Ferrier	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876) ..	77.77.
653	Bethany ..	Henry Thomas Smart (1813-1879) ..	87.87 D.
603	Hermas	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879) ..	65.65 D.
710	St. Sylvester	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876) ..	87.87, Coda.

HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR.
*Jesus is our Shepherd	583	Hugh Stowell (1799-1865).
Jesus lives! no longer now	87	C. F. Gellert, *tr.* Frances E. Cox (1812-1897).
Jesus lives! thy terrors now	86	C. F. Gellert (1715-1769), *tr.* Frances E. Cox.
Jesus, Lord of life and glory	376	James John Cummins (1795-1867).
Jesus, Lord, Redeemer	92	P. M. Kirkland.
Jesus, Lover of my soul	297	Charles Wesley (1707-1788).
*Jesus loves me! this I know	562	Anna Bartlett Warner (1821-).
Jesus, Master, Whom I serve	346	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879).
Jesus, Master, Whose I am	345	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879).
Jesus, meek and gentle	379	George Rundle Prynne (1818-1903).
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All	333	Henry A. Collins (1854).
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	213	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748).
Jesus, stand among us	262	William Pennefather (1816-1873).
Jesus, still lead on	432	N. L. von Zinzendorf (1700-1760), *tr.* Jane Borthwick (1813-1897).
Jesus, Sun and Shield art Thou	136	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-1889).
Jesus, Sun of Righteousness	465	Count Knorr v. Rosenroth (1636-1689), *tr.* Jane Borthwick (1813-1897).
*Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me	602	Mary Lundie Duncan (1814-1840).
*Jesus, the children are calling	575	Annie Matheson (1853-).
Jesus, the very thought of Thee	328	Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153), *tr.* E. Caswall (1814-1878).
Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts	110	Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153), *tr.* Ray Palmer (1808-1887).
Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness	300	N. L. von Zinzendorf (1700-1760), *tr.* J. Wesley.
Jesus, Thy boundless love to me	106	Paul Gerhardt (1607-1676), *tr.* John Wesley.
Jesus, to Thy table led	275	Robert Hall Baynes (1831-1895).
*Jesus, when He left the sky	551	Mary Rumsey.
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet	252	William Cowper (1731-1800).
Jesus, with Thy Church abide	179	Thomas Benson Pollock (1836-1896).
Jesus, Word of God Incarnate (A)	759	—
Judge me, O God, and plead my cause	703	*Psalm xliii.*
Just as I am, without one plea	311	Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871).
Knocking, knocking! who is there?	211	Harriett Beecher Stowe (1812-1896).
Lamb of God, Whose bleeding love	278	Charles Wesley (1707-1788).
Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace	185	Bernard Barton (1784-1849).
Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling	440	John Henry Newman, D.D. (1801-1890).
Lead, kindly Light (A)	764	John Henry Newman, D.D. (1801-1890).
Lead me, Lord (A)	767	*Psalms v. 8, ix. 9.*
Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us	444	James Edmeston (1791-1867).
Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace	445	William Henry Burleigh (1812-1871).
Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing	23	George Herbert (1593-1633).
Let Christian faith and hope dispel	304	John Logan (1748-1788).
Let us with a gladsome mind	8	John Milton (1608-1674).
Lift up your heads, O ye gates (A)	750	*Psalm xxiv. 7, 8, 10.*

NO.	TUNE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	METRE.
583	Pastor Bonus	Anon (? Miss Davis, 1860)	65.65 D.
87	Jesus, meine Zuversicht	Praxis Pietatis Melica, 1668 (?) ..	78.78.77.
86	St. Albinus	Henry J. Gauntlett, Mus.D. (1805-1876)	78.78.4.
376	St. Raphael	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus.D. (1818-1901)	87.87.47.
92	Urswicke	Sir George J. Elvey, Mus.D. (1816-1893)	65.65 D.
297	1. Hollingside ..	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876) ..	77.77 D.
	2. Aberystwyth ..	Joseph Parry, Mus.D. (1841-1903) ..	
562	Jesus loves me .. .	William B. Bradbury (1816-1868) ..	77. 77, Refrain.
346	Dale Abbey .. .	Arthur Henry Brown (1830-) ..	77.77.77.
345	Wells	Demetri S. Bortnianski (1752-1826) ..	77.77.77.
379	St. Constantine ..	William H. Monk, Mus.D. (1823-1889)	65.65.
333	St. Chrysostom .. .	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	88.88.88.
213	1. Warrington	Rev. Ralph Harrison (1748-1810) ..	L.M.
	2. Galilee	Philip Armes, Mus.D. (1836-) ..	
262	Merrial	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	65.65.
432	St. Hubert	Rev. Leicester Darwall (1813-1897) ..	55.88.55.
136	Buildwas	Gerard Francis Cobb (1838-1904) ..	76.76.77.
465	Lux Prima	Sir G. A. Macfarren, Mus.D. (1813-1887)	77.77.73.
602	Evening Prayer .. .	Sir John Stainer, Mus.D. (1840-1901) ..	87.87.
675	Rickmansworth	W. F. Hurndall, Ph.D. (1830-1888) ..	83.83.
328	St. Agnes, Durham .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876) ..	C.M.
110	St. Vincent	James Üglow (1814 ?-1894)	L.M.
300	Ely	Thomas Turton, Bp. (1780-1864) ..	L.M.
106	Valete	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus.D. (1842-1900)	88.88.88.
275	Lacrymæ	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus.D. (1842-1900)	777.
551	Little Ones	William Hutchins Callcott (1807-1882)	777.5.
252	Melcombe	Samuel Webbe (1740-1816)	L.M.
179	Litany	Edmund Hart Turpin, Mus.D. (1835-)	777.6.
759	—	Charles François Gounod (1818-1893) ..	—
703	Chant in C	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus. D. (1818-1901).	—
311	1. Misericordia	Henry Thomas Smart (1813-1879) ..	888.6.
	2. Just as I am	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	
211	Knocking, Knocking .	George F. Root, Mus.D. (1820-1895) ..	77.87.87.
778	Agnus Dei .. .	Bohemian Chorale. Arr. by J. Turle	76.76.78.76.
185	Arthur	Rev. T. R. Matthews (1826-) ..	C.M.
440	1. Lux Benigna .. .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876) ..	10 4. 10 4. 10 10.
	2. Sandon	Charles H. Purday (1799-1885)	
164	.	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus.D. (1842-1900) ..	—
467	—	Samuel S. Wesley, Mus.D. (1810-1876)	—
444	Feniton Court .. .	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus.D. (1818-1901)	87.87.87.
445	Longwood	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	10 10.10 10.
423	Wilton	H. Elliot Button (1861-)	10 4.66.66.10 4.
504	St. Magnus	Jeremiah Clark (1670?-1707)	C.M.
8	Ever faithful, ever sure	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus.D. (1842-1900) ..	77.77.
560	—	John L. Hopkins, Mus.D. (1819-1873) ..	—

HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR.
Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass ..	229	James Montgomery (1771-1854).
Lift up your hearts	744	*Sursum Corda.*
Lift your glad voices in triumph on high	90	Henry Ware, D.D. (1794-1843).
Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart ..	230	Sir Edward Denny, Bart. (1796-1889).
Light of the world! for ever, ever shining	137	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-1889).
*Little travellers Zionward	596	James Edmeston (1791-1867).
Lo! He comes, with clouds descending ..	141	Charles Wesley (1707-1788), and John Cennick (1717-1755).
Look from the sphere of endless day ..	231	William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878).
Look, ye saints! the sight is glorious ..	103	Thomas Kelly (1769-1855).
*Looking upward every day	582	Mary Butler, 1881.
*Lord, a little band and lowly	569	Martha Evans Shelly (1812-).
Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee ..	49	John Hampden Gurney (1802-1862).
Lord, bless and pity us	655	Metrical Psalm lxvii.
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing .	605	John Fawcett, D.D. (1739-1817).
Lord, for Thy tender mercies' sake (A) ..	753	—
Lord, from the depths to Thee I cried .	690	Metrical Psalm cxxx.
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing ..	377	Elizabeth Codner.
Lord, I love the habitation	731	*Scripture Sentence.*
Lord, it belongs not to my care	361	Richard Baxter (1615-1691).
Lord, it is good for us to be	59	Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D. (1815-1881).
Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee? ..	327	James George Deck (1802-1884).
Lord Jesus, when we stand afar	75	W. Walsham How, D.D., Bp. (1823-1897).
Lord, keep us safe this night	494	Vesper Verse.
Lord, let mercy now attend us	606	Anon.
Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant ..	719	*Nunc dimittis* (*Luke ii. 29—32*).
Lord of all being, throned afar	25	Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894).
Lord of our life, and God of our salvation	174	Löwenstern (1594-1648), *tr.* P. Pusey.
Lord of power, Lord of might	491	Godfrey Thring (1823-1903).
Lord of the living harvest	403	J. S. B. Monsell, LL.D. (1811-1875).
Lord of the worlds above	254	Isaac Watts (1674-1748).
Lord, speak to me, that I may speak ..	402	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879).
Lord, Thee, my God, I 'll early seek ..	653	Metrical Psalm lxiii. 1—8.
Lord, Thine ancient people see	217	E. Harland (1810-1890).
*Lord, this day Thy children meet	597	W. Walsham How, D.D., Bp. (1823-1897).
Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place	665	Metrical Psalm xc. 1, 2, 14—17.
Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place ..	707	*Psalm xc.*
Lord, Thy mercy now entreating	293	A. N.
Lord, Thy word abideth	181	Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart. (1821-1877).
Lord, to Thee alone we turn .	291	Albert Eubule Evans (-1896).

NO.	TUNE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	METRE.
229	Winchester Old	Este's Psalter, 1592 (adapted from Christopher Tye, Mus.D., 1553 ?) ..	C.M.
744	—	John E. Borland, Mus.D. (1866-) ..	—
90	Gonville	Charles Wood, Mus.D. (1866-) ..	10 11.11 11.12 11. 10 11.
230	Nox Præcessit	John Baptiste Calkin (1827-1905) ..	C.M.
137	Light of the World .	Sir G. A. Macfarren, Mus.D. (1813-1887)	11 6.11 6.
596	Syria .. .	Union Tune Book, 1842	77.77 D.
141	Helmsley .. .	Thomas Olivers. From Wesley's 'Select Hymns,' 1765	87.87.12 7.
231	Walton ..	Gardiner's Sacred Melodies, 1815 ..	L.M.
103	Corfe Mullen .	Rev. T. R. Matthews (1826-)	87.87.47.
582	Excelsior	Josiah Booth (1852-)	76.76.
569	Rousseau	Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778) ..	87.87 D.
49	Evan .. .	Rev. William H. Havergal (1793-1870)	C.M.
655	Selma	Old Scottish Melody. Arr. by Robert Archibald Smith (1780-1829)	8.M.
603	St. Thomas .	Essay on the Church Plain Chant, 1782	87.87.87.
753		(?) Richard Farrant (*fl.* 1564-1580) ..	
690	Martyrdom	Hugh Wilson (1766-1824)	C.M.
377	Etiam et mihi .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876) ..	87.87.3.
731	1. Chant in E♭ . 2. Chant in A	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896) .. .. Sir John Goss, Mus.D. (1800-1880) ..	—
361	Bishopthorpe .	Jeremiah Clark (1670 ?-1707)	C.M.
89	Transfiguration ..	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896).	L.M. D.
327	Unio Mystica	William Griffith, Mus.B. (1867-) ..	C.M.
75	Kennington .	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	L.M.
494	-	Adapted from Beethoven (1770-1827). Har. by John E. West	8.M.
606	Redemption	Charles François Gounod (1818-1893) ..	87.87.87.
719	1. Chant in E♭ .. .. 2. Chant in E .. .. 3. Chant in F♯ minor .. 4. Chant in C ..	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896) .. .. Philip Armes, Mus.D. (1836-) .. Third Tone .. .. Sir J. F. Bridge, from Henry Purcell	
25	Ombersley ..	William Henry Gladstone (1840-1891) ..	L.M
174	Cloisters ..	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	11 11 11.5.
491	Dix	Conrad Kocher, Ph.D. (1786-1872) .	77.77.77.
403	Pearsall .. .	Robert Lucas de Pearsall (1795-1856) ..	76.76 D.
254	Gopsal .	George Frederick Handel (1685-1759). Har. by Rev. W. H. Havergal ..	66.66.88.
402	St. Anselm .	Ancient Melody. Arr. by Rev. L. G. Hayne, Mus.D. (1836-1883)	L.M.
653	Jackson	Thomas Jackson (1715-1781) .. .	C.M.
217	Eli .. .	Sir Michael A. A. Costa (1808-1884) .	77.77.
597	Genova ..	W. Augustus Richards, Mus.B., 1907 ..	77.77.
668	Farrant	(?) Richard Farrant (*fl.* 1564-1580) .	C.M.
707	Chants in G min. and maj. Chants in D min. and maj.	Thomas Purcell (-1682) .. .. Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	
293	Cross of Jesus ..	Sir John Stainer, Mus.D. (1840-1901) ..	87.87.
781	St. Oswald .. .	Edward F. Rimbault, LL.D. (1816-1876)	66.66 (Trochaic).
291	Ramoth	John Baptiste Calkin (1827-1905) ..	77.77 D.

HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR.
Love came down at Christmas	44	Christina G. Rossetti (1830-1894).
Love Divine, all loves excelling	107	Charles Wesley (1707-1788).
Man of Sorrows! what a name	208	Philip P. Bliss (1838-1876).
March on, march on, O ye soldiers true ..	426	Ella S. Armitage (1841-).
May the grace of Christ our Saviour ..	604	John Newton (1725-1807).
Mighty God, while angels bless Thee ..	131	Robert Robinson (1735-1790).
Much in sorrow, oft in woe	419	H. Kirke White (1785-1806) and F. S. Colquhoun (1809-1877).
My closèd lips, O Lord, by Thee	650	Metrical Psalm li. 15—17.
My dear Redeemer and my Lord	55	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748).
My faith looks up to Thee	312	Ray Palmer, D.D. (1808-1887).
My God and Father, while I stray ..	359	Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871).
My God, how wonderful Thou art ..	11	Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814-1863).
My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made ..	340	Adelaide Anne Procter (1825-1864).
My God, the spring of all my joys ..	338	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748).
My heart is resting, O my God	319	Anna Letitia Waring (1820-).
My Lord, my Love, was crucified	237	John Mason (1646-1694).
My soul doth magnify the Lord	718	*Magnificat* (*Luke i. 46—55*).
My soul hath found the steadfast ground	307	J. A. Rothe (1688-1758), *tr.* Mrs. Bevan.
My soul, wait thou with patience.. ..	652	Metrical Psalm lxii. 5—8.
My spirit longs for Thee	378	John Byrom (1692-1763).
My spirit on Thy care	363	Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847).
My times are in Thy hand	365	William Freeman Lloyd (1791-1853).
My voice shalt Thou hear (A)	757	*Psalm v. 3, 7.*
Near the cross was Mary weeping ..	76	Latin, *tr.* H. Mills (1786-1867).
Nearer, my God, to Thee	380	Sarah F. Adams (1805-1848).
Never further than Thy cross	79	Elizabeth Charles, 1858.
No, not despairingly	282	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-1889).
None other Lamb, none other name ..	314	Christina G. Rossetti (1830-1894).
Not all the blood of beasts	301	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748).
Not what these hands have done	286	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-1889).
Now in parting, Father, bless us	271	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-1889).
Now Israël may say	687	Metrical Psalm cxxiv.
Now may He Who from the dead	607	John Newton (1725-1807).
Now praise we God the Father (Dox.) ..	623	—
Now thank we all our God	343	(Martin Rinkart (1586-1649), *tr.* C. Winkworth (1829-1878).)
Now that the daylight fills the sky ..	473	Latin, *tr.* J. M. Neale, D.D. (1818-1866).
Now the day is over	601	Sabine Baring-Gould (1834-).
Now the labourer's task is o'er	448	John Ellerton (1826-1893).
Now to Him Who loved us, gave us (Dox.)	613	Samuel Miller Waring (1792-1827).

NO.	TUNE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	METRE.
44	Love came down at Christmas	John E. Borland, Mus.D. (1866-)	67.67.
107	Love Divine	Sir John Stainer, Mus.D. (1840-1901)	87.87.
208	Man of Sorrows	Philip Paul Bliss (1838-1876)	777.8.
426	The Good Fight	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	Irregular.
604	Alla Trinita Beata	From Laudi Spirituali	87.87 D.
131	Everton	Henry Thomas Smart (1813-1879)	87.87 D.
419	University College	Henry J. Gauntlett, Mus.D. (1805-1876)	77.77.
650	Coleshill	Barton's Psalms, 1644	C.M.
55	Carey	Henry Carey (1685-1743)	L.M.
312	Mount of Olives	Lowell Mason, Mus.D. (1792-1872)	664.66.64.
359	1. In Memoriam	Frederick Charles Maker (1844-)	888.4.
	2. Troyte's Chant	Arthur H. D. Troyte (1811-1857)	
11	Westminster	James Turle (1802-1882)	C.M.
340	Carrow	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus.D. (1842-1900)	84.84.84.
338	St. John's College	George M. Garrett, Mus.D. (1834-1897)	C.M.
319	Rest (or Elim)	William Hutchins Callcott (1807-1882)	C.M. D.
237	St. Etheldreda	Thomas Turton, Bp. (1780-1864)	C.M.
718	1. Chant in A	James Nares, Mus.D. (1715-1783)	—
	2. Chant in A	Sir John Goss, Mus.D. (1800-1880)	
	3. Chant in G	William Crotch, Mus.D. (1775-1847)	
	4. Chant in F	Frederick G. Edwards (1853-)	
307	St. Justin	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	88.88.88.
652	St. Thomas	Ashworth's Collection, 1760 (?)	C.M.
378	St. Cecilia	Rev. L. G. Hayne, Mus.D. (1836-1883)	66.66.
363	Dennis	J. G. Nägeli (1768-1836). Arr. by L. Mason	8.M.
365	Clifton	James Brabham (1834-)	8.M.
757		Sir John Goss, Mus.D. (1800-1880)	—
76	Stabat Mater	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876)	887.887.
380	1. Horbury	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876)	64.64.664.
	2. Propior Deo	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus.D. (1842-1900)	64.64.66.46
79	Glebe Field	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876)	77.77.
282	St. Werburgh	Sir R. P. Stewart, Mus.D. (1825-1894)	64.64.664.
314	Rossetti	William Jeater (1858-)	8.10.10.4.
301	St. Bride	Samuel Howard, Mus.D. (1710-1782)	8.M.
286	Southwell	Daman's Psalms, 1579	8.M.
271	St. Raphael	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus.D. (1818-1901)	87.87.47.
687	Old 124th	Genevan Psalter, 1551	10.10.10.10.
607	German Hymn	Ignaz Josef Pleyel (1757-1831)	77.77.
623	Lancashire	Henry Thomas Smart (1813-1879)	76.76 D.
343	Nun Danket	Johann Crüger's Praxis Pietatis Melica, 1648 (?)	67.67.66.66.
473	Jam Lucis	Plainsong Melody	L.M. (Chant)
601	1. Lyndhurst	Anon.	65.65 D.
	2. Eudoxia	Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould (1834-)	65.65.
443	Requiescat	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876)	77.77.88.
613	Triumph	Henry J. Gauntlett, Mus.D. (1805-1876)	87.87.87.

HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR.
O be joyful in the Lord	715	*Jubilate* (*Psalm c*).
O Christ, our hope, our hearts' desire ..	135	Latin, *tr.* John Chandler (1806-1876).
O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head	64	Anne Ross Cousin (1824-1906).
O come, all ye faithful	41	Latin, *tr.* W. Mercer (1811-1873).
O come and mourn with me awhile ..	63	Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814-1863).
O come, let us sing to the Lord	668	Metrical Psalm xcv. 1—6.
O come, let us sing unto the Lord	714	*Venite, exultemus Domino* (*Psalm xcv*).
O come, let us worship	725	*Scripture Sentence.*
O come, O come, Immanuel..	149	Latin, *tr.* J. M. Neale, D.D. (1818-1866).
O dark and dreary day	77	Samuel Childs Clarke (1821-).
O day of rest and gladness	238	Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Bp. (1807-1885)
O Dayspring (A)	773	—
O Father all creating	528	John Ellerton (1826-1893).
O Father, ever glorious (Dox.)	612	—
O for a closer walk with God	382	William Cowper (1731-1800).
O for a faith that will not shrink	392	William Hiley Bathurst (1796-1877).
O for a heart to praise my God	385	Charles Wesley (1707-1788).
O for a thousand tongues to sing	126	Charles Wesley (1707-1788).
O for the peace which floweth as a river..	430	Jane Fox Crewdson (1809-1863).
O God, give ear unto my cry	651	Metrical Psalm lxi. 1—4.
O God of Bethel, by Whose hand	443	Philip Doddridge, D.D. (1702-1751).
O God of love, O King of peace	520	Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart. (1821-1877).
O God of mercy, God of might	414	Godfrey Thring (1823-1903).
O God, the Rock of Ages	14	Edward Henry Bickersteth, D.D., Bp. (1825-1906)
O greatly blessed the people are	664	Metrical Psalm lxxxix. 15—18.
O happy band of pilgrims	437	John Mason Neale, D.D. (1818-1866).
O happy day, that fixed my choice ..	347	Philip Doddridge, D.D. (1702-1751).
O happy home where Thou art loved ..	531	C. J. P. Spitta (1801-1859), *tr.* S. L. Findlater
O happy is that man and blest	697	Metrical Psalm cxlvi. 5—10.
O hear my prayer, Lord	693	Metrical Psalm cxliii. 1, 6—8
O help us, Lord; each hour of need ..	383	Henry Hart Milman, D.D. (1791-1868).
O Holy Ghost, into our minds (A)	778	*From the Latin.*
O holy Saviour, Friend unseen	305	Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871).
O Jesus Christ, the Holy One	276	Jane Euphemia Saxby (1811-).
O Jesus, I have promised	342	John Ernest Bode (1816-1874).
O Jesus, King most wonderful	329	Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153). *tr.* Edward Caswall (1814-1878)
O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace	468	Ambrose (340-397), *tr.* J. Chandler (1806-1876)
O Jesus, Thou art standing	205	William Walsham How, Bp. (1823-1897).
O King of mercy, from Thy throne on high	384	Thomas Rawson Birks (1810-1883).
O Lamb of God, still keep me	395	James George Deck (1802-1884).
O let him whose sorrow	367	H. S. Oswald (1751-1837), *tr.* F. E. Cox.

NO.	TUNE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	METRE.
715	1. Chant in E♭	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus.D. (1818-1901)	—
	2. Chant in A	Jonathan Battishill (1738-1801)	
	3. Chant in E	Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley (1825-1889)	
	4. Chant in B♭	Sir George J. Elvey, Mus.D. (1816-1893)	
135	St. Saviour	Frederick George Baker (1840-)	C.M.
64	All Hallows	Arthur Henry Brown (1830-)	86.86.86.
41	Adeste, fideles	(?) John Reading (-1692)	Irregular.
63	St. Cross	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876)	L.M.
668	Southwark	Adapted from C. Tye, Mus.D., 1553	C.M.
714	1. Chant in A	William Crotch, Mus.D. (1775-1847)	—
	2. Chant in D	Arthur H. Mann, Mus.D. (1850-)	
	3. Chants in E♭	(A) E. J. Hopkins, Mus.D. (1818-1901)	
		(B) Rev. William Felton (1715-1769)	
728	1. Chant in E♭	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus.D. (1818-1901)	—
	2. Chant in A	James Nares, Mus.D. (1715-1783)	
149	Veni Immanuel	Plainsong Melody	88.88.88.
77	Dies Tenebrosa	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876)	666.666.
238	St. Anselm	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	76.76 D.
773	—	Sir John Stainer, Mus.D. (1840-1901)	—
528	Aurelia	Samuel S. Wesley, Mus.D. (1810-1876)	76.76 D.
612	Aurelia	Samuel S. Wesley, Mus.D. (1810-1876)	76.76 D.
382	Martyrdom	Hugh Wilson (1766-1824)	C.M.
392	Dunfermline	Scottish Psalter, 1615	C.M.
385	Jazer	A. Edmonds Tozer, Mus.D. (1857-)	C.M.
126	Harington	Henry Harington, M.D. (1727-1816)	C.M.
430	Marlborough	Anon.	11 10.11 10.
651	Salzburg	Adapted from J. M. Haydn (1737-1806)	C.M.
443	French	Scottish Psalter, 1615	C.M.
520	Rockingham	Adapted by E. Miller, Mus.D., 1790	L.M.
414	Elmhurst	Edwin Drewett (1850-)	888.6.
14	Ceylon	Samuel Reay (1822-1905)	76.76 D.
664	St. Stephen	Rev. William Jones (1726-1800)	C.M.
437	Knecht	Justin Heinrich Knecht (1752-1817)	76.76.
347	Brookfield	Thomas Bishop Southgate (1814-1868)	L.M.
631	Vesalius	Sir E. Cooper Perry, M.D. (1856-)	11 10.11 10.
397	York	Scottish Psalter, 1615	C.M.
693	Leuchars	Thomas Legerwood Hately (1815-1867)	66.66.
383	Farrant	(?) Richard Farrant (*fl.* 1564-1580)	C.M.
778	—	Sir G. A. Macfarren, Mus.D. (1813-1887)	—
305	Trust	Rev. G. W. Torrance, Mus.D. (1835-1907)	888.6.
376	Martyrdom	Hugh Wilson (1766-1824)	C.M.
342	Day of Rest	James William Elliott (1833-)	76.76 D.
429	Metzler	Richard Redhead (1820-1901)	C.M.
68	Eisenach	Johann Hermann Schein (1586-1630)	L.M.
108	St. Christopher	Frederick Charles Maker (1844-)	76.76 D.
84	Hispania	Adapted	10 10.
195	Arcadelt	(?) Jacques Arcadelt, 1540	76.76 D.
367	Clewer	German	65.65.

HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR.
O Light That knew no dawn	472	Gregory Nazianzen (325-390) *tr.* J. Brownlie.
O Light, Whose beams illumine all ..	396	Edward Hayes Plumptre, D.D. (1821-1891).
O little town of Bethlehem	46	Phillips Brooks, D.D., Bp. (1835-1893).
O Lord, how happy should we be	366	Joseph Anstice (1808-1836).
O Lord my God (A)	755	*I. Kings viii. 28, 30.*
*O Lord of all, we bring to Thee	567	Ella S. Armitage (1841-).
O Lord of heaven and earth and sea ..	15	C. Wordsworth, D.D., Bp. (1807-1885).
O Lord of life, and love, and power ..	412	Ella S. Armitage (1841-).
O Lord our God, arise	218	Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. (1779-1853).
O Lord, Thou art my God and King ..	694	Metrical Psalm cxlv. 1—7.
O Lord, Thy judgments give the king ..	658	Metrical Psalm lxxii. 1—8.
O Love Divine, how sweet thou art ..	109	Charles Wesley (1707-1788).
O Love of God, how strong and true ..	26	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-1889).
O Love that wilt not let me go	336	George Matheson, D.D. (1842-1906).
O Master, let me walk with Thee	413	Washington Gladden (1836-).
O may we stand before the Lamb	608	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748).
O mean may seem this house of clay ..	50	Thomas Hornblower Gill (1819-1906).
O North, with all thy vales of green ..	232	William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878).
O perfect life of love	70	Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart. (1821-1877).
O perfect Love, all human thought ..	529	Dorothy F. Gurney (1858-).
O praise the Lord (A)	752	*Psalm cxvii.*
O quickly come, dread Judge of all ..	150	Laurence Tuttiett (1825-1897).
O Sacred Head, now wounded	65	Gerhardt (1607-1676) *tr.* J. W. Alexander.
O Saviour, ere we part	495	J. T. Musgrave.
O Saviour, I have nought to plead ..	315	Jane Crewdson (1809-1863).
O Saviour of the world	721	*Salvator Mundi.*
O Saviour of the world (A)	768	—
O Saviour, precious Saviour	138	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879).
O Saviour, where shall guilty man ..	72	C. E. May, 1861.
O send out Thy light and Thy truth ..	727	*Scripture Sentence.*
O send Thy light forth and Thy truth ..	645	Metrical Psalm xliii. 3—5.
O set ye open unto me	682	Metrical Psalm cxviii. 19—29.
O sing a new song to the Lord, For ..	671	Metrical Psalm xcviii.
O sing a new song to the Lord; Sing all ..	669	Metrical Psalm xcvi. 1—7.
O sing unto the Lord a new song	717	*Cantate Domino* (*Psalm xcviii*).
O Spirit of the living God	212	James Montgomery (1771-1854).
O taste and see (A)	761	*Psalm xxxiv. 8—10.*
O that the Lord's salvation	233	Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847).
O the bitter shame and sorrow	348	Theodore Monod (1836-).
O Thou before Whose presence	234	Samuel John Stone (1839-1900).
O Thou from Whom all goodness flows ..	394	Thomas Haweis, D.D. (1732-1820).
O thou my soul, bless God the Lord ..	674	Metrical Psalm ciii. 1—5.
O Thou through suffering perfect made ..	116	W. Walsham How, D.D., Bp. (1823-1897).
O Thou Who art the Lord my God ..	638	Metrical Psalm xxx. 2—5.
O timely happy, timely wise	463	John Keble (1792-1866).
*O what can little hands do	576	Anon.
O Word of God incarnate	184	W. Walsham How, D.D., Bp. (1823-1897).

NO.	TUNE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	METRE.
172	Harewood	Samuel S. Wesley, Mus.D. (1810-1876)	66.66.88.
396	St. Justin	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	88.88.88.
46	Christmas Carol	H. Walford Davies, Mus.D. (1869-)	86.86.76.86.
366	Innsbruck	Heinrich Isaac (*c.* 1450-1520)	886.886.
755	—	Rev. Henri A. C. Malan, D.D. (1787-1864)	—
467	Westwood	J. Douglas Macey (1860-)	C.M. D.
15	Almsgiving	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876)	888.4.
412	St. Ursula	Frederick Westlake (1840-1898)	C.M. D.
218	St. Augustine	(?) Pierre Abélard (1079-1142)	S.M.
394	Duke Street	John Hatton (-1793)	L.M.
558	Prætorius	Görlitz Hymn Book, 1599	C.M.
109	Purleigh	Arthur Henry Brown (1830-)	886.886.
26	St. Gregory	Geistliche Sitten-Lieder, Nürnberg, 1684	L.M.
336	St. Margaret	Albert Lister Peace, Mus.D. (1844-)	88.886.
413	Thanksgiving	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876)	L.M.
308	St. Paul	James Chalmers's Collection, 1749	C.M.
50	Callcott	John Wall Callcott, Mus.D. (1766-1821)	C.M.
232	Harrogate	Gerard Francis Cobb (1838-1904)	86.86.88.
70	Aber	William H. Monk, Mus.D. (1823-1889)	S.M.
329	O perfect Love	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	11 10.11 10.
752	—	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus.D. (1818-1901)	—
150	Veni Cito	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876)	88.88.88.
68	Passion Chorale	Hans Leo Hassler (1564-1612)	76.76 D.
95	—	J. T. Musgrave (1851-)	S.M.
315	Consent	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876)	88.86.
721	1. Chant in F 2. Chant in E	Parisian Tone B. Vine Westbrook (1859-)	—
768	—	Sir John Goss, Mus.D. (1800-1880)	—
38	Zoan	Rev. William H. Havergal (1793-1870)	76.76 D.
72	St. Aloysius	Josiah Booth (1852-)	86.886.
727	1. Chant in A 2. Chant in C	Sir G. A. Macfarren, Mus.D. (1813-1887) Edwin G. Monk, Mus.D. (1819-1900)	—
548	Invocation	Robert Archibald Smith (1780-1829)	Irregular.
482	St. Leonard	Henry Thomas Smart (1813-1879)	C.M.
371	Manchester	Robert Wainwright, Mus.D. (1748-1782)	C.M.
389	St. Magnus	Jeremiah Clark (1670?-1707)	C.M.
717	1. Chant in C 2. Chant in Eb 3. Chant in A	Thomas S. Dupuis, Mus.D. (1730-1796) Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896) William Crotch, Mus.D. (1775-1847)	—
712	Dublin	John Pyke Hullah, LL.D. (1812-1884)	L.M.
761	—	Sir John Goss, Mus.D. (1800-1880)	—
333	Bremen	Melchior Vulpius (1560-1616)	76.76.
448	St. Jude	Charles Vincent, Mus.D. (1852-)	87.887.
334	Day of Rest	James William Elliott (1833-)	76.76 D.
494	Dalehurst	Arthur Cottman (1842-1879)	C.M.
774	St. Peter	Alexander Robert Reinagle (1799-1877)	C.M
116	St. Sepulchre	George Cooper (1820-1876)	L.M.
338	Burford	Attributed to Henry Purcell (1658-1695)	C.M.
663	Melcombe	Samuel Webbe (1740-1816)	L.M.
776	Grace	From The Children's Hymnal	Irregular.
384	Dies Dominica	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876)	76.76 D.

HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR.
O worship the King all-glorious above ..	12	Sir Robert Grant (1785-1838).
O'er the distant mountains breaking ..	142	J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1875).
O'er those gloomy hills of darkness ..	216	William Williams (1717-1791).
Of the Father's love begotten	45	Prudentius (348-413), *tr.* J. M. Neale.
On wings of living light	89	W. Walsham How, D.D., Bp. (1823-1897)
*Once in royal David's city	549	Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-1895).
*One is kind above all others	560	Marianne Nunn (1778-1847).
One sole baptismal sign	169	George Robinson, 1842.
One there is, above all others	108	John Newton (1725-1807).
One there is Who loves thee	210	H. C. Ayres (1849-).
One thing I of the Lord desire	393	Walter Chalmers Smith, D.D. (1824-
One thing I of the Lord desired	637	Metrical Psalm xxvii. 4—6.
Onward, Christian soldiers	421	Sabine Baring-Gould (1834-).
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed ..	159	Harriet Auber (1773-1862).
Our children, Lord, in faith and prayer ..	266	T. Haweis (1732-1820).
Our day of praise is done	241	John Ellerton (1826-1893).
Our Father, Which art in heaven	742	*The Lord's Prayer.*
Our God, our help in ages past	509	Isaac Watts (1674-1748).
Our help is in the name	723	*Scripture Sentence.*
Our Lord, and Master of us all	118	John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892).
Part in peace: Christ's life was peace ..	609	Sarah F. Adams (1805-1848).
Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world ..	320	Edward Henry Bickersteth, Bp. (1825-19
Pleasant are Thy courts above	256	Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847).
Pour out Thy Spirit from on high	525	James Montgomery (1771-1854).
Praise God, for He is good: for still ..	677	Metrical Psalm cvii. 1—9.
Praise God, for He is kind	692	Metrical Psalm cxxxvi. 1—4, 23—26.
Praise God, from Whom all blessings (Dox.)	610	Thomas Ken, D.D., Bp. (1637-1711).
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven ..	16	Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847).
Praise, O praise our God and King ..	502	Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart. (1821-1877).
Praise the Lord! His glories show (Dox.)	616	—
Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him	13	Anon., 1809.
Praise the name of God most high (Dox.)	622	—
Praise to our God, Whose bounteous hand	518	John Ellerton (1826-1893).
Praise to the Holiest in the height ..	27	John Henry Newman, D.D. (1801-1890).
Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King	28	J. Neander (1650-1680), *tr.* C. Winkwort
Praise waiteth for Thee, O God	705	*Psalm lxv.*
Praise waits for Thee in Sion, Lord ..	654	Metrical Psalm lxv. 1—5.
Praise ye Jehovah, praise the Lord most holy	7	Margaret, Lady Cockburn-Campbell, (-18
Praise ye the Lord; for it is good	698	Metrical Psalm cxlvii. 1—5.
Praise ye the Lord. Praise the Lord ..	711	*Psalm cxlvi.*
Praise ye the Lord: with my whole heart	679	Metrical Psalm cxi.

NO.	TUNE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	METRE.
12	1. Hanover	Ascribed to W. Croft, Mus. D. (1678-1727)	10 10.11 11.
	2. Houghton	Henry J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1805-1876)	
142	Triumph	Henry J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1805-1876)	87.87.87.
216	Unser Herrscher .	Joachim Neander (1650-1680)	87.87.87.
45	Gulworthy	Rev. John Hurst, Mus. B.	87.87.87.7.
89	Waterstock	Sir John Goss, Mus. D. (1800-1880) ..	66.66.88.
549	Irby	Henry J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1805-1876)	87.87.77.
560	Tenderness	Richard William Beaty (1799?-1883) ..	84.84.88.84.
169	St. Godric	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. (1823-1876) ..	66.66.88.
108	Gounod	Charles François Gounod (1818-1893) ..	87.87.77.
210	Deva	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus. D. (1818-1901)	65.65.65.74.65.74.
393	Shoreham	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. (1823-1876) ..	88.34.
637	Abridge	Isaac Smith, Psalm Tunes, 1770 ..	C.M.
421	St. Gertrude .	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. D. (1842-1900) ..	65.65 (12 lines).
159	St. Cuthbert .. .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. (1823-1876) ..	86.84.
266	St. Peter	Alexander Robert Reinagle (1799-1877)	C.M.
241	Day of Praise .	Charles Steggall, Mus. D. (1826-1905) ..	S.M.
742	Monotone Setting ..	John E. Borland, Mus. D. (1866-) ..	—
509	St. Anne	Ascribed to W. Croft, Mus. D. (1678-1727)	C.M.
723	1. Chant in C	Richard Goodson (-1718)	—
	2. Chant in A	John Alcock, Mus. D. (1718?-1806) ..	
118	Faith	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. (1823-1876) ..	C.M.
609	Newington	W. D. Maclagan, D. D., Archbp. (1826-)	77.77.
320	1. Pax Tecum	Charles Vincent, Mus. D., founded on a melody by G. T. Caldbeck	10 10.
	2. Perfect Peace.. ..	F. N. Abernethy, Mus. D. (1864-) ..	
256	Maidstone	Walter Bond Gilbert, Mus. D. (1829-)	77.77 D.
525	Mainzer	Joseph Mainzer, Ph. D. (1801-1851) .	L.M.
677	1. St. Etheldreda	Thomas Turton, Bp. (1780-1864)	C.M.
	2. Old 137th	Anglo-Genevan Psalter, 1556	C.M. D.
692	Darwall	Rev. John Darwall (1731-1789) .. .	66.66.88.
610	Old Hundredth	Genevan Psalter, 1551	L.M.
16	Praise, my soul ..	Sir John Goss, Mus. D. (1800-1880) ..	87.87.87.
502	Monkland	Arr. by John Wilkes, 1861	77.77.
616	Benevento	Samuel Webbe (1740-1816) Har. by J. E. B.	77.77 D.
13	Austria	Franz Joseph Haydn (1732-1809) ..	87.87 D.
622	Dix	Conrad Kocher, Ph. D. (1786-1872) .	77.77.77.
518	Truro	Psalmodia Evangelica, 1790 .. .	L.M.
27	Gerontius	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. (1823-1876) ..	C.M.
28	Hast du denn, Jesu ..	Praxis Pietatis Melica, 1668	14 14.478.
705	1. Chant in E♭	John Robinson (1682-1762)	—
	2. Chant in E♭ .. .	William Russell, Mus. B. (1777-1813)	
634	Abridge	Isaac Smith, Psalm Tunes, 1770 ..	C.M.
7	Auchincairn	J. K. Scott, 1865	11 10.11 10.
698	Waldrons	Charles Edward Miller (1856-) ..	C.M.
711	1. Chant in F	W. Battison Haynes (1859-1900) ..	—
	2. Chant in B♭	Richard Woodward, Mus. D. (1744-1777)	
	3. Chant in C	Sir G. A. Macfarren, Mus. D. (1813-1887)	
679	Lancaster	Samuel Howard, Mus. D. (1710-1782) ..	C.M.

HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR.
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart	368	John Newton (1725-1807).
Redeemed, restored, forgiven	355	Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart. (1821-1877).
Rejoice, all ye believers	146	Laurentius Laurenti (1660-1722), *tr.* S. L. Findlat
Rejoice in the Lord (A)	766	*Psalm xxxiii. 1, 2.*
Rejoice, the Lord is King	99	Charles Wesley (1707-1788).
Rejoice to-day with one accord	18	Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart. (1821-1877).
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying	400	Frances J. Van Alstyne (1823-).
Rest of the weary	139	J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1875).
Return, O wanderer, to thy home ..	191	Thomas Hastings (1784-1872).
Revive Thy work, O Lord	390	Albert Midlane (1825-).
Ride on, ride on in majesty	61	Henry Hart Milman, D.D. (1791—1868).
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	302	Augustus Montague Toplady (1740-1778).
Round the Lord in glory seated	5	Richard Mant, D.D., Bp. (1776-1848).
Safely, safely gathered in	450	Henrietta Octavia De Lisle Dobree (1831-189
Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise	485	John Ellerton (1826-1893).
Saviour, blessèd Saviour	127	Godfrey Thring (1823-1903).
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing ..	480	James Edmeston (1791-1867).
*Saviour, like a shepherd lead us	589	Anon.
Saviour, now the day is ending	490	Sarah Doudney (1842-).
Saviour, sprinkle many nations	219	Arthur C. Coxe, D.D., Bp. (1818-1896).
*Saviour, teach me, day by day	564	Jane E. Leeson (1807-1882).
Saviour, Thy dying love	404	Sylvanus Dryden Phelps, D.D. (1816-
Saviour, when in dust to Thee	287	Sir Robert Grant (1785-1838).
*Saviour, while my heart is tender.. ..	563	John Burton, Jun. (1803-1877).
*See ! in yonder manger low	553	Edward Caswall (1814-1878).
See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand ..	267	Philip Doddridge, D.D. (1702-1751).
See ! the conqueror mounts in triumph ..	102	C. Wordsworth, D.D., Bp. (1807-1885).
Set thou thy trust upon the Lord	643	Metrical Psalm xxxvii. 3—7.
Shepherd of tender youth	133	Clement of Alexandria, (-217), *tr.* H. M. Dexter (1821-18
Show pity, Lord	294	David Thomas (1813-1894).
Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise ..	29	Latin, *tr.* John Ellerton (1826-1893).
Sing to the Lord a joyful song	30	J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1875).
Sinners Jesus will receive	200	Neumeister (1671-1756), *tr.* E. F. Bevan (1827-
Sit down beneath His shadow	280	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879).
Sleep thy last sleep	451	Edward A. Dayman (1807-1890).
Soldiers of Christ, arise	420	Charles Wesley (1707-1788).
Soldiers of the cross, arise	236	W. Walsham How, D.D., Bp. (1823-1897
Something every heart is loving	330	G. Tersteegen (1697-1769), *tr.* E. F. Bev
Sometimes a light surprises..	321	William Cowper (1731-1800).
Son of Man, to Thee I cry	386	Richard Mant, D.D., Bp. (1776-1848).
Songs of praise the angels sang	130	James Montgomery (1771-1854).
Souls of men, why will ye scatter	203	Frederick William Faber (1814-1863).
Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding ..	114	J. Kent (1766-1843).

NO.	TUNE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	METRE.
368	Cassel	Johann Thommen's Choralbuch, 1745	77.77.77.
355	Coeli enarrant gloriam	Sir R. P. Stewart, Mus.D. (1825-1894)	76.76 D.
146	Greenland	Adapted from J. M. Haydn (1737-1806)	76.76 D.
766	—	Sir George J. Elvey, Mus.D. (1816-1893)	—
99	Darwall	Rev. John Darwall (1731-1789)	66.66.88.
18	Gloria in excelsis	James William Elliott (1833-)	87.87 66.66.7
400	Rescue the perishing	William Howard Doane (1832-)	11 10.11 10, Refrain.
139	Rest of the weary	Henry Parker (1842-)	99.99.
191	Wanderer	Thomas Hastings, Mus.D. (1784-1872)	86.86.4.
390	Tytherton	Rev. Lewis Renatus West (1753-1826)	S.M.
61	Palmæ	Sir William George Cusins (1833-1893)	L.M.
302	1. Petra (Redhead 76) 2. Trust (or Faith)	Richard Redhead (1820-1901) Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876)	77.77.77.
5	Deerhurst	James Langran (1835-)	87.87 D.
450	Ramoth	John Baptiste Calkin (1827-1905)	77.77 D.
485	Pax Dei	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876)	10 10.10 10.
127	1. St. Paul's 2. Colyton	John Baptiste Calkin (1827-1905) William H. Monk, Mus.D. (1823-1889)	65.65 D.
480	Salvator	James P. Jewson (1823-1889)	87.87 D.
589	The Good Shepherd	William B. Bradbury (1816-1868)	87.87.87, Repeat
490	Godesberg	Heinrich Albert (1604-1651)	87.87.77.
219	Falfield (or Formosa)	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus.D. (1842-1900)	87.87 D.
564	St. Benedict	Sir John Stainer, Mus.D. (1840-1901)	77.77.
404	Consecration	Rev. Robert Lowry, D.D. (1826-1899)	64.64.66.64.
287	Miserere	William H. Monk, Mus.D. (1823-1889)	77.77 D.
563	Sicily	Sicilian Melody	87.87.
583	Humility	Sir John Goss, Mus.D. (1800-1880)	77.77, Refrain.
267	Sabbata	Henry Frederick Hemy (1818-1888)	C.M.
102	Rex Gloriæ	Henry Thomas Smart (1813-1879)	87.87 D.
643	St. Frances	George Augustus Löhr (1821-1897)	C.M.
133	St. Ambrose	William H. Monk, Mus.D. (1823-1889)	664.66.64.
294	Wroxall	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus.D. (1818-1901)	46.46 D.
29	Alleluia Perenne	William H. Monk, Mus.D. (1823-1889)	10 10.7.
30	Cantate Domino	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	L.M. D.
200	Glastonbury	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876)	77.77.77
280	Munich	Meiningisches Gesangbuch, 1693	76.76 D.
451	Requiem	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	46.46 D.
420	St. Ethelwald	William H. Monk, Mus.D. (1823-1889)	S.M.
236	Clarion	E. F. Rimbault, LL.D. (1816-1876)	77.77.
330	Lucerne	T. A. Willis	87.87.
321	Bentley	John Pyke Hullah, LL.D. (1812-1884)	76.76 D.
386	St. Clement	Charles Steggall, Mus.D. (1826-1905)	77.77.77.
130	Culbach	Scheffler's Geistliche Hirtenlieder, 1657	77.77.
203	Guardant	Clement H. Perrot (1842-)	87.87.
114	Heber	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus.D. (1818-1901)	87.87.47.

HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR.
Spirit Divine, attend our prayer	160	Andrew Reed, D.D. (1787-1862).
Spirit of God, That moved of old	168	Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-1895).
Spirit of wisdom, turn our eyes	167	Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814-1863).
Spread, O spread, thou mighty word ..	222	J. F. Bahnmaier (1774-1841), *tr.* C. Winkworth (1829-1878).
Stand up and bless the Lord	257	James Montgomery (1771-1854).
Stand up, stand up for Jesus	427	George Duffield, D.D. (1818-1888).
Standing at the portal	512	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879).
*Star of peace to wanderers weary	574	Jane Cross Simpson (1811-1886).
Still on the homeward journey	514	Jane L. Borthwick (1813-1897).
Still with Thee, O my God	389	James Drummond Burns (1823-1864).
Suffer the little children (A)	780	*Mark x. 14.*
Summer suns are glowing	500	W. Walsham How, D.D., Bp. (1823-1897).
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear ..	487	John Keble (1792-1866).
Sunset and evening star (A)	776	Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892).
Sweet is the sunlight after rain	244	W. Morley Punshon, D.D. (1824-1881).
Sweet is the work, my God, my King ..	239	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748).
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go	479	Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814-1863).
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing ..	66	W. W. Shirley (1725-1786).
Take comfort, Christians, when your friends	446	John Logan (1748-1788).
Take me, O my Father, take me	290	Ray Palmer, D.D. (1808-1887).
Take my life, and let it be	351	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879).
'Take up thy cross,' the Saviour said ..	51	Charles W. Everest (1814-1877).
Teach me, O Lord, the perfect way ..	684	Metrical Psalm cxix. 33—40.
Teach me Thy way (A)	779	*Psalm lxxxvi. 11, 16.*
Tell it out among the heathen	220	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879).
Tell me the old, old story	192	Katharine Hankey.
Ten thousand times ten thousand	147	Henry Alford, D.D. (1810-1871).
That day of wrath, that dreadful day ..	151	Sir Walter Scott, Bart. (1771-1832).
That man hath perfect blessedness ..	625	Metrical Psalm i.
The Church's one foundation	171	Samuel John Stone (1839-1900).
The day is past and over	483	Anatolius (5th Century), *tr.* J. M. Neale, D.D. (1818-1866).
The day of resurrection	85	John of Damascus (676-754), *tr.* J. M. Neale, D.D. (1818-1866).
The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended ..	242	John Ellerton (1826-1893).
The earth belongs unto the Lord	633	Metrical Psalm xxiv. 1—6.
*The fields are all white	578	Anon.
The glory of the spring how sweet ..	499	Thomas Hornblower Gill (1819-1906).
The God of Abraham praise	17	Thomas Olivers (1725-1799).
The Head that once was crowned with thorns	93	Thomas Kelly (1769-1855).
The heavens declare the glory of God ..	700	*Psalm xix.*
The King of love my Shepherd is	111	Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart. (1821-1877).
The Lord bless thee and keep thee	743	*Numbers vi. 24—26.*

NO.	TUNE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	METRE.
160	Nox Præcessit	John Baptiste Calkin (1827-1905) ..	C.M.
168	Soldau	Walther's Gesangbuch, 1524. Arr. by Henry E. Dibdin, 1851	L.M.
167	Magdalen College ..	William Hayes, Mus.D. (1706-1777) ..	886.886.
222	Ravenna	Justin Heinrich Knecht (1752-1817) ..	77.77.
257	Narenza	Cöln Gesangbuch, 1619. Arr. by W. H. Havergal	S.M.
427	Stand up for Jesus	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	76.76 D.
512	New Year.. ..	Arthur Henry Mann, Mus.D. (1850-)	65.65 (12 lines).
574	Star of peace	Lowell Mason, Mus.D. (1792-1872) ..	87.84, Repeat.
514	St. Catharine ..	Rev. R. F. Dale, Mus.B. (1845-) ..	76.76 D.
389	Westenhanger	Clement William Poole (1828-) ..	S.M.
780	—	Henry Robert Gadsby (1842-) ..	—
500	Ruth	Samuel Smith (1821-)	65.65 D.
487	1. Abends .. 2. Hursley.. ..	Sir H. S. Oakeley, Mus.D. (1830-1903) .. Katholisches Gesangbuch, 1774 (?) ..	L.M.
776	—	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	—
244	Saxby	Rev. T. R. Matthews (1826-) ..	L.M.
239	Leigh	Alexander Robert Reinagle (1799-1877)	L.M.
479	St. Matthias ..	William H. Monk, Mus.D. (1823-1889)	88.88.88.
66	Batty	Johann Thommen's Choralbuch, 1745	87.87.
446	Evan	Rev. W. H. Havergal (1793-1870) ..	C.M.
290	St. Mabyn	Arthur Henry Brown (1830-) ..	87.87.
351	1. Culford .. .. 2. Consecration	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus.D. (1818-1901) George M. Garrett, Mus.D. (1834-1897)	77.77 D. 77.77.
81	Breslau	Geistliche Gesänge, Leipsic, 1625 ..	L.M.
684	Ravenscroft	Thomas Ravenscroft's Whole Booke of Psalmes, 1621	C.M.
779	—	Louis Spohr (1784-1859)	—
220	Regnabit Deus ..	Herbert Stephen Irons (1834-1905) ..	136.136. 13 13. 1315.
192	Remembrance	Josiah Booth (1852-)	76.76.
147	Alford	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876) ..	76.86 D.
151	Saxony	Spangenberg's Gesangbuch, 1568 ..	L.M.
628	Dunfermline ..	Scottish Psalter, 1615	C.M.
171	Aurelia	Samuel S. Wesley, Mus.D. (1810-1876)..	76.76 D.
483	St. Anatolius ..	Arthur Henry Brown (1830-) ..	76.76.88.
85	Rotterdam	Berthold Tours (1838-1897)	76.76 D.
242	St. Clement	Rev. Clement C. Scholefield (1839-1905)	98.98.
633	Crediton	Thomas Clark (1775-1859)	C.M.
578	Invermay	Rev. James Lamb (1835-)	56.65.9.
499	Arnold	Samuel Arnold, Mus.D. (1740-1802) ..	C.M.
17	Leoni	(?) Old Hebrew Melody	66.84 D.
93	St. Magnus	Jeremiah Clark (1670 ?-1707)	C.M.
700	1. Chant in C .. .. 2. Chant in G	William Crotch, Mus.D. (1775-1847) .. John Lemon (1754-1814)	—
111	Dominus regit me ..	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876) ..	87.87 (Iambic).
743	*Settings*	1. Arr. by Lowell Mason, Mus.D. .. 2. Frank N. Abernethy, Mus.D. (1864-)	—

HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR.
The Lord bless thee and keep thee (A) ..	781	*Numbers vi. 24—26.*
The Lord did say unto my Lord	678	Metrical Psalm cx.
The Lord doth reign and clothed is He ..	667	Metrical Psalm xciii.
The Lord is just in His ways all	696	Metrical Psalm cxlv. 17—21.
The Lord is King : lift up thy voice ..	31	Josiah Conder (1789-1855).
The Lord is my Shepherd (A)	749	*Psalm xxiii. 1—4, 6.*
The Lord is my Strength (A)	760	*Psalm cxviii. 14, 19, 22, 24.*
The Lord is nigh unto all them	724	*Scripture Sentence.*
The Lord is rich and merciful	209	Thomas Toke Lynch (1818-1871).
The Lord of heaven confess	699	Metrical Psalm cxlviii.
The Lord our God is gracious	695	Metrical Psalm cxlv. 8—14.
The Lord our God is merciful	675	Metrical Psalm ciii. 8—17.
The Lord 's my Shepherd, I 'll not want ..	632	Metrical Psalm xxiii.
The race that long in darkness pined ..	42	John Morison (1749-1798).
The radiant morn hath passed away ..	478	Godfrey Thring (1823-1903).
The roseate hues of early dawn	387	Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-1895).
The saints of God ! their conflict past ..	460	William D. Maclagan, Archbp. (1826-).
The sands of time are sinking	457	Anne Ross Cousin (1824-1906).
The Saviour comes ! no outward pomp ..	73	William Robertson, 1743.
The Son of God goes forth to war	417	Reginald Heber, D.D., Bp. (1783-1826).
The sower went forth sowing	505	William St. Hill Bourne (1846-).
The spacious firmament on high	32	Joseph Addison (1672-1719).
The Spirit breathes upon the word ..	180	William Cowper (1731-1800).
The strain upraise of joy and praise ..	21	Latin, *tr.* J. M. Neale, D.D. (1818-1866).
The strife is o'er, the battle done	88	Latin, *tr.* Francis Pott (1832-).
The sun declines ; o'er land and sea ..	493	Robert Walmsley (1831-).
The sun is sinking fast	484	Latin, *tr.* Edward Caswall (1814-1878).
The toil of brain, or heart, or hand ..	415	T. W. Freckleton (1827-).
The voice that breathed o'er Eden ..	530	John Keble (1792-1866).
*The wise may bring their learning ..	580	Anon.
Thee will I love, my strength, my tower	326	J. Scheffler (1624-1676), *tr.* John Wesley (1703-1791).
*There came a little Child to earth ..	550	Emily E. S. Elliott (1835-1897).
There is a blessèd home	458	Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart. (1821-1877).
There is a book, who runs may read ..	33	John Keble (1792-1866).
*There is a city bright	593	Mary Ann S. Deck (1813-).
There is a fountain filled with blood ..	308	William Cowper (1731-1800).
*There is a green hill far away	556	Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-1895).
*There is a happy land	592	Andrew Young (1807-1889).
There is a holy sacrifice	292	Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871).
There is a land of pure delight	459	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748).
There is a name I love to hear	115	Frederick Whitfield (1829-1904).
There is no night in heaven	462	Francis Minden Knollis (1816-1863).
*There 's a Friend for little children ..	595	Albert Midlane (1825-).
There 's not a grief, however light ..	113	Jane Crewdson (1809-1863).
There were ninety and nine that safely lay	193	Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane (1830-1869).
They in the Lord that firmly trust ..	688	Metrical Psalm cxxv.
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old	56	Edward Hayes Plumptre, D.D. (1821-1891).

NO.	TUNE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	METRE.
781	—	Arthur Eugene Godfrey (1868-) ..	—
678	Edinburgh	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus.D. (1818-1901)	C.M.
667	St. Gregory	Robert Wainwright, Mus.D. (1748-1782)	C.M.
696	Commandments	Genevan Psalter, 1543	L.M.
31	Confidence	Jeremiah Clark (1670 ?-1707)	L.M.
749	—	Sir G. A. Macfarren, Mus.D. (1813-1887)	—
760	—	William H. Monk, Mus.D. (1823-1889)	—
724	(1. Chant in G	1. Thomas Purcell (-1682)	—
	2. Chant in A	2. William Crotch, Mus.D. (1775-1847)	
209	Petersham	Clement William Poole (1828-) ..	C.M. D.
699	Croft's 148th	William Croft, Mus.D. (1678-1727) ..	66.66.88.
695	Winchester New ..	Musikalisches Handbuch, Hamburg, 1690	L.M.
675	Cheshire	Este's Psalter, 1592	C.M.
632	Wiltshire	Sir George Thomas Smart (1776-1867) ..	C.M.
42	St. Saviour	Frederick George Baker (1840-) ..	C.M.
478	St. Gabriel	Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley (1825-1889) ..	88.84.
387	Castle Rising	Rev. F. A. J. Hervey (1846-) ..	C.M. D.
460	All Saints (or Rest) ..	Sir John Stainer, Mus.D. (1840-1901) ..	88.88.88.
457	Rutherford	Chrétien Urhan (1790-1845)	76.76.76.75.
73	St. Mary	Archdn. Prys's Welsh Psalter, 1621 ..	C.M.
417	St. Anne	William Croft, Mus.D. (1678-1727) ..	C.M.
505	St. Beatrice	Sir J. F. Bridge, Mus.D. (1844-) ..	76.76 (12 lines).
32	Peterborough	Sir John Goss, Mus.D. (1800-1880) ..	L.M. D.
180	St. James	Raphael Courteville (-1772) ..	C.M.
21	The strain upraise ..	W. Hayes. Arr. A. H. D. Troyte (1811-1857)	Irregular.
88	Victory	Adapted from Palestrina (-1594) ..	888 with All.
493	Gloaming	Sir John Stainer, Mus.D. (1840-1901) ..	84.84 D.
484	(1. St. Columba	Herbert Stephen Irons (1834-1905) ..	64.66.
	2. Vespers	Sir R. P. Stewart, Mus.D. (1825-1894) ..	
415	Carlingwark	John E. Borland, Mus.D. (1866-) ..	C.M.
530	St. Alphege	Henry J. Gauntlett, Mus.D. (1805-1876)	76.76.
580	Christmas Morn	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus.D. (1818-1901)	76.76 D.
326	Stella	Old English Melody	88.88.88.
550	Children's Song	Herbert F. R. Walton (1869-) .	Irregular.
458	The Blessed Home ..	Sir John Stainer, Mus.D. (1840-1901) ..	66.66 D.
33	St. Flavian	John Day's Psalter, 1562	C.M.
593	City Bright	James Sherman Tyler (1842-) ..	66.55.6
308	Belmont	Ad. from Gardiner's Sacred Melodies, 1812 (?)	C.M.
586	Horsley	William Horsley, Mus.B. (1774-1858) ..	C.M.
592	Happy Land	R. A. Smith's Select Melodies, 1827 ..	64.64.67.64.
292	Wimbledon	Samuel S. Wesley, Mus.D. (1810-1876)	888.4.
459	Canaan	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876) ..	C.M.
115	Burton Agnes	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876) ..	C.M.
462	Ben Rhydding	Alexander Robert Reinagle (1799-1877)	S.M.
595	In Memoriam	Sir John Stainer, Mus.D. (1840-1901) ..	86.76.76.76.
113	Holy Trinity	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	C.M.
193	Compassion	Josiah Fountain Meen (1846-) ..	Irregular.
688	St. David	Thomas Ravenscroft's Whole Booke of Psalmes, 1621	C.M.
56	St. Matthew	William Croft, Mus.D. (1678-1727) ..	C.M. D.

HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR.
Thine for ever! God of love..	350	Mary Fawler Maude (1848-).
This is the day of light	240	John Ellerton (1826-1893).
This stone to Thee in faith we lay ..	524	James Montgomery (1771-1854).
Thou art coming, O my Saviour	144	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879).
Thou art gone up on high	97	Emma Toke (1812-1872).
Thou art the Way: to Thee alone ..	204	George Washington Doane, D.D., Bp. (1789-1859).
Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly	53	Emily E. S. Elliott (1835-1897).
Thou fairer art than sons of men	646	Metrical Psalm xlv. 2—7.
Thou glorious Sun of Righteousness ..	243	Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871).
Thou gracious God, Whose mercy lends ..	515	Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894).
Thou hast, O Lord, most glorious	657	Metrical Psalm lxviii. 18—20.
Thou hidden love of God, whose height ..	388	G. Tersteegen (1697-1769), *tr.* J. Wesley.
Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and ..	370	Jane L. Borthwick (1813-1897).
Thou, O Lord, art our Father (A)	771	*Isaiah lxiii. 16; John iv. 23.*
Thou shalt arise, and mercy yet	673	Metrical Psalm cii. 13—18.
Thou shalt love the Lord thy God	738	*New Testament Summary of Commandmts.*
Thou to Whom the sick and dying ..	536	Godfrey Thring (1823-1903).
Thou Who didst on Calvary bleed.. ..	391	James Drummond Burns (1823-1864).
Thou Who didst stoop below	98	Sarah Elizabeth Miles (1807-1877).
Thou Whose almighty word	223	John Marriott (1780-1825).
Thou wilt keep him (A)	775	*Isai. xxvi. 3; Pss. cxxxix. 12, cxix. 175.*
Thou with Thy counsel while I live ..	660	Metrical Psalm lxxiii. 24—26.
Though troubles assail	310	John Newton (1725-1807).
Throned upon the awful tree	78	John Ellerton (1826-1893).
Through good report and evil, Lord ..	433	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-1889).
Through the love of God our Saviour ..	364	Mary Peters (1813-1856).
Through the night of doubt and sorrow ..	434	B. S. Ingemann (1789-1862), *tr.* S. Baring-Gould (1834-).
Thy life was given for me	349	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879).
Thy mercy, Lord, is in the heavens ..	642	Metrical Psalm xxxvi. 5—9.
Thy way, not mine, O Lord	389	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-1889).
Thy works, not mine, O Christ	69	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-1889).
'Till He come!' O let the words ..	272	Edward Henry Bickersteth (1825-1906).
To do good and to communicate	736	*Scripture Sentence.*
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost (Dox.) ..	614	—
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost (Dox.) ..	620	—
To God sing, to His name sing praise ..	656	Metrical Psalm lxviii. 4, 5, 7—10.
To God the Father, God the Son (Dox.) ..	621	—
To God the only wise..	128	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748).
To God the only wise (Dox.)	624	—
To Him That loved the souls of men (Dox.)	615	—

NO.	TUNE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	METRE.
350	Newington	W. D. Maclagan, D.D., Archbp. (1826-)	77.77.
240	Dominica	Sir H. S. Oakeley, Mus.D. (1830-1903) ..	S.M.
524	Winchester New ..	Musikalisches Handbuch, Hamburg, 1690..	L.M.
144	Beverley	William H. Monk, Mus.D. (1823-1889)	87.887.77.77.
97	Olivet	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876) ..	S.M. D.
204	Devonshire	Johann Georg Frech (1790-1864) ..	C.M.
53	Holy Nativity	A. Croll Falconer (1850-1903)	Irregular.
646	St. Magnus	Jeremiah Clark (1670 ?-1707)	C.M.
243	Church Triumphant ..	James William Elliott (1833-) ..	L.M.
515	Kent	John Frederick Lampe (1703 ?-1751) ..	L.M.
657	Winchester Old ..	Este's Psalter, 1592 (adapted from Christopher Tye, 1553 ?)	C.M.
388	Kenmore	Josiah Booth (1852-)	88.88.88.
370	Warrenne	Rev. Olinthus R. Barnicott, LL.D. ..	11 10.11 10.10 10.
771	—	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	—
673	Mainzer	Joseph Mainzer, Ph.D. (1801-1851) ..	L.M.
738	*Settings to Responses* .	1. Geo. M. Garrett, Mus.D. (1834-1897) 2. J. Merbecke. Har. by Sir J. Stainer 3. From J. L. F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy 4. Edw. J. Hopkins, Mus.D. (1818-1901)	—
536	Plead for me	Sir John Stainer, Mus.D. (1840-1901) ..	87.87.77.
391	St. Ambrose . ..	Henry J. Gauntlett, Mus.D., based on the 8th Gregorian Tone	777.5.
98	Elvey	Sir George J. Elvey, Mus.D. (1816-1893)	66 10.66 10.
223	Moscow	Felice Giardini (1716-1796)	664.66.64.
775	—	C. Lee Williams, Mus.B. (1852-) ..	—
660	Westminster	James Turle (1802-1882)	C.M.
310	Old 104th	Thomas Ravenscroft's Whole Booke of Psalmes, 1621	10 10.11 11.
78	Gethsemane	Christopher Tye, Mus.D. Arr. W. H. Monk, Mus.D. ..	77.77.77.
433	Hanford	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus.D. (1842-1900)..	888.4.
364	Temple	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus.D. (1818-1901)	84.84.88.84.
434	St. Oswald	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D. (1823-1876) ..	87.87.
349	Thy life was given for me	Sir G. A. Macfarren, Mus.D. (1813-1887)	66.66.66.
642	London New	Scottish Psalter, 1635	C.M.
369	Via Crucis	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	66.66.
69	Via Pacis	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	66.66.88.
272	Reynoldstone	Rev. T. R. Matthews (1826-) ..	77.77.77.
736	—	J. T. Musgrave (1851-)	—
614	St. Magnus	Jeremiah Clark (1670 ?-1707)	C.M.
620	Innsbruck	Heinrich Isaac (*c.* 1450-1520)	886.886.
656	Old 44th	Anglo-Genevan Psalter, 1556	C.M. D.
621	Eaton	Zerubbabel Wyvill (1762-1837)	88.88.88.
128	Swabia	Spiess's Gesangbuch, 1745. Arr. Rev. W. H. Havergal	S.M.
624	St. John	The Parish Choir, 1851	66.66.88.
615	St. Magnus	Jeremiah Clark (1670 ?-1707)	C.M.

HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR.
To Him Who for our sins was slain ..	129	Arthur Tozer Russell (1806-1874).
To render thanks unto the Lord	666	Metrical Psalm xcii. 1—4.
To Thee I lift my soul	635	Metrical Psalm xxv. 1—7.
To Thee, O Comforter Divine	162	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879).
To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise ..	504	William Chatterton Dix (1837-1898).
To-day the Saviour calls	198	S. F. Smith (1808-) and T. Hastings.
To-day Thy mercy calls us	206	Oswald Allen.
True-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful and	354	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879).
Turn Thy face from my sins (A)	754	*Psalm li. 9—11.*
'T was on that night when doomed to know	277	(?) John Morison, D.D. (1749-1798).
'Twixt gleams of joy and clouds of doubt	316	John C. Shairp (1819-1885).
'Wake, awake! for night is flying' ..	145	P. Nicolai (1556-1608), *tr.* C. Winkworth.
*We are but little children weak	577	Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-1895).
We come unto our fathers' God	178	Thomas Hornblower Gill (1819-1906).
We give immortal praise	6	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748).
We give Thee but Thine own	405	William Walsham How, Bp. (1823-1897).
We have not an high priest	730	*Scripture Sentence.*
We love the place, O God	258	W. Bullock, D.D. (1798-1874), and H. W. Baker.
We plough the fields, and scatter ..	498	M. Claudius (1740-1815), *tr.* J. M. Campbell
We praise Thee, O God	712	*Te Deum Laudamus.*
We saw Thee not when Thou didst come	60	John H. Gurney (1802-1862), and others.
We sing the praise of Him Who died ..	67	Thomas Kelly (1769-1855).
Weary of earth, and laden with my sin ..	283	Samuel John Stone (1839-1900).
'Welcome, happy morning!' age to age	91	Fortunatus (530-609), *tr.* John Ellerton.
What a Friend we have in Jesus	372	J. Scriven (1820-1886).
What are these that are arrayed (A) ..	762	*Rev. vii. 13—17.*
What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone ..	52	Sir Edward Denny (1796-1889).
When all Thy mercies, O my God	19	Joseph Addison (1672-1719).
*When from Egypt's house of bondage ..	590	Jennette Threlfall (1821-1880).
When God of old came down from heaven	161	John Keble (1792-1866).
*When He cometh, when He cometh ..	594	William Orcutt Cushing (1823-).
*When, His salvation bringing .. .	561	John King (1789-1858).
When I survey the wondrous cross .	71	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748).
When Israel, of the Lord beloved	435	Sir Walter Scott, Bart. (1771-1832).

NO.	TUNE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	METRE.
129	West Heath	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus. D. (1818-1901)	886.886 (Iamb.-Troch.).
666	Devonshire	Johann Georg Frech (1790-1864)	C.M.
635	St. Bride	Samuel Howard, Mus. D. (1710-1782)	S.M.
162	Leipsic	Christian Gregor (1723-1801). Harmonized by Sir J. Stainer, Mus. D.	88.6.
504	Golden Sheaves	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. D. (1842-1900)	87.87 D. (Iambic).
198	Mercy's Hour	Lowell Mason, Mus. D. (1792-1872)	64.64.
206	Kilmorey	John Ambrose Lloyd, Jun. (1840-)	76.76 D.
354	Lismore	William Jeater (1858-)	11 10.11 10. D.
754	—	Thomas Attwood (1765-1838)	—
277	Rockingham	Adapted by E. Miller, Mus. D. (1731-1807)	L.M.
316	St. Sylvester	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	C.M. D.
145	Sleepers, Wake	Rev. Philipp Nicolai, D.D. (1556-1608)	898.898.664.88.
577	Alstone	Christopher E. C. Willing (1830-1904)	L.M.
178	The Golden Chain	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	87.87.887.
6	Croft's 148th	William Croft, Mus. D. (1678-1727)	66.66.88.
405	Venice	William Amps (1824-)	S.M.
730	1. Chant in G minor 2. Chant in F	Thomas Purcell (-1682) Philip Hayes, Mus. D. (1738-1797)	—
258	Quam Dilecta	Henry Lascelles Jenner, Bp. (1820-1898)	66.66.
498	Dresden	Johann A. P. Schulz (1747-1800)	76.76 D., Refrain.
	First Setting. Single Chants	1. William Savage in C 2. Richard Farrant in F 3. Richard Goodson in C	—
	Second Setting. Single Chants	1. Edwin G. Monk in D 2. Ancient Tone in G 3. Thomas Kelway in D	—
712	*Third Setting.* Double Chants	1. Henry Lawes in C 2. T. A. Walmisley in F 3. Sir George J. Elvey in C	—
	Fourth Setting. Double Chants	1. Josiah Booth in E♭ 2. Sir John Goss in B♭ 3. Kellow John Pye in E♭	—
	Fifth Setting. Quadruple Chant	Sir H. S. Oakeley in F	—
60	Credo	Sir John Stainer, Mus. D. (1840-1901)	88.88.88.
67	Ely	Thomas Turton, Bp. (1780-1864)	L.M.
283	Dalkeith	Thomas Hewlett, Mus. B. (1845-1874)	10 10.10 10.
91	Fortunatus	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. D. (1842-1900)	11 11.11 11.11.
372	Henryd	John Ambrose Lloyd, Senr. (1815-1874)	87.87 D.
762	—	Sir John Stainer, Mus. D. (1840-1901)	—
52	St. Bernard	Tochter Sion, 1741. Arr. J. Richardson (?)	C.M.
19	Manchester	Robert Wainwright, Mus. D. (1748-1782)	C.M.
590	Pilgrim Children	Charles H. Lloyd, Mus. D. (1849-)	87.87.47.
161	Sudeley	Sir John Stainer, Mus. D. (1840-1901)	C.M.
594	Christ's Crown	George F. Root, Mus. D. (1820-1895)	86.85, Refrain.
561	Chenies	Rev. T. R. Matthews (1826-)	76.76 D.
71	Rockingham	Adapted by E. Miller, Mus. D. (1731-1807)	L.M.
438	Waltham	John Baptiste Calkin (1827-1905)	L.M.

HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR.
When morning gilds the skies	470	German, *tr.* Edward Caswall (1814-1878).
*When mothers of Salem	554	William Medlen Hutchings (1827-1876).
When on my day of life the night is falling	442	John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892).
When our heads are bowed with woe ..	112	Henry Hart Milman, D.D. (1791-1868).
When Sion's bondage God turned back ..	689	Metrical Psalm cxxvi.
When the day of toil is done	436	John Ellerton (1826-1893).
When the Lord of Love was here	57	Stopford Augustus Brooke (1832-).
When the weary, seeking rest . ..	172	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-1889).
When this passing world is done	352	Robert Murray McCheyne (1813-1843).
When Thy soldiers take their swords ..	526	Frances M. Owen (1842-1883).
When wilt Thou save the people?.. ..	235	Ebenezer Elliott (1781-1849).
When, wounded sore, the stricken soul ..	285	Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-1895).
Where high the heavenly temple stands	101	Michael Bruce (1746-1767).
While humble shepherds watched ..	43	Nahum Tate (1652-1715).
*Whither, pilgrims, are you going	587	Anon.
Who are these, like stars appearing ..	461	H. T. Schenk (1656-1727), *tr.* F. E. Cox.
*Who is He, in yonder stall	548	Benjamin Russell Hanby (1833-1867).
Who is on the Lord's side?	423	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879).
*Who shall ascend into the hill	726	*Scripture Sentence.*
Winter reigneth o'er the land	506	W. Walsham How, D.D., Bp. (1823-1897)
With the sweet word of peace	537	George Watson (1816-1898).
Within Thy tabernacle, Lord	629	Metrical Psalm xv.
Work, for the night is coming	411	Annie L. Coghill (-1907).
Work while it is to-day	406	James Montgomery (1771-1854).
Worship, honour, glory, blessing (Dox.) ..	618	E. Osler (1798-1865).
Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness	250	J. S. B. Monsell, LL.D. (1811-1875).
Ye fair green hills of Galilee	58	Eustace Rogers Conder (1820-1892).
Ye gates, lift up your heads on high ..	634	Metrical Psalm xxiv. 7—10.
*Ye know the grace of our Lord	735	*Scripture Sentence.*
Ye righteous, in the Lord rejoice	640	Metrical Psalm xxxiii. 1—8.
Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim	140	Charles Wesley (1707-1788).
Ye servants of the Lord	407	Philip Doddridge, D.D. (1702-1751).
Yet there is room! the Lamb's bright hall	201	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-1889).
*Yield not to temptation	581	Horatio R. Palmer, Mus.D. (1834-)
Your harps, ye trembling saints	322	Augustus Montague Toplady (1740-1778).

NO.	TUNE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	METRE.
170	1. Laudes Domini 2. O Seigneur	Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896) Genevan Psalter, 1551	666.666. 667.667 D.
554	Salem	German air	13 14.88.11.
442	Whittier	Frederick K. March, M.D.	11 10.11 6.
112	St. Dunstan (Redhead 47)	Richard Redhead (1820-1901)	77.77.
689	Abbey	Scottish Psalter, 1615	C.M.
436	Irene	Rev. C. C. Scholefield (1839-1905)	777.5.
57	Salvator	Myles Birket Foster (1851-)	775.775.
172	Intercession	W. H. Callcott (1807-1882), last two lines from Mendelssohn	75.75.75.75.88
352	Mount Zion	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus.D. (1842-1900)	77.77.77.
526	Morning	William H. Monk, Mus.D. (1823-1889)	77.77.77.
235	Commonwealth	Josiah Booth (1852-)	76.76 88.85.
285	Bedford	William Weale, Mus.B. (-1727)	C.M.
101	Wareham	William Knapp (1698-1768)	L.M.
43	Bethlehem	Old Carol	C.M. D.
587	Whither, Pilgrims	William B. Bradbury (1816-1868)	87.87.887, Repeat
461	All Saints	Darmstadt Gesangbuch, 1698	87.87.77.
548	Lowliness	Rev. Benjamin R. Hanby (1833-1867)	77.88.77.
423	Armageddon	Adapted by Sir John Goss, Mus.D.	65.65 (12 lines).
726	1. Chant in B♭ 2. Chant in B♭	Richard Woodward, Mus.D. (1744-1777) Sir George J. Elvey, Mus.D.	—
506	Clarence	Arr. Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus.D. (1842-1900)	77.77.
537	Verbum Pacis	George Lomas (1834-1884)	66.84.
629	Tallis's Ordinal	Thomas Tallis (1510?-1585)	C.M.
411	Diligence	Lowell Mason, Mus.D. (1792-1872)	76.75 D.
406	Boylston	Lowell Mason, Mus.D. (1792-1872)	S.M.
615	Corinth	Essay on the Church Plain Chant, 1782	87.87 D.
250	Moredun	Henry Thomas Smart (1813-1879)	12 10.12 10.
58	Saints of God	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus.D. (1842-1900)	88.88.88.
634	1. St. George's, Edinburgh 2. Corona	Rev. Andrew M. Thomson, D. D. (1778-1831) Elizabeth Raymond Barker (1829-)	Irregular. C.M.
738	—	Ethel Earle, 1900	—
640	Irish	Hymns and Sacred Poems, Dublin, 1749	C.M.
140	Hanover	Ascribed to W. Croft, Mus.D. (1678-1727)	10 10.11 11.
407	St. Michael	Genevan Psalter, 1543	S.M.
201	Yet there is room	Ira David Sankey (1840-)	10 10.46.
581	Fortitude	Horatio R. Palmer, Mus.D. (1834-)	11 11.11 12, Refrain
322	Bucer	Cantica Laudis, 1850	S.M.

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